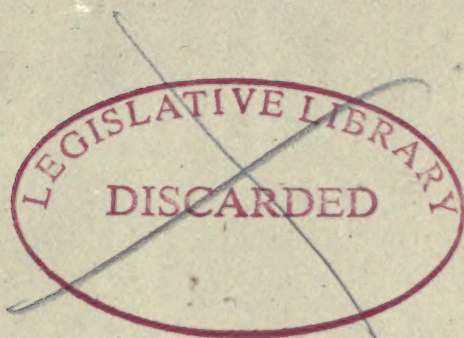



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And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

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APRIL, MAY, JUNE,

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WAITING FOR SPRING.

WAITING for Spring—The mother watching lonely
By her sick child when all the night is dumb ;
Hearing no sound but his hoarse breathing only,
Saith, "He will rally when the Spring days
come."

Waiting for Spring—Ah me ! all nature tarries,
As motionless and cold, she lies asleep ;
Wrapt in her green pine robe that never varies,
Wearing out winter by this Southern deep.

The tints are too unbroken on the bosom
Of these great woods,—we want some light
green shoots ;
We want the white and red acacia blossom,
The blue life hid in all these russet roots.

Waiting for Spring—The hearts of men are
watching,
Each for some better, brighter, fairer thing ;
Each ear a distant sound most sweet is catching,
A herald of the beauty of his Spring.

Waiting for Spring—The nations in their anger,
Or deadlier torpor wrapt, look onward still,
Feel a far hope through all their strife and lan-
guor,
And better spirits in them throb and thrill.

Waiting for Spring—Poor hearts, how oft ye
weary !
Looking for better things and grieving much ;
Earth lieth still, though all her bowers be dreary,
She trusts her God, nor thrills but at his
touch.

It must be so—The man, the soul, the nation,
The mother by her child ; we wait, we wait ;
Dreaming out futures—life is expectation,
A grub, a root that holds our higher state.

Waiting for Spring—the germ for its perfection,
Earth for all charms by light and color given ;
The body for its robe of resurrection,
Souls for their Saviour, Christians for their
heaven. C. F. A., Arcachon.
—*Spectator*.

JUNE.

SHE comes ! an empress in her summer-car,
Modest, and yet triumphant ; and with voice
Swelling and jubilant at her approach,
Her herald-choristers, the wood-birds, chant
A sweet melodious anthem o'er the earth.

Her golden tresses the laburnum waves,
Weeping for May, yet wipes away a tear
With a bright smile, and like a new-made heir
Feigning to hide the drops he never shed,
Courts the fair favor of the new-crowned June.
Now from the death-bed of the lilac springs
Perfumed clematis, and in garden hedge,
Hiding their treasures from the traveller's ken,
Chaste-eyed syringa and the guelder rose ;
Sweet wild-brier and the purple pansy-buds,

Red clustering roses, golden briony,
And incense-breathing, star-leaved jessamine,
White as was Juno's bosom when she sat
In bridal splendor by the side of Jove.

See, too, my queen, my peerless passion-flower !
Proud, scornful beauty, brushing from her lap
Carnation blooms, and with her splendid eye
Darting disdainful glances at the leaves
That bashful swell the glory of her train.
Here crouches low the modest mignonette,
Hiding, like humble merit, in the shade,
Unsought, unhonored, and unvalued oft,
And ah, perhaps, alas ! too oft unknown.
Droops her red weeping lids the fuchsia coy,
Over the petals of her violet eyes :
Fair, frail coquette, for all that artless mien,
Knowing full well her weakness is her power.
—*Fraser's Magazine*.

TOGETHER.

SWEET hand that, held in mine,
Seems the one thing I cannot live without,
The soul's one anchorage in this storm and doubt,
I take thee as the sign

Of sweeter days in store
For life, and more than life, when life is done,
And thy soft pressure leads me gently on
To Heaven's own Evermore.

I have not much to say,
Nor any words that fit such fond request :
Let my blood speak to thine, and bear the rest
Some silent heartward way.

Thrice blest the faithful hand
Which saves e'en while it blesses : hold me fast :
Let me not go beneath the floods at last,
So near the better land.

Sweet hand, that, thus in mine,
Seems the one thing I cannot live without,
My heart's one anchor in life's storm and doubt,
Take this, and make me thine.
—*Fraser's Magazine*.

FAITH AND WORKS.

FAITH is the compass by the which to steer
The vessel of our Works ; the wise and brave
Cannot without this guide the good ship save
From dangers which the best have much to fear.
Works are the ship whose voyage were in vain
If undirected she should could go astray,
Nor by that compass kept to her right way,
The haven of her pilot's hopes attain.
Works without Faith are words devoid of sense ;
Faith without Works, a meaning not conveyed
For want of language to express it by :
Works without Faith, an empty casket whence
The precious essence it should keep has strayed ;
Faith without Works, that essence lost thereby.
—*Fraser's Magazine*.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.*

BY ALEX. WILLIAM KINGLAKE.

IN the beginning of the winter of 1851 France was still a republic ; but the Constitution of 1848 had struck no root. There was a feeling that the country had been surprised and coerced into the act of declaring itself a republic, and that a monarchical system of government was the only one adapted for France. The sense of instability which sprang from this belief was connected with an agonizing dread of insurrections like those which forty months before had filled the streets of Paris with scenes of bloodshed. Moreover, to those who watched and feared, it seemed that the shadow on the dial was moving on with a terrible steadiness to the hour when a return to anarchy was, as it were, pre-ordained by law ; for the Constitution required that a new President should be chosen in the spring of the following year, and the French, being by nature of a keen and anxious temperament, cannot endure that lasting pressure upon the nerves which is inflicted by a long-impending danger. Their impulse under such trials is to rush forward, or to run back, and what they are least inclined to do is to stand still and be calm, or make a steady move to the front.

In general, France thought it best that, notwithstanding the Rule of the Constitution which stood in the way, the then President should be quietly re-elected ; and a large majority of the Assembly, faithfully representing this opinion, had come to a vote which sought to give it effect ; but their desire was baffled by an unwise provision of the Republican Charter which had laid it down that no constitutional change should take place without the sanction of three-fourths of the Assembly. By this clumsy bar the action of the State system was hampered, and many whose minds generally inclined them to respect legality were forced to acknowledge that the Constitution wanted a wrench. Still, the republic had long been free from serious outbreak. The law was obeyed ; and indeed the determination to maintain order at all sacrifices was so strong, that, even upon somewhat slight foundation, the President

had been intrusted with power to place under martial law any districts in which disturbances seemed likely to occur. The struggles which went on in the Chamber, though they were unsightly in the eyes of military men and of those who love the decisiveness and consistency of despotism, were rather signs of healthy political action than of danger to the State. It is not true, as was afterwards pretended, that the Executive was wickedly or perversely thwarted either by the votes of the Assembly or by the speeches of its members ; still less is it true that the representative body was engaged in hatching plots against the President ; and although the army, remembering the humiliations of 1848, was in ill-humor with the people, and was willing upon any fit occasion to act against them, there was no general officer of any repute who would consent to fire a shot without what French Commanders deemed to be the one lawful warrant for action—an order from the Minister of War.

But the President of the republic was Prince Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the statutory heir of the first French Emperor.* The election which made him the chief of the State, had been conducted with perfect fairness, and since it happened that in former years he had twice engaged in enterprises which aimed at the throne of France, he had good right to infer that the millions of citizens who elected him into the Presidency, were willing to use his ambition as a means of restoring to France a monarchical form of government.

But if he had been open in disclosing the ambition which was almost cast upon him by the circumstances of his birth, he had been as successful as the first Brutus in passing for a man of a poor intellect. Both in France and in England at that time men in general imagined him to be dull. When he talked, the flow of his ideas was sluggish ; his features were opaque ; and after years of dreary studies the writings evolved by his thoughtful, long-pondering mind had not shed much light on the world. Even the strange ventures in which he had engaged had failed to win towards him the interest which commonly attaches to enterprise. People in London who were fond of having gatherings of celebrated characters never used to present him to their friends as a serious pretender to

* I.e. by the *Senatus-Consulte* of 1804.

* This is an episode in "The Invasion of the Crimea," our copy of which was burned a few weeks ago. The work is in press of Messrs. Harpers, to whose kindness we owe the opportunity of fulfilling the promise made to the readers of *The Living Age*.

a throne, but rather as though he were a balloon-man, who had twice had a fall from the skies, and was still in some measure alive. Yet the more men knew him in England, the more they liked him. He entered into English pursuits and rode fairly to hounds. He was friendly, social, good-humored, and willing enough to talk freely about his views upon the throne of France. The sayings he uttered about his "destiny" were addressed (apparently as a matter of policy) to casual acquaintance, but to his intimate friends he used the language of a calculating and practical aspirant to Empire.

The opinion which men had formed of his ability in the period of exile was not much altered by his return to France; for in the Assembly his apparent want of mental power caused the world to regard him as harmless, and in the chair of the President he commonly seemed to be torpid. But there were always a few who believed in his capacity, and observant men had latterly remarked that from time to time there appeared a State Paper, understood to be the work of the President, which teemed with thought, and which showed that the writer, standing solitary and apart from the gregarious nation of which he was the chief, was able to contemplate it as something external to himself. His long, endless study of the mind of the first Napoleon had caused him to adopt and imitate the Emperor's habit of looking down upon the French people and treating the mighty nation as a substance to be studied and controlled by a foreign brain. Indeed, during the periods of his imprisonment and of his exile, the relations between him and the France of his studies were very like the relations between an anatomist and a corpse. He lectured upon it; he dissected its fibres; he explained its functions; he showed how beautifully Nature in her infinite wisdom had adapted it to the service of the Bonapartes; and how, without the fostering care of those same Bonapartes, the creature was doomed to degenerate and to perish out of the world.

If his intellect was of a poorer quality than men supposed it to be at the time of the Anglo-French alliance, it was much above the low gauge which people used to assign to it in the earlier period which began in 1836 and ended at the close of 1851. That which had so long veiled his cleverness from the knowledge of mankind was the repulsive na-

ture of the science at which he labored. Many men before him had suffered themselves to bring craft into politics. Many more, toiling in humbler grades, had applied their cunning skill to the conflicts which engage courts of law; but no living man perhaps, except Prince Louis Bonaparte, had passed the hours of a studious youth and the prime of a thoughtful manhood in contriving how to apply stratagem to the science of jurisprudence. It was not perhaps from natural baseness that his mind took this bent. The inclination to sit and sit planning for the attainment of some object of desire—this indeed was in his nature; but the inclination to labor at the task of making law an engine of deceit, this did not come perforce with his blood. Yet it came with his parentage. It is true he might have determined to reject the indication given him by the accident of his birth, and to remain a private citizen; but when once he resolved to become a pretender to the imperial throne, he of course had to try and see how it was possible—how it was possible in the midst of this century—that the coarse Bonaparte yoke of 1804 could be made to sit kindly upon the neck of France; and, France being a European nation, and the yoke being in substance a yoke such as Tartars make for Chinese, it followed that the accommodating of the one to the other was only to be effected by guile.

Therefore by the sheer exigencies of his inheritance, rather than by inborn wickedness, Prince Louis was driven to be a contriver; and to expect him to be loyal to France, without giving up his pretensions altogether, would be as inconsistent as to say that the heir of the first Perkin might undertake to revive the fleeting glories of the House of Warbeck, and yet refrain from imposture.

For years the Prince pursued his strange calling; and by the time his studies were over, he had become highly skilled. Long before the moment had come for bringing his crooked science into use, he had learnt how to frame a Constitution which should seem to enact one thing and really enact another. He knew how to put the word "jury" in laws which robbed men of their freedom. He could set the snare which he called "universal suffrage." He knew how to strangle a nation in the night time with a thing he called a "Plebiscite."

The lawyer-like ingenuity which had thus

been evoked for purposes of jurisprudence could, of course, be applied to the composition of State Papers and to political writings of all kinds; and the older Prince Louis grew, the more this odd accomplishment of his was used to subserve his infirmities. It was his nature to remain long in suspense, not merely between similar, but even between opposite plans of action: this weakness grew upon him with his years; and, his conscience being used to stand neuter in these mental conflicts, he never could end his doubt by seeing that one course was honest, and the other not; so, in order to be able to linger safely in his suspense, he had to be always making resting-places upon which for a time he might be able to stand undecided. Just as the indolent man becomes clever in framing excuses for his delays, so Prince Louis, because he was so often hesitating between the right and the left, became highly skilled in contriving—not merely ambiguous phrases, but—ambiguous schemes of action.

Partly from habits acquired in the secret societies of the Italian Carbonari, partly from long years passed in prison, and partly too, as he once said, from his intercourse with the calm, self-possessed men of the English turf, he had derived the power of keeping long silence; but he was not by nature a reserved nor a secret man. Towards foreigners, and especially towards the English, he was generally frank. He was reserved and wary with the French, but this was upon the principle which makes a sportsman reserved and wary with deer and partridges and trout. No doubt he was capable of dissembling, and continuing to dissemble through long periods of time, but it would seem that his faculty of keeping his intentions secret was very much aided by the fact that his judgment was often in real suspense, and that he had therefore no secret to tell. His love of masks and disguises sprang more perhaps from the odd vanity and the theatric mania which will be presently spoken of than from a base love of deceit, for it is certain that the mystery in which he loved to wrap himself up was often contrived with a view to a melo-dramatic surprise.

It is believed that men do him wrong who speak of him as void of all idea of truth. He understood truth, and in conversation he habitually preferred it to falsehood, but his truthfulness (though not perhaps contrived

for such an end) sometimes became a means of deception, because after generating confidence it would suddenly break down under the pressure of a strong motive. He could maintain friendly relations with a man and speak frankly and truthfully to him for seven years, and then suddenly deceive him. Of course, men finding themselves ensnared by what had appeared to be honesty in his character, were naturally inclined to believe that every semblance of a good quality was a mask; but it was more consistent with the principles of human nature to believe that a truthfulness continuing for seven years was a genuine remnant of virtue, than that it was a mere preparation for falsehood. His doubting and undecided nature was a help to concealment: for men got so wearied by following the oscillations of his mind, that their suspicions in time went to rest; and then, perhaps, when he saw that they were quite tired of predicting that he would do a thing, he gently stole out and did it.

He had boldness of the kind which is produced by reflection rather than that which is the result of temperament. In order to cope with the extraordinary perils into which he now and then thrust himself, and to cope with them decorously, there was wanted a fiery quality which nature had refused to the great bulk of mankind as well as to him. But it was only in emergencies of a really trying sort, and involving instant physical danger that his boldness fell short. He had all the courage which would have enabled him in a private station of life to pass through the common trials of the world with honor unquestioned; but he had besides now and then a factitious kind of audacity produced by long dreamy meditation; and when he had wrought himself into this state, he was apt to expose his firmness to trials beyond his strength. The truth is that his imagination had so great a sway over him, as to make him love the idea of enterprises, but it had not strength enough to give him a foreknowledge of what his sensations would be in the hour of trial. So he was most venturesome in his schemes for action, and yet when at last he stood face to face with the very danger which he had long been courting, he was liable to be scared by it, as though it were something new and strange.

He loved to contrive and brood over plots, and he had a great skill in making the prepar-

atory arrangements for bringing his schemes to ripeness ; but his labors in this direction had a tendency to bring him into scenes for which by nature he was ill-fitted, because like most of the common herd of men, he was unable to command the presence of mind and the flush of animal spirits which are needed for the critical moments of a daring adventure. In short, he was a thoughtful, literary man, deliberately tasking himself to venture into a desperate path, and going great lengths in that direction ; but liable to find himself balked in the moment of trial by the sudden and chilling return of his good sense.

He was not by nature bloodthirsty nor cruel, and besides that in small matters he had kind and generous instincts, he was really so willing to act fairly until the motive for foul play was strong, that for months and months together he was able to live amongst English sporting-men without incurring disgrace ; and if he was not so constituted nor so disciplined as to be able to refrain from any object of eager desire merely upon the theory that what he sought to do was wicked, there is ground for inferring that his perception of the difference between right and wrong had been dimmed (as it naturally would be) by the habit of seeking an ideal of manly worth in a personage like the first Bonaparte. It would seem that (as a study, or out of curiosity if not with a notion of being guided by it) he must have accustomed himself to hear sometimes what conscience had to say, for it is certain that, with a pen in his hand and with sufficient time for preparation, he could imitate very neatly the scrupulous language of a man of honor.*

What he always longed for was to be able to seize and draw upon himself the wondering attention of mankind ; and the accident of his birth having marked out for him the throne of the First Napoleon as an object upon which he might fasten a hope, his craving for conspicuousness, though it had its true root in

vanity, soon came to resemble ambition ; but the mental isolation in which he was kept by the nature of his aims and his studies, the seeming poverty of his intellect, his blank wooden looks, and above all perhaps the supposed remoteness of his chances of success, these sources of discouragement, contrasting with the grandeur of the object at which he aimed, caused his pretension to be looked upon as something merely comic and odd. Linked with this his passionate desire to attain to a height from which he might see the world gazing up at him, there was a strong and almost eccentric fondness for the artifices by which the framer of a melodrama, the stage-manager, and the stage-hero combine to produce their effects ; and so, by the blended force of a passion and a fancy, he was impelled to be contriving scenic effects and surprises in which he himself was always to be the hero. This bent was so strong and dominant as to be, not a mere taste for theatric arrangements, but rather what men call a propensity. Standing alone it would have done no more perhaps than govern the character of his amusements ; but, since his birth had made him a pretender to the throne of France, his desire to imitate and reproduce the Empire supplied a point of contact between his theatric mania and what one may call his rational ambition, and the result was that, so long as he was in exile, he was always filled with a desire to mimic Napoleon's return from Elba, and to do this in his own person and upon the stage of the actual world.

In some of its features his attempts at Strasburg in 1836 was a graver business than is commonly supposed. At that time he was twenty-eight years old. He had gained over Vaudrey, the officer commanding a regiment of artillery which formed part of the garrison. Early in the morning of Sunday the 30th of October, the movement began. By declaring that a revolution had broken out in Paris, and that the king had been deposed, Vaudrey persuaded his gunners to recognize the prince as Napoleon II. Vaudrey then caused detachments to march to the houses of the Prefect, and of General Voirol, the General commanding the garrison ; and made them both prisoners, placing sentries at their doors. All this he achieved without alarming any of the other regiments.

Supposing that there really existed among the troops a deep attachment to the name

* See *inter alia* his address to the Electors, 29th Nov., 1848 ; his speech, read after taking the oath, 20th Dec., 1848 ; speech at Ham, 22d July, 1849 ; ditto at Tours, 1st Aug., 1849 ; message to the Chambers, 3d Dec., 1849 ; ditto 12th Nov., 1850. It will be seen (see *post*) that, according to my view, these declarations may have been composed at a time when he was really shrinking from treason ; but if, as others suppose, they were intended to hoodwink the country, it must be owned that they counterfeited the sentiments of an honest man with extraordinary skill.

and family of Bonaparte, little more seemed needed for winning over the whole garrison, than that the heir of the great Emperor should have the personal qualities requisite for the success of the enterprise. Prince Louis was brought into the presence of the captive General, and tried to gain him over, but was repulsed. Afterwards the Prince, surrounded with men personating an imperial staff, was conducted to the barrack of the 46th Regiment, and the men, taken entirely by surprise, were told that the person now introduced to them was their Emperor. What they saw was a young man with the bearing and countenance of a weaver; a weaver oppressed by long hours of monotonous indoor work which makes the body stoop and keeps the eyes downcast; but all the while,—and yet it was broad daylight,—this young man, from hat to boot, was standing dressed up in the historic costume of the man of Austerlitz and Marengo. It seems that this painful exhibition began to undo the success which Vaudrey had achieved; but strange things had happened in Paris before, and the soldiery could not, with certainty, know that the young man might not be what they were told he was—Napoleon II., the new-made Emperor of the French. Their perplexity gave the Prince an opportunity of trying whether the sentiment for the Bonapartes were really existing or not, and, if it were, whether he was the man to kindle it.

But by and by Talandier, the Colonel of the regiment, having been at length apprised of what was going on, came into the yard. He instantly ordered the gates to be closed, and then—fierce, angry, and scornful—went straight up to the spot where the proposed Emperor and his “Imperial Staff” were standing. Of course this apparition—the apparition of the indignant Colonel whose barrack had been invaded—was exactly what was to be expected, exactly what was to be combated; but yet, as though it were something monstrous and undreamt of, it came upon the Prince with a crushing power. To him, a literary man, standing in a barrack-yard, in the dress of the great conqueror, an angry Colonel, with authentic warrant to command, was something real, and therefore, it seems, dreadful. In a moment Prince Louis succumbed to him. Some thought that, after what had been done that morning, the Prince owed it to the unfortunate Vaudrey (whom

he had seduced into the plot) to take care not to let the enterprise collapse without testing his fortune to the utmost by a strenuous, not to say desperate resistance; but this view did not prevail. One of the ornaments which the Prince wore was a sword; yet without striking a blow he suffered himself to be publicly stripped of his grand cordon of the Legion of Honor and all his other decorations.* According to one account, the angry Colonel inflicted this dishonor with his own hands, and not only pulled the grand cordon from the Prince’s bosom, but tore off his epaulettes, and trampled both epaulettes and grand cordon under foot. When he had been thus stripped, the Prince was locked up. The decorated followers, who had been impersonating the Imperial Staff, underwent the same fate as their chief. Before judging the Prince for his conduct during these moments, it would be fair to assume that, the Colonel having once been suffered to enter the yard, and to exert the ascendancy of his superior firmness, the danger of attempting resistance to him would have been great, would have been greater than any which the common herd of men are at all inclined to encounter. Besides, the mere fact that the Prince had wilfully brought himself into such a predicament, shows that, although it might fail him in very trying moments, he had extraordinary daring of a particular kind. It would be unjust to say, flatly, that a man so willing as he was to make approaches to dangers was timid. It would be fairer to say that his characteristic was a faltering boldness. He could not alter his nature, and his nature was to be venturesome beforehand, but to be so violently awakened and shocked by the actual contact of danger as to be left without the spirit, and seemingly without the wish or the motives, for going on any further with the part of a desperado. The truth is that the sources of his boldness were his vanity and his theatric bent; and these passions, though they had power to bring him to the verge of danger, were not robust enough to hold good against man’s natural shrinking from the risk of being killed—being killed within the next minute.

* Despatch of General Voirol, *Moniteur*, 2d Nov. After stating the arrival of Lt.-Col. Talandier in the barrack-yard, the despatch says, “Dans une minute L. N. Bonaparte et les misérables qui avaient pris parti pour lui ont été arrêtés, et les décorations dont ils étaient revêtus ont été arrachées par les soldats du 46me.”

Conscious that in point of hat and coat and boots he was the same as the Emperor Napoleon, he imagined that the great revoir of 1815, between the men and the man of a hundred fights, could be acted over again between modern French troops and himself; but it is plain that this belief had resulted from the undue mastery which he had allowed, for a time, to his ruling propensity, and not from any actual overthrow of the reason; for when checked, he did not, like a madman or a daredevil, try to carry his venture through; nor did he even, indeed, hold on long enough to try, and try fairly, whether the Bonapartist sentiment to which he wished to appeal were really existent or not: on the contrary, the moment he encountered the shock of the real world, he stopped dead; and becoming suddenly quiet, harmless, and obedient, surrendered himself (as he always has done) to the first firm man who touched him. The change was like that seeming miracle which is wrought when a hysteric girl, who seems to be carried headlong by strange hallucinations, and to be clothed with the terrible power of madness, is suddenly cured and silenced by a rebuke and a sharp angry threat. Accepting a small sum of money* from the Sovereign whom he had been trying to dethrone, Prince Louis was shipped off to America by the good-natured King of the French.

But if he was wanting in the quality which enables a man to go well through with a venture, his ruling propensity had strength enough to make him try the same thing over and over again. His want of the personal qualifications for enterprises of this sort being now known in the French Army, and ridicule having fastened upon his name, he could not afterwards seduce into his schemes any officers of higher rank than a lieutenant. Yet he did not desist. Before long he was planning another "return from Elba," but this time with new dresses and decorations. So long as he was preparing counterfeit flags and counterfeit generals, and counterfeit soldiers,† and teaching a forlorn London bird to play the part of an omen, and guide the destiny of France, he was perfectly at home in that kind of statesmanship; and the framing

of the plebiscites and proclamations which formed a large part of his cargo was a business of which he was master; but if his arrangements should take effect, then what he had to look for was, that, at an early hour on a summer morning, he would find himself in a barrack-yard at Boulogne surrounded by a band of armed followers, and supported by one of the officers of the garrison whom he had previously gained over; but also having to do with a number of soldiery of whom some would be for him, and some inclining against him, and others confused and perplexed. Now, this was exactly what happened to him; his arrangements had been so skilful, and fortune had so far lured him on, that whither he meant to go, there he was at last, standing in the very circumstances which he had brought about with long design aforethought. But then his nature failed him. Becoming agitated, and losing his presence of mind,* he could not govern the result of the struggle by the resources of his intellect; and being also without the fire and the joyfulness which come to warlike men in moments of crisis and of danger, he was ill qualified to kindle the hearts of the bewildered soldiery. So, when at last a firm, angry officer† forced his way into the barrack-yard, he conquered the Prince almost instantly by the strength of a more resolute nature, and turned him out into the street, with all his fifty armed followers, with his flag and his eagle,‡ and his counterfeit headquarters Staff, and though he were dealing with a mere troop of strolling players.§ Yet only a few weeks afterwards this same Prince Louis Napoleon was able to show by his demeanor before the Chamber of Peers that, where the occasion gave him leisure for thought and for the exercise of mental control, he knew how to comport himself with dignity, and with a generous care for the safety and welfare of his followers.

It was natural that a man thus constituted should be much inclined to linger in the early stages of a plot. But, since it chanced that by his birth and by his ambition Prince

* This is his own explanation of his state given before the Chamber of Peers. The flutter he was in caused him, as he explained, to let his pistol go off without intending it, and to hit a soldier who was not taking part against him.—*Moniteur* for 1840, pp. 2031-2034.

† Captain Col. Puygellier.

‡ The eagle here spoken of is the wooden one.

§ *Moniteur*, ubi ante.

* £600.

† The dresses were made to counterfeit the uniform of the 42d, one of the regiments quartered at Boulogne; and buttons having on them the number of the regiment were forged for the purpose at Birmingham.

Louis Napoleon was put forward before the world as a pretender to the throne of France, he had always had around him a few keen adventurers who were willing to partake his fortunes; and if there were times when his personal wishes would have inclined him to choose repose or indefinite delay, he was too considerate in his feelings towards his little knot of followers to be capable of forgetting their needs.

In 1851 motives of this kind, joined with feelings of disappointment and of personal humiliation, were driving the President forward. He had always wished to bring about a change in the constitution, but, originally, he had hoped to be able to do this with the aid and approval of some at least of the statesmen and eminent generals of the country; and the fact of his desiring such concurrence in his plans seems to show that he did not at first intend to trample upon France by subjecting her to a sheer Asiatic despotism, but rather to found such a monarchy as might have the support of men of station and character. But, besides that few people believed him to be so able a man as he really was, there attached to him at this period a good deal of ridicule. So although there were numbers in France who would have been heartily glad to see the Republic crushed by some able dictator, there were hardly any public men who believed that in the President of the Republic they would find the man they wanted. Therefore his overtures to the gentlemen of France were always rejected. Every statesman to whom he applied refused to entertain his proposals. Every general whom he urged always said that for whatever he did he must have "an order from the Minister of War."

The President being thus rebuffed, his plan of changing the form of government with the assent of some of the leading statesmen and generals of the country degenerated into schemes of a very different kind; and at length he fell into the hands of persons of the quality of Persigny, Morny, and Fleury. With these men he plotted, and strangely enough it happened that the character and the pressing wants of his associates gave strength and purpose to designs which without this stimulus might have long remained mere dreams. The President was easy and generous in the use of money, and he gave his followers all he could, but the checks created

by the constitution of the Republic were so effective that beyond the narrow limit allowed by law, he was without any command of the State resources. In their inveterate love of strong government, the Republicans had placed within reach of the Chief of the State ample means for overthrowing their whole structure, and yet they allowed him to remain subject to the same kind of anxiety and to be driven to the same kind of expedients as an embarrassed tradesman. This was the President's actual plight, and if he looked to the future as designed for him by the Constitution he could see nothing but the prospect of having to step down on a day already fixed, and descend from a conspicuous station into poverty and darkness. He would have been content perhaps to get what he needed by fair means. In the beginning of the year he had tried hard to induce the Chambers to increase the funds placed at his disposal. He failed. From that moment it was to be expected that, even if he himself should still wish to keep his hands from the purse of France, his associates, becoming more and more impatient and more and more practical in their views, would soon press their chief into action.

The President had been a promoter of the law of the 31st of May, restricting the franchise, but he now became the champion of universal suffrage. To minds versed in politics this change might have sufficed to disclose the nature of the schemes upon which the Chief of the State was brooding; but from first to last, words tending to allay suspicion had been used with great industry and skill. From the moment of his coming before the public in February 1848, the Prince laid hold of almost every occasion he could find for vowing, again and again, that he harbored no schemes against the Constitution. The speech which he addressed to the Assembly in 1850* may be taken as one instance out of numbers, of these solemn and volunteered declarations.† He "considered," he said, "as great criminals, those who by personal ambition compromised the small amount of stability, secured by the Constitution . . . that if the Constitution contained defects and dangers, the Assembly was competent to expose them to the eyes of the country; but that he alone bound by his oath restrained himself within the

* 13th November.

† See an enumeration of a few of these given *ante*.

strict limits traced by that act." He declared that "the first duty of authorities was to inspire the people with respect for the law by never deviating from it themselves; and that his anxiety was not, he assured the Assembly, to know who would govern France in 1852 but to employ the time at his disposal so that the transition, whatever it might be, should be effected without agitation or disturbance; for," said he, "the noblest object, and the most worthy of an exalted mind is not to seek when in power how to perpetuate it, but to labor inseparably to fortify for the benefit of all, those principles of authority and morality which defy the passions of mankind and the instability of laws."

It was thus that, in language well contrived for winning belief, he repudiated as wicked and preposterous the notion of his being the man who would or could act against the Constitution; and, supposing that when he voluntarily made these declarations he had resolved to do what he afterwards did, he would have been guilty of deceit more than commonly black; but perhaps an appreciation of the room which he had in his mind for double and conflicting views, and a knowledge of his hesitating nature, and of the pressing wants of the associates by whom he was surrounded, may justify the more friendly view of those who imagine that, when he made all these solemn declarations, he was really shrinking from treason. Certainly, his words were just such as may have pictured the real thoughts of a goaded man at times when he had determined to make a stand against hungry and resolute followers who were keenly driving him forward.

It was natural that in looking at the operation which changed the Republic into an Empire, the attention of the observer should be concentrated upon the person who, already the Chief of the State, was about to attain to the throne; and there seems to be no doubt that what may be called the literary part of the transaction was performed by the President in person. He was the lawyer of the confederacy. He no doubt wrote the Proclamations, the Plebiscites, and the Constitutions, and all such like things; but it seems that the propelling power which brought the plot to bear was mainly supplied by Count de Morny, and by a resolute Major, named Fleury.

M. Morny was a man of great daring, and

gifted with more than common powers of fascination. He had been a member of the Chamber of Deputies in the time of the monarchy; but he was rather known to the world as a speculator than as a politician. He was a buyer and seller of those fractional and volatile interests in trading adventures, which go by the name of "Shares," and since it has chanced that the nature of some of his transactions has been brought to light by the public tribunals, it is probable that the kind of repute in which he is held may be owing in part to those disclosures.* He knew how to found a "company," and he now undertook to establish institutions which were destined to be more lucrative to him than any of his former adventures. M. Morny was a practical man. If Prince Louis Napoleon was going to be content with a visionary life, thinking fondly of the hour when grateful France would come of her own accord and salute him Emperor, M. Morny was not the sort of person who would consent to stand loitering with him in the hungry land of dreams.

It seems, however, that the man who was the most able to make the President act, to drive him deep into his own plot, and fiercely carry him through it, was Major Fleury. Fleury was young, but his life had been chequered. He was the son of a Paris tradesman, from whom at an early age he had inherited a pleasant sum of money. He plunged into the enjoyments of Paris with so much ardor that that phase of his career was soon cut short; but whilst his father's friends were no doubt lamenting ten times a day, that the boy had "eaten his fortune," young Fleury was at the foot of a ladder which was destined to give him a control over the fate of a mighty nation. He enlisted in the army as a common soldier; but the officers of his corps were so well pleased with the young man, and so admired the high spirit with which he met his change of fortune, that their good-will soon caused him to be raised from the ranks. It was perhaps his knowledge about horses, which first caused him to be attached to the Staff of the President.

From his temperament and his experience of life, it resulted that Fleury cared a great deal for money or the things which money can

* The trials here referred to are the action for libel against M. Cabrol, Tribunal of the Seine, January 21, and June 30, 1853; and the suit instituted by the shareholders of the *Constitutionnel* against Veron, Mires, and Morny.

buy, and was not at all disposed to stand still and go without it. He was daring and resolute, and his daring was of the kind which holds good in the moment of danger. If Prince Louis Bonaparte was bold and ingenious in designing, Fleury was the man to execute. The one was skilful in preparing the mine and laying the train; the other was the man standing by with a lighted match, and determined to touch the fuse. The support of such a comrade as Fleury in the barrack-yard at Strasbourg or at Boulogne might have brought many lives into danger; but it would have prevented the enterprise from coming to a ridiculous end. In truth, the nature of the one man was the complement of the nature of the other; and between them they had a set of qualities so puissant for dealing a sudden blow, that, working together, and with all the appliances of the Executive Government at their command, they were a pair who might well be able to make a strange dream come true. It would seem that from the moment when Fleury became a partaker of momentous secrets, the President ceased to be free. At all events he would have found it costly to attempt to stand still.

The language held by the generals who declared that they would act under the authority of the Minister of War and not without it, suggested the contrivance which was resorted to. Fleury determined to find a military man capable of command, capable of secrecy, and capable of a great venture. The person chosen was to be properly sounded, and if he seemed willing, was to be admitted into the plot. He was then to be made Minister of War, in order that through him the whole of the land forces should be at the disposal of the plotters. Fleury went to Algeria to find the instrument required, and he so well performed his task that he hit upon a general officer who was christened, it seems, Jacques Arnaud Le Roy, but was known at this time as Achille St. Arnaud. Of some of the adventures of this person it will be right to speak hereafter.* There was nothing in his past life, nor in his then plight, which made it at all dangerous for Fleury to approach him with the words of a suborner. He readily entered into the plot. From the moment that Prince Louis Bonaparte and his associates had entrusted their secret to the man of Fleury's selection, it was perhaps

hardly possible for them to flinch, for the exigencies of St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy, were not likely to be on so modest a scale as to consist with the financial arrangements of a Republic governed by law, and the discontent of a person of his quality with a secret like that in his charge would plainly bring the rest of the brethren into danger. He was made Minister of War. This was on the 27th of October.

At the same time M. Maupas or de Maupas was brought into the Ministry. In the previous July this person had been Prefect of the Department of the Upper Garonne. Of him, his friends say that he had property, and that he has never been used to obtain money dishonestly. His zeal had led him to desire that thirty-two persons, including three members of the Council-General, should be seized and thrown into prison on a charge of conspiring against the Government. The legal authorities of the department refused to suffer this, because they said there was no ground for the charge. Then this Maupas, or de Maupas, proposed that the want of all ground for accusing the men should be supplied by a stratagem, and with that view he deliberately offered to arrange that incriminating papers and arms and grenades should be secretly placed in the houses of the men whom he wanted to have accused. Naturally the legal authorities of the department were horrorstruck by the proposal, and they denounced the Prefect to the keeper of the seals. Maupas was ordered to Paris.* From the indignant and scornful presence of M. Faucher he came away sobbing; and people who knew the truth supposed him to be forever disgraced and ruined, but he went and told his sorrows to the President. The President of course instantly saw that the man could be suborned. He admitted him into the plot, and on the 27th of October appointed him Prefect of Police.

Persigny, properly Fialin, was in the plot. He was descended on one side of an ancient family, and disliking his father's name he seems to have called himself for many years after the name of his maternal grandfather.†

* See the "Bulletin Français," pp. 98 et seq. This publication appeared under auspices which make it a safe authority. It is to be regretted that its statements extend to only a portion of the events connected with the 2d of December.

† This, I think, was the account which he gave upon his trial in 1840. He was tried by the description of Fialin *dit* Persigny.

* In Volume II.

He began life as a non-commissioned officer. As he himself said * his instinct was "to serve;" and at first he served the legitimists, but chance brought him into contact with Louis Bonaparte, and he very soon became the attached friend of the Prince and his partner in all his plans, and adventures. If Morny was merely taking up the Bonaparte cause as one of many other money speculations, Persigny could truly say that he had made it for years his profession, and had even tried, as well as he could, to raise it to the dignity of a real political principle. But the part entrusted to Persigny on this occasion, though possibly an important one, was not of a conspicuous sort. It is said that, the firmness of the Prince Louis Bonaparte being distrusted by his comrades, Persigny, who was of a sanguine, hopeful nature, was to remain constantly at the Elysée in order to receive the tidings which would be coming in during the period of danger, and prevent them from reaching the President in such a way as to shake him and cause despondency. At all events it would seem that the hand of Persigny was not the hand employed to execute the measures of the Elysée, and to this circumstance he owes it that he will not always have to stand in the same sentences with Morny and Fleury and Maupas and St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy.

It was necessary to take measures for paralyzing the National Guard, but the force was under the command of General Perrot, a man whose honesty could not be tampered with. To dismiss him suddenly would be to excite suspicion. The following expedient was adopted: the President appointed as Chief of the Staff of the National Guard, a person named Vieyra. The past life and the then repute of this person were of such a kind, that General Perrot, it seems, conceived himself insulted by the nomination, and instantly resigned. That was what the brethren of the Elysée wanted. On Sunday, the 30th General Lawæstine was appointed to the command. He was a man who had fought in the great wars, but now in his gray hairs he was not too proud to accept the part designed for him. His function was—not to lead the force of which he took the command but—to prevent it from acting. It was unnecessary to admit either Lawæstine or Vieyra to a complete knowledge of the plot, because all

that they were to do was to frustrate the assembly of the National Guard by withholding all orders and preventing the drums from beating to arms.

Of course the engine on which the brethren of the Elysée rested their main hopes was the army, and it was known that the remembrance of humiliating conflicts in the streets of Paris had long been embittering the temper in which the troops regarded the people of the capital. Moreover it happened that at this time the Legislative Assembly had been agitated by a discussion which inflamed the troops with fresh anger against civilians in general, but more especially against the Parisians, against the representatives of the people, and against statesmen and politicians of all kinds. A portion of the Chambers, foreseeing that the army might be used against the freedom of the Legislative body, had desired that the Assembly should avail itself of provision in the Constitution which empowered it, not only to have an armed force for its protection, but to have that force under the order of its own nominee. This was a scheme which shocked the mind of the army. In France of late years the Minister of War had always been a soldier, and an order from him (though it was in reality the order of a member of the civil Government), was habitually regarded by military men as the order of a general having supreme command. A proposal to change this system by giving to the Assembly a direct control over a portion of the land forces could be easily represented to the soldiery as a plan for withdrawing the French army from the control of its generals, and placing it under the command of men whom the soldiers called "lawyers." Seen in this light the project so exasperated the feelings of the troops, that, if it had been carried, they would probably have been stirred up at once to effect by force a violent change of the constitution. The measure was rejected, but anger is not always appeased by the removal of the kindling motive; and the soreness created by the mere agitation of the question had been so well kept up by the means employed for the purpose that the garrison of Paris now came to look upon the people with a well-defined feeling of spite.

Care had been taken to bring into Paris and its neighborhood the regiments most likely to serve the purpose of the Elysée, and to give the command to generals who might be ex-

* Before the Chamber of Peers, 1840.

pected to act without scruples. The forces in Paris and its neighborhood were under the orders of General Magnan. At the time of Louis Napoleon's descent upon the coast near Boulogne, Magnan had had the misfortune to be singled out by the Prince as a person to whom it was fitting to offer a bribe of £4,000. He had also had the misfortune to be detected in continuing his intercourse with the officer who had thought it safe to come with a proposal like that into the presence of a French general. Magnan did not conceal his willingness to go all lengths, and the brethren, it appears, wished to bring him completely into the plot,* but his panegyrist (not seeing, perhaps, the full import of his disclosure) causes it to be known that the General, though ready to act against Paris and against the Assembly, declined to risk his safety by avowedly joining in the plot. "He expressly requested," says Granier de Cassagnac, "not to be apprized until the moment for taking the necessary dispositions and mounting on horseback."† In other words, though he was willing to use the forces under his command in destroying the Constitution, and in effecting such slaughter as might be needed for the purpose, he refused to dispense with the screen afforded by an order from the Minister of War. In the event of the enterprise failing he would be able to say, "I refused to participate in any plot. The duty of a soldier is obedience. Here is the order which I received from General St. Arnaud. I did no more than obey my commanding officer."

On the 27th of November, however, this Magnan assembled twenty generals whom he had under his command, and gave them to understand that they might soon be called upon to act against Paris and against the Constitution. They promised a zealous and thorough-going obedience, although every one of them, from Magnan downwards, was to have the pleasing shelter of an order from his superior officer, they all seem to have imagined that their determination was of the sort which mankind call heroic, for their panegyrist relates with pride that when Magnan and his twenty generals were entering into this league and covenant against the people of Paris, they solemnly embraced one another.‡

* This is inferred from what follows.

† Granier de Cassagnac, vol. ii.

‡ Ibid.

From time to time the common soldiery were gratified with presents of food and wine, as well as with an abundance of flattering words, and their exasperation against civilians was so well kept alive that men used to African warfare were brought into the humor for calling the Parisians "Bedouins." There was massacre in the very sound. The army of Paris was in the temper required.

It was necessary for the plotters to have the concurrence of M. St. Georges, the director of the state printing-office. M. St. Georges was suborned. Then all was ready..

On the Monday night between the 1st and 2d of December, the President had his usual assembly at the Elysée. Ministers who were loyally ignorant of what was going on were mingled with those who were in the plot. Vieyra was present. He was spoken to by the President, and he undertook that the National Guard should not beat to arms that night. He went away, and it is said that he fulfilled his humble task by causing the drums to be mutilated. At the usual hour the assembly began to disperse, and by eleven o'clock there were only three guests who remained. These were Morny (who had previously taken care to show himself at one of the theatres), Maupas, and St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy. There was, besides, an orderly officer of the President, called Colonel Beville, who was initiated in the secret. Persigny, it seems, was not present. Morny, Maupas, and St. Arnaud went with the President into his cabinet; Colonel Beville followed them.* Mocquard, the private secretary of the President, was in the secret, but it does not appear that he was in the room at this time. Fleury, too, it seems, was away: he was probably on an errand which tended to put an end to the hesitation of his more elderly comrades and drive them to make the venture. They were to strike the blow that night. They deliberated, but in the absence of Fleury their council was incomplete; because at the very moment when perhaps their doubts and fears were inclining them still to hold back, Fleury, impetuous and resolute, might be taking a step which must needs push them forward. By and by they were apprised that an order which had been given for the movement of a battalion of gendarmerie, had duly taken effect without exciting remark. It is probable that the execution of this delicate movement

* Granier de Cassagnac, vol. ii.

was the very business which Fleury had gone to witness with his own eyes, and that it was he who brought the intelligence of its complete success to the Elysée. Perhaps also he showed that after the step which had just been taken, it would be dangerous to stop short, for the plotters now passed into action. The President entrusted a packet of manuscripts to Colonel Beville, and despatched him to the state printing-office.

It was in the streets which surround this building that the battalion of gendarmerie had been collected. When Paris was hushed in sleep, the battalion came quietly out, and folded round the state printing-office. From that moment until their work was done the printers were all close captives, for no one of them was suffered to go out. For some time they were kept waiting. At length Colonel Beville came from the Elysée with his packet of manuscripts. These papers were the proclamations required for the early morning, and M. St. Georges the Director gave orders to put them into type. It is said that there was something like resistance, but in the end, if not at first, the printers obeyed. Each compositor stood whilst he worked between two policemen, and, the manuscript being cut into many pieces, no one could make out the sense of what he was printing. By these proclamations the President asserted that the Assembly was a hot-bed of plots; declared it dissolved; pronounced for universal suffrage; proposed a new constitution; vowed anew that his duty was to maintain the Republic; and placed Paris and the twelve surrounding departments under martial law. In one of the proclamations he appealed to the army, and strove to whet its enmity against civilians, by reminding it of the defeats inflicted upon the troops in 1830 and 1848.*

The President wrote letters dismissing the members of the Government who were not in the plot; but he did not cause these letters to be delivered until the following morning. He also signed a paper appointing Morny to the Home Office.

The night was advancing. Some important steps had been taken, but still, though highly

dangerous, it was not absolutely impossible for the plotters to stop short. They could tear up the letters which purported to dismiss the Ministers, and although they could not hope to prevent the disclosures which the printers would make as soon as they were released from captivity, it was not too late to keep back the words, and even the general tenor of the Proclamations. But the next steps were of such a kind as to be irrevocable.

It is said that at this part of the night the spirit of some of the brethren was cast down, and that there was one of them who shrank from farther action; but Fleury, they say, got into a room alone with the man who wanted to hang back, and then locking the door and drawing a pistol, stood and threatened his agitated friend with instant death if he still refused to go on.*

What is certain is that, whether in hope or whether in fear, the plotters went on with their midnight task. The order from the Minister of War was probably signed by half-past two in the morning, for at three it was in the hands of Magnan.†

At the same hour Maupas (assigning for pretext the expected arrival of foreign refugees), caused a number of Commissaries to be summoned in all haste to the Prefecture of Police. At half-past three in the morning these men were in attendance; Maupas received each of them separately, and gave to each distinct instructions. It was then that for the first time, the main secret of the confederates passed into the hands of a number of subordinate agents. During some hours of that night every one of those humble Commissaries had the destinies of France in his hands; for he might either obey the Minister, and so place his country in the power of the Elysée, or he might obey the law, denounce the plot, and bring its contrivers to trial. Maupas gave orders for the seizure at the same minute of the foremost Generals of France, and several of her leading Statesmen. Parties of the police, each under the orders of a Commissary, were to be at the doors of the persons to be arrested some time

* Granier de Cassagnac, vol. ii. See also the *Annuaire* for 1851. This last publication (which must be distinguished from the *Annuaire des Deux Mondes*) gives an account of the events of December, written in a spirit favorable to the Elysée; but the Appendix contains a full collection of official documents.

* I have thought it right to introduce this account under a form indicating that it is based on mere rumor, but I entertain no doubt that the incident has been declared to be true by one of the two persons who stood face to face in that room.

† Granier de Cassagnac, vol. ii.

beforehand, but the seizures were not to take place until a quarter past six.*

At six o'clock a brigade of infantry, under Forey, occupied the Quai d'Orsay; another brigade, under Dulac, occupied the garden of the Tuileries; another brigade, under Cotte, occupied the Place de la Concorde; and another brigade of infantry, under Canrobert, with a whole division of cavalry, under Korte, and another brigade of cavalry, under Reybell, was posted in the neighborhood of the Elysée.† It would seem that the main objects aimed at by those who thus placed the troops were—not at this moment to overawe the whole of Paris but—rather to support the operations of Maupas, and to provide for the safety of the brethren at the Elysée by keeping them close under the shield of the army as long as they remained in Paris, and, if such a step should become necessary, by securing and covering their flight.

Almost at the same time Maupas's orders were carefully obeyed, for at the appointed minute, and whilst it was still dark, the designated houses were entered. The most famous generals of France were seized. General Changarnier, General Bedeau, General Lamoricière, General Cavaignac, and General Lefô were taken from their beds, and carried away through the sleeping city and thrown into prison.‡ In the same minute the like was done with some of the chief members and officers of the Assembly, and amongst others with Thiers, Miot, Baze, Colonel Charras, Roger du Nord, and several of the democratic leaders. Some men believed to be the chiefs of secret societies were also seized.§ The general object of these night arrests was that, when morning broke, the army should be without generals inclined to observe the law, that the Assembly should be without the machinery for convoking it, and that all the political parties in the State should be paralyzed by the disappearance of their chiefs. The number of men thus seized in the dark was seventy-eight. Eighteen of these were members of the Assembly.||

Whilst it was still dark, Morny, escorted by a body of infantry, took possession of the Home Office, and prepared to touch the springs of that wondrous machinery by which

a clerk can dictate to a nation. Already he began to tell forty thousand communes of the enthusiasm with which the sleeping city had received the announcement of measures not hitherto disclosed.

When the light of the morning dawned, people saw the Proclamations on the walls, and slowly came to hear that numbers of the foremost men of France had been seized in the night-time, and that every General to whom the friends of law and order could look for help was lying in one or other of the prisons. The newspapers, to which a man might run in order to know, and know truly, what others thought and intended, were all seized and stopped.

The gates of the Assembly were closed and guarded, but the Deputies, who began to flock thither, found means to enter by passing through one of the official residences which formed part of the building. They had assembled in the Chamber in large numbers, and some of them having caught Dupin, their reluctant President, were forcing him to come and take the chair, when a body of infantry burst in and drove them out, striking some of them with the butt-ends of their muskets. Almost at the same time a number of Deputies who had gathered about the side entrance of the Assembly were roughly handled and dispersed by a body of light infantry. Twelve Deputies were seized by the soldiers, and carried off prisoners.*

In the course of the morning the President, accompanied by his uncle Jerome Bonaparte and Count Flahault,* and attended by many general officers and a numerous staff, rode through some of the streets of Paris. It would seem that his theatric bent had led Prince Louis to expect from this ride a kind of triumph upon which his fortunes would hinge, and certainly the unpopularity of the assembly, and the suddenness and perfection of the blow which he had struck in the night gave him fair grounds for his hope, but he was hardly aware of the light in which his personal pretensions were regarded by the keen laughing people of Paris. The moment when they would cease to use laughter against him was very near, but it had not yet come. Moreover he did not bring himself to incur the risk which was necessary for

* La Verite, "Recueil d'Actes Officielles."

* I imagine that, before the night of the 1st of December, Count Flahault had some knowledge of what was going to be done.

* Granier de Cassaignac, vol. ii.

† Ibid. ‡ Ibid. § Ibid. || Ibid.

obtaining an acclaim of the people, for he clung to the streets and quays which were close under the dominion of the troops. Upon the whole, the reception he met with seems to have been neither friendly nor violently hostile, but chilling, and in a quiet way scornful.

It seems that after meeting this cheek his spirit suffered collapse. Once again, though not so hopelessly as at Strasbourg and Boulogne, he had encountered the shock of the real world. And again as before the shock felled him. Nor was it strange that he should be abashed and desponding; obeying his old propensity, he had prepared and appointed for the Austerlitz day a great scenic greeting between himself on the one hand, and on the other a mighty nation. When leaving the room where all this had been contrived and rehearsed he came out into the free air, and rode through street after street, it became every minute more certain that Paris was too busy, too grave, too scornful to think of hailing him Emperor; nay, strange to say, the people being fastidious or careless, or imperfectly aware of what had been done, refused to give him even that wondering attention which seemed to be ensured to him by the transactions of the foregoing night; and yet, there they were, the proffered Caesar and his long-prepared group of Captains sitting published on the backs of real horses with appropriate swords and dresses. Perhaps what a man in this plight might the most hate would be the sun—the cold December sun. Prince Louis rode home, and went in out of sight.

Thenceforth, for the most part, he remained close shut up in the Elysée. There, in an inner room, still decked in red trousers, but with his back to the daylight, they say he sat bent over a fireplace, for hours and hours together, resting his elbows on his knees, and burying his face in his hands.

What is better known is, that, in general, during this period of danger, tidings were not suffered to go to him straight. It seems that, either in obedience to his own dismal instinct, or else because his associates had determined to prevent him from ruining them by his gloom, he was kept sheltered from immediate contact with alarming messengers. It was thought more wholesome for him to hear what Persigny or the resolute Fleury might think it safe to tell him,

than to see with his own eyes an aide-de-camp fresh come from St. Arnaud or Magnan, or a commissary full fraught with the sensations which were shaking the health of Maupas.

Driven from their Chamber, the Deputies assembled at the Mayoralty of the 10th arrondissement. There upon the motion of the illustrious Berryer, they resolved that the act of Louis Bonaparte was a forfeiture of the Presidency, and they directed the judges of the Supreme Court to meet and proceed to the judgment of the President and his accomplices. These resolutions had just been voted, when a battalion of the Chasseurs de Vincennes entered the courtyard of the Mayoralty, and began to ascend the stairs. One of the Vice-Presidents of the Assembly went out and summoned the soldiers to stop, and leave the Chamber free. The officer appealed to felt the hatefulness or the danger of the duty entrusted to him, and declaring that he was only an instrument, he said he would refer for guidance to his chief.*

Presently afterwards several battalions of the line under the command of General Forey came up and surrounded the Mayoralty. The Chasseurs de Vincennes were ordered to load. By and by two Commissaries of Police came to the door, and, announcing that they had orders to clear the hall, entreated the Assembly to yield. The Assembly refused. A third Commissary came, using more imperative language, but he also seems to have shrunk back when he was made to see the lawlessness of the act which he was attempting. At length an aide-de-camp of General Magnan came with a written order directing the officer in command of the battalion to clear the hall, to do this if necessary by force, and to carry off to the prison of Mazas any Deputies offering resistance. By his way of framing this order, Magnan showed how he crouched under his favorite shelter, for in it he declared that he acted "in consequence of the orders of the Minister of War."† The number of Deputies present at this moment was two hundred and twenty. The whole Assembly declared that they resisted, and would yield to nothing short of force. In the absence of Dupin, M. Benoist d'Azy had been presiding over the Assembly, and both he and one of the Vice-Presidents were now collared by officers of police and led out.

* La Verite, "Recueil d'Actes Officielles."

† Ibid.

The whole Assembly followed, and, enfolded between files of soldiery, was marched through the streets. General Forey rode by the side of the column. The captive Assembly passed through the Rue de Grenelle, the Rue St. Guillaume, the Rue Neuve de l'Université, the Rue de Beaune, and finally into the Quai d'Orsay. The spectacle of France thus marched prisoner through the streets seems to have pained the people who saw it, but the pain was that of men, who, witnessing by chance some disagreeable outrage, feel sorry that some one else does not prevent it, and then pass on. The members of the Assembly, trusting too much to mere law and right, had neglected or failed to provide that there should be a great concourse of people in the neighborhood of the hall where they met. Those who saw this ending of free institutions were casual bystanders, and were gathered, it seems, in no great numbers. There was no storm of indignation. In an evil hour the Republicans had made it a law that the representatives of the people should be paid for their services. This provision, as was natural, had brought the Assembly into discredit, for it destroyed the ennobling sentiment with which a free people is accustomed to regard its Parliament. The Paris workman, brave and warlike, but shrewd and somewhat envious, compared the amount of his day's earning with the wages of the Deputies, and it did not seem to him that the right cause to stand up for was the cause of men who were hired to be patriots at the rate of twenty-five francs a day. Still by his mere taste and his high sense of the difference between what is becoming and what is ignoble, he was inclined to feel hurt by the sight of what he witnessed. In this doubtful temper the Paris workman stood watching, and saw his country slide down from out of the rank of free States. The gates of the d'Orsay barrack were opened, and the Assembly was marched into the court. Then the gates closed upon them.*

It was now only two o'clock in the afternoon, but darkness was wanted to hide the thing which was next to be done, and the members of the Assembly were kept prisoners all day in the barrack. At half-past four, three Deputies who had been absent came to the barrack and caused themselves to be made prisoners with the two hundred and

twenty already there; and at half-past eight in the evening the twelve Deputies who had been seized by the troops at the house of the Assembly were brought to the barrack, so that the number of Deputies there imprisoned was now raised to two hundred and thirty-two.

At a quarter before ten o'clock at night a large number of the windowless vans which are used for the transport of felons were brought into the Court of the barrack, and into these the two hundred and thirty-two members of the Assembly were thrust. They were carried off, some to the Fort of Mount Valerian, some to the fortress of Vincennes, and some to the prison of Mazas. Before the dawn of the 3d of December all the eminent members of the Assembly, and all the foremost generals of France were lying in prison, for now (besides General Changarnier, and General Bedeau, General Lamoricière, General Cavaignac and General Leffô, and besides Thiers, and Colonel Charras, and Roger du Nord, and Miot, and Baze, and the others who had been seized the night before, and were still held fast in the gaols), there were in prison two hundred and thirty-two of the representatives of the people, including amongst others of wide renown, Berryer, Odillon Barrot, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, Gustave de Beaumont, Benoist d'Azy, the Duc de Broglie, Admiral Cecile, Chambolle, De Corcelles, Dufaure, Duvergier de Hauranne, De Falloux, General Lauriston, Oscar Lafayette, Lanjuinais, Lasteyrie, the Duc de Luines, the Duc De Montebello, General Radoult-Lafosse, General Oudinot, De Remusat, and the wise and gifted De Tocqueville. Amongst them imprisoned there were twelve Statesmen who had been Cabinet Ministers, and nine of these had been chosen by the President himself.*

These were the sort of men who were within the walls of the prisons. Those who threw them into prison were Prince Louis Bonaparte, Morny, Maupas, and St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy, all acting with the advice and consent of Fialin de Persigny, and under the propulsion of Fleury. It is true that the army was aiding, but it has been seen that Magnan who commanded it had taken care to screen himself under the orders of the

* The facts mentioned in the above paragraph are not, I believe, controverted in any important point, but the most authoritative and succinct account of what passed will be found in the well-known letter of M. de Tocqueville.

* La Verite, "Recueil d'Actes Officielles."

Minister of War, and in the event of his being brought to trial he would no doubt labor to show that in doing as he did, and in effecting the midnight seizure and imprisonment of his country's greatest commanders he was an instrument, and not a contriver.

By the laws of the Republic, the duty of taking cognizance of offences against the Constitution was cast upon the Supreme Court. The Court was sitting, when an armed force entered the hall, and the judges were driven from the bench, but not until they had made a judicial order for the impeachment of the President. Before the Judges were thrust down they adjourned the Court to a day "to be named hereafter," and they had the spirit to order a notice of the impeachment to be served upon the President at the Elysée.* If the process-server encountered Colonel Fleury at the Elysée, he would soon find that Fleury was not the man who would suffer his gloomy master to be depressed by the sight of a man with an ugly summons from a Court of Law.

The ancient courage of the Parisians had accustomed them to the thought of encountering wrong by an armed resistance; but there were many causes which rendered it unwise for them at that moment to appeal to force. The events of 1848, and the doctrines of the sect called Socialists, had filled men's minds with terror. People who had known what it was to be for months and months together in actual fear for their lives and for their goods, were brought down into a condition of mind which made them willing to side with any executive government however lawless, against any kind of insurrection however righteous. Moreover, the feeling of contempt with which the President had been regarded by many was not immediately changed by the events of the 2d of December. It was effectually changed, as will be seen, by the carnage of the 4th; but before the afternoon of that day, the very extravagance of the outrage which had been perpetrated so reminded men of the invasion of Strasbourg and the grotesque descent upon Boulogne, that during the fifty-four hours which followed upon the dawn of the 2d, the indignation of the public was weakened by its sense of the ridiculous. The contemptuous cry of "Soulouque!" indicated that Paris was comparing Louis Napoleon to the negro Emperor who had travestied the achievements of the First Bonaparte; and

Bulletin Français.

there were many to whom it seemed that his mimicry of the 18th Brumaire belonged to exactly the same class of enterprises as his mimicry of the return from Elba. Plainly the difference was, that this time, instead of having only a few dresses and counterfeit flags, he commanded the resources of the most powerful executive government in the world, but still that there was a somewhat widespread belief that the President was tumbling as fast as was necessary, and would soon be defeated and punished. Besides, by the contrivance already described, the plotters had paralyzed the National Guard. Moreover, it would seem that the great body of the working men did not conceive themselves to be hurt by what had been done. Universal suffrage, and the immediate privilege of choosing a dictator for France, were offerings well fitted to win over many honest though credulous laborers, and the baser sort, whose vice is envy, were gratified by what had been done, for they loved to see the kind of inversion which was implied in the fact, that men like Lamoricière, and Bedeau, and Cavaignac, like de Luines, like de Tocqueville, and the Duc de Broglie, could be shut up in a gaol or thrown into a felon's van by persons like Morny, and Maupas, and St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy. Thus there was no sufficing material for the immediate formation of insurgent forces in Paris. The rich and the middle classes were indignant, but they had a horror of insurrection; and the poor had less dread of insurrection, but then they were not indignant. It is known moreover that for the moment there was no fighting power in Paris. Paris has generally abounded in warlike and daring men, who love fighting for fighting's sake; but for the time, this portion of the French community had been crushed by the result of the great street-battle of June, 1848, and the seizures and banishments which followed the defeat of the insurgents. The men of the barricades had been stripped of their arms, deprived of their leaders, and so thinned in numbers as to be unequal to any serious conflict, and their helplessness was completed by the sudden disappearance of the street captains and the chiefs of secret societies, who had been seized in the night between the 1st and 2d of December.

Still, there was a remnant of the old insurrectionary forces which was willing to try the experiment of throwing up a few barri-

cares, and there was besides a small number of men who were impelled in the same direction by motives of a different and almost opposite kind. These last were men too brave, too proud, too faithful in their love of right and freedom to be capable of acquiescing for even a week in the transactions of the December night. The foremost of these was the illustrious Victor Hugo. He and some of the other members of the Assembly who had escaped seizure, formed themselves into a Committee of Resistance with a view to assert by arms the supremacy of the law. This step they took on the 2d of December.

Several members of the Assembly went into the Faubourg St. Antoine, and strove to raise the people. These deputies were Schoelcher, Baudin, Aubry, Duval, Chaix, Malardier, and de Flotte, and they were vigorously supported by Courmet, whose residence became their headquarters, and by Xavier Durrieu, Kessler, Ruin, Lemaitre, Wabripou, Le Jeune, and other men connected with the democratic press. More, it would seem, by their personal energy than by the aid of the people, these men threw up a slight barricade at the corner of the Rue St. Marguerite. Against this there marched a battalion of the 19th Regiment; and then there occurred a scene which may make one smile for a moment, and may then almost force one to admire the touching pedantry of brave men, who imagined that, without policy or warlike means, they could be strong with the mere strength of the law. Laying aside their fire-arms, and throwing across their shoulders scarfs which marked them as Representatives of the People, the Deputies ranged themselves in front of the barricade, and one of them, Charles Baudin, held ready in his hand the book of the Constitution. When the head of the column was within a few yards of the barricade it halted. For some moments there was silence. Law and Force had met. On the one side was the Code democratic, which France had declared to be perpetual: on the other a battalion of the line. Charles Baudin, pointing to his book, began to show what he held to be the clear duty of the battalion; but the whole basis of his argument was an assumption that the law ought to be obeyed; and it seems that the officer in command refused to concede what logicians call the "major premiss," for, instead of accepting its necessary consequence, he gave an impatient

sign. Suddenly the muskets of the front-rank men came down, came up, came level; and in another instant their fire pelted straight into the group of the scarfed Deputies. Baudin fell dead, his head being shattered by more than one ball. One other was killed by the volley, several more were wounded. The book of the Constitution had fallen to the ground, and the defenders of the law recurred to their fire-arms. They shot the officer who had caused the death of their comrade and questioned their major premiss. There was a fight of the Homeric sort for the body of Charles Baudin. The battalion won it. Four soldiers carried it off.* Plainly this attempted insurrection, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, was without the support of the multitude. It died out.

The Committee of Resistance now caused barricades to be thrown up in that mass of streets between the Hotel de Ville and the Boulevard, which is the accustomed centre of an insurrection in Paris; but they were not strong enough to occupy the houses, and therefore the troops passed through the streets without danger, and easily took every barricade which they encountered. When the troops retired, the barricades again sprang up, but only to be again taken. This state of things continued during part of the 3d of December; but afterwards the efforts of the troops were relaxed, and during the night, and the whole forenoon of the next day, the formation of barricades in the centre of Paris was allowed to go on without encountering serious interruption.†

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th, the condition of Paris was this: The mass of streets which lies between the Boulevard and the neighborhood of the Hôtel de Ville was barricaded, and held without combating by the insurgents; but the rest of the city was free from grave disturbance. The army was impending. It was nearly forty-eight thousand strong,‡ and comprised a force of all arms, including cavalry, infantry, artillery, engineers, and gendarmes. Large bodies of infantry were so posted that brigades advancing from all the quarters of the compass could simultaneously converge upon the barricaded district. Besides that by the means already shown the troops had been wrought

* Xavier Durrieu, pp. 23, 24.

† Magnan's Despatch, *Moniteur*.

‡ 47,928.

into a feeling of hatred against the people of Paris, they had clearly been made to understand that they were to allow no consideration for by-standers to interfere with their fire, that they were to give no quarter, and that they were to put to death not only the combatants whom they might see in arms against them, but those also who, without having been seen in the act, might nevertheless be deemed to have taken part against them. When it is remembered that the duty—the judicial duty—of bringing people within this last category was cast upon raging soldiers, it will be clear that the army of Paris was brought into the streets with instructions well fitted to bring about the events which marked the afternoon of the 4th of December.* For reasons which then remained unknown, the troops were abstaining from action, and there was a good distance between the heads of the columns and the outposts of the insurgents.

It is plain that, either because of his own hesitation or because of the hesitation of the President, or M. St. Arnaud, the General in command of the army was hanging back;† and in truth, though the mere physical task which he had to perform was a slight one, Magnan could not but see that, politically, he had got into danger. The mechanical arrangements of the night of the 2d of December had met with a success which was wondrously complete; but in other respects the enterprise of the Elysian brethren seemed to be failing, for no one of mark and character had come forward to abet the President. There were many lovers of order and tranquillity who wished the President to succeed in overthrowing the Constitution, or giving it the needful wrench; but they had assumed that he would not engage in any enterprise of this sort, without the support of some at least of the statesmen who were

* My knowledge as to what the troops were made to understand is derived from a source highly favorable to the Elysee.

† Magnan, in his Despatch, accounts for his delay in words which tend to justify the conclusion of those who believe that the opportunity of inflicting slaughter on the people of Paris was deliberately sought for and prepared; but I am not inclined to believe that for such an object a French general would throw away the first seven hours of a short December day, and therefore, so far as concerns his motives, I reject Magnan's statement. I consider that the disclosures made before the Chamber of Peers, in 1840, give me a right to use my own judgment in determining the weight which is due to this person's assertions.

the known champions of the cause of order. Those whose views had lain in this direction were shocked out of their hopes, when on the 2d of December they came to find that all the honored defenders of the cause of order had been thrown into prison, and that the persons who were sheltering the President by their concurrence and their moral sanction, were Morny and Maupas or de Maupas and St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy. The list of the Ministry, which was published on the following day, contained no name held in honor; and the plotters of the Elysée terrified, as it seems, at the state of isolation in which they were placed, resorted to a curious stratagem. They formed what they called a "Consultative Commission," and promulgated a decree which purported to appoint as members of the body, not only most of the plotters themselves, and others whose services they could command, but also some eighty other men who were eminent for their character and station.* In so far as it represented these eighty men to be members of the Commission, the decree was a counterfeit. One after another the men with the honored names repudiated the notion that they had consented to go and "consult" with Louis Bonaparte and Morny and Fleury and Maupas and St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy.† The Elysée derived great advantage from this stratagem, because for many precious hours, and even days, it kept the country from knowing what was the number and what was the quality of the persons who were really abetting the President; but Magnan of course knew the truth, and when he found, on the morning of the 4th of December, that even the complete success of all the arrangements of the foregoing Tuesday had not been hitherto puissant enough to bring to the Elysée the support of men of weight and character, he had grounds for the alarm which seems to have been the cause of his inaction.

For, regarded in connection with the state of isolation in which the plotters still remained, the insurrection, feeble as it was, became a source of grave danger to the General in command of the troops. It would have been no new thing to have to act against insurgents in vindication of the law, and under the orders of what had been commonly called

* *Annuaire*, Appendix.

† Their letters to this effect appeared from time to time in the English journals.

a "Government;" but this time the law was on the side of the insurgents, and the knot of men who had got the control of the offices of the State were not so circumstanced in point of repute as to be able to make up for the want of legal authority by the weight of their personal character. Therefore it was natural for Magnan, notwithstanding his cherished order from the Minister of War, to think a good deal of what might happen to him, if perchance at the very moment when he was taking upon his hands the blood of the Parisians, the plot of which he was the instrument should after all break down for want of support from men known and honored as Statesmen.

But at length perhaps it was effectually explained to Magnan that he must stand or fall with those to whom he was now committed, and that, although he thought to keep himself under the shelter of the "order of the Minister of War," the testimony of any one out of the twenty Generals who met him on the 27th of November would suffice to bring him into nearly the same plight as any of the avowed plotters. A judicious application of this kind of torture would make it unnecessary for Colonel Fleury to show even the hilt of his pistol. At all events, Magnan now at last consented to act against the insurrection. He had thrown away the whole of the morning and the better part of the afternoon, and this on a short December day; but at two o'clock the troops were ordered to advance, and by three all the heads of columns which were converging upon the insurrection from different points were almost close to the several barricades upon which they had marched.

The advance-post of the insurgents, at its north-western extremity, was covered by a small barricade, which crossed the Boulevard at a point close to the Gymnase Theatre. Some twenty men, with weapons and a drum taken in part from the "property-room" of the theatre, were behind this rampart, and a small flag, which the insurgents had chanced to find, was planted on the top of the barricade.*

Facing this little barricade, at a distance of

about a hundred and fifty yards, was the head of the vast column of troops which now occupied the whole of the western Boulevard, and a couple of field-pieces stood pointed towards the barricade. In the neutral space between the barricade and the head of the column the shops and almost all the windows were closed, but numbers of spectators, including many women, crowded the foot-pavement. These gazers were obviously incurring the risk of receiving stray shots. But westward of the point occupied by the head of the column the state of the Boulevards was different. From that point home to the Madeleine the whole carriage-way was occupied by troops; the infantry was drawn up in subdivisions at quarter distance. Along this part of the gay and glittering Boulevard the windows, the balconies, and the foot-pavements were crowded with men and women who were gazing at the military display. These gazers had no reason for supposing that they incurred any danger, for they could see no one with whom the army would have to contend. It is true that notices had been placed upon the walls recommending people not to encumber the streets, and warning them that they would be liable to be dispersed by the troops without being summoned; but of course those who had chanced to see this announcement naturally imagined that it was a menace addressed to riotous crowds which might be pressing upon the troops in a hostile way. Not one man could have read it as a sentence of sudden death against peaceful spectators.

At three o'clock one of the field-pieces ranged in front of the column was fired at the little barricade near the Gymnase. The shot went high over the mark. The troops at the head of the column sent a few musket-shots in the direction of the barricade, and there was a slight attempt at reply, but no one on either side was wounded; and the engagement, if so it could be called, was so languid and harmless that even the gazers who stood on the foot-pavement between the troops and the barricade were not deterred from remaining where they were. And, with regard to the spectators further west, there was nothing that tended to cause them alarm, for they could see no one who was in antagonism with the troops. So, along the whole Boulevard from the Madeleine to near the Rue du Sentier, the foot-pavements, the windows, and the balconies still remained crowded with

* The great barricade in this district was the one which crossed the Boulevard diagonally near the Porte St. Denis. It is not noticed in the text, because the object here is—not to describe in detail the preparations of the insurgents, but—merely to show the state of the Boulevard at the point where their advanced post faced the troops.

men and women and children, and from near the Rue du Sentier to the little barricade at the Gymnase, spectators still lined the foot-pavement; but in that last part of the Boulevard the windows were closed.*

According to some, a shot was fired from a window or a house-top near the Rue du Sentier. This is denied by others, and one witness declares that the first shot came from a soldier near the centre of one of the battalions, who fired straight up into the air; but what followed was this: the troops at the head of the column faced about to the south and opened fire. Some of the soldiery fired point-blank into the mass of spectators who stood gazing upon them from the foot-pavement, and the rest of the troops fired up at the gay crowded windows and balconies.† The officers in general did not order the firing, but seemingly they were agitated in the same way as the men of the rank and file, for such of them as could be seen from a balcony at the corner of the Rue Montmartre appeared to acquiesce in all that the soldiery did.‡

The impulse which had thus come upon the soldiery near the head of the column, was a motive akin to panic, for it was carried by swift contagion from man to man, till it ran westward from the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle into the Boulevard Bonne Poissonière, and gained the Boulevard Montmartre, and ran swiftly through its whole length, and entered the Boulevard des Italiens. Thus by a movement in the nature of that which tacticians describe as "conversion" a column of some sixteen thousand men facing eastward towards St. Denis was suddenly formed, as it were, into an order of battle fronting southward, and busily firing into the crowd which lined the foot-pavement, and upon the men, women, and children, who stood at the balconies and windows on that side of the Boulevard.§ What made the fire at the houses the more deadly was that, even after it had begun at the eastern part of the Boulevard Montmartre, people standing at the balconies and windows farther west could not see or believe that the troops were really firing in at the windows with ball-cartridge, and they re-

mained in the front rooms, and even continued standing at the windows, until a volley came crashing in. At one of the windows there stood a young Russian noble with his sister at his side. Suddenly they received the fire of the soldiery, and both of them were wounded with musket-shots. An English surgeon who had been gazing from another window in the same house had the fortune to stand unscathed; and when he began to give his care to the wounded brother and sister he was so touched, he says, by their forgetfulness of self, and the love they seemed to bear the one for the other that more than ever before in all his life he prized his power of warding off death.

Of the people on the foot-pavement who were not struck down at first some rushed and strove to find a shelter, or even a half-shelter, at any spot within reach. Others tried to crawl away on their hands and knees; for they hoped that perhaps the balls might fly over them. The impulse to shoot people had been sudden, but was not momentary. The soldiers loaded and reloaded with a strange industry, and made haste to kill and kill, as though their lives, depended upon the quantity of the slaughter they could get through in some given period of time.

When there was no longer a crowd to fire into, the soldiers would aim carefully at any single fugitive who was trying to effect his escape, and if a man tried to save himself by coming close up to the troops, and asking for mercy, the soldiers would force or persuade the suppliant to keep off, and hasten away, and then if they could they killed him running. This slaughter of unarmed men and women was continued for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. It chanced that amongst the persons standing at the balconies, near the corner of the Rue Montmartre there was an English officer; and, because of the position in which he stood, the professional knowledge which guided his observation, the composure with which he was able to see and to describe, and the more than common responsibility which attaches upon a military narrator, it is probable that his testimony will be always appealed to by historians who shall seek to give a truthful account of the founding of the Second French Empire.

At the moment when the firing began, this officer was looking upon the military

* What I say as to the state of the Boulevard at this time is taken from many concurrent authorities, but Captain Jesse's statement (see *post*) is the most clear and satisfactory so far as concerns what he saw.

† Captain Jesse, *ubi post*.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

display with his wife at his side, and was so placed that if he looked eastward, he could carry his eye along the Boulevard for a distance of about eight hundred yards, and see as far as the head of the column, and if he looked westward, he could see to the point where the Boulevard Montmartre runs into the Boulevard des Italiens. This is what he writes: "I went to the balcony at which my wife was standing, and remained there watching the troops. The whole Boulevard, as far as the eye could reach, was crowded with them, principally infantry in subdivisions at quarter distance with here and there a batch of twelve-pounders and howitzers, some of which occupied the rising ground of the Boulevard Poissonière. The officers were smoking their cigars. The windows were crowded with people, principally women, tradesmen, servants, and children, or, like ourselves, the occupants of apartments. Suddenly, as I was intently looking with my glass at the troops in the distance eastward, a few musket-shots were fired at the head of the column, which consisted of about three thousand men. In a few moments it spread, and after hanging a little came down the Boulevard in a waving sheet of flame. So regular, however, was the fire that at first I thought it was a *feu de joie* for some barricade taken in advance, or to signal their position to some other division; and it was not till it came within fifty yards of me, that I recognized the sharp, ringing report of ball-cartridge, but even then I could scarcely believe the evidence of my ears, for as to my eyes I could not discover any enemy to fire at; and I continued looking at the men until the company below me were actually raising their firelocks, and one vagabond sharper than the rest—a mere lad without whisker or moustache—had covered me. In an instant I dashed my wife who had just stepped back against the pier between the windows, when a shot struck the ceiling immediately over our heads, and covered us with dust, and broken plaster. In a second after, I placed her upon the floor, and in another, a volley came against the whole front of the house the balcony and windows; one shot broke the mirror over the chimney-piece, another the shade of the clock, every pane of glass but one was smashed, the curtains and window-frames cut; the room in short was riddled. The iron balcony though rather low was a

great protection; still fire-balls entered the room, and in the pause for reloading I drew my wife to the door, and took refuge in the back rooms of the house. The rattle of musketry was incessant for more than a quarter of an hour after this; and in a very few minutes the guns were unlimbered and pointed at the 'Magasin' of M. Sallandrouze, five houses on our right. What the object or meaning of all this might be was a perfect enigma to every individual in the house, French or foreigners. Some thought the troops had turned round and joined the Reds; others suggested that they must have been fired upon somewhere, though they certainly had not from our house or any other on the Boulevard Montmartre, or we must have seen it from the balcony. . . . This wanton fusillade must have been the result of a panic, lest the windows should have been lined with concealed enemies, and they wanted to secure their skins by the first fire, or else it was a sanguinary impulse. . . . The men as I have already stated, fired volley upon volley for more than a quarter of an hour without any return; they shot down many of the unhappy individuals who remained on the Boulevard and could not obtain an entrance into any house; some persons were killed close to our door."* The like of what was calmly seen by this English officer, was seen with frenzied horror by thousands of French men and women.

If the officers in general abstained from ordering the slaughter, Colonel Rochefort did not follow their example. He was an officer in the Lancers, and he had already done execution with his horsemen amongst the chairs and the idlers in the neighborhood of Tortoni's, but afterwards imagining a shot to have been fired from a part of the Boulevard occupied by infantry, he put himself at the head of a detachment which made a charge upon the crowd; and the military historian of these events relates with triumph that about thirty corpses, almost all of them in the clothes of gentlemen, were the trophies of this exploit.† Along a distance of a thou-

* Letter from Captain Jesse, first printed in the *Times*, 13th December, 1851, and given also in the *Annual Register*.

† This was in the Boulevard Poissonière. Mauduit, pp. 217, 218. Mauduit speaks of these thirty killed as armed men, but it is well proved that there were no armed men in the Boulevard Poissonière, and I have therefore no difficulty in rejecting that part of his statement.

sand yards, going eastward from the Rue Richelieu, the dead bodies were strewn upon the foot-pavement of the Boulevard, but at several spots they lay in heaps. Some of the people mortally struck would be able to stagger blindly for a pace or two until they were tripped up by a corpse, and this perhaps is why a large proportion of the bodies lay heaped one on the other. Before one shop-front they counted thirty-three corpses. By the peaceful little nook or court which is called the Cité Bergère they counted thirty-seven. The slayers were many thousands of armed soldiery; the slain were of a number that never will be reckoned; but amongst all these slayers and all these slain there was not one combatant. There was no fight, no riot, no fray, no quarrel, no dispute.* What happened was a slaughter of unarmed men and women and children. Where they lay, the dead bore witness. Corpses lying apart struck deeper into people's memory, than the dead who were lying in heaps. Some were haunted with the look of an old man with silver hair, whose only weapon was the umbrella which lay at his side. Some shuddered because of seeing the gay idler of the Boulevard sitting dead against the wall of a house, and scarce parted from the cigar which lay on the ground near his hand. Some carried in their minds the sight of a printer's boy leaning back against a shop-front, because, though the lad was killed, the proof-sheets which he was carrying had remained in his hands, and were red with his blood, and were fluttering in the wind.† The military historian of these achievements permitted himself to speak with a kind of joy of the number of women who suffered. After accusing the gentler sex of the crime of sheltering men from the fire of the troops, the Colonel writes it down that "many an amazon of the Boulevard has paid dearly for her imprudent collusion with that new sort of barricade," and then he goes on to express a hope that women will profit by the example, and derive from it "a lesson for the fu-

ture."** One woman who fell and died clasping her child, was suffered to keep her hold in death as in life, for the child, too, was killed. Words which long had been used for making figures of speech recovered their ancient use, being wanted again in the world for the picturing of things real and physical. Musket-shots do not shed much blood in proportion to the slaughter which they work, but still in so many places the foot-pavement was wet and red, that, except by care, no one could pass along it without gathering blood. Round each of the trees in the Boulevards a little space of earth is left unpaved in order to give room for the expansion of the trunk. The blood collecting in pools upon the asphalt, drained down at last into these hollows, and there becoming coagulated, it remained for more than a day and was observed by many. "Their blood"—says the English officer, before quoted—"their blood lay in the hollows round the trees the next morning when we passed at twelve o'clock." "The Boulevards and the adjacent streets," he goes on to say, "were at some points a perfect shambles."† Incredible as it may seem, artillery was brought to bear upon some of the houses in the Boulevard. On its north side the houses were so battered that the foot-pavement beneath them was laden with plaster and such ruins as field-guns can bring down.

The soldiers broke into many houses and hunted the inmates from floor to floor, and caught them at last and slaughtered them. These things, no doubt, they did under a notion that shots had been fired from the house which they entered, but it is certain that in almost all these instances, if not in every one of them, the impression was false. One or two soldiers would be seen rushing furiously at some particular door, and this sight leading their comrades to imagine that a shot had been fired from the windows above was enough to bring into the accused house a whole band of slaughterers. The Sallandrouze carpet warehouse was thus entered. Fourteen helpless people shrank for safety behind some piles of carpets. The soldiers killed them crouching.

Whilst these things were being done upon the Boulevard, four brigades were converging upon the streets where resistance, though of a rash and feeble kind, had been really at-

* I speak here of the Boulevard from the Rue du Sentier to the western extremity of the Boulevard Montmartre.

† For accounts of the state of the Boulevard after the massacre, see the written statements of eye-witnesses, supplied to Victor Hugo and printed in his narrative. It will be seen that I do not adopt M. Victor Hugo's conclusions, but there is no reason for questioning the authenticity or the truth of the statements which he has collected.

* Mauduit, p. 278. † Ibid.

tempted. One after another the barricades were battered by artillery, and then carried without a serious struggle; but things had been so ordered that, although there should be little or no fighting, there might still be slaughter, for the converging movement of the troops prevented escape, and forced the people sooner or later into a street barred by troops on either side, and then, whether they were combatants or other fugitives, they were shot down. It was the success of this contrivance for penning in the fugitive crowds, which enabled Magnan to declare without qualifying his words that those who defended the barricades in the quartier Beaubourg were put to death,* and the same ground justified the Government in announcing that of the men who defended the barricade of the Porte St. Martin the troops had not spared one.† Some of the people thus killed were men combating or flying, but many more were defenceless prisoners in the hands of the soldiery who shot them. Whatever may have been the cause of the slaughter of the unoffending spectators on the Boulevard,‡ it is certain that the shooting of the prisoners taken at the barricades was brought about by causing the troops to understand that they were to give no quarter. Over and over again, no doubt, the soldiers listening to the dictates of humanity, gave quarter to vanquished combatants, but their clemency was looked upon as a fault, and the fault was repaired by shooting the prisoners they had taken. Sometimes, as was natural, a house was opened to the fugitives, but this shelter did not long hold good. For instance, when the barricade near the Porte St. Denis was taken, a hundred men were caught behind it, and all these were shot, but their blood was not reckoned to be enough, for, by going into the houses where there were supposed to be fugitives, the soldiers got hold of thirty more men, and these also they killed.§ The way in which the soldiery dealt with the inmates of houses suspected of containing fugitives, can be gathered by observing what passed in

one little street. After describing the capture of a barricade in the Rue Montorgueil, the military historian of these events says, that searches were immediately ordered to be made in the public-houses. "A hundred prisoners," he says, "were made in them, the most of whom had their hands still black with gunpowder, and evident proof of their participation in the contest. How then was it possible not to execute with regard to a good many of them the terrible prescriptions of the state of siege?"*

This killing was done under orders so stringent, and yet in some instances with so much of deliberation that many of the poor fellows put to death were allowed to dispose of their little treasures before they died. Thus, one man, when told that he must die, entreated the officer in command to be allowed to send to his mother the fifteen francs which he carried in his pocket. The officer consenting, took down the address of the man's mother, received from him the fifteen francs, and then killed him. Many times over the like of this was done.

Great numbers of prisoners were brought into the Prefecture of Police, but it appears to have been thought inconvenient to allow the sound of the discharge of musketry to be heard coming from the precincts of the building. For that reason, as it would seem, another mode of quieting men was adopted. It is hard to have to believe such things, but according to the statement of a former member of the Legislative Assembly, who declares that he saw them with his own eyes, each of the prisoners destined to undergo this fate was driven with his hands tied behind him, into one of the Courts of the Prefecture, and then one of Maupas's police-officers came and knocked him on the head with a loaded club, and felled him—felled him in the way that is used by a man when he has to slaughter a bullock.†

* Mauduit, p. 248.

† M. Xavier Durrieu, formerly a member of the Assembly, is one of those who states that he was an eye-witness of these deeds, having seen them from the window of his cell. He says, "Souvent quond la porte etait renfermee les sergens de ville se jetaient comme des tigres sur les prisonniers attaches les mains derriere le dos. Ils les assommaient a coup de casse-tete. Ils les laissaient raler sur la pierre ou plusieurs d'entre eux ont expire. . . . Il en est ainsi ni plus ni moins ; nous l'avons vu des fenetres de nos cellules qui s'ouvraient sur la cour."—*Le Coup d'Etat*, par Xavier Durrieu, ancien Representant du peuple, pp. 39, 40.

* See his Despatch dated, I think, the 9th December.—*Moniteur*.

† The *Patrie*, one of the official organs of the President, Dec. 6.

‡ See the discussion on this subject towards the close of the chapter.

§ An officer engaged in the operation made this statement—not as confession of sins, but as a narrative of exploits.

Troops are sometimes obliged to kill insurgents in actual fight, and unarmed people standing in the line of fire often share the fate of the combatants; what that is the whole world understands. But also an officer has sometimes caused people to be put to death—not because they were fighting against him, nor even because they were hindering the actual operations of the troops, but because he has imagined that under some probable change of circumstance their continued presence might become a source of inconvenience or danger, and he has therefore thought it right to have them shot down by way of precaution; but generally such an act as this has been preceded by the most earnest entreaties to disperse, and by repeated warnings. This may be called a precautionary slaughter of bystanders, who are foolhardy or perverse, or wilfully obstructive to the troops. Again, it has happened that a slaughter of this last-mentioned sort has occurred, but without having been preceded by any such request or warning as would give the people time to disperse. This is a wilful and malignant slaughter of bystanders; but still it is a slaughter of bystanders whose presence might become inconvenient to the troops, and therefore it is not simply wanton. Again, it has happened (as we have but too well seen) that soldiers not engaged in combat and exposed to no real danger, have suddenly fired into the midst of crowds of men and women, who neither opposed nor obstructed them. This is “wanton massacre.” Again, it has sometimes happened, even in modern times, that when men defeated in fight, have thrown down their arms and surrendered themselves, asking for mercy, the soldiery to whom they appealed have refused their prayers, and have instantly killed them. This is called “giving no quarter.” Again, it has happened that defeated combatants having thrown down their arms and surrendered at discretion, and, not having been immediately killed, have succeeded in constituting themselves the prisoners of the vanquishing soldiery, but presently afterwards (as for instance within the time needed for taking the pleasure of an officer on horseback at only a few yards’ distance) they have been put to death. This is called “killing prisoners.” Again, defeated combatants, who have succeeded in constituting themselves prisoners, have been allowed to remain alive for a considerable time, and have after-

wards been put to death by their captors with circumstances indicating deliberation. This is called “killing prisoners in cold blood.” Again, soldiers after a fight in a city have rushed into houses where they believed that there were people who helped or favored their adversaries, and, yielding to their fury, have put to death men and women whom they had never seen in combat against them. This is massacre of non-combatants, but it is massacre committed by men still hot from the fight. Again, it has happened that soldiery seizing unarmed people, whom they believed to be favorers of their adversaries, have nevertheless checked their fury, and, instead of killing them, have made them prisoners; but afterwards, upon the arrival of orders from men more cruel than the angry soldiery, these people have been put to death. This is called an “execution of non-combatants in cold blood.”

Here, then, are acts of slaughter of no less than nine kinds, and of nine kinds so distinct that they do not merely differ in their accidents, but are divided the one from the other by strong moral gradations. It is certain that deeds ranging under all these nine categories were done in Paris on the 4th of December, 1851, and it is not less certain that, although they were not all of them specifically ordered, they were every one of them caused by the brethren of the Elysée. Moreover, it must be remembered that this slaughtering of prisoners was the slaughtering of men against whom it was only to be charged that they were in arms—not to violate, but to defend the laws of their country.

But there is yet another use to which, if it were not for the honest pride of its officers and men, it would be possible for an army to be put. In the course of an insurrection in such a city as Paris, numbers of prisoners might be seized either by the immense police force which would probably be hard at its work, or by troops who might shrink from the hatefulness of refusing quarter to men without arms in their hands, and the prisoners thus taken being consigned to the ordinary gaols would be in the custody of the civil power. The Government regretting that many of the prisoners should have been taken alive, might perhaps desire to put them to death, but might be of opinion that it would be impolitic to kill them by the hand of the civil power. In this strait, if it were not

for the obstacle likely to be interposed by the honor and just pride of a warlike profession, platoons of foot-soldiers might be used—not to defend—not to attack—not to fight, but to relieve the civilians from one of the duties which they are accustomed to deem most vile by performing for them the office of the executioner, and these platoons might even be ordered to help the Government to hide the deed by doing their work in the dead hours of the night.

Is it true that with the sanction of the Home Office and of the Prefecture of Police, and under the orders of Prince Louis Bonaparte, St. Arnaud, Magnan, Morny, and Maupas, a midnight work of this last kind was done by the army of Paris?

To men not living in the French capital, it seems that there is a want of complete certainty about the fate of a great many out of those throngs of prisoners who were brought into the gaols and other places of detention on the 4th and 5th of December. The people of Paris think otherwise. They seem to have no doubt. The grounds of their belief are partly of this sort: A family anxious to know what had become of one of their relatives who was missing, appealed for help to a man in so high a station of life that they deemed him powerful enough to be able to question official personages, and his is the testimony which records what passed. In order, if possible,* to find a clue to the fate of the lost man he made the acquaintance of one of the functionaries who held the office of a "Judge-Substitute." The moment the subject of inquiry was touched, the "Judge-Substitute" began to boil with anger at the mere thought of what he had witnessed, but it seems that his indignation was not altogether unconnected with offended pride and the agony of having had his jurisdiction invaded. He said that he had been ordered to go to some of the gaols and examine the prisoners with a view to determine whether they should be detained or set free, and that, whilst he was engaged in this duty, a party of non-commissioned officers and soldiers came into the room and rudely announced that they themselves had orders to dispose of those prisoners whose fingers were black. Then, without regard to the protesting of the "Judge-Substitute" they examined the hands of the prisoners whom he had before him, adjudged that the fingers of many of them

were black, and at once carried off all those whom they so condemned, with a view (as the "Judge-Substitute" understood) to shoot them or have them shot. That they were so shot the "Judge-Substitute" was certain, but it is plain that he had no personal knowledge of what was done to the prisoners after they were carried off by the soldiers. Again, during the night of the 4th and the night of the 5th, people listening in one of the undisturbed quarters of Paris would suddenly hear the volley of a single platoon—a sound not heard, they say, at such hours either before or since. The sound of this occasional platoon firing was heard coming chiefly, it seems, from the Champ de Mars, but also from other spots, and in particular from the gardens of the Luxembourg, and from the esplanade of the Invalides. People listening within hearing of this last spot declared, they say, that the sound of the platoon-fire was followed by shrieks and moans; and that once, in the midst of the other cries, they caught some piteous words, close followed by a scream, and sounding as though they were the words of a lad imperfectly shot and dying hard.

Partly upon grounds of this sort, but more perhaps by the teaching of universal fame, Paris came to believe—and rightly or wrongly Paris still believes—that during the night of the 4th, and again during the night of the 5th, prisoners were shot in batches and thrown into pits. On the other hand, the adherents of the French Emperor deny that the troops did duty as executioners.* Therefore the value of an Imperialist denial, with all such weight as may be thought to belong to it, is set against the imperfect proof on which Paris founds her belief; but men must remember why it is that any obscurity can hang upon a question like this. The question whether on the night of a given Thursday and a given Friday, whole batches of men living in Paris were taken out and shot by platoons in such places as the Champ de Mars or the Luxembourg gardens—this is a question which, from its very nature, could not have remained in doubt for forty-eight hours, unless Paris at the time had lost her freedom of speech and her freedom of printing; and even now after a lapse of years, if freedom were restored to France, the question would be quickly and righteously determined. Now it happens that those who took away from Paris her freedom

* Granier de Cassagnac, vol. ii.

of speech and her freedom of printing are the very persons of whom it is said that during two December nights they caused their fellow-countrymen to be shot by platoons and in batches. So it comes to this, that those who are charged, have made away with the means by which the truth might be best established. In this stress, Justice is not so dull and helpless as to submit to be baffled. Wisely deviating in such a case from her common path, she listens for a moment to incomplete testimony against the concealer, and then, by requiring that he who hid away the truth shall restore it to light, or abide the consequence of his default, she shifts the duty of giving strict proof from the accuser to the accused. Because Prince Louis and his associates closed up the accustomed approaches to truth, therefore it is cast upon them either to remain under the charge which Paris brings against them or else to labor and show, as best they may, that they did not cause batches of French citizens to be shot by platoons of infantry in the night of the 4th and the night of the 5th of December.

The whole number of people killed by the troops during the forty hours which followed upon the commencement of the massacre in the Boulevards, will never be known. The burying of the bodies was done for the most part at night. In searching for a proximate notion of the extent of the carnage it is not safe to rely even upon the acknowledgments of the officers engaged in the work, for during some time they were under an impression that it was favorable to a man's advancement to be supposed to be much steeped in what was done. The colonel of one of the regiments engaged in this slaughter, spoke whilst the business was fresh in his mind. It would be unsafe to accept his statement as accurate or even as substantially true, but as it is certain that the man had taken part in the transactions of which he spoke, and that he really wished to gain credence for the words which he uttered, his testimony has a kind of value as representing (to say the least of it) his idea of what could be put forward as a credible statement by one who had the means of knowing the truth. What he declared was that his regiment alone had killed two thousand four hundred men. Supposing that his statement was anything like an approach to the truth, and that his corps was at all rivalled by others, a very high number would be

wanted for recording the whole quantity of the slaughter.*

In the army which did these things, the whole number of killed was twenty-five.†

Of all men dwelling in cities the people of Paris are perhaps the most warlike. Less almost than any other Europeans are they accustomed to overvalue the lives of themselves and their fellow-citizens. With them the joy of the fight has power to overcome fear and grief, and they had been used to great street battles; but they had not been used of late to witness the slaughter of people unarmed and helpless. At the sight of what was done on that 4th of December the great city was struck down as though by a plague. A keen-eyed Englishman, who chanced to come upon some of the people retreating from these scenes of slaughter, declared that their countenances were of a strange livid hue which he had never before seen. This was because he had never before seen the faces of men coming straight from the witnessing of a massacre. They say that the shock of being within sight and hearing the shrieks broke down the nervous strength of many a brave though tender man, and caused him to burst into sobs as though he were a little child.

Before the morning of the 5th the armed insurrection had ceased. From the first it had been feeble. On the other hand, the moral resistance which was opposed to the acts of the President and his associates had been growing in strength, and when the massacre began on the afternoon of the 4th of December, the power of this moral resistance was in the highest degree formidable. Yet it came to pass that, by reason of the strange prostration of mind which was wrought by the massacre, the armed insurrection dragged down with it in its fall the whole policy of those who conceived that by the mere force of opinion and ridicule they would be enabled to send the plotters to Vincennes. The Cause of those who intended to rely upon this scheme of moral resistance, was in no way mixed up with the attempts of the men of the barricades, but still it was a Cause which depended upon the high spirit of the people, and it had hap-

* The number of regiments operating against Paris was between thirty and forty, and of these about twenty belonged to the divisions which were actively employed in the work.

† Including all officers and soldiers killed from the 3d to the 6th of December. The official return, *Moniteur*, p. 3062.

pened that this spirit—perplexed and baffled on the 2d of December by a stratagem and a night attack—was now crushed out by sheer horror.

For her beauty, for her grandeur, for her historic fame, for her warlike deeds, for her power to lead the will of a mighty nation, and to crown or discrown its monarchs, no city on earth is worthy to be the rival of Paris. Yet, because of the palsy that came upon her after the slaughter on the Boulevard, this Paris—this beauteous, heroic Paris—this queen of great renown, was delivered bound into the hands of Prince Louis Bonaparte, and Morny, and Maupas or de Maupas, and St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy. And the benefit which Prince Louis derived from the massacre was not transitory. It is a maxim of French politics that, happen what may, a man seeking to be a ruler of France must not be ridiculous. From 1836 until 1848 Prince Louis had never ceased to be obscure except by bringing upon himself the laughter of the world; and his election into the chair of the Presidency had only served to bring upon him a more constant outpouring of the scorn

and sarcasm which Paris knows how to bestow.* Even the suddenness and perfect success of the blow struck in the night between the 1st and 2d of December had failed to make Paris think of him with gravity. But it was otherwise after three o'clock on the 4th of December; and it happened that the most strenuous adversaries of this oddly fated Prince were those who, in one respect, best served his cause, for the more they strove to show that he, and he alone, of his own design and malice had planned and ordered the massacre,† the more completely they relieved him from the disqualification which had hitherto made it impossible for him to become the supreme ruler of France. Before the night closed in on the 4th of December, he was sheltered safe from ridicule by the ghastly heaps on the Boulevard.

To be concluded in next No.

* A glance at the *Charivari* for '49, '50, and the first eleven months of '51, would verify this statement. The stopping of the *Charivari*, was one of the very first exertions of the supreme power which was seized in the night of the 2d of December.

† It will be seen (see *post*) that I question the truth of this charge against him.

LONDON is undergoing transformation. Provincial folk who come up once only in ten years will hardly recognise the great city at their next visit. Every month adds to the improvement of our street-architecture; and warehouses, hotels, and insurance offices now present their fronts to the passers-by in all the state and style of a palace. One of the latest specimens is in Gracechurch Street; and in Paternoster Row, a leading bookselling-firm are finishing an edifice, superior to any yet erected in the metropolis, for the sale of books. Unluckily, its proportions can never be properly appreciated from without in that narrow thoroughfare. A grand hotel is to face the Strand at the terminus of the Charing Cross Railway; and a great space has been made for another, by clearing away a number of the shabby old houses between Wych and Holywell Streets. The success of the underground railway has set speculators planning others; and in a few years, travellers may pass from one end of London to the other without seeing it. There is talk of laying a railway through the Thames' Tunnel, and two more railway-bridges are to be built between Blackfriars and London Bridge. In one respect, the over-ground railways are detrimental; the viaducts by which they cross the streets are ugly, and mar the perspective. Nevertheless, we see that constructive art will have a wide field before it for years to come. At present the railways of England employ seven thousand locomotives;

what will the number be at the date of the next census, if the present rate of progress continues?—*Chambers's Journal*.

An important improvement in naval architecture has been satisfactorily tested this week. The steamer *Kate* has been tried at the Nore with a double screw—an arrangement which enables her to steer herself rapidly and easily without any use of the rudder, and to turn with the greatest facility where ordinary steamers find the operation one of much difficulty. Should the rudder be shot away, the screws, which are not at all exposed to the enemy's shot, would still give complete steering power.—*Spectator*, 7 March.

M. FRANCE, a lieutenant of artillery in the French army, has invented a shell which illuminates an area of several hundred yards. Three or four of them are found sufficient to light up an extensive plain.

CONDENSED air in shells is about to receive a trial at Chatham, England. The elasticity of compressed air augmented by heat, as in concussion, is said to be awfully explosive.

From Good Words.
THE TRIAL SERMON.

BY M. C.

CHAPTER I.

THE clock on the chimney-piece had just struck eight, when one of the wealthy merchants of our money-making city, having finished a successful day's work in his counting-house, and lingered for an hour or two over his luxuriously arranged dinner-table, rose with a well-pleased expression, and retired to his favorite retreat, a tastefully and very handsomely furnished library, for an hour's rest and solitary enjoyment, leaving his wife and daughters in possession of the more gayly decorated drawing-room.

As he seated himself in a wide and amply cushioned easy-chair beside the bright fire, and drew towards him his carved oak reading-stand, on which lay several uncut periodicals, and an ivory paper-knife, he glanced complacently round the darkly curtained, softly lighted room. His eye took in with great satisfaction the well-filled book-shelves, the heavy oak cornice, the few choice carved busts whose presence he permitted, and the great bronze timepiece which never erred by so much as a second. His thoughts were something as follows:—

"Well, it really is a comfort to have such a room to come to after the work I have done to-day. Now, if I had only a little more time to devote to literature, I certainly should have been a great student. As it is, even, I am afraid I'm too fond of these books, and of spending my time in study here. [Query—Was it the comfort of the room or the hard study that was so congenial to Mr. Huntly's taste?] What a first-rate position I should have had as a literary man! I almost wish I had let the business go to the winds; such talents as mine were never meant for a counting-house; but I'll make Fred and George scholars at any rate. Come in."

The last two words were uttered aloud, and being addressed to some one outside the door, who had given intimation of his presence there by two slight knocks, were followed by the entrance of a footman, who, having handed a letter to Mr. Huntly on a small silver tray, immediately retired.

Mr. Huntly carelessly opened the envelope and glanced over the paper. It was a short note, but its contents had the effect of somewhat ruffling his brow, and drawing from

him, as he read, several impatient ejaculations.

When he had finished it, he slowly and deliberately folded it up, and placed it again in the envelope, and still holding it in his hand, he rose, and going to the drawing-room, handed it to his wife, saying, "Really, this is provoking! After all the expense I have had with these boys, to have Dr. Blunt always complaining of them—idle little rascals! and to be plagued at this moment, too, when I had just settled myself for a little quiet study. It's too bad. I wonder why my boys have all such a dislike to books and study. The girls do well enough, though, to be sure, they never were very good at their books; but I have set my mind on these two being scholars. Though I doubt it is not in them," he added, with a sigh.

By the time this speech was concluded, Mrs. Huntly had read the letter, and looking up to her husband with a countenance which betrayed even greater anger than his, she said quietly, "Well, Walter! and whose fault is it that the boys' lessons aren't prepared?"

"Whose fault is it? I suppose it's their own!"

"By no means, my dear, if I rightly understand what you pay Mr. Graeme so highly for."

"Oh! Graeme can't make them learn if they won't do it. The truth is, as I said before, it isn't in them. I believe they're desperately stupid. Mr. Graeme is an excellent tutor; not a boy at all, but a person quite fitted to teach them entirely. At least I was told he was, and so far as I can judge he bears it out."

"Oh, well! if you choose to put it that way, I can't help it; but it's rather a hard thing to hear a father abusing his own children; and such children as they are, too." And as she spoke, Mrs. Huntly put on a highly injured expression.

Her husband looked vexed, but only said, "There are a good many hard things in this world, my dear. At any rate, I had better get Mr. Graeme and show him this. I will go to the library, and send for him and the boys; I suppose he is with them now, and they can go over the lessons before me."

"And see," added Mrs. Huntly, sharply, "that he doesn't leave till they can say it perfectly."

"Well, I'll try; but you know we don't

pay him by the amount of work he does, but for the time he gives. He has been longer than two hours to-night already."

"Nonsense!" was the concise answer to this last remark.

Mr. Huntly just heard it as he left the room. Then the door closed, and the ladies were at liberty to go on with whatever employment or improving conversation had been interrupted by the father's presence.

Mrs. Huntly threw herself back on the sofa, and returned to the perusal of the novel which she had been obliged to lay down while her husband was speaking.

Miss Jemima, the beauty of the family, looked up for a moment from the cushion she had been embroidering for the last two or three years, and remarked, that she "never thought Mr. Graeme would do for the boys. Those plain-looking men never had any influence."

Miss Bella, who, in virtue of having once learned to decline "Penna," considered herself something of a judge in matters of scholarship and education, answered with a smile of calm superiority, "Indeed, Jemmy, you know nothing about it. He certainly has not two ideas in his whole head, and I don't think he knows much about Latin, at least he can't converse about it, for I tried him the other night; but he has more influence over the boys than anybody else. They wouldn't learn for anybody, but now they sometimes try to learn a little for him."

Miss Hetty, the youngest of the three, whose almost constant occupation was petting and fondling a little brown spaniel, and who had apparently been too much engaged carrying on an imaginary conversation with it to notice what was going on, burst into a laugh at this speech, and shaking back from rather a pretty face a profusion of fair curls, cried, "Now, Jem and Bella, I'm wiser than both of you put together for once. Jemmy thinks he's too ugly to teach, and Bella thinks he's too stupid. Now, I think—I'm sure I know the reason he can't—he's—what will you guess is my reason?—he's—he's—in love."

"Mr. Graeme in love, you silly child!" Nevertheless, both sisters looked rather conscious. Miss Jemima recollected that the day they had asked him to dine with them, (a never-to-be-forgotten piece of condescension), he certainly had looked at her rather more than was proper for a young man in his

position; and Miss Bella was quite sure he had been much struck with some remarks she had made about the boys' education. He certainly was plain, she thought, but plain men were sometimes very clever, and he *was* a gentleman; so that, taking the fact into consideration that she never had had very many admirers, she was rather pleased at the idea of having one more, though "of course," as she said to herself, "it was very forward in him to think of such a thing."

This being the case, she was not quite prepared for the next remark of the lively, sharp-witted Miss Hetty. "You needn't blush or look prim, either of you, for it is none of us he's in love with. If he ever admired one of this family, it was me. You are both ten years too old for him; but he has got over it. I let him see at once that such a thing was quite out of the question; so he gave it up, and now he has been rewarded for his self-denial by finding a person who will suit him exactly."

"How you do run on speaking nonsense, child!" interrupted Miss Bella, in an irritated tone. "One would suppose, from your way of talking, that he had proposed to you, been refused, and had afterwards made you his confidante."

"I have a much more certain proof than anything he could have told me. I met them walking together yesterday, and he was talking so earnestly to her, that he hadn't the grace even to see me."

"That's all your proof, is it?" cried both her sisters at once. "Just as likely it was his sister."

"It wasn't his sister."

"How do you know?"

"In the first place he has only one grown-up sister, and I have seen her—a little, square, black thing like himself—and this person was tall, I think, and fair and thin. Then, from experience, I know that young men are not generally so attentive to their sisters as he was to this person; and, in the third place, he parted from her at the door of a lodging quite out of the direction where he lives."

"Well, if it is true, it shows how extremely silly he is to get engaged to any one, or even to fall in love with any one just now. But it's always the way with these poor men. They will marry though they have not a sixpence," said Miss Bella.

Hetty paid no attention to this remark, but went on laughing. "O girls, I wish you had seen her! She was such a figure—dressed like nobody one ever meets anywhere—such an old black silk gown and a black and white plaid shawl; and—crinoline decidedly defective—and—a straw bonnet with the least bit of some dark ribbon on it."

"His servant, or an old aunt in decayed circumstances, no doubt," suggested Miss Jemima.

"Don't be tiresome, Jem; she wasn't his servant. I'm not so stupid as some people think me. She was a lady. I'm quite certain about that; and she was not old; she did not look half your age."

"Hetty! you are extremely impertinent. You forget that I am your eldest sister."

"I don't, indeed. I just remember it particularly well at this moment."

To this Jemima gave no answer except a sulky frown; and Miss Bella, apparently tired of the subject, took her seat at the piano, and began to sing in a loud soprano voice, one of her numerous Italian songs. In this accomplishment she stood unrivalled among the sisters; consequently, she always betook herself to the piano when she felt, and particularly wished them to feel, that she was much superior to either of them.

Mrs. Huntly, who never found fault with her daughters till the occasion for it was over, as her word never had the slightest effect on their conduct, thought it time now to interfere; so, laying down her book, she called out, "What do you mean, girls, by all this noise and quarrelling? I'm perfectly worn out with hearing it. Hetty, you are really very rude to your sister. Bella, you should have begun your music long ago; the evening is almost over."

Bella, as I have said, was by this time singing energetically, and Hetty had returned to her amusement of stroking and fondling her dog; so that Mrs. Huntly's reprimand was now useless, except as a satisfaction to her own conscience and her temper.

While this conversation was going on in the drawing-room. Mr. Huntly had returned to the library, rung the bell, and ordered the servant to ask Mr. Graeme and the young gentlemen to speak to him in the library.

"Mr. Graeme is just going out, sir. He was at the door when I came up-stairs."

"Go quickly, then, and tell him to come

here. I must see him to-night." And the servant left the room to deliver his message.

While Mr. Huntly waited for their appearance, he felt rather nervous at the idea of finding fault with the tutor, who had been highly recommended to him, and was, so far as he knew,—which was a little but not much more than his daughter,—a very thorough scholar, and a very careful teacher. Besides, as we are aware, he had some misgivings about his boys' capabilities for learning, though he scarcely liked to acknowledge this even to himself. So he did as people who feel nervous generally do, he first stirred the fire repeatedly, and then walked up and down the room impatiently.

The sounds of shouting and romping which reached his ear from the boys' schoolroom, did not, in the light in which he at present regarded them, serve to compose his spirit, and it was with a considerably ruffled manner that he met the tutor, who, obeying the peremptory summons he had received, now entered the room, followed by his two young pupils.

Certainly the contrast in appearance between these two, the master and the tutor, as they stood together, was very great. Mr. Huntly was a tall well-proportioned man, somewhere above fifty, with a handsome, rather florid face, and hair though gray, still in exceedingly good preservation. In dress he was always unexceptionable.

Kenneth Graeme was not handsome, far from it. He was not tall, and though he looked thin and worn, his figure was somewhat square in proportion. His face, however, was decidedly striking, though also decidedly plain. It was difficult exactly to see where lay its attraction, but it was somewhere. The forehead certainly was good—broad, white, and straight, and the dark, deeply set gray eyes turned on you with a very earnest sincere kindness of expression. All the other features were clumsily cut; the color was sallow; the effect of the whole, as I have said, at first sight, plain. Poor fellow! there were times when he felt painfully conscious himself of its defects. They were not such times, however, as this. Oftener it was when he was praised than blamed. Though only twenty-six, hard study and much wearing anxiety had already streaked his dark hair with gray in many places, and deeply lined his cheek. Still it was a pleasant manly face. It expressed great kindli-

ness of nature; and in it, too, there was unmistakable talent. I liked that face and figure when first I saw them. With all their want of grace and outward beauty, there was a charm about them. I liked them always. I like them still.

Mr. Graeme's dress was extremely shabby; just barely keeping within the bounds of respectability. It told of a hard struggle with poverty; yet it was undeniably respectable; it was the dress of a gentleman.

Master George and Master Fred, two stout, pleasant-looking boys, with round, rosy faces, certainly betokening little of the scholar, and a restless spirit of fun glancing out from their bright eyes, stood beside him, looking up at their father's angry face with some terror.

They had been warned beforehand by Dr. Blunt, their Latin professor, that he intended to let their idleness be known; and from this unwonted summons, and a glance at the note in their father's hand, they gathered that a storm was about to burst on them.

Mr. Huntly began the proceedings by putting this note into Kenneth Graeme's hand, and as soon as he had finished reading it, saying sternly, "You will understand from that the purpose for which I have sent for you to-night."

"I do, sir, and I most exceedingly regret it. I have done my very utmost to prevent it; but I see I have failed."

"What is the meaning of it? Are the boys always thoroughly prepared by you at night?"

"In general I think they are; but there are times, as to-night, when I come at seven, the time you appointed, and find the boys have gone out. This evening they did not come in till eight had struck. I remained till half-past nine, and I think they know the lesson for to-morrow now, though I cannot be sure. I cannot often remain half an hour after my time. To-night I was exceedingly desirous to be home soon."

Mr. Huntly turned immediately to the boys, and struck them dumb with terror by a threat of future punishment. Then he said, "I suppose, Mr. Graeme, you have no objections to wait a few minutes longer, that they may read the lesson to me? I feel unsatisfied about it."

Any refusal would undoubtedly, as Mr. Graeme well knew, have been at the risk of losing a situation worth about twenty pounds

a year; and small as the sum was, he was too hardly pressed by poverty, he had too many to provide for besides himself, to let it go. Still it was very difficult. He had work to do which would already keep him up nearly the whole night; his presence was very necessary in his own home, where one very dear to him lay dangerously ill; and he had already been delayed more than an hour beyond his time.

After a moment's hesitation, however, he determined, thinking that the boys could scarcely fail to know the lesson, to wait and go over it with them again, as Mr. Huntly had requested; so, calling them in an encouraging voice to his side, he opened the books and began his examination.

Mr. Huntly, as I have said, did not know much about Latin or Greek, but on the present occasion he thought it more edifying for both teacher and scholars that he should look as if he did; so, seating himself again in his easy-chair, he put on his spectacles, took one of the books in his hand, and fixed his eye sternly on the little group.

More and more stern he became as the lesson proceeded. It certainly was anything but a creditable performance. Hurriedly learnt, it had been immediately forgotten, and the boys were either too sleepy, too stupid, or too frightened, to understand it now.

It was in vain that the tutor explained, repeated, and questioned. No answers could he get, or only such as provoked the father even more than the silence. It soon became evident that the task was hopeless, at least for that night; and at last Master Fred, wearied and stupefied by trying to understand what, with all his powers of mind fully awake, he could scarcely overtake, fairly gave himself up to despair, and burst into a loud fit of crying.

This was more than Mr. Huntly's patience could stand. To find his boys below average in ability was bad enough, without finding them also so destitute of manliness as to cry over a hard lesson; so, starting up from his seat, and pushing aside the tutor, who was trying to quiet and encourage the child, he seized Fred by the shoulder, and giving him a hearty shake, exclaimed, "You little whining dunce, you'll never be good for anything. It's just an utter waste of money paying for schools, or tutors, or anything else for you; go to your beds, both of you, and don't dare

to appear before me again till you can say your lesson. I will hear you myself to-morrow, at ten, and if either of you makes a single mistake he'll get a thorough flogging." He followed them to the door, which he closed after them, and then returning to his seat, said coldly, "Do you call that preparing the boys for school, Mr. Graeme?"

"I do not, sir; but I have already explained how it happened to-night."

"Why did you not inform me that the boys were in the habit of staying out after seven?"

"Mrs. Huntly requested me not. She said that you could not be disturbed about them, and that all complaints of them were to be brought to her. I have mentioned it several times to her, but the practice has not been discontinued."

Mr. Huntly looked considerably annoyed, but said nothing more for a moment. Then he began hesitatingly, "By the by, Mr. Graeme, when does your engagement with me terminate?"

"The end of next month; but, of course, if you are dissatisfied I shall give it up at once."

"Dissatisfied! I don't know that I am dissatisfied with you; but you see yourself it's doing no good. I'm afraid these boys cannot learn."

Kenneth Graeme felt that he could not justify himself by pleading the incapacity of the boys, so he only said, "I hope, sir, they will learn in time. As to myself, do not allow any engagement with me to stand in the way of your making any other arrangement."

"Of course; I'll not get any person better. I am sorry, Mr. Graeme, to have kept you so late. Good-evening."

Kenneth, exceedingly glad at last to be free, left the library, and, startled by the sound of the clock striking eleven, was hurrying to the door, when Fred and George, who had been watching their opportunity, ran down-stairs to him, and, with the tears running over their round, rosy cheeks, begged that he would come in for a quarter of an hour in the morning, to help them with the formidable lesson.

Kenneth's habitual kindness and indulgence to these two, whom he rather liked in spite of their idleness and stupidity, had made him do this for them once or twice before, so they had no hesitation in asking him to do it this time; but they were not prepared for the answer he gave them.

His face was pale and his manner agitated as he said, "Come again to-morrow morning! Boys, the thing is utterly impossible and out of the question. Don't ask it. I cannot come again till to-morrow night, and even that is difficult enough. You can easily learn the lesson if you set yourselves to it."

"O Mr. Graeme, we cannot learn it without you. I don't understand a word of it," said George.

"We shall both be whipped, I'm sure," sobbed Fred.

"You won't be whipped if you do your best, boys; but I must go."

Fred still held him, and looking up in his face, pleaded again, "Papa doesn't know when we are doing our best. Unless we do it perfectly, he thinks we are not trying. Do come just this once, and we'll never go out again at night."

Kenneth sighed wearily. "Poor fellows," he said, "you don't know how difficult it is for me to come. I have more to do than I can possibly do; but still," he added, looking down at the tearful face beside him, "I should not like you to be whipped. I'll try to come, then, just for a minute, at eight to-morrow. Be sure you are ready for me."

"That's good," whispered George, while Fred gave a subdued shout of delight, and the troublesome little pair rushed up-stairs, fearful of being seen by their father; and in ten minutes more both were in bed and sleeping soundly, forgetful of all the tortures of Greek and Latin.

Kenneth looked after them as they disappeared, and then opened the hall-door and went out, saying to himself, "It isn't fair. I should not have yielded to them. It is not doing justly either to myself or my family to give up my time that way; but I couldn't refuse them, poor fellows."

CHAPTER II.

It was a cold, wet night, and a sharp east wind blew directly in his face, as Kenneth, leaving the handsome square of houses where his employer lived, walked rapidly in the direction of his own dwelling.

Passing all the better houses of the city, after a walk of more than half an hour, he reached a narrow, dull street, with high houses on each side. Evidently, from their appearance, they were let in flats, and were occupied by a class of people who were not

rich. A few shops mingled with the dwelling-houses, gave a still greater air of plebeianism to the whole. As he turned into it, it was not certainly inviting. Nobody would have lived in it except from necessity. The hour was so late that no one was abroad, except the night-watchman of the district, going on his monotonous round. There was no sound, except at one part of the street, where, the shutters of a room being unclosed, a bright light flashed from the inside and fell slanting across the dark street. From the window, which was partially opened to give air to the close and crowded room, the tones of a lively tune, played on a cracked and jingling piano, reached his ear, mingled with the regular tread of somewhat heavy and vigorous dancing. Yes, even in these poor houses there were days of merriment and times of feasting. Through that doorway, a few hours before, a happy bride had been led forth by her husband, and the event was deemed worthy to be celebrated by a ball. They had forgotten their poverty, forgotten that a great gulf lay between them and the city aristocracy, and for a time all care and anxiety were cast aside. It is true, and well for us, that into each life, however sad, "some drops must fall" of gladness to mingle with the showers of sorrow. That very family had had sorrow enough, and had known well enough what it was to endure poverty and sickness during the past year; but to-night would any of them have changed places with the wealthy, prosperous family of Walter Huntly?

But as Kenneth Graeme passed this house the music fell sadly enough on his ear, and a bitter exclamation rose to his lips at the thought of how few such days he had seen—days of home-happiness, I mean, not days of gayety; for that he cared but very little.

But with the Graemes life was too much of a hard struggle for life just now to allow much happiness. Poverty with them was not merely in name. It was the actual staring, grim, health-destroying, brain-racking want of food and clothing,—almost of shelter; and this to people who, till within the last two or three years, had looked upon plenty as a necessity.

The history of the family was the sad but too often told story. Kenneth's father had lived and brought up his family in the midst of every luxury, and died—a bankrupt.

When the sharp blow fell, Kenneth had

nearly completed his studies in preparation for the Church, which had all his life been the profession on which he had set his heart. From his very childhood it had been the dream of his life. All his studies, even all his amusements, had had a reference to it; and as he grew to manhood, his longing desire for it, and the influence it had over his whole character, seemed to grow only stronger and more decided.

Well, knowing this, the first thought of the family was, "Would they struggle on for two years longer, and allow Kenneth to finish his college course?" His mother would have done much, but this was impossible. Had she even wished it, he would not have accepted the sacrifice. As it was, the idea was at once thrown aside. Kenneth felt that on him, as the eldest son, lay the duty of providing for his mother, his sisters, and his young brother, and earnestly he tried to fulfil that duty.

With some slight assistance he succeeded in obtaining a situation in a merchant's office, and at the age of twenty took his place as the head and sole support of his family.

How uncongenial to all the tastes he had formed was his employment; yet no complaint was ever heard from him. To his mother and sisters he was always cheerful, always pleasant, always kind. Alone in his room, he spent hours of the night in study—hours in forming plans, only to be laid aside at once as impracticable, for finishing his course of theological study.

But years passed away, and he was no nearer to his purpose; all his hopes were fast fading, and already he had learnt to look back almost without regret on the bright dream of his youth from which he had been so roughly awakened. One day, he was, without warning, summoned to the presence of a rich relative, who seemed till then almost to have forgotten his existence, but who now, urged by some sudden whim, announced to the young man his intention of sending him back to college, and supporting his family while he was engaged in his studies.

Kenneth's desires, though subdued, had not been driven out, and in his gladness at the prospect again so unexpectedly laid open before him, he could make no objections. Even the pecuniary obligation he did not feel to be a strong enough reason for declining, and so, everything being settled, he found himself,

after an interval of four years, again treading the familiar old college court—taking his seat on the well-remembered bench in the Divinity Hall, and looking round for the faces of those who had been fellow-students with him when last he sat there.

How far before him they had all reached in the battle of life! There was no face he could recognize; no voice that stirred old memories. Those who sat by him now he remembered as young boys—boys whom he used to look on as children—who used to come to him for assistance in their Latin difficulties, and for whom he had cleared up the mysteries of many a mathematical problem. But now they were his equals. It was with them he had to run the race; and it was with them that he must seek companionship.

“What a worker Kenneth Graeme is!” was the frequent exclamation of his fellow-students. That was agreed to on all sides. He literally never was idle; every moment that could be spared from his studies was devoted to his work of teaching, that he might, if possible, lessen the expenses of his rich relative; who, being rather an eccentric gentleman, and holding the idle habits of the rising generation as a grievous mistake in society, laid no check on Kenneth’s labors, but rather encouraged him to work beyond his strength, by making the allowance to the family quite insufficient to meet their daily wants.

But this did not dishearten the young man. He could work, and he did work manfully; he could want, and he did want with most stoic indifference. Evidently there was some strong, secret spell urging him on. What that spell was—love for his profession—gratitude to his patron—or love for his mother, and the desire to place her in a position better suited to her habits and her birth—was not known. But whatever it was, it most thoroughly did its work of spurring him on to unceasing exertion.

Opinions were divided in the lecture-rooms about his abilities. Like those of every other lad, when once he enters the college walls, his were freely speculated on,—perhaps more than most, from his peculiar circumstances, his careworn, almost aged look, and because he was a decided favorite.

Some thought him remarkably talented; many thought him slow but sure—certain to get on; and a few very brilliant, showy lads, pronounced him rather below average.

In reality he was talented—decidedly so. Whether he had strength of will to make the best use of these talents remains to be seen. He himself felt painfully wanting in it sometimes; but that is not always a proof of its absence.

Eighteen months after this change of circumstances the gentleman who had given the Graemes such welcome assistance died suddenly, and again the family was left without almost any support except Kenneth.

Poor fellow! when he thought of his responsibility, he was hopeless enough. It was so hard to give up his studies a second time—and now when he had so nearly finished his course; and yet he felt that his strength was beginning to give way under the pressure now laid on it. Sometimes even the burden of thinking seemed more than he could bear. At this time he taught for eight hours every day; besides this, he had his college work, his college attendance, and his domestic duties, which were not light. How much time was left for rest, either to body or mind may be imagined. To do more was impossible. Could they live for a few months longer on what he made in this way?

His eldest sister, Bessie, when he told her his difficulties, quietly answered, “I think we can, Kenneth. We would bear anything rather than that you should leave college again.”

So they bravely determined, and so with much pinching and much struggle they had lived for four months; and now Kenneth, at last, had very nearly reached the end for which he had been laboring.

In another week he should, as the custom among the young clerical students in Scotland has long been, pass his last examinations, preach his trial sermon before the presbytery, and receive license as a preacher in the Church of his fathers.

How long and anxiously he had looked forward to this time? How deeply conscious he felt of his earnest desire to do good in the profession he had chosen!

Still he knew that many years might pass before any living was offered to him, before he was permitted to begin his high and honorable work, and the thought of how long he must wait, and how hard it would press on those he loved if he were unsuccessful, weighed heavily on his mind.

One evening, at this time, he had come in

from his usual round of teaching, his head throbbing, and his whole body worn out with the double excitement of his day's work, and his preparation for his near approaching examination. He sat down, and began the composition of his trial sermon, about which he was morbidly anxious.

Fatigued as he was and feverish from long-continued overwork and sleepless nights; depressed by the thought of how little he could depend on his future success, it was not wonderful that he was unable to write. Throwing down his pen, he had risen, and was walking restlessly up and down his room, when the door was gently opened, and a little fair-haired, delicate-looking girl, the youngest and the darling of the house, came in, holding in her hand a letter.

"Here, Kenneth, Bessie gave me this to give to you; and she said, might I stay beside you? and I would make no noise, for mamma has a headache, and she wants to be left alone, and Bessie is bathing her head, and Grace is hearing Willy's lessons."

Then, waiting for no answer, the child shut the door, and slipping softly into the room, curled herself up on a rug before the fire, with an old German story-book and a dictionary in her hand.

The sight of his little sister seemed to drive away some of Kenneth's depressing thoughts, for he took the letter from her with a smile, saying, cheerfully,—

"O Lena! how can you tell such stories, Bessie never told you to go away. You know it wouldn't have disturbed anybody for you to have read your German beside the parlor fire. But I'm glad to see you for all that, my dear child."

Lena looked up for a minute, and the bright smile faded from the little sensitive face as she said,—

"It wasn't wrong, was it, Kenneth, in me to say that? I wanted so much to come beside you, and Bessie did say it would disturb mamma if I asked any questions about what I was reading."

"Not very wrong, my darling. Only, Lena dear, don't even in fun say anything that is not quite true."

The child's eyes filled with tears, and she came up to her brother's chair, "I didn't mean it for untrue, Kenneth. Please forgive me."

He stooped down, the dark masses of his

hair mingling with the child's fair curls, and kissed her. Then he looked earnestly into her face, and said,—

"Don't vex yourself, dearest. It wasn't untrue in one way; you certainly didn't mean to deceive me. Indeed, Lena, I don't see anything wrong that you have done, except that you are rather too fond of your tiresome old brother. You should go and play with Willy, and not sit reading these old German books so much. Sit down now, beside the fire till I read my letter, and warm these little hands. Where have you been to get them so cold?"

"In the garret, looking for this book. I like the books there far better than those down-stairs; they are so very old some of them. Do you ever go up there to get books to read, Kenneth?"

"No, Lena dear, I have no time."

"Oh, but they're not all children's books," said the child simply. "There are all kinds of books, with stories out of the Bible, and books with sermons in them. I like them better than the Sunday books I have in the parlor. There's one I like best of all. Oh, so old it is! all torn and falling to pieces; but it has such beautiful things in it—things I never thought of before."

"And what is the name of this old favorite, may I ask, you little antiquary?"

"The name is all torn away, and some leaves at the beginning of it; but it has 'sermons' written at the top of every page."

"Well, darling, some day you'll show me your wonderful book, wont you?"

"Yes, Kenneth; but you wont take it from me!" said the child, seriously.

"No, no, Lena, possession is nine points of the law," answered Kenneth, laughing.

"What did you say, Kenneth? I don't know what it means," said Lena, looking doubtfully up into his face.

"It isn't necessary you should, dear child. I didn't expect you would understand it; but what I meant to say was, that unless it is a book that will hurt you, nobody will take it from you," and Kenneth took up the letter Lena had brought him, and began to read it, while she, laying her book open on her lap, and dreamily gazing into the fire, sat wondering and considering what could be the meaning of the "nine points" her brother had spoken of. Apparently she could not satisfy herself, as, after a few minutes, she rose with the

same doubtful expression on her face, and quietly slipped from the room.

Kenneth Graeme's letter seemed to afford him considerable satisfaction. It was from a young man to whose brothers he had acted as tutor for the last two years, and with whom he had lately been rather intimate. It was as follows :—

“DEAR KENNETH,—You are to be licensed next week, I understand. I have just been made aware that a small property to which I fell heir some two or three years ago, brings with it the honor and glory of being patron of rather a good Scotch living, and that the clergyman to whom it belonged, an old man, has died rather suddenly. I fancy, if the people like you, which of course they will do if they have any sense (and if they haven't, they had better take the advice of somebody who has), there would be no harm in my keeping the presentation open till you have come safely through all these trials of which you are in prospect, and have obtained the addition of ‘Reverend’ to your name. If you think this plan right, let me know; if you think it wrong to cut so far before the point, signify that opinion also; and when you get settled in the manse, don't be long in looking out for a wife; no parish can get on without one. In haste, yours affectionately.

FRANK GORDON.

“P.S.—This may shock you by its tone; but, in reality, I have thought of it a good deal, and I never felt more satisfied that I was making the best use of any little responsibility with which I am unfortunately burdened.

F. G.”

“Kind-hearted fellow!” was Kenneth's mental commentary on this letter, or rather on the writer of it. Then holding it open in his hand, he began to think—first, was it all perfectly fair and honorable this keeping the parish vacant till he was licensed? It would only be for a week, and then, though it would be sooner than most young clergymen have the entire charge of a large parish, still he was much older than most are at the time of being licensed. And he felt so completely that if he undertook the responsible position, all his strength and all his energies would be willingly given to its duties, that he could not doubt the path had been laid open for him. He would be doing wrong not to accept his friend's kind offer.

This settled, he gave himself up for a few minutes to pleasant anticipations of the future comfort and happiness that lay before

him. How all his difficulties appeared to be clearing away! How grateful he felt! How unexpectedly this good fortune had come! He had not had the slightest idea that his friend had any patronage in his power, nor that, if he had, he would make choice of himself. What pleasant news to give his mother and his sisters! How rejoiced his darling Lena would be at the thought of leaving the close street, and again seeing the hills and waters that she used to delight so much in! She had grieved him lately by her pale, languid look and listless ways, but she would be bright and strong now. He loved that little child very dearly. In the midst of his incessant work he had found time to teach her almost everything she knew, and she knew far beyond her years. He delighted in the sweet, delicate face, and, unlike as they outwardly were, there was a very close mental likeness and sympathy in all things between these two.

Then his thoughts travelled away to another—one dearer to him than all these—one who for years had been the resting-place of all his thoughts, the light in which he had viewed his every act. For her he had worked all through the long, weary days, and when he lay down to sleep, in his dreams she was still with him. This was the thought that now lighted up the pale face of the student, and filled with such a soft tenderness the dark gray eye. The roughly cut features were not plain now; they were spiritualized and refined by the intense manly love that was shining through them, as in imagination he stood beside her and told her of his success.

At last he rose, saying half aloud, “I must go and tell them—my mother and Bessie—and I must go and tell HER.”

Lena had by this time returned to the room, and to her position on the rug, and, as soon as she saw him rise, she came up to him, holding an old and tattered volume in her hand, which she handed to him, saying,—

“Here, Kenneth, this is the book; you see it is very old; but it's very nice to read, only some of the words are difficult. I never saw them before.”

Kenneth took the book from her hand, laughing at her eager desire that he should share her delight in its contents.

“My poor child,” he said, turning over the leaves, “no wonder that you could not

read it, it is dated 1730, more than a hundred years, Lena, since the sermons in this book were preached."

"But, Kenneth, only try it. You don't know what curious things are in it. You know people may have preached well then, though the words were difficult."

"Yes, yes, Lena; I'll try it: but shouldn't you like to hear me preaching better? Come away with me. I've got something to tell mamma, and perhaps I'll tell it to you too."

This satisfied the child, and the pleasant news that Kenneth had to tell soon drove all remembrance of the old book from her mind. Before she saw it again, Kenneth *had* read it. It was long till she thought of it again.

That very night, when hope was brightest, the shadow fell over the house; sickness came, and death seemed very near. The mother of the family, she on whom all its trials before had fallen heaviest, and who through all had still kept a smile for them,—who had been, as only the mother of a house can be, their guide and director in all things, at once the centre of all their affection, and the bond that united them so closely to each other—was suddenly struck down with a painful and dangerous illness. For days Kenneth and his sisters watched by her, each hour as it passed lessening their slight hopes that the life so precious to them all would be spared.

From The Saturday Review.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

PRIVATE theatricals seem to be gaining ground in England. They bid fair, we think, to react favorably upon the public stage, and to raise the intellectual tone, and improve the amusements, of English society. From the days of ancient Greece and Rome to our own, the drama has always been the highest mental recreation of which the most civilized men have been capable, and from Æschylus and Sophocles down to Shakspeare, the names of the greatest dramatists stand at least on an equality with some of the greatest names of the world. Alexander has not influenced posterity more than Sophocles, although the influence of Sophocles has probably been less than that of Aristotle. Perhaps Plautus has left deeper traces on European thought and feeling than Cæsar or Cicero. Nobody, we apprehend, would maintain that the name of Cromwell, or Marlborough, plays a more important part in the history of the English mind than that of Shakspeare. And what Shakspeare is to England, Molière is to France, and Goethe and Schiller are to Germany. An art to which the civilized world owes so many among its greatest names cannot be below the cultivation of reasonable English people in the present day, unless, indeed, their reason should have sunk below the level of older standards. Much as we respect and sympathize in their present pursuit of music, which, in its higher forms, is one of the purest and noblest expressions of human feeling, it must

nevertheless be admitted to be intellectually very far below the drama. It is a reasonable subject of regret, therefore, that in England music should have so successfully competed with the drama as, in comparison, almost to have monopolized the crowds of pleasure-seekers who annually flock to London. That this should be so, will perhaps be accounted for by some people on the supposition that the larger and less educated body of the clergy, and the majority of the dissenters, look upon the stage as an immoral and irreligious institution. It will also be said that very few clergymen indeed regard the stage with unmixed approbation, and that the immense body of the respectable persons who cannot afford to stand ill with the clergy therefore resort to concerts, feeling that, whatever may be said for or against theatres, music, at all events, is absolutely innocent and beyond the reach of direct evangelical cavil. Another thing is, that in England every educated woman plays or sings a little, or has learnt to play or sing. Music is, in fact, more than any other, the coveted accomplishment of the fair sex. They flock to hear it, therefore, with an interest distinct from mere amusement. Each fair listener who attends a concert goes with an almost professional curiosity. How Patti smiles, how Grisi storms, how Hallé holds his hands, and Arabella Goddard sits at the piano, are details of all but professional interest to seven young ladies in ten, and to their mothers, and so to their fathers, and, in a supercilious sort of way, to those younger

brothers who at home do troublesome Greek chorus to the music lesson, and help to illustrate a sister's devotion to art under fraternal difficulty.

When we turn to the stage, all this is wanting. Not one girl in ten thousand has the opportunity of even trying to act, and not one man in a thousand. If a girl proposes to attempt anything of the kind, the probabilities are that straightway the family will be divided. Perhaps a few hesitating voices may be raised in favor of getting up a little play, and varying the everlasting monotony of the papers; but the majority will be very grave and sententious against the introduction of the histrionic element into the bosom of an English home under a paternal government. They will point to the many disadvantages certain to accrue from indulging in such a dangerous pastime. It will turn the heads of the girls, and spoil the lessons of the boys. It will lead to levity, and flightiness, and eccentricity, and talkativeness, and extravagance, and a desire to shine in society, and fastidiousness, and an incapacity to settle down with sobriety in the good old family house, among the good old family trees, with the good old family rooks, like all their fathers and mothers before them. This is one difficulty to overcome. And then comes another. So many English girls are afflicted with the melancholy disease called *mauvaise honte*, that in self-defence they endeavor to hug it as a wonderful virtue vouchsafed to the fair sex in no part of the world but in these blessed isles. And they are applauded as if *mauvaise honte* were convertible with modesty, and the most tiresome form of excessive self-love were to be confounded with real decency of behavior and sincere refinement of mind. The consequence is, that comparatively few English girls have sufficient command over these traditional feelings to be able to act at all. Be this as it may, however, it is unquestionable that, of all the pleasure-seekers in this country, a very small fraction indeed have ever acted themselves. They are, therefore, without the keen, critical, the versatile, and personal interest in all the finer shades of the drama, which from personal experience they bring, in some degree, to bear upon music. What part this may have in the matter we will not pretend to say; but it can hardly be questioned as a matter of fact, that between the dramatic profession, as a pro-

fession, and the public there is a gulf, and that in the latter there cannot be said to be any broad and intelligent spirit of national criticism. English actors and actresses form a small conventional clique, nursed in the old conventional tricks of the stage; and they are mostly criticised by an equally conventional clique of critics; both sets, critics and actors, being exposed to the same overwhelming disadvantage, the absence of a wholesome support and inspiration founded on national feeling. Thus both the actor and the critic who happen to depart from the beaten track suffer the dead weight of a lifeless conservatism from within, and the absence of the breath of popular life from without. And this we believe to be the main secret of the deplorably low condition to which the English stage has sunk.

It is curious to compare the different degrees in which the drama enters at the present day into the common life of the three greater nations of Europe—the English, the French, and the German—and the relative rank in which it stands in all three to the pursuit of music. Music being addressed chiefly to the feelings, and the drama chiefly to the understanding, we might almost expect beforehand that a professedly logical people would cultivate the drama in preference to music. Accordingly, in France, where logic claims to prevail, the drama holds the first, and music a subordinate position. In England, where the understanding, strong as it is, abhors logic, and blunders slowly to its ends, following a wise compound of illogical expediencies, music has the upper hand, strongly supported, as we have said, by the larger and less educated portion of the religious community. In Germany, on the other hand, where the religious objection to the drama hardly exists, and where the understanding, though logical, is fanciful, and the feelings very full-blown, the effects are strictly analogous. Music and the drama have a more or less equal sway, and both are colored by the deep, metaphysical, and roving imagination of the Germans. In France, the drama is never metaphysical, but, in some shape or other, always chiefly concerned with the comedy of manners, founded on the infinite lights and shades of a society which may in some measure still be described as the coarse and mammoth bloom of the *ancien régime*. Thanks to publicity and locomotion, the French *bourgeoise*, so far

as manners are concerned, are acting out upon a larger and more multiplied scale, all the same ins and outs, all the same little social intrigues, all the same or similar logical sequences and contradictions arising out of the conflicting principles of modern life—all this in different dresses indeed, but much in the same way—as we find them described in the Molières, the La Bruyères, and others. A people of lively, mercurial disposition, delicate perception, careless of politics, except for a spree or a revolution, bureaucratically governed, yet jealous of office, whose life is not relieved by field-sports or public duties, but literally consumed in society—a society which they spend the whole vigor of their manifold ingenuity in analyzing and re-analyzing, drawing day by day delicate theorems from the smallest occurrences, and tacking minute corollaries to their theorems—such a people must necessarily find the keenest enjoyment in the stage, and demand from it, what they easily get, a mirror and reflex of their common lives. If a thousand Englishmen could assist, within the walls of a theatre, at a living representation of a real live fox-hunt, that theatre would be nightly crammed with sportsmen. Nations and women are fond of looking-glasses; and, since the days of Molière, the looking-glass of France has been her drama. The looking-glass of England now is not the drama, but the press, and in some measure the novel. For this many causes may be assigned. The freedom of the English press is, no doubt, one great element in the difference. But a greater lies, we think, in the absence of that centralization which in France has made Paris the centre of the national life, and concentrated the cream of French intellect in social rivalry upon one point; whereas in England, great as the influence of London is, the intellect and education of the country has always circulated more equally, and is always more equally diffused. In this aspect it is curious to note the vicissitudes of the English stage. Even in its best days, its influence was probably always second to that of the pulpit, and was never equal to its influence in France. Moreover, the vitality of the English stage seems to have decreased just in proportion to the decentralization of the political power, and its diffusion throughout the country.

Under the despotic Tudors, the life of the nation, for a time, seemed to centre in the

life of the Court; and the government was carried on through the personal intrigues of a nobility, collected round a throne, at the foot of which they contended personally, and were personally known to one another. Then it was that the English drama suddenly came to a head, and reached a climax under Elizabeth, after which it declined steadily with the decline of the personal conflicts at Court, until it was gradually supplanted by the press, which carried to every home in the country what it most cared to know, but stripped of its dramatic element.

In the present day, and of very late years, the new class of pieces called sensation pieces, such as the *Colleen Bawn*, the *Peep o' Day*, and the *Trial of Effie Deans*, seem to represent the last phase of dramatic decadence, which history shows us to have taken place in other countries and times. But we believe that, in some small degree, they also reveal symptoms of a tendency in the English mind to work out a national drama which shall in some measure correspond to the new national sense gradually moulded into common thought by the great increase of travelling and general intercourse. If we consider the *Colleen Bawn* attentively, we can scarcely fail to perceive that it contains all the elements of English home life—absurdly exaggerated and caricatured, to be sure, but still home life—English in the grain, though Irish in form, and of that sensuous and mediocre intellectual kind which appeals to the feelings of a home-loving and novel-reading population. In Lord Dundreary, again, we have the same tendency towards reality, but under a very different aspect. Here the caricature is, it is true, even more violent, though less sensuous. Yet, with all its grossness, the character of Lord Dundreary is unquestionably more intellectual, and it possesses one characteristic which we think is the true secret of its lasting influence—its earnestness and apparent, though coarse realism. In France such a delineation would not have been tolerated by public opinion as any approach to the true comedy of manners. The French dramatic sense is too trained, too supple, too delicate. The French must have something very like the truth to satisfy them. In England, the great mass of pleasure-seekers whom the railways for the last thirty years have brought in annually increasing numbers to London, and who may eventually revolutionize the

English stage, seem as yet to see through a glass darkly. They are gradually, but at a very humble distance, approaching to the desire of the French for a drama fitted to hold up to them a mirror of their own life, and be as like them as possible. Certainly Lord Dundreary is not like any veritable live lord. But such as he is, he is unquestionably an earnest character—that is to say, a character acted out with earnestness and purpose, not frittered away in the hollow cant, conventional cut-and-dried stage talk, laugh, and trick, or in the insipid buffoonry and slipshod mannerism of the traditional English farce. The earnestness of the character is the grain of salt which redeems the violence of the caricature, and assimilates it, so far, to real life, which, we cannot help thinking, it is the unconscious, half-chaotic desire of the rising generation of playgoers to behold on the stage. The success of Mr. Fechter as an actor points in the same direction, and, in our opinion, affords another reason for thinking that the increase of social intercourse in England, and the immense facilities of locomotion, which bring the feeling of the country to bear more broadly upon the metropolitan stage, are gradually tending to the growth of a taste for dramatic realism or truth. The increase of social intercourse is making us slowly more like the French, and slowly—very slowly, but surely, we think—bringing us round to attempt a national and natural comedy of manners—the *Colleen Bawn*, the *Peep o' Day*, the *Trial of Effie Deans*, *Lord Dundreary*, and Mr. Fechter, being, as it were, so many straws floating on the wind of the coming change. To the same cause we attribute the growing popularity of private theatricals.

Without mentioning names, we may safely say that the number of private houses at which theatricals are attempted with more or less success, is constantly increasing. The English *mauvaise honte* is, though slowly, waning. Travelling and sight-seeing are gradually wearing it out. Waning, too, let us hope, is the reign of religious prejudice. Increase of intercourse is levelling manners, and bringing a larger body of opinion to bear on the same or similar facts. The material facilities for getting up a play are also increasing. A twenty-pound note will go a long way towards getting up a couple of amusing plays very creditably, especially when supplemented by the talent of the fe-

male members of a family for concocting their own dresses. Roads and railways make it comparatively easy now-a-days, even in outlandish neighborhoods, to collect an audience of fifty or sixty people, whose imposing numbers lend a certain weight and solemnity—a sense of responsibility, in short—to the efforts of the amateur actor, which effectually prevents him from trifling with what he undertakes. The effect, moreover, of private theatricals is quickly perceptible over a large circle. It is so delightful in the country to have something to talk about of direct personal interest, beyond the usual country routine. For thirty miles round, the coming theatricals at Holyday Hall, or Peregrine Park, or Harrowdale House, are the subject of a good three months' anticipatory speculation. Who will act, and what will they act, and what will the stage be? Here at once are three capital subjects for the utmost ingenuity of disquisition. The different qualifications and disqualifications of all the possible actors and actresses in all the repertory of which each speaker is conscious; the most suitable pieces for the particular places and occasions; who among them all could act *Boots at the Swan*, or who would be the proper person to undertake Julia in the *Hunchback*, or to take Mr. Tod in *What will they say at Brompton*; and will the stage be the kitchen, or the dining-room, or the servants' hall, or the drawing-room, and what are the relative capabilities of each, in that familiar and hospitable mansion—here is unbounded scope for interesting discussion. And if speculation is rife before, criticism is rampant after the performance, and a large circle of people are unconsciously led into examining into a multitude of details which on the public stage would have completely escaped their notice; and their sense of the fitness of things in general, and the merits of acting in particular, is brought into play in the most interesting form. And thus the germs of a sound national dramatic taste are laid.

But if the indirect benefits of private theatricals upon a neighborhood are great, we must not forget the advantages to the actors themselves, and the pleasure they derive from acting. Nothing, we think, would more improve the tone and zest of English conversation than if it were possible, which perhaps it is not, to teach everybody to act a little.

We are well aware of the prejudice which exists against affectation, and it might be thought that a nation of actors would necessarily be an affected nation. The English are the least acting, and the most affected people in the world. In no country can such a rank crop of every species of mannerism and affectation be found as in England. To learn how to act is to learn, above all things, to study reality, and so to sharpen the sense of observation as to detect every shade of unreality. In no country, perhaps, is social affectation so quickly detected, and so entirely under the ban of society, as in France, and the French are probably the best known actors of middle comedy. On the other hand, an actor necessarily learns to be frank and straightforward, to act with grace and ease, and to say what he means in the most becoming and agreeable manner. He also learns how to express himself fluently, yet briefly. He is taught not to gabble, but to give the necessary point and effect to what he means to convey. Nonsense is not, as a rule, tolerated on the stage, except so far as it forms part of the play and answers a distinct end. What is said must have an intellectual bearing, a logical relation to the whole drift of the piece. It is wonderful to observe how private theatricals have a tendency to improve the power of sustained and animated conversation, and to weed out those inanities of everlasting flirtation which are the bane of English life, and the wonder of high-bred and accomplished foreigners, and which sap the root of the most natural and universal pleasure in life—the pleasure in women's society. It is not an uncommon idea, that acting begets levity, both of mind and manner. If by levity of mind is meant delicate impressionability to all the little incongruities of life, which furnish ceaseless and harmless entertainment to those who perceive them, the accusation is certainly true. But levity and the exquisite sense of the ludicrous are two very different things. That acting produces levity of manner is certainly and entirely untrue. For, as a rule, the habit of acting gives weight and sobriety to the outward behavior, a something which is natural and self-sustained, and, above all, a freedom from all the little embarrassments of ordinary English people. On the whole, and we could say much more on the subject, the increase of private theatricals among us deserves, we

think, to be encouraged by all cultivated people. It is true we have dwelt chiefly upon their advantages. But very certain we feel that the disadvantages are beyond comparison small, and only the incidental defects which are the common lot of all sublunary things, however excellent.

From Chambers's Journal.

PRINCES OF WALES AND THEIR MARRIAGES.

SINCE the accession of the house of Hanover to the throne of this country, there have been two marriages of Princes of Wales; and two of our sovereigns have been married after their elevation to the monarchy. When George I. was called to the throne vacated by the death of Queen Anne, his son, George II., was in the thirty-first year of his age. Nine years previously—namely, in 1705, the latter had espoused the Princess Wilhelmina Charlotte Caroline, daughter of John Frederick, Marquis of Brandenburg-Anspach. He was created Prince of Wales in October, 1714, two months after the accession of his father. He had two sons, the eldest of whom, Frederick Louis, afterwards Prince of Wales, was born at Hanover, on the 31st of January, 1707. This prince, the father of George III., was married in England on the 27th April, 1736; and the details of the ceremonies observed on the occasion are given in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for that month. In February, 1736, the king had sent two members of the Privy Council, with a message to the Prince of Wales, proposing a marriage between his royal highness and the Princess of Saxe-Gotha, and the proposal being agreeable to his royal highness, the marriage was agreed upon. At this time of day, such a mode of proceeding seems rather formal; but we must remember that the Georges were sticklers for etiquette, and that the king and the Prince of Wales were occasionally not on the best of terms. The Princess of Saxe-Gotha was born on the 19th November, 1719, and consequently, was in her seventeenth year at the date of her marriage, the bridegroom being then in his twenty-ninth year.

Her royal highness set out from Gotha on the 17th of April, and arrived at Greenwich on the 25th, having sailed in the *William and Mary* from Hellevøetsluis. On her ar-

rival at Greenwich, she landed at the hospital, and was conveyed in one of his majesty's coaches to the Queen's House in the park, amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators. Her highness "seemed highly delighted with the joy the people expressed at her arrival, and had the goodness to show herself for above half an hour, from the gallery towards the park." The Prince of Wales came to pay her a visit; and their majesties and the other members of the royal family sent their compliments.

On the following day, Monday, the 26th, the Prince of Wales dined with her highness at Greenwich, in one of the rooms towards the park, the windows being thrown open to gratify the curiosity of the people. His royal highness afterwards "gave her the diversion" of passing on the water as far as the Tower and back again in his barge, which was "finely adorned, and preceded by a band of music." The ships saluted their highnesses all the way they passed, and hung out their streamers and colors, the river being "covered" with boats. Their highnesses afterwards supped in public.

On Tuesday, the 27th, the day of the wedding, the princess came in her majesty's coach from Greenwich to Lambeth, and was brought from Whitehall to St. James's in the queen's chair. Awaiting her at the palace was "a numerous and splendid court beyond expression." The Prince of Wales received her at the garden door; and upon her sinking on her knees to kiss his hand, he affectionately raised her up, and twice saluted her. The princess having been led up-stairs by the prince, her highness "fell on her knee" to kiss the king's hand, "but was gently taken up and saluted by him." Then followed her presentations to the queen, the princesses, and the Duke of Cumberland. Her highness dined with the Prince of Wales and the princesses; and at eight o'clock the nuptial procession set out for the chapel. The bride was in her hair, wearing, as Princess of Wales, a crown with one bar set all over with diamonds. Her robe was of crimson velvet, turned back with several rows of ermine. Her train was borne by Lady Caroline Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond; Lady Caroline Fitzroy, daughter of the Duke of Grafton; Lady Caroline Cavendish, daughter of His Grace, the Duke of Devonshire; and Lady Sophia Fermor,

daughter of the Earl of Pomfret. The reader will observe the three Carolines. We presume it was found impossible to procure a fourth of sufficient rank. All these ladies "were in virgin habits of silver, like the princess, and adorned with diamonds not less in value than from £20,000 to £30,000 each." The bride was led to the altar by his Royal Highness; the Duke of Cumberland, attended by the Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain of the household, and the service was performed by the Bishop of London. A fine anthem was performed by a great number of instruments and voices. When the procession was returning, the prince led his bride, and on reaching the drawing-room, their royal highnesses knelt down and received their majesties' blessing. Now comes a portion of the proceedings which we must allow the chronicler to tell for himself. On reading it, one feels disposed to doubt that such things could have been; but as the record was printed and published immediately after the occurrences themselves, we must accept them as true, and account for them by the character of the times they occurred in.

"At half an hour after ten, their majesties sat down to supper in ambigu, the prince and duke being on the king's right hand, and the Princess of Wales and the four princesses on the the queen's left. Their majesties retiring to the apartments of the Prince of Wales, the bride was conducted to her bedroom, and the bridegroom to his dressing-room, where the duke undressed him, and his majesty did his royal highness the honor to put on his shirt. The bride was undressed by the princesses; and being in bed in a rich undress, his majesty came into the room, and the prince following soon after in a night-gown of silver stuff, and a cap of the finest lace, the quality were admitted to see the bride and bridegroom sitting up in bed, surrounded by all the royal family. His majesty was dressed in a gold brocade, turned up with silk, embroidered with large flowers in silver and colors, as was the waistcoat; the buttons and stars were diamonds. Her majesty was in a plain yellow silk, robed and faced with pearl diamonds and other jewels of immense value."

Then follows a description of the dresses worn by the noble lords and ladies admitted to the bedroom levée, the reporter observing, with fine patriotic spirit: "'Twas observed most of the rich clothes were the manufacture of England; and in honor of our own artists,

the few which were French did not come up to these in richness, goodness, or fancy, as was seen by the clothes worn by the royal family, which were all of British manufacture."

On the following day, the lord mayor, aldermen, and recorder of London went to St. James's to congratulate their majesties and their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and were received most graciously. On the 18th November, in the same year, the Court of Assistants of the Worshipful Company of Saddlers waited on the Prince of Wales, and presented him with the freedom of the Company in a gold box, obtaining at the same time the permission of his royal highness to have his picture and that of the princess hung in Saddlers' Hall. All this took place in consequence of their royal highnesses "having, on the Lord Mayor's Day, when they were in Cheapside, been pleased to visit Saddlers' Hall, and accept a glass of wine, and permit the company to kiss their hands, and his royal highness to salute the ladies there."

This prince having, as everybody knows, died during George II.'s lifetime, his son, afterwards George III., was created Prince of Wales on the 20th April, 1751. The latter was only twenty-two years of age when he ascended the throne in 1760, and did not marry until after he had become king; but as his marriage took place before his coronation, and within a few months after his accession, it will not be out of place to refer here to some of the pageants in connection with the auspicious event. The bride chosen by his majesty was the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who was born on the 16th May, 1744, and was therefore only seventeen years of age at the date of her marriage, September 8, 1761. It appears that the King of Prussia had sent over to George II. a letter written by her serene highness. This document was described "as a miracle of patriotism and good sense" in so young a princess. "As to the princess's person," says the *Annual Register* for the year 1761, "it would be impertinent to repeat all the descriptions given of it; however, we cannot but mention the mean and scandalous advantage taken on this occasion of the well-natured credulity of his majesty's subjects. A printseller was base enough to publish, as a true portrait of the princess, that of a celebrated English beauty, whose

name he struck out of the plate, to make room for that of her most serene highness." This is what in newspaper phraseology is known as "a safe paragraph." The writer does not pledge himself to anything; but we have it on record from less cautious sources that the princess was no beauty, and this is confirmed by those amongst us who saw her as Queen Charlotte. Our judicious authority in the *Annual Register* proceeds to say, that "while the public were thus employed in conning over arbitrary descriptions, and gazing on spurious prints of the future consort of their beloved monarch, his majesty himself was giving the proper directions for demanding and bringing over the princess in a manner suitable to his dignity and his love for her serene highness." Lord Harcourt was named to make the demand of her serene highness. The Duchess of Ancaster and Hamilton and the Countess of Effingham were appointed to take care of her person on the passage to England. The *Carolina* yacht was with great ceremony new-named the *Charlotte*, in honor of her serene highness. Lord Harcourt was treated at Strelitz "with a grandeur easier to be conceived than expressed." He never stirred without a body-guard to attend him, which consisted of remarkably tall men, who made a formidable and handsome appearance. Her serene highness had a very tedious passage. She arrived at Stade, where she was received with extraordinary marks of honor, on the 28th August, and did not land at Harwich till the 6th September. Twice had she been in sight of the English coast, and driven off again by contrary winds. During this long voyage, she diverted herself with playing on the harpsichord, practising English tunes, "and endearing herself to those who were honored with the care of her person." She landed on the 7th, and entered London in the afternoon of the 8th, having slept in Lord Abercorn's house at Witham on the night of the 7th.

On her arrival at St. James's, she was handed out of the coach by the Duke of York, and met in the garden by his majesty, who in a very affectionate manner raised her up, and saluted her, as she was going to pay her obeisance. She dined with his majesty, the Princess Dowager, and the Princess Augusta—"others say, with the whole royal family except the youngest." Observe the scrupulous anxiety to be accurate manifested by the

historian. At eight o'clock, the marriage-ceremony took place with great pomp, and passed off in the most agreeable manner, though at one time there had been some apprehension of an aristocratic kind of Irish row. The nobility of Ireland had revived the dispute about the precedence of the Irish peers walking at the wedding of their majesties, but the king directed the Privy Council to inquire, and report the precedents as they had been observed on former occasions. On the report of the Privy Council, the Irish peers and peeresses were admitted to walk, and were marshalled in the procession together with the peers and peeresses of Great Britain, according to their respective degrees, taking place of the British nobility of inferior rank. A grand festival-symphony, composed by Dr. Boyce, was performed before the august party left the chapel-royal. The Archbishop of Canterbury was the officiating prelate, and the bride was given away by the Duke of Cumberland. The houses in the cities of London and Westminster were illuminated, and the evening concluded with the utmost demonstrations of joy.

We have now come to a royal marriage which, unfortunately, was an unhappy one in every respect. In the year 1794, the debts of George IV., then Prince Regent, had become so enormous, that George III. and his ministers felt it would be necessary to make another application to Parliament on behalf of his royal highness; but there seemed little hope of inducing the Lower House to consent to further advances, without something like a guarantee that the dissolute and extravagant habits of the prince would not be persevered in. Accordingly, a marriage was fixed on, as affording the best security that he meant to turn a new leaf. With his usual obstinacy, the king chose for him a princess whom he had never seen, and whom even the most devoted of her friends have freely admitted to have been very unsuited to occupy the position which she was called upon to fill. One more unsuitable to be the wife of the particular man for whom she was selected could not have been found in Europe. The king commanded the Earl of Malmesbury to go to the court of Brunswick to demand her hand, but the marriage had already been decided on; and as the noble earl afterwards told the Prince of Wales, he had no option in the matter; his orders limited him to the per-

formance of a specific duty. From his Diary, it is quite clear that he had his misgivings almost from the moment he set his eyes on Caroline of Brunswick; that these were increased during his stay at her father's court, and on the journey with the princess to England; and that they were fully shared in by the duke himself and by his mistress of thirty years' standing, Mademoiselle Hertzfeldt. His first note about her is: "The Princess Caroline (Princess of Wales) much embarrassed on my first being presented to her; pretty face—not expressive of softness; her figure not graceful; fine eyes, good hand, tolerable teeth, but going; fair hair and light eyebrows; good bust—short, with what the French call *des épaules impertinentes*. Vastly happy with her future expectations."

The Duchess of Brunswick, sister of George III., was a brainless, gossipy woman; and the education of the princess, literary and religious, had been sadly neglected. Her English after twenty years' residence in England, was very bad even for a foreigner. She always wrote "wid" for "with," "de" for "they," "ting" for "thing." Her pronunciation was of a piece with her writing; and from the Diary of Lady Charlotte Bury, it appears that when Princess of Wales she used occasionally to swear a good round oath. Yet she was good-natured, and had some other excellent qualities. Both Mademoiselle Hertzfeldt, a very intelligent woman, and the duke—the former over and over again—stated to Lord Malmesbury "the necessity of being very strict with the Princess Caroline; that she was not clever or ill-disposed, but of a temper easily wrought on, and had *no* tact." Lord Malmesbury took repeated opportunities of giving her advice before she met her future husband; but he was much disheartened to find that though it was taken in good part, it had not the desired effect; for we find him remarking: "She has no *fonds*, no fixed character, a light and flighty mind, but meaning well, and well-disposed; and my eternal theme to her is to think before she speaks, to recollect herself."

Though Lord Malmesbury reached the court of Brunswick on the 28th November, 1794, it was not until Sunday, April 5, 1795, that he arrived with the princess at Greenwich. In his diary of the latter day, he expresses considerable annoyance at some proceedings of Lady Jersey, the Prince of Wales's mis-

tress, who had been appointed one of the ladies of the bedchamber to the princess; and had been sent down to Greenwich to receive her. It appears that Lady Jersey—for her own purposes, no doubt—was “very much dissatisfied with the princess’s mode of dress, though Mrs. Harcourt had taken great pains about it.” Lord Malmesbury does not tell us what the objectionable garments were; but from another source we learn that the princess and Lady Jersey retired to a dressing-room, and that the dress of the former was changed from a muslin gown and blue satin petticoat, with a black beaver hat and blue and black feathers, for a white satin gown and very elegant turban cap of satin trimmed with crape, and ornamented with white feathers, which had been brought from town by Lady Jersey. The same authority states that on the road to St. James’s Palace the crowds were great, and that “the people cheered with loud expressions of love and loyalty.” Lord Malmesbury, who was in the next carriage to that occupied by the princess, tells a different story; he says: “There was very little crowd and still less applause on the road to London.” What follows is very sad; but as it throws much light on subsequent transactions, we transcribe it.

“I immediately notified the arrival to the king and Prince of Wales—the last came immediately. I, according to the established etiquette, introduced (no one else being in the room) the Princess Caroline to him. She very properly, in consequence of my saying to her it was the right mode of proceeding, attempted to kneel to him. He raised her (gracefully enough) and embraced her, said barely one word, turned round, retired to a distant part of the apartment, and calling me to him, said: ‘Harris, I am not well; pray, get me a glass of brandy.’ I said: ‘Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?’ Upon which he, much out of humor, said with an oath: ‘No; I will go directly to the queen;’ and away he went. The princess, left during this short moment alone, was in a state of astonishment, and on my joining her, said: ‘Mon Dieu! est ce que le prince est toujours comme cela? Je le trouve très gros et nullement aussi beau que son portrait.’ I said his royal highness was naturally a good deal affected and flurried at this first interview, but she certainly would find him different at dinner. She was disposed to further criticisms on the occasion, which would have embarrassed me very much to answer, if luckily the king had not ordered me to attend him.”

It was probably at this their first interview that these royal personages conceived for each other that hatred which they displayed in after-years. No one can excuse the prince’s conduct on the occasion; it was very unlike what one should have expected from “the first gentleman in Europe.”

The prince did go to the queen, and made a very unfavorable report, as Lord Malmesbury gathered from the king’s inquiries. At dinner, the same evening, the noble earl “was far from being satisfied with the princess’s behavior; it was flippant, rattling, affecting raillery and wit, and throwing out coarse, vulgar hints about Lady —, who was present, and, though mute, *le diable n’en perdait rien*. The prince was evidently disgusted, and this unfortunate dinner fixed his dislike.” Some of the accounts state, that after dinner the princess came out on a balcony, and thanked the assembled crowds for the welcome they had given her. Lord Malmesbury makes no mention of this. On a subsequent occasion, his royal highness asked Lord Malmesbury how he liked “this sort of manners”—on which the noble lord remarks: “I could not conceal my disapprobation of them and took this opportunity of repeating to him the substance of what the Duke of Brunswick had so often said to me that it was expedient *de la tenir serrée*; that she should be brought up very strictly; and, if she was not strictly kept, would, from high spirits and little thought, certainly emancipate too much.” To this the prince said: “I see it but too plainly; but why, Harris, did you not tell me so before, or write it to me from Brunswick?” In reply, the noble lord pleaded that he had not been sent to Brunswick on a discretionary commission, but with the most positive commands to ask the Princess Caroline in marriage, and nothing more.

It was not to be expected that good would come of a marriage which took place under such circumstances. How far otherwise has her majesty acted in reference to the future consort of the Prince of Wales! And how different has been the education of the princess herself! No two collections of circumstances could present a greater contrast than those connected with the marriage of the last Prince of Wales and those which have reference to the marriage of the eldest son of our beloved queen.

In the *Times* of April 9, 1795, is a report

of the proceedings at the royal marriage, extending to over three columns. *Lloyd's Evening Post* and other newspapers of that day also contain accounts. It was a very grand affair. The chapel-royal at St. James's Palace was superbly fitted up for the occasion, being papered in a style to imitate crimson velvet. The whole of the royal family had dined at the Queen's House, and at a little before six o'clock they went to their respective apartments in St. James's Palace to dress. "The prince," says the court newsman, "on leaving the Queen's House, had a hearty shake of the hand from the king, which brought tears into his eyes." We are afraid this is rather apocryphal. The royal tears were no more sincere than the joy of the queen, who, according to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, appeared, in particular, to be "highly delighted at the union of the prince to such a distinguished ornament of her sex for beauty, grace, and mental endowments." The old queen hated her daughter-in-law in a style that brought her fully up to Dr. Johnson's standard of a good hater.

It was half-past nine in the evening before the bridal procession began to move from the drawing-room to the chapel. The bride was led by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, and given away by the king himself. The procession was an imposing one; there were marshals, heralds, and pursuivants in abundance, and the dresses were magnificent. The king was dressed in a scarlet suit richly embroidered in gold, pearl, and spangles; the queen in a silver tissue petticoat, with a drapery of white velvet net, richly embroidered with gold, the gown drawn up with green bands and silver laurel, and fastened with rich cords and tassels. The body and train were of white and gold tissue, trimmed with green and silver laurel. All the accounts concur in stating that "the dress of the Princess of Wales was the most costly and superb that could be made;" and to give an idea of its artistic merits, they state that "the waist was not more than six inches in length." What would be thought of such a garment now; Hoops were then as now an institution, but on this occasion their size was limited, that they might be as small an incumbrance as possible in the procession. The princess wore no diamond ornaments on her head, but a superb coronet of diamonds; and she had also on a very rich ornament of brilliants resembling a knight's collar, fastened upon the right shoulder by a brilliant bow and long brilliant tassels, and on the left

shoulder by a rich epaulette of brilliants. In the centre, in place of the stomacher, was the prince's picture, richly set in brilliants.

The Prince of Wales wore a blue Geneva velvet coat and breeches, with a silver tissue waistcoat and coat cuffs richly embroidered with silver and spangles. The whole suit was covered with large and small spangles. His royal highness also wore a diamond star and an embroidered garter, and diamond shoe and knee buckles, and a rich diamond-bilted sword with button and loop. The servants of the prince had splendid new liveries, and wore feathers in their hats. His royal highness was then thirty-three years of age and the royal bride twenty-seven. One account tells us that the prince "repeated the ceremony with great clearness and recollection;" another states that in repeating it he "appeared rather embarrassed." There is good reason for believing the latter version rather than the former, as we shall presently see. All the court reporters inform us that his royal highness rose from his knees too soon, and that, in consequence, the Archbishop of Canterbury stopped the service, until, on a whisper from the king, the Prince of Wales knelt down again. Lord Malmesbury in his diary makes an observation that fully accounts for the *contretemps*, as well as for the fact, that in going up the stairs of the palace the Princess of Wales, while leaning on the arm of the royal bridegroom, had "well-nigh fallen down," an accident which the morning papers, who were not in the secret, explained by the fatigue of her royal highness, and the weight of her dress. Lord Malmesbury, who was present at the ceremony, states that the prince "had manifestly had recourse to wine or spirits;" an assertion which is more than confirmed by an observation of the unfortunate princess herself, recorded in Lady Charlotte Bury's Diary: "What it was to have a drunken husband on one's wedding-day, and one who passed the greatest part of his bridal-night under the grate, where he fell, and where I left him." There was a drawing-room immediately after the marriage-ceremony, and after that a grand supper at Buckingham House.

There were illuminations and fireworks in London and Westminster. Numerous addresses were presented to the Prince of Wales; he received them very graciously; but it was observed, that in reply he said nothing about his own happiness.

Another Prince of Wales is now about to be married, and we have well-founded reasons for hoping and believing that his union with an amiable and accomplished princess of his own choice will be in every respect an auspicious one, and one which will afford lasting happiness to our queen, as well as to their royal highnesses themselves.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 984.—11 April, 1863.

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PRINCE OF WALES'S MARRIAGE ANTHEM.

God save the Prince of Wales !
 Long live the Prince of Wales !
 God bless our prince !
 Bless, too, his youthful bride—
 On her, Heaven's peace abide—
 Her, let all joys betide—
 God save our prince !

O Lord, their union bless !
 Life, love, true happiness,
 Be theirs from thee !
 Shield both beneath thy care,
 May both thy blessing share,
 Hear Britain's loyal prayer,
 Prayer of the free !

In this our hour of mirth,
 We would that all the earth
 Such freedom knew !
 Poles, Negroes, all the opprest,
 Lord save—from east to west—
 And let the sword have rest
 The wide world through !

Viking and Saxon blood,
 Mingled in living flood,
 One heart evince,
 The Cymru, Norman, Gael
 (Their feuds a bygone tale),
 One people—shout "All hail !
 God save the prince !"

From royal vices free,
 In him let all men see
 Albert the Good !
 Proud of such high control,
 Ruled by such father's soul,
 He'll best our queen console
 In widowhood.

God bless our widowed queen !
 Long live our noble queen !
 God save the queen !
 Royal mother, prince, princess,
 A loving people bless—
 Crown them with happiness !
 God save the queen !

NEWMAN HALL.

THE HIDDEN WAY.

BY REV. W. C. RICHARDS.

"Whither I go, ye cannot come."

WHAT dizzy Alp has traveller dared to scale,
 Another must despair to gain ?
 Whither to mount my skill and strength must
 fail,
 And equal courage climb in vain ?

What city of this earth defies my reach,
 Where venturous foot hath gone before ?
 Who mocks my will with the forbidding speech—
 "This daring shall be done no more."

There is no peak, no city 'neath the sky—
 Nor proud Mont Blanc, nor regal Rome—
 Of which some bold explorer's voice may cry,
 "Whither I go, ye cannot come !"

Yet in these words the man Christ Jesus spake,
 And stirred his kindred to amaze—

What perilous path his humble feet could take,
 Beyond their power to go or gaze !

They dreamed of death, self-wrought in reckless
 crime,

As the dread goal their feet must shun ;
 But that, alas ! in Satan's fitting time
 Their false Iscariot fitly won.

And we, who backward gaze upon the cross,
 Ask if He meant that Throne of Pain ;
 Was it to life's sharp, ignominious loss—
 None else than He might come again ?

Ah no ! for while He spoke the fetters clung
 To wretched men decreed its shame ;
 And side by side with Christ the thieves were
 hung—

Whither he went, they also came !

Nor yet his grave rock-hewn in Joseph's ground,
 Forbade the Jews his following there ;
 A narrow house unsought, full soon they found,
 And took of death their mortal share.

What mean these words, that meant for wonder-
 ing Jews,

Nor cross of shame, nor mortal tomb—
 As goal they could not reach, or would not choose,
 "Whither I go, ye cannot come."

Where went the Christ beyond the Cross and
 Grave,

That e'en his own could not pursue ;
 And has the race no souls so strong, so brave,
 That they the Master's work may do ?

"I go," he said, "up to my Father's Throne ;"
 And unbelief veiled all the road ;
 He came Heaven's gates to open for "his own,"
 But downward still in sin they strode.

And unbelief in Christ hath evermore

Hid the bright way to Paradise ;
 Nor man may do what One has done before—
 Till Faith anoints his sightless eyes.

The thief who hung in shame, yet prayed in faith,
 Found at his Lord's dear side sure room ;
 And since, to such as he, Christ never saith—
 "Whither I go, ye cannot come."

—Congregationalist.

THISTLE-DOWN.

THE thistle-seeds blow down the wind,
 Thin and white, in the autumn sun ;
 Thousands and thousands in earth, in air,
 Before the wild breeze float and run.
 This winged mischief Satan casts
 In flying squadrons, as he does lies,
 O'er the sluggard's croft and the miser's field,
 And the rotting Chancery properties.

Filmy white in the autumn sun,
 With their cobweb stars and gossamer rays,
 The thistle-down blows over the farms,
 Where the cloud-shadow veers and plays.
 Away through the air I see them drive,
 And, miles a minute, they drift along,
 For there on the hill the Devil stands,
 That ceaseless sower of broadcast wrong.

—Chambers's Journal.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY ALEX. WILLIAM KINGLAKE.

Concluded.

THE fate of the provinces resembled the fate of the capital. Whilst it was still dark on the morning of the 2d, Morny, stealing into the Home Office, had entrusted his orders for instant and enthusiastic support to the zeal of every prefect, and had ordered that every mayor, every *juge de paix*, and every other public functionary who failed to give in his instant and written adhesion to the acts of the President should be dismissed. In France the engine of state is so constructed as to give to the Home Office an almost irresistible power over the provinces, and the means which the Office had of coercing France were reinforced by an appeal to men's fears of anarchy, and their dread of the sect called "Socialists." Forty thousand communes were suddenly told that they must make swift choice between socialism and anarchy and rapine on the one hand, and on the other a virtuous dictator and lawgiver recommended and warranted by the authority of Monsieur de Morny. The gifted Montalembert himself was so effectually caught in this springe that he publicly represented the dilemma as giving no choice except between Louis Bonaparte and "the ruin of France." In the provinces, as in Paris, there were men whose love of right was stronger than their fears of the Executive Government, and stronger than their dread of the Socialists; but the Departments, being kept in utter darkness by the arrangements of the Home Office, were slower than Paris in finding out that the blow of the 2d of December had been struck by a small knot of associates, without the concurrence of Statesmen who were the friends of law and order; and it would seem that although the proclamations were received at first with stupor and perplexity, they soon engendered a hope that the President (acting, as the country people imagined him to be, with the support of many eminent statesmen) might effect a wholesome change in the Constitution, and restore to France some of the tranquillity and freedom which she had enjoyed under the government of her last king. There were risings, but every department which seemed likely to move was put under martial law. Then followed slaughter, banishment, imprisonment, sequestration; and

all this at the mere pleasure of Generals raging with a cruel hatred of the people, and glowing with the glow of that motive—so hateful because so sordid—which in centralized states men call "zeal." Of these Generals there were some who, in their fury, went beyond all the bounds of what could be dictated by anything like policy, even though of the most ferocious kind. In the department of the Allier, for instance, it was decreed; not only that all who were "known" to have taken up arms against the Government should be tried by Court Martial, but that "those whose socialist opinions were notorious" should be transported by the mere order of the Administration, and have their property sequestered. The bare mental act of holding a given opinion was thus put into the category of black crimes, and either the prisoner was to have no trial at all, or else he was to be tried, as it were, by the hangman. This decree was issued by a man called General Eynard, and was at once adopted and promulgated by the Executive Government.*

The violence with which the brethren of the Elysée were raging took its origin, no doubt, from their terror, but now that they were able to draw their breath, another motive began to govern them and to drive them along the same road; for by this time they were able to give to their actions a color which tended to bring them the support and good-will of whole multitudes—whole multitudes distracted with fear of the democrats, and only longing for safety. For more than three years people had lived in dread of the "Socialists," and though the sect, taken alone, was never so formidable as to justify the alarm of a firm man, still it was more or less allied with the fierce species of democrat which men called "Red," and, the institutions of the Republic being new and weak, it was right for the nation to stand on its guard against anarchy; though many have judged that the defenders of order being upheld by the voice of the millions, no less than by the forces of intellect and of property, might have kept their watch without fear. But, whether the thing from which people ran flying was a danger or only a phantom, the terror it spread brought numbers down into a state which was hardly other than abject. Of course people thus unmanned would look

* *Moniteur*, 28th Dec.

up piteously to the Executive Government as their natural protectors, and would be willing to offer their freedom in exchange for a little more safety. So now, if not before, the company of the Elysée, saw the gain which would accrue to them if they could have it believed that their enterprise was a war against Socialism. After the subjugation of Paris, the scanty gatherings of people who took up arms against the Government were composed, no doubt, partly of socialists, but partly also of men who had no motive for rising, except that they were of too high a spirit to be able to stand idle and see the law trampled down. But the brotherhood of the Elysée was master—sole master—of the power to speak in print, and by exaggerating the disturbances going on in some parts of France, as well as by fastening upon all who stood up against them the name of the hated sect, they caused it to be believed by thousands, and perhaps by millions, that they were engaged in a valorous and desperate struggle against Socialism. In proportion as this pretence came to be believed, it brought hosts of people to the support of the Executive Government; and there is reason to believe that, even among those of the upper classes who seemed to be standing proudly aloof from the Elysée, there were many who secretly rejoiced to be delivered from their fear of the Democrats at the price of having to see France handled, for a time, by persons like Morny and Maupas.

The truth is that in the success of this speculation of the Elysée many thought they saw how to escape from the vexations of democracy, in a safe and indolent way. When an Arab decides that the burnous which is his garment by day and by night has become unduly populous, he lays it upon an ant-hill, in order that the one kind of insect may be chased away by the other; and as soon as this has been done, he easily brushes off the conquering genus with the stroke of a whip or a pipe-stick. In a lazy mood, well-born men thought to do this with France, and the first part of the process was successful enough, for all the red sort were killed, or crushed, or hunted away, but when that was done it began to appear that those whose hungry energies had been made use of to do the work were altogether unwilling to be brushed off. They clung. Even now, after the lapse of years,* they cling and feed.

* Written in September, 1861.

The army in the provinces closely imitated the ferocity of the army of Paris, but it was to be apprehended that soldiery, however fierce, might deal only with the surface of discontent, and not strike deep enough into the heart of the country. They might kill people in streets and roads and fields; they might even send their musket-balls through windows into the houses, and shoot whole batches of prisoners; but they could not so well search out the indignant friends of law and order in their inner homes. Therefore Morny sent into the provinces men of dire repute, and armed them with terrible powers. These persons were called Commissaries. In every spot so visited the people shuddered, for they knew by their experience of 1848 that a man thus set over them by the terrible Home Office might be a ruffian well known to the police for his crimes as well as for his services, and that from a potentate of that quality it might cost them dear to buy their safety.

There have been times when the all but dying spark of a nation's life has been kept alive by the priests of her faith; and when this has happened, there has sprung up so deep a love between people and Church that the lapse of ages has not had strength to put the two asunder.* In France, it is true, the Church no longer wielded the authority which had belonged to her of old, but besides that the virtues of her humble and laboring priesthood had gained for her more means of guiding men's minds than Europe was accustomed to believe, she was a cohering and organized body. Therefore, at a moment when the whole temporal powers of the State had been seized by a small knot of men slyly acting in concert; and when the Parliamentary and judicial authority which might restrain their violence had been all at once overthrown, the Church of France, surviving in the midst of ruined institutions, became suddenly invested with a great power to do good or do evil. She might stand between the armed man and his victim; she might turn away wrath; she might make conditions for prostrate France. Or, taking a yet loftier stand, she might resolve to choose—and choose sternly—between right and wrong. She chose.

The priesthood of France were upon the

* See Arthur Stanley's admirable account of the relations between Russia and her Church.

whole a zealous, unworldly, devoted body of men; but already the Church which they served had been gained over to the President by the arrangements which led to the siege and occupation of Rome. Therefore, although the priests perceived that Maupas, coming privily in the night-time, had seized the generals and the statesmen of France, and had shut up the Parliament, and driven the judges from the judgment-seat, still it seemed to them that, because of Rome, they ought to side with Maupas. So far as concerned her political action in this time of trial, they suffered the Church of France to degenerate into a mere sub-department of the Home Office. In the rural districts, when the time for the Plebiscite came, they fastened tickets marked "Yes" upon their people, and drove them in flocks to the polls.

Every institution in the country being thus suborned, or enslaved, or shattered, the brethren of the Elysée resolved to follow up their victory over France. In the sense which will presently appear they resolved to disman her. It had resulted from the political state of France during several years that great numbers of the most stirring men in the country had belonged to clubs, which the law called "secret societies." A net thrown over this class would gather into its folds whole myriads of honest men, and indeed it has been computed that the number of persons then alive who at one time or other had belonged to some kind of "secret society" amounted to no less than two millions. If French citizens at some period of their lives had belonged to societies forbidden by statute, it was enough (and after a lapse of time much more than enough) that the penalties of the law which they had disobeyed should be enforced against them. But it was not this, nor the like of this that was done.

Prince Louis Bonaparte and Morny, with the advice and consent of Maupas, issued a retro-operative decree, by which all these hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen were made liable to be instantly seized, and transported either to the penal settlements in Africa, or to the torrid swamps of Cayenne.* The decree was as comprehensive as a law would be in England, if it enacted that every man who had ever attended a political meeting might be now suddenly transported; but

it was a hundred times less merciful, for in general to be banished to Cayenne was to be put to a slow, cruel, horrible death. Morny and Maupas pressed and pressed the execution of this almost incredible decree with a ferocity that must have sprung in the first instance from terror, and was afterwards kept alive for the sake of that hideous sort of popularity which was to be gained by calling men Socialists, and then fiercely hunting them down. None will ever know the number of men who at this period were either killed or imprisoned in France, or sent to die in Africa or Cayenne; but the panegyrist of Louis Bonaparte and his fellow-plotters acknowledges that the number of people who were seized and transported within the few weeks which followed the 2d of December, amounted to the enormous number of twenty-six thousand five hundred.*

France perhaps could have borne the loss of many tens of thousands of ordinary soldiers and workmen without being visibly weakened; but no nation in the world—no, not even France herself—is so abounding in the men who will dare something for honor and liberty as to be able to bear to lose in one month between twenty and thirty thousand men seized from out of her most stirring and most courageous citizens. It could not be but that what remained of France when she had thus been stricken should for years seem to languish, and to be of a poor spirit. This is why I have chosen to say that France was dismanned.

But besides the men killed and the men transported, there were some thousands of Frenchmen who were made to undergo sufferings too horrible to be here told. I speak of those who were enclosed in the casemates of the fortresses and huddled down between the decks of the *Canada* and the *Duguesclin*. These hapless beings were for the most part men attached to the cause of the Republic. It would seem that of the two thousand men whose sufferings are the most known, a great part were men whose lives had been engaged in literary pursuits, for amongst them there were authors of some repute; editors of newspapers, and political writers of many grades, besides lawyers, physicians, and others whose labors in the field of politics had been mainly labors of the intellectual sort. The torments inflicted upon these men lasted

* Decree of 8th of December, inserted in the *Moniteur* of the 9th.

* Granier de Cassagnac.

from two to three months. It was not till the second week in March that a great many of them came out into the light and the pure air of heaven. Because of what they had suffered they were hideous and terrible to look upon. The hospitals received many. It is right that the works which testify of these things should be indicated as authorities on which the narrator founds his passing words;* but, unless a man be under some special motive for learning the detailed truth, it would be well for him to close his eyes against those horrible pages; for if once he looks and reads, the recollection of the things he reads of may haunt him and weigh upon his spirit till he longs and longs in vain to recover his ignorance of what, even in this his own time, has been done to living men.

At length the time came for the operation of what was called the Plebiscite. The arrangements of the plotters had been of such a kind as to allow France no hope of escape from anarchy and utter chaos, except by submitting herself to the dictatorship of Louis Bonaparte; for although the President in his Proclamation had declared that if the country did not like his Presidency, they might choose some other in his place, no such alternative was really offered. The choice given to the electors did not even purport to be anything but a choice between Louis Bonaparte and nothing. According to the wording of the Plebiscite, a vote given for any candidate other than Louis Bonaparte would have been null. An elector was only permitted to vote "Yes," or vote "No;" and it seems plain that the prospect of anarchy involved in the negative vote would alone have operated as a sufficing menace. Therefore, even if the collection of the suffrages had been carried on with perfect fairness, the mere stress of the question proposed would have made it impossible that there should be a free election: the same central power which nearly four years before had compelled the terrified nation to pretend that it loved a republic, would have now forced the same helpless people to kneel, and say they chose for their one only lawgiver, the man recommended to them by Monsieur de Morny.

Having the army and the whole executive power in their hands, and having pre-ordained

* "Le Coup d'Etat," par Xavier Durrieu, ancien Représentant du Peuple. "Histoire de la Terreur Bonapartiste," par Hippolyte Magen.

the question to be put to the people, the brethren of the Elysée, it would seem, might have safely allowed the proceeding to go to its sure conclusion without further coercing the vote; and if they had done thus, they would have given a color to the assertion that the result of the Plebiscite was a national ratification of their act. But remembering what they had done, and having blood on their hands, they did not venture upon a free election. What they did was this: they placed thirty-two departments under martial law; and, since they wanted nothing more than a sheet of paper and a pen and ink in order to place every other department in the same predicament, it can be said without straining a word that potentially, or actually, the whole of France was under martial law.

Therefore men voted under the sword. But martial law is only one of the circumstances which constitute the difference between an honest election and a Plebiscite of the Bonaparte sort. Of course, for all effective action on the part of multitudes, some degree of concert is needful, and on the side of the plotters, using as they did the resistless engine of the executive government, the concert was perfect. To the adversaries of the Elysée, all effective means of concerted action were forbidden by Morny and Maupas. Not only could they have no semblance of a public meeting, but they could not even venture upon the slightest approach to those lesser gatherings which are needed for men who want to act together. Of course, in these days, the chief engine for giving concerted and rational action to bodies of men is the Press. But, except for the uses of the Elysée, there was no Press. All journals hostile to the plot were silenced. Not a word could be printed which was unfavorable to Monsieur Morny's candidate for the dictatorship. Even the printing and distributing of negative voting tickets was made penal, and during the ceremony which was called an "election" several persons were actually arrested and charged with the offence of distributing negative voting tickets, or persuading others to vote against the President. It was soon made clear that, so far as concerned his means of taking a real part in the election, every adversary of the Elysée was as helpless as a man deaf and dumb.

In one department it was decreed that any one spreading reports or suggesting fears

tending to disquiet the people should be instantly arrested and brought before a court martial.* In another, every society, and indeed, every kind of meeting, however few the persons composing it might be, was in terms prohibited,† and it was announced that any man disobeying the order would be deemed to be a member of a secret society within the meaning of the terrible decree of the 8th of December, and liable to transportation.‡ In the same department it was decreed that every one hawking or distributing printed tickets, or even manuscripts, unless authorized by the mayor or the *juge de paix* should be prosecuted, and the same prefect in almost mad rage against freedom proclaimed that any one who was caught in an endeavor to "propagate an opinion" should be deemed guilty of exciting to civil war, and instantly handed over to the judicial authority.§ In another department the sub-prefect announced that any one who threw a doubt on the loyalty of the acts of the Government should be arrested.||

These are samples of the means which generals and prefects and sub-prefects adopted for ensuring the result; but it is hardly to be believed that all this base zeal was really needed; because from the very first the brethren of the Elysée had taken a step which even if it had stood alone, would have been more than enough to coerce the vote. They fixed for the 20th and 21st of December the election to which civilians were invited; but long before this the army had been ordered to vote (and to vote openly without ballot), within forty-eight hours from the receipt of a despatch of the 3d of December. So, all the land forces of France had voted, as it were, by beat of drum, and the result of their voting had been made known to the whole country long before the time fixed for the civilians to proceed to election. France therefore, if she were to dare to vote against the President, would be placing herself in instant and open conflict with the declared will of her own army, and this at a time when, to the extent already stated, she was under martial law.

* Arrête du General d'Alphonse, Commandant l'état de siège dans le Département du Cher, Article 4.

† Arrête du Prefet de la Haute Garonne, Articles 1, 2, 3.

‡ Ibid., Article 3.

§ Ibid., Article 4.

|| Arrête du Sous-prefet de Valenciennes.

Surprised, perplexed, affrighted, and all unarmed and helpless, France was called upon either to strive to levy a war of despair against the mighty engine of the French executive government, and the vast army which stood over her, or else to succumb at once to Louis Bonaparte and Morny and Maupas and Monsieur Le Roy St. Arnaud. She succumbed. The brethren of the Elysée had asked the country to say "Yes" or "No:" should Louis Bonaparte alone build a new Constitution for the governance of the mighty nation? and when, in the way already told, they had obtained the "Yes," from herds and flocks of men whom they ventured to number at nearly eight millions, it was made known to Paris that the person who had long been the favorite subject of her jests was now become sole lawgiver for her and for France. In the making of such laws as he intended to give the country, Prince Louis was highly skilled, for he knew how to enfold the creatures of a sheer Oriental autoeracy in a nomenclature taken from the polity of free European States. With the advice and consent of Morny, and no doubt with the full approval of all the rest of the plotters he virtually made it the law that he should command, and that France should pay him tribute and obey.

It has been seen that the success of the plot of the 2d of December resulted from the massacre which took place in the Boulevard on the following Thursday; and since this strange event became the foundation of a momentous change in the polity of France, and even in the destinies of Europe, it is right for men to know, if they can, how and why it came to pass. At three o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th of December, the ultimate success of the plot had seemed to become almost hopeless by reason of the isolation to which Prince Louis and his associates were reduced. But at that hour the massacre began, and before the bodies were cleared away, the brethren of the Elysée had Paris and France at their mercy. It was natural that wronged and angry men, seeing this cause and this effect, should be capable of believing that the massacre was wilfully planned as a means of achieving the result which it actually produced. Just as the Cambridge theologian maintained that he who looked upon a watch must needs believe in a watchmaker, so men who had seen the massacre were led to infer a demon. They saw that the massa-

ere brought wealth and blessings to the Elysée, and they thought it a safe induction to say that the man who gathered the harvest as though it were his own must have sown the seed in due season. Yet, so far as one knows, this argument from design is not very well reinforced by external proof; and perhaps it is more consistent with the principles of human nature to believe that the slaughter of the Boulevard resulted from the mixed causes which are known to have been in operation, than from a cold design on the part of the President to have a quantity of peaceful men and women killed in order that the mere horror of the sight might crush the spirit of Paris. Without resorting to this dreadful solution, the causes of the massacre may be reached by fair conjecture.

The army, as we have seen, was burning with hatred of the civilians, and its ferocity had been carefully whetted by the President and by St. Arnaud. This feeling apart from other motives of action would not have induced the brave soldiery of France to fire point-blank into crowds of defenceless men and women; but a passion more cogent than anger was working in the bosoms of the men at the Elysée and the Generals in command, and from them it descended to the troops.

According to its nature, and the circumstances in which it is placed, a creature struck by terror may either lie trembling in a state of abject prostration, or else may be convulsed with hysteric energy; and when terror seizes upon man or beast in this last way, it is the fiercest and most blind of all passions. The French unite the delicate, nervous organization of the south with much of the energy of the north, and they are keenly susceptible of the terror that makes a man kill people, and the terror that makes him lie down and beg. On that 4th of December, Paris was visited with terror in either form. The army raged, and the people crouched; but army and people alike were governed by terror. It is very true, that in the Boulevard there were no physical dangers which could have struck the troops with this truculent sort of panic, for even if it is believed that two or three shots were fired from a window or a housetop, an occurrence of that kind, in a quarter which was plainly prepared for sight-seeing, and not for strife, was too trivial of itself to be capable of disturbing prime troops. But the President and his associates, though they

had succeeded in all their mechanical arrangements, had failed to obtain the support of men of character and eminence. For that reason they were obviously in peril; and if Morny and Fleury still remained in good heart, there is no reason for doubting that on the 4th of December the sensations of the President, of the two other Bonapartes, of Maupas, of St. Arnaud, and of Magnan corresponded with the alarming circumstances in which they were placed.

The state of the President seems to have been very like what it had been in former times at Strasbourg and at Boulogne, and what it was years afterwards at Magenta and Solferino.* He did not on any of these five occasions so give way to fear as to prove that he had less self-control in moments of danger than the common run of peaceful citizens; but on all of them he showed that, though he had chosen to set himself heroic tasks, his temperament was ill-fitted for the hour of battle and for the crisis of an adventure. For, besides that (in common with the bulk of mankind) he was without resource and presence of mind when he imagined that danger was really quite close upon him, his complexion and the dismal looks he wore in times of trial were always against him. From some defect, perhaps, in the structure of the heart or the arterial system, his skin, when he was in a state of alarm, was liable to be suffused with a greenish hue. This discoloration might be a sign of high moral courage, because it would tend to show that the spirit was warring with the flesh; but still it does not indicate that condition of body and soul which belongs to a true king of men in the hour of danger, and enables him to give heart and impulsion to those around him. It is obvious, too, that an appearance of this sort would be damping to the ardor of the bystanders. Several incidents show that between the 2d and the 4th of December the President was irresolute, and keenly alive to his danger. The long-pondered plan of election which he had promulgated on the 2d of December he withdrew the next day, in obedience to the supposed desire of the Parisian multitude. He took care to have always close to his side the immense force of cavalry to which he looked as the means of protecting his flight, and it seems that during a great portion of the critical interval the car-

* See note in the Appendix.

riages and horses required for his escape were kept ready for instant use in the stable-yard of the Elysée. Moreover, it was at this time that he suffered himself to resort to the almost desperate resource of counterfeiting the names of men represented as belonging to the Consultative Commission. But perhaps his condition of mind may be best inferred from the posture in which history catches him whilst he nestled under the wing of the army.

When a peaceful citizen is in grievous peril, and depending for his life upon the whim of soldiers, his instinct is to take all his gold and go and offer it to the armed men and tell them he loves and admires them. What, in such stress, the endangered citizen would be impelled by his nature to do is exactly what Louis Bonaparte did. The transaction could not be concealed, and the imperial historian seems to have thought that upon the whole the best course was to give it an air of classic grandeur by describing the soldiers as the "conquerors" of a rugged Greek word, and by calling a French coin an "obolus." "There remained," said he, "to the President out of all his personal fortune, out of all his patrimony, a sum of fifty thousand francs. He knew that in certain memorable circumstances the troops had faltered in the presence of insurrection, more from being famished than from being defeated; so he took all that remained to him, even to his last crown-piece, and charged Colonel Fleury to go to the soldiers, conquerors of demagogy, and distribute to them, brigade by brigade, and man by man, this his last obolus."* The President had said, in one of his addresses to the army of Paris, that he would not bid them advance, but would himself go the foremost and ask them to follow him. If it was becoming to address empty play-actor's words of that sort to real soldiers, it certainly was not the duty of the President to act upon them, for there could not well be any such engagement in the streets of Paris as would make it right for a literary man (though he was also the chief of the state) to go and affect to put himself at the head of an army inured to war; but still there was a contrast between what was said and what was done, which makes a man smile as he passes. The President had vowed he would lead the soldiers

against the foe, and instead, he sent them all his money. There is no reason to suppose that the change of plan was at all displeasing to the troops, and this bribing of the armed men is only adverted to here as a means of getting at the real state of the President's mind, and thereby tracing up to its cause the massacre of the 4th of December.

Another clue, leading the same way, is to be found in the decree by which the President enacted that combats with insurgents at home should count for the honor and profit of the troops in the same way as though they were fought against a foreign enemy.* It is true that this decree was not issued until the massacre of the 4th was over, but of course the temper in which a man encounters danger is to be gathered in part from his demeanor immediately after the worst moment of trial; and when it is found that the chief of a proud and mighty nation was capable of putting his hand to a paper of this sort on the 5th of December, some idea may be formed of what his sensations were on the noon of the day before, when the agony of being in fear had not as yet been succeeded by the indecorous excitement of escape.

Whilst Prince Louis Bonaparte was hugging the knees of the soldiers, his uncle, Jerome Bonaparte, fell into so painful a condition as to be unable to maintain his self-control, and he suffered himself to publish a letter in which he not only disclosed his alarm, but even showed that he was preparing to separate himself from his nephew; for he made it appear (as he could do perhaps with strict truth) that although he had got into danger by showing himself in public with the President on the 2d of December, he was innocent of the plot, and a stranger to the counsels of the Elysée.† His son (now called Prince Napoleon) was really, they say, a strong disapprover of the President's acts, and it was natural that he should be most unwilling to be put to death or otherwise

* Decree of the 5th, inserted in the *Moniteur* of the 7th Dec.

† The letter will be found in the *Annual Register*. It seems to have been sent at ten o'clock at night on the 4th of December; but the writer evidently did not know that the insurrection at that time was so near its end as it really was, and his letter may therefore be taken as a fair indication of the state of his mind in the earlier part of the day. The advice and the mild remonstrance contained in the letter, might have been given in private by a man who had not lost his calm, but the fact of allowing such a letter to be public discloses Jerome's motives.

* Granier de Cassagnac, vol. ii. p. 431.

ill-treated, upon the theory that he was the cousin and therefore the accomplice of Louis, for of that theory he wholly and utterly denied the truth. Any man, however firm, might well resolve that, happen what might to him, he would struggle hard to avoid being executed by mistake; and it seems unfair to cast blame on Prince Napoleon, for trying to disconnect his personal destiny from that of the endangered men at the Elysée, whose counsels he had not shared. Still, the sense of being cast loose by the other Bonapartes could not but be discouraging to Prince Louis, and to those who had thrown in their lot with him.

Maupas, or de Maupas, was a man of a fine, large, robust frame, and with florid, healthy looks; but it sometimes happens that a spacious and strong-looking body of that sort is not so safe a tabernacle as it seems for man's troubled spirit. It is said that the bodily strength of Maupas collapsed in the hour of danger, and that at a critical part of the time between the night of the 2d of December and the massacre of the 4th he had the misfortune to fall ill.

Finally, it must be repeated that on that 4th of December the army of Paris was kept in a state of inaction during all the precious hours which elapsed between the earliest dawn of the morning and two o'clock in the afternoon.

These are signs that the brethren of the Elysée were aghast at what they had done, and aghast at what they had to do. And it is obvious that Magnan and the twenty Generals who had embraced one another on the 27th of November, were now more involved in the danger of the plot than at first they might have expected to be, for the isolation in which the President was left, for want of men of character and station who would consent to come and stand round him, must have made all these Generals feel that even the sovereign warrant of "an order from the Minister of War" was a covering which had become very thin.

Now, by nature the French people are used to go in flocks, and in their army there is not that social difference between the officers and the common soldiers which is the best contrivance hitherto discovered for intercepting the spread of a panic or any other bewildering impulse. With their troops, any impulse whether of daring or fear will often dart like

lightning from man to man, and quickly involve the whole mass. Generally perhaps, a panic in an army ascends from the ranks. On this day, the panic, it seems, went downwards. For six hours the army had been kept waiting and waiting under arms within a few hundred yards of the barricades which it was to attack. The order to advance did not come. Somewhere there was hesitation, and the Generals could not but know that even a little hesitation at such a time was both a sign and a cause of danger, but when they saw it continuing through all the morning hours of a short December day, they could hardly have failed to apprehend that the plot of the Elysée was collapsing for want of support, and they could not but know that, if this dread were well founded, their fate was likely to be a hard one.

The temperament of Frenchmen is better fitted for the hour of combat than for the endurance of this sort of protracted tension; and the anxiety of men of their race, when they are much perturbed, and kept in long suspense will easily degenerate into that kind of alarm, which is apt to become ferocious. This was the kind of stress to which the troops were put on that 4th of December, and in the case of Magnan and the Generals under him, the pangs of having to wait upon the brink of action for more than two-thirds of a day were sharpened by a sense of political danger; for they felt that if, after all, the scheme of the Elysée should fail, their meeting of the 27th might cause them to be brought to trial. Any one knowing what those twenty-one Generals had on their minds, and being also somewhat used to the French army, will almost be able to hear the grinding of the teeth and the rumbling of the curses which mark the armed Frenchman when he rages because he is anxious. Even without the utterance of any words the countenances of men thus disturbed would be swiftly read in a body of French troops, and though the soldiery and the inferior officers would not be able to make out very well what it was that was troubling the minds of the Generals, the sense of not knowing all would only make them the more susceptible of infection. On the other hand it is certain that the instructions given to the troops prescribed the ruthless slaughtering of all who resisted or obstructed them; and although it is of course true that these directions would not compel

or sanction the slaughter of peaceful crowds not at all obstructing the troops, still they would so act upon the minds of the soldiery that any passion which might chance to seize them would be likely to take a fierce shape.

Upon the whole, then, it would seem that the natural and well-grounded alarm which beset the President and some of his associates was turned to anxiety of the raging sort when it came upon the military commanders, and that from them it ran down, till at last it seized upon the troops with so maddening a power as to cause them to face round without word of command, and open fire upon a crowd of gazing men and women.

If this solution were accepted, it would destroy the theory which ascribes to Prince Louis Bonaparte the malign design of contriving a slaughter on the Boulevard as a means of striking terror and so crushing resistance, but it would still remain true that, although it was not specifically designed and ordered, the massacre was brought about by him, and by Morny, Maupas, and St. Arnaud, all acting with the concurrence and under the encouragement of Fleury and Persigny. By them the deeds of the 2d of December were contrived and done. By them, and in order to the support of those same deeds, the army was brought into the streets. By their industry the minds of the soldiery were whetted for the slaughter of the Parisians, and finally by their hesitation, or the hesitation of Magnan, their instrument, the army, when it was almost face to face with the barricades, was still kept standing and expectant, until its Generals, catching and transmitting in an altered form the terror which had come upon them from the Elysée, brought the troops into that state of truculent panic which was the immediate cause of the slaughter. It must also be remembered that the doubt which I have tried to solve extends only to the cause which brought about the massacre of the peaceful crowds on the Boulevard; for it remains unquestioned that the killing of the prisoners taken in the barricaded quarter was the result of design, and was enforced by stringent orders. Moreover the persons who had the blood upon their hands were the persons who got the booty. St. Arnaud is no more; but Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Morny, Fleury, Maupas, Magnan, and Persigny—all these are yet alive, and in their possession

the public treasures of France may still be abundantly found.

It is known that the most practised gamblers grow weary sometimes of their long efforts to pry into the future which chance is preparing for them, and that in the midst of their anxiety and doubt they are now and then glad to accept guidance from the blind, confident guess of some one who is younger and less jaded than themselves; and when a hot-headed lad insists that he can govern fortune, when he "calls the main," as though it were a word of command, and shakes the dice-box with a lusty arm, the pale, doubting elders will sometimes follow the lead of youth's high animal spirits, and if they do this and win, their hearts are warm to the lad whose fire and wilfulness compelled them to run the venture. Whether it be true, as is said, that in the hour of trial any of the brethren of the Elysée were urged forward by Colonel Fleury's threats, or whether, abstaining from actual violence, he was able to drive them on by the sheer ascendancy of a more ardent and resolute nature, it is certain that he well earned their gratitude, if by any means gentle or rough he forced them to keep their stake on the table. For they won. They won France. They used her hard. They took her freedom. They laid open her purse, and were rich with her wealth. They went and sat in the seats of Kings and Statesmen, and handled the mighty nation as they willed in the face of Europe. Those who hated freedom, and those also who bore ill-will towards the French people made merry with what they saw.

These are the things which Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte did. What he had sworn to do was set forth in the oath which he took on the 20th of December, 1848. On that day he stood before the National Assembly, and lifting his right arm towards heaven thus swore: "In the presence of God, and before the French people, represented by the National Assembly, I swear to remain faithful to the democratic Republic one and indivisible, and to fulfil all the duties which the Constitution imposes upon me." What he had pledged his honor to do was set forth in the promise, which of his own free will he addressed to the Assembly. Reading from a paper which he had prepared, he uttered these words: "The votes of the nation, and the oath which I have just taken, command my future

conduct. My duty is clear. I will fulfil it as a man of honor. I shall regard as enemies of the country all those who endeavor to change by illegal means that which all France has established."

In Europe at that time there were many men, and several millions of women who truly believed that the landmarks which divided good from evil were in charge of priests, and that what religion blessed must needs be right. Now on the thirtieth day computed from the night of the 2d of December, the rays of twelve thousand lamps pierced the thick wintry fog that clogged the morning air, and shed their difficult light through the nave of the historic pile which stands marking the lapse of ages and the strange checkered destiny of France. There waiting, there were the bishops, priests, and deacons of the Roman branch of the Church of Jesus Christ. These bishops, priests, and deacons stood thus expecting, because they claimed to be able to conduct the relations between man and his Creator, and the swearer of the oath of the 20th of December had deigned to apprise them that again, with their good leave, he was coming into "the presence of God." And he came. Where the kings of France had knelt, there was now the persistent manager of the company that had played at Strasbourg and Boulogne, and with him, it may well be believed, there were Morny rejoicing in his gains, and Magnan soaring high above sums of four thousand pounds, and Maupas no longer in danger, and St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy, and Fialin, more often called "Persigny," and Fleury, the propeller of all, more eager perhaps to go and be swift to spend his winnings, than to sit in a cathedral and think how the fire of his temperament had given him a strange power over the fate of a nation. When the Church perceived that the swearer of the oath and all his associates were ready, she began her service. Having robes whereon all down the back there was embroidered the figure of a cross, and being, it would seem, without fear, the bishops and priests went up to the high altar, and scattered rich incense, and knelt and rose, and knelt and rose again. Then in the hearing of thousands there pealed through the aisles that hymn of praise which purports to waft into heaven the thanksgivings of a whole people for some new and signal mercy vouchsafed to them by Almighty God. It was be-

cause of what had been done to France within the last thirty days that the Hosannas arose in Notre Dame. Moreover the priests lifted their voices and cried aloud, chanting and saying to the Most High, Domine salvum fac Ludovicum Napoleonem—O Lord! save Louis Napoleon.

What is good, and what is evil? and who is he that deserves the prayers of a nation? If any man being scrupulous and devout was moved by the events of December to ask these questions of his Church, he was answered that day in the Cathedral of our Lady of Paris.

In the next December the form of the state system was accommodated to the reality, and the President of the Republic became what men call a "French Emperor." The style that Prince Louis thought fit to take was this: "Napoleon the Third, by the Grace of God, and by the will of the people, Emperor of the French."

Of course when any one thinks of the events of December, 1851, the stress of his attention is apt to be brought to bear upon those who were actors, and upon those who, desiring to act, were only hindered from doing so by falling into the pits which the trappers had dug for them; but no one will fail to see that one of the main phenomena of the time was the wilful acquiescence of great numbers of men. It may seem strange that during a time of danger the sin of inaction should be found in a once free and always brave people. The cause of this was the hatred which men had of democracy. A sheer democracy it would seem, is so unfriendly to personal liberty, and therefore so vexing or alarming, not only to its avowed political enemies but to those also who in general are accustomed to stand aloof from public affairs, that it must needs close its frail existence as soon as there comes home a general renowned in arms, who chooses to make himself king. This was always laid down as a guiding principle by those who professed to be able to draw lessons from history, but even they used to think that, until some sort of hero could be found, democratic institutions might last. France showed mankind that the mere want of such a hero as will answer the purpose is a want which can be compensated by a little ingenuity. She taught the world that when a mighty nation is under a democracy, and is threatened with doctrines which challenge the ownership and

enjoyment of property, any knot of men who can get trusted with a momentary hold of the engine of State (and somebody must be so trusted), may take one of their number who never made a campaign except with counterfeit soldiers, and never fired a shot except when he fired by mistake, and may make him a dictator, a lawgiver, and an absolute monarch, with the acquiescence if not with the approval of a vast proportion of the people. Moreover France proved that the transition is not of necessity a slow one, and that, when the perils of a high centralization and a great standing army are added to the perils of a sheer democracy, then freedom, although it be hedged round and guarded by all the contrivances which clever, thoughtful, and honest republicans can devise, may be stolen and made away with in one dark winter night, as though it were a purse or a trinket.

Although France lost her freedom it would be an error to imagine that upon the ruins of the commonwealth there was founded a monarchy like that, for instance, which governs the people of Russia. In empires of that kind the Sovereign commands the services of all his subjects. In France, for the most part, the gentlemen of the country resolved to stand aloof from the Government, and not only declined to vouchsafe their society to the new occupant of the Tuileries, but even looked cold upon any stray person of their own station who suffered himself to be tempted thither by money. They were determined to abide their time, and in the mean while to do nothing

which would make it inconsistent for them, as soon as it suited their policy, to take an opportunity of laying cruel hands on the new Emperor and his associates. It was obvious that because of the instinct which makes creatures cling to life a monarch thus kept always standing on the very edge of a horrible fate, but still having for the time in his hands the engine of the State, would be driven by the very law of his being to make use of the forces of the nation as means of safety for himself and his comrades; and that to that one end, not only the operations of the Home Government, but even the foreign policy of the country would be steadily aimed. And so it happened. After the 2d December, in the year 1851, the foreign policy of France was used for a prop to prop the throne which Morny and his friends had built up.

Therefore, although I have dwelt awhile upon a singular passage in the domestic history of France, I have not digressed. The origin of the war with Russia could not be traced without showing what was the foreign policy of France at the time when the mischief was done; and since it happened that the foreign policy of France was new to the world, and was governed in all things by the personal exigencies of those who wielded it, no one could receive a true impression of its aim and purpose, without first gathering some idea of the events by which the destinies of Europe were connected with the hopes and fears of Prince Louis and Morny and Fleury, of Magan and Persigny and Maupas and Monsieur, Le Roy St. Arnaud.

A CURIOUS instance of the obstinate hatred of the Japanese towards Christianity occurred a short time ago at Nagasaki. The Dutch government had, at the request of the Japanese government, sent over a small steam machine, which had been made by the engineers, D. Christie and Son, who had, according to custom, cast the name of their firm on some conspicuous part of the machine. When the Japanese officials read this they sapiently concluded that the words had some reference to Christ the son of David, and that the machine was intended to make the Japanese Christians by steam-power! At first they positively refused to admit the obnoxious article; and even when the matter was explained, they did not seem at all at their ease respecting it. The same officials seized a copy of Longfellow's poems, on the plea that *Evangeline* had been written by one of the Evangelists, whose works it was not permitted to introduce into Japan! All

Bibles and religious books on board of vessels arriving at a Japanese port must be put in a case, called the Bible-case, which is carefully sealed up and preserved under lock and key by the officials, until the vessel is ready to leave; it is then returned to the captain. This absurd regulation is now, however, little more than a formality, as the Bible-case generally contains merely a few stones packed in sawdust.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE Dagmar Cross, to be worn henceforth by the Princess Alexandra, contains a piece of silk taken from the grave of King Canute. The ornament is in other respects of a most costly description, as the necklace contains two thousand brilliants and a hundred and eighteen pearls; and the cross attached to it is alleged to contain a fragment of the true cross.

CHAPTER III.

DURING the many days of his mother's illness, Kenneth never once thought of the work that was lying undone; the work which, if not done within this week, must cost him so dear!

At last, in the quiet evening, after a long day of hopeless suffering, they heard the words spoken that have so often thrilled with joy through sinking hearts, and brought back the brightness to households whose light seemed to be extinguished forever, "The worst is over; she will live." Then, as, hour after hour, Kenneth sat holding his mother's hand, scarcely daring to move lest he should waken her from the sleep that was bringing her back to life and health, he remembered, for the first time since that night when he had laid down his pen to tell her of his pleasant news, that his time of preparation was almost over. Only two days were left to him; if he were not ready then, his hopes of future success were all gone; he could not pass his examination; he could not receive license; and in addition to the loss of the only living that for years would in all probability be offered to him his ill-paid work of teaching must support his family for another year. Besides all this, he knew well that a stigma most difficult to get over always rested on the name of any student who, from any cause except severe illness, failed to come forward at his appointed time; that this stigma was always coupled with that name, whenever it was mentioned for preferment. In short, he felt that to lose the year, or to come forward with his preparations imperfectly and hurriedly got over, would be almost certain ruin to all his hopes; and yet he saw that from the long delay which had occurred, the anxiety which still weighed him down about his mother, the nervous and worn-out state in which he was, amounting to positive illness; with the utter confusion and absence of quietness at present in the house, his task was almost, if not entirely, beyond his power.

His anxiety, which had been so entirely put aside for the last five or six days, was, when the truth burst upon him, almost more than he could bear. He could not, even for those days, give up his teaching. He had been only too neglectful of his pupils lately. No; he must go to each one, and give each his full time. His hours for study then were

very few. Poor fellow! could it be wondered at that he even grudged the hours spent in watching his mother's long, long sleep? It was true, he had, as all students have, several sermons already written; but I have mentioned his morbid dissatisfaction with all his own work, and in his rather peculiar circumstances, his sermons, he felt, ought to be much better than those ordinarily delivered. He could not deliver any of these rude juvenile productions. It was quite impossible.

Then, sitting in the darkened room, he tried to think over his subject, but it was in vain. His thoughts immediately wandered to the pale, sleeping form beside him, and the very anxiety he was in distracted his attention. How long she slept! How rapidly the striking of one hour seemed followed by another! How few would soon be left to him! At last the nervous irritation became so great that almost unconsciously, he said aloud, "She would not have wished me to stay by her if she had known my difficulty."

His sister, Bessie, from the chair beside the fire, where she had thrown herself to try to get a little sleep to fit her for the next day's duty, roused by the words so distinctly heard in the still room, stood instantly by his side.

"Wished what, Kenneth?" she said, in a startled voice.

"I did not mean to disturb you, poor Bessie; but I cannot remain here longer. You know how important my work is just now for all of us, and how much time I have lost. Do you think you could take my place without wakening her?"

"I'll try, Kenneth," said the wearied girl, and gently she tried to unloose the clasp of her mother's hand, who at the touch started, moved uneasily, and whispered her boy's name, "Kenneth, Kenneth;" then the hand was gently folded over Bessie's, and the quiet sleep returned.

Poor Kenneth! he felt almost sorry, as he looked at Bessie's anxious face, pale as the one she was watching so tenderly, but it could not be helped; he was doing what he felt to be best for all of them. Then thinking how much more than ever his mother would need all the comforts he could give her, he sighed, and turning away, shut himself up in his room and began his task. But how hard he found it! His head throbbing, his pulse beating feverishly, and his whole

body trembling; he could not think. He felt as if his brain were wandering; he remembered that horrible feeling once before in the height of the delirium of a fever. No wonder, he had not slept or tried to sleep for more than forty-eight hours, and, never very strong, he was now really ill from long-continued want of rest and agitation of mind.

When the morning broke, his task was scarcely begun, and yet he must leave it. His round of teaching must begin. This was the morning of the day which finished by his being kept two hours later than usual at Mr. Huntly's house. He had snatched an hour or two at noon, and shutting himself up, he had written a part of his sermon. His hand trembled as he wrote, and very haggard and worn he looked when he came into his mother's room, before he set out for his evening's work.

It has been necessary to tell all this to account for Kenneth's exceeding desire to be home early on this special night. But he had been disappointed; for it will be remembered that when we parted from him it was long past eleven o'clock, and he had not yet reached his own home.

Knowing all these circumstances, it will not be wondered at that the sound of music and dancing which he heard as he entered the street was not congenial to his present state of mind; we may even forgive the impatience of his manner to his sister, who, at the first sound of his footsteps outside on the pavement, had started up, and holding the door open in her hand, eagerly asked him how he had been detained so very late.

Poor Bessie! she was a good, sweet-tempered girl, and her brother was very fond of her: but there were times when from a want of tact, she ruffled him sadly.

On an occasion like this Lena would have understood far better what would be pleasant to him. Anything she did for him would have been done quickly and silently; and seeing, as she would have done by a glance, that he wished for nothing so much as quiet, she would immediately have left the room.

But Bessie, on the contrary, overwhelmed him with questions which he could not answer; pressed him to take food which he felt would have choked him; and received all his somewhat impatient answers with imperturbable good temper; only following up each with some new question. To-night, poor

thing, she felt so happy at the thought of her mother's convalescence, that she was even more talkative than usual, and she seemed quite to have forgotten that Kenneth had anything to do except to talk to her.

"What has kept you so late, Kenneth?" she began. "You must be thoroughly worn out."

"I am, indeed, Bessie, and I haven't a moment's time for rest either. I must work this whole night."

"You can't do that; you must go to bed."

A smile passed over Kenneth's face—not a pleasant smile, as he impatiently repeated her words, "Must go to bed, Bessie; you don't know what you are saying. It is simply impossible for me to go to bed to-night."

"You would have been better not to have remained so late out."

"You talk, Bessie, as if I had stayed out from choice."

"Oh, I don't mean that you were doing any wrong by staying out."

The unpleasant smile passed again over Kenneth's lip, as he coldly replied, "I should rather think not."

"But you might have told them you were busy," persisted Bessie.

"Told who I was busy? It isn't my way to tell anybody much about myself."

"I could not help you, could I, Kenneth? I am not tired. If I could do anything."

Kenneth was touched by this, and by the sight of the gentle, anxious face of his sister.

"No, dear, you could do nothing. Poor Bessie, you are thoroughly worn out, I'm afraid. You are not required to sit up to-night, I hope?"

"No; at least only for an hour or two."

"Well, dear, good-night; we must hope for better times. I wish I could see you looking stronger." He hoped her next words would be "good-night," too.

"I cannot go, Kenneth, till you have had some food. I do not think you have tasted anything to-day."

"I couldn't, Bessie; don't bring it; it would be impossible."

She looked so vexed that he added, "Unless, dear, you could bring me a strong cup of tea; but it would be troublesome to get that just now, wouldn't it?"

"Not in the least; I'll get it instantly;" and she left the room to prepare the tea, thinking, poor thing, in her innocence, that

she was preparing some nourishment for her brother.

In a few minutes she returned with it; but still she would not leave him till she had seen him, much against his will, force some more solid food down his throat. Then she had a good many little preparations to make for his comfort—coals to heap on the fire, books and papers to arrange, etc., etc., all of which she went through with considerable noise and bustle.

At last, to his great relief, mingled with regret for feeling relieved, she came up and interrupted him in the middle of a somewhat elaborate sentence to say, "Good-night."

In two minutes more he had the satisfaction of hearing the door close behind her, and her footsteps retreating in the direction of her mother's room.

Then he was alone, and his work began in earnest. All that night he wrote. In the morning, there was scarcely strength in his fingers to grasp the pen; but the sermon lay finished on his desk before him, and Bessie found him, when she entered the room early in the morning, still sitting in the position in which she had left him; only now his head lay resting on his folded arms on the desk, and he had fallen asleep from utter exhaustion.

Without waking him, she began to employ herself in putting the room in order, gathering up the papers, and the numerous books that lay scattered about.

An accidental touch of her hand awoke him. He started up, and on first seeing her a look of alarm crossed his face. Then he called out impatiently, almost angrily, "What have you done with all my books? You have confused everything. O Bessie, can't you let things alone?"

Poor Bessie! she had wanted to make the room more comfortable for him, and a tear started to her eye, partly caused by the unkind tone of her brother, and partly by a shadowy, indistinct wonder, why all her efforts to make people comfortable often only resulted in making them angry.

Kenneth saw the tear, and it went to his heart. He had not meant to be unkind; but in his sudden annoyance at not seeing his books, which he particularly wished untouched this morning, he had spoken harshly.

"Bessie," he said, "forgive me, I am

afraid I often speak to you unkindly. God knows I don't mean it. But I scarcely know what I am doing just now; I feel so ill—so worn out. Oh, if I could only get one day of quietness!"

Bessie was far too good-tempered and unselfish to keep up any remembrance of the harsh words to herself. She forgot them all as she looked on the tired face of her brother. She only whispered, "Never mind, Kenneth, what you say to me. You have enough to think of and to harass you without that;" and as she turned sadly from him, and left him to prepare the family breakfast, her thought was not of herself but of him. "Only twenty-eight! poor Kenneth! what hard work he must have had! How very gray his hair has become lately!"

Bessie had too much charge—too much to do for other people just now to think of herself or her own feelings. It supplied her for the time with all the tact she needed.

Kenneth's trial sermon lay, as I have said, finished on the desk before him, and it needed only a little more time to complete his preparations; but as he went out, after a pretence of taking breakfast, and a hurried visit to his mother's room, to begin his day's work by keeping his appointment with Mr. Huntly's boys, he looked even more troubled and uneasy than he had been the day before.

His manner was nervous and agitated; his eye restless and sunken, and his whole appearance gave evidence of some deep anxiety weighing on his mind. Added to this there was an expression about the mouth that was not usually there—a hardness and an obstinacy very unlike his true character. When the little boys met him in the schoolroom they were almost frightened by his look, and exchanged looks of alarm as they thought of their unprepared lesson. They had just turned out of bed when the servant announced that Mr. Graeme had come.

They need not have been afraid. Whatever expression was in his face, Mr. Graeme was very patient, very gentle with them during the hour that followed. "Not the least cross whatever we said," as the boys confidentially agreed afterwards. It was a sore trial of temper—that hour—to both teacher and scholars; but Kenneth's skill and patience conquered at last, and the lesson was satisfactorily finished.

Fred and George were saved a severe beat-

ing by their tutor's kindness; and they were taught another lesson this morning besides the Latin verb—a precious heart-lesson, which, let us trust, they did not soon forget. Verily, Kenneth Graeme, you will have your reward.

How slowly the hours passed this day! How irksome to Kenneth was his daily round of duty! How he longed for a little rest from the ceaseless labor! Very pale and wearied he looked as he hurried along the brightly lighted streets at the close of his busy day; yet there was a lightness in his step now that carried him quickly on.

Occasionally a gleam of happiness stole over his troubled face; but it was only for a moment; the restless, anxious look kept always returning, and became more and more fixed there as he drew near the end of his walk.

His way lay through some of the worst streets of the city, and Kenneth was too anxious to escape from the horrid sights and sounds that met him on every side, not to walk as rapidly as possible.

But there was something else than this that quickened his steps now, and made him grudge every moment he spent on the way. Where was he going? To his own home? No; to a home even smaller and poorer than that—the home of her whom he loved beyond all the world—her whom he thought of, watched over, and prayed for, as his future wife.

How short a time had he been able to snatch from all his duties to spend with her! How quickly it always passed! yet what rest and hope and strength her presence gave him! She would be waiting for him now,—thinking of him,—longing for his coming. No wonder that he hurried on. And yet look at his face again; he is not happy? Even the thought of her cannot banish that expression of pain.

Once only on his way he stopped. Passing by an old book-stall, where he had spent many a stray five minutes in the too often vain search for some necessary addition to his scanty library, he remembered that he owed some trifling sum of money to the old man to whom the stall belonged, and unwilling to allow even so small a debt to stand, he went up to him, saying, “Here, Jacob, I think I owe you five shillings; there it is.”

“Was’t five shillings, are ye sure, maister?”

I thoct it had been threepence mair nor that?”

“Perhaps it was,” said Kenneth, anxious to get on; “there’s threepence more. It is right now, isn’t it?”

“I dinna ken for certain; it’s no right gin it wis just the five shillings, and I’m no sure but what it was just the five shillings nate.”

“Well, never mind, take the threepence, I have no time to wait.”

“Na, na, maister,” said the cautious old Scotchman; “I’ll no tak but what’s my ain; but gin ye’ll wait a minute, I’m thinkin’ I suld hae a bit note o’t.” And, so saying, the old man got down slowly from his seat, and deliberately putting on a pair of spectacles, disappeared in search of the important document.

This was more than Kenneth’s patience could stand, and he was turning away hastily from the stall, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of a young, fair-haired boy, in very shabby clothes, who was standing eagerly turning over the leaves of a well-worn Greek Testament. Apparently the book satisfied him, for he laid it down with a bright smile, and putting his hand into his pocket drew out a few coppers which he counted anxiously, and then held in his hand till the old man returned.

“I’ve got sixpence, will that do?” he called out as soon as he appeared.

“For yon book in the furrin tongue? Na, yon’s no gaun for less nor a shillin.”

Poor boy, his countenance fell as he heard the hopeless price that was expected. How long it had taken him to save even the small sum he possessed! Perhaps he had had dealings at the same stall before, and knew the uselessness of any attempt to bring down the sum named; at any rate, he did not try; he did not speak at all, but as he laid down the book, and turned away, Kenneth noticed him quickly brush away a tear with his threadbare jacket-sleeve.

“I *should* feel for you, poor fellow,” thought Kenneth. “I wonder what he wanted with that Testament. I’m poor enough myself, God knows, and miserable enough; but if sixpence will make that poor child rich and happy, he shall have it:” and he laid his hand kindly on the boy’s shoulder, as he passed him, saying, “Here, my boy, did you want that book? take it, if you like, and pay for it with that.” Then

hastily he threw the sixpence on the counter and hurried off, vexed even at the momentary delay.

Kenneth Graeme, you have brightened another young heart to-day, and that when your own heart was very heavy—when your own thoughts and your own pressing cares for yourself and those dearest to you, were almost more than you could bear. In your time of trial, when you “would do good” but “evil is present” with you—when in the struggle to do right your spirit faints and is ready to sink, then may some guiding hand be sent to help you, even as you have lent a helping hand this day.

Kenneth Graeme and Joanna Douglas had been engaged for three years. Since the hour when Kenneth first told her his love in the simple words, “Will you wait for me, Joanna, my love, my friend?” how faithfully and lovingly true these two had been to each other!

Through all the troubles and anxieties of their lives, this love had flowed on clear and bright, like a silvery moonlighted stream through a landscape of shadowy hills; separate from all else, yet interwoven with the very being of each—hidden, it might be, at times, by the dark shadows surrounding it, but never lost—always flowing on, pure, deep, and quiet, and suddenly and surely gleaming out again—gladdening and making the whole inner life beautiful with its soft, trembling light.

Eagerly, and often hopefully, they looked together into the future, trying to picture to themselves a time when, all difficulties cleared away, they should reach the end for which each was striving, each was working, each was living; for hard as Kenneth’s work and life had been, and still was, it was equalled, if not surpassed, by Joanna’s. It would have been far indeed beyond her strength, had it not been the supporting power of her deep, passionate love for him—more self-sacrificing than his, because of her woman’s nature—more undivided, because she had neither father, mother, nor sister to share it with him.

“What a foolish engagement! it can never come to anything,” so the world would have said, had it known of this one, or thought it worth a remark; but the world knew nothing of it—nobody knew anything of it, except Kenneth’s mother and sisters.

Joanna had been the only child of a poor professional man. At the age of seventeen she was an orphan, with no means of living, except by work, and no relation whose assistance she felt a right to claim.

Since then, she had lived alone, and worked constantly, patiently, and conscientiously, without envy of others, without repining at her own lot—a pure, honorable, independent, but at times a sad enough life for any woman. It had once been so to Joanna. Now the sadness was gone; she had something to live for.

On this evening she was sitting alone in her little parlor. She had returned, as her custom was, from the school where she was employed all day, to a small lodging where she lived, in a quiet, suburban street, away from any of the fashionable thoroughfares of the city.

She preferred the short time this gave her of uninterrupted solitude and freedom, to the more comfortable but also more dependent plan of living with her employer. These evening hours were very precious to her, brightened as they often were by thoughts of *him*, sometimes even by his presence and companionship.

A very small and shabbily furnished room it was when first she took possession of it; but she had occupied it now for several years, and it was beginning already—from her taste in arranging the few unexpensive ornaments she possessed, the little bookcase, Kenneth’s gift, at a time when actual poverty had not pressed on him so hardly—her old and well-used piano—and the white muslin curtains giving an air of lightness and freshness to the whole—to wear something of the pleasant home look, in which lies all the charm of a room, and of which none, however plain, need be destitute, if a lady is the occupant.

Let us for a moment look at Joanna as she sits there. She is evidently too intently occupied just now to observe us. From her appearance her age must be about twenty-four. A slender girl of middle height, with a slight stoop—that stoop which gives an effect of languor, not of heaviness. It is scarcely observed just now, for she is bending over a well-worn, old-fashioned desk, busily engaged in writing; but in a few minutes, at the sound of a step outside, she will rise from her seat, and then it will be well seen, telling too plainly of days and nights

of far harder work than the poor girl has strength for. Still there is a certain grace about the figure in spite of this defect, and in spite of the very moderate display of all such fashionable disguises as rank under the comprehensive name of crinoline. On most people the old and well-worn black silk dress she wore, with its plain, untrimmed skirt hanging in soft loose folds about her, and the little frill of lace round her throat, fastened with a small mosaic brooch (her only ornament), would have been pronounced decidedly shabby and unbecoming. On her, by some magic influence, I know not what, unless it was the complete harmony of every feature, every expression, and every movement, this dress seemed more becoming, more in character with the style and position of the wearer than any she could have chosen. Her head was small and well formed, and the soft fair hair sloped gracefully back from her forehead, and was twisted up and fastened behind without any ornament.

The face, like Kenneth's, would at first sight have been called rather plain, for it was colorless and thin; and the features, though far from coarse, certainly irregular—some decidedly bad. Yet it was a sweet face, with its large, dreamy eyes, its thoughtful, ever-changing expression—a face, if once seen, not easily forgotten—very easily loved. Wanting as it was in all beauty of form or color, I have seen it look strikingly beautiful. It was not difficult to perceive, from the quiet strength of will that was written in every line of it, what was the attraction that drew Kenneth Graeme, with all his more brilliant talent, so closely to this young girl. She has always rather an anxious expression, but at this moment she looks even more than usually careworn. Kenneth's difficulties and troubles are lying heavily on her mind. She is exhausted, too, by her work. Since she came in at seven o'clock she has had no rest. Her evening hours are too precious to lose; she is too eager about what she is at present occupied with to let them pass unemployed. It is nearly nine o'clock now, and for the last two hours she has been writing on rapidly, without stoppage or interruption. She has been engaged for months at this tale. It is now nearly finished; but it is almost her first attempt—she is as yet unknown as a writer—it is the production of the few hours only that she could spare

from her regular hard day's work—she feels painfully how ignorant she is of much that would have made her task more easy—and, as it draws to a close, the high hopes with which she began it are fast dying away. She feels that there is scarcely a chance of its success.

And yet at times the thought would come—Perhaps she might succeed;—some one might like the tale; she had put out all her strength, and much wearing thought on its creation; every feeling it expressed she knew was real. If she did, what a reward for all the labor would be the joy of telling him!

Wearily the little white hand moved over the paper. Her cheek had become pale and thin, and the soft, dreamy eyes sunken and dim with the excitement of the long-continued mental strain; but still she wrote on, unconscious of all the toil,—unconscious of everything, except the absorbing interest that carries her on in her work, and an occasional thrill of wondering joy and gratitude that even the slightest touch of such a power had been given to her. Very, very slight indeed she felt it to be, as compared with the gifts of others.

How valueless in itself, yet how precious to her, was that pile of manuscript! What would Kenneth think of it? By means of the little talent, was it not possible that she might make something that would help him—that would bring the time nearer, when, the lonely working over, they might begin at last to work together?

As she looked at it, a flush of innocent triumph brightened for a moment the anxious face, her pen was laid down, and resting her head on her hand, she gave herself up for a minute to the thought of that time and the quiet, happy life that would lie before them.

Then she began to wonder whether he would come that night. He had half promised, but this was his last night for preparation, and she feared he could not have time. She knew how sorely pressed and agitated he had been during the past week, and how much more than ordinarily anxious he was about the next day. He had looked ill the last time she saw him. Then as he did not come, as it became too late to expect him, she grew uneasy about him. She remembered that he had promised to come and read his sermon to her, and he had not appeared. Could it be that he was not ready—that he was still

struggling on at his work—surrounded by confusion and noise in the house, and that inward vexing confusion of mind that made thought an impossibility?

So Joanna was sitting in her room, her head shaded by the position of the lamp, bent down, listening for some signal of his coming, when Kenneth Graeme reached the end of his walk, and, with a rapid glance up at the little window that he knew was hers, passed from the street into the long dark close.

In a minute more she has heard the step on the outside, and the anxious expression is gone. She never mistakes that quick, nervous tread; and as she started up to meet him, a gleam of joy lighted up the quiet, colorless face. She looked almost beautiful then, standing waiting for him, with that soft light in her eyes. Kenneth thought so at least, as, when they met, he bent for a moment over the slight drooping figure, and, as he felt his love and his relation to the lonely girl gave him right, once gravely and tenderly kissed her.

She glanced up anxiously at his troubled face, saying eagerly, "Kenneth, have you finished it? Is everything ready?"

"Yes, I am quite ready, love. But I was up very late last night," he added, quickly. "Don't wonder that I look a little worn out; it's only my last week's anxiety."

He wished to get this said at once; he could not bear that Joanna should question him about the trouble he feared was in his face.

She saw at once that he wished no remark to be made upon it, and, trying to look cheerful, said, "Have you brought it? You said you would."

"Yes. I thought, perhaps, Joanna, you would like to hear it."

"I should, very much. Is that it. Give it me for a moment in my hand."

He slightly hesitated, then gave it to her. She took it from him, holding it lovingly and proudly. How secure she felt that she should admire it. How she longed to hear him read it!

He watched her for a minute, smiling somewhat sadly at her trusting, innocent admiration; then he held out his hand to take it from her; but not observing the movement, she continued turning over the leaves of the little manuscript.

"Surely, Kenneth," she said, suddenly,

"you must have been dreadfully worn out when you wrote it. How your hand has shaken. Even I could scarcely read it. I cannot bear it, dearest. You are hurting yourself with this extreme anxiety. It is not necessary. How I wish it was over!"

Kenneth's face flushed deeply as he said, in an impatient tone, "Not more than I do, Joanna; but give me the sermon if you want to hear it read. I do not see really that the writing is more indistinct than usual."

Joanna looked up, surprised at the tone of his voice; and, without speaking, at once handed the manuscript to him. He had never spoken to her in that tone, but she put aside the momentary vexation it had caused her, by the thought of how much he had to irritate and annoy him. It was no wonder that he spoke impatiently; and quietly pushing aside her desk, she drew the lamp close to Kenneth's side, and taking a little piece of work in her hand, she seated herself opposite to him and listened.

It was truly a striking sermon—high and pure in conception, and beautiful in language. Very soon the neglected work fell from Joanna's hand, as, bending eagerly forward, she gazed with an earnest, loving, wondering delight into the face of the reader.

And how well Kenneth read it. How deeply he seemed himself to feel; how clearly and fully to impart the meaning and importance of what he said. How brightly the fire of intellect flashed from his eyes. Joanna had never seen him look like this before. How the dark, rough face lighted up with expression, showing the deep feelings that were being stirred in him. Rapidly its changes came and went, now flushing to crimson and next moment fading to a deadly paleness, till, as the reading drew near the close, she was almost frightened by the intense depth of feeling it revealed.

CHAPTER IV.

At last the end came—the concluding sentence was read; with a hand trembling from excitement, Kenneth folded his manuscript, and, throwing himself back exhausted on his chair, silently, almost breathlessly, waited for Joanna to speak.

The contrast was strong between these two at that moment. She, with her quiet fair face flushed with happiness and pride, look-

ing up reverentially and lovingly into his. How very pale and weary it was!

For a minute or two after he had finished she sat still, leaning forward on the table, her hands folded loosely together, speechless with delighted surprise, entranced with the powerful eloquence of his words; then, as if speaking half to herself, she said in a low, tremulous voice, "It's very fine—very beautiful."

"You like it then, do you, Annie?" he said, wearily.

"Kenneth, you need not ask me that. There's only one thing I do not like about it. What work it must have cost you! It is far too good. No wonder that you are feeling ill. Writing a few more such sermons under the difficulties you had last week would kill you."

"You are right in that, Joanna," he answered, bitterly. "It has cost me hard work."

Without noticing the change in his tone, she went on, cheerfully, "It won't be necessary though to preach such sermons always; something simpler and plainer would even be better understood by the country people. But, oh, I am so glad that one will be fully understood and appreciated, I can scarcely grudge your labor."

His look of trouble and annoyance increased as he said, coldly, "I see you are determined to believe that I am unable to write another sermon as good. I did not expect you would have shown so much surprise at this one being passably well written."

Joanna started. "Kenneth," she said, gently, "you don't mean that?"

Poor girl, she was very much hurt by the unkind words. This was the second time to-night she had unconsciously vexed him. For him to speak harshly to her! She could not understand it; it was so unlike Kenneth.

As she glanced up again timidly to the face that till now had never looked on her but with tenderness and love, that in every sorrow had always brightened at her presence, she was struck at once by the extreme suffering written in every feature. It was not, she felt sure, either overwork or anxiety which had so altered its expression, so deeply lined the forehead, and given such a sunken yet restless look to the eyes. No, it could not be. She was convinced that some positive heavy trouble lay on his mind at this

very moment; something he was concealing from her. She could be deceived no longer; the truth was forced on her mind more strongly the longer she looked at him. Suddenly starting up, forgetful of his harsh words to herself, remembering nothing but that *he* was suffering, desiring nothing but to help him, to lift at least a part of its weight from him to herself, she said, earnestly, "Kenneth, what is it you are concealing from me? There is something. Tell me, dearest; surely, I have a right to know. Oh, let there be no secret between us two."

Kenneth's brow darkened; but his voice was still cold and constrained, as he answered, "I do not understand you, Joanna. Why do you suppose I have anything to conceal from you? You seem bent to-night on saying things to irritate me. Everybody has little trifling annoyances that one never thinks of mentioning. If there were anything you could help me with, or that would do you any good to know, I would tell you at once; but there is nothing."

Poor Joanna! what was it that, while he spoke, made the slight color fade from her cheek, and filled her eyes with such bitter tears? What was the dim shadow that she saw slowly rising up between them, separating them from each other's love, holding them back from their old heart companionship? What was the thought that was gathering like a cloud, hiding from her the sunshine of all her life! Was it that he was now so immeasurably above her, that he could not even stoop to teach her? Was the difference between them so great, that for her even to understand him was impossible? She knew how far he was her superior in intellect; but could his love for her indeed be growing cold—was it changing to mere protecting friendship and pity for her loneliness?

Poor lonely girl! There is a shadow coming between you, but this is not its form.

As Kenneth finished speaking he rose to go away, "I had no idea how late it was. Good-night, Joanna"

Impatiently pushing the lamp aside, its light happened for a moment to fall full on Joanna's face; and as he caught its sorrowful expression, noticed how dark the circles under her eyes had become, and thought of how lonely, how separated she was from all love but his, and how little he had showed her of it just now, his voice changed, and,

holding her hand tenderly in his, he said, "Annie, dearest, try not to think of what I have said to-night. Surely, I cannot be quite myself, when I vex you; but I am sorely troubled, Joanna. You are right that between us there should be no secrets; there will, I trust, be no other, but this must remain with me."

"Could I do nothing to help you? O Kenneth, I think if I knew it, I could do something to make the trouble lighter, if trouble it be."

His answer came very tenderly, but still very firmly, "Joanna, no one could help me."

He took her hand again before he left her. As she looked up before they parted, their eyes met, and his fell before the earnest, truthful gaze of the woman he loved.

For a moment he hesitated. Must it be henceforward always so? Will he never again be able to meet without shrinking that pure, innocent face—to look fearlessly into the depths of those candid eyes?

Yes; so it must be now, for he has gone too far and risked too much to turn back.

But is there no possible way? Might he not tell her his secret, and still not turn back? He could—or in his present wild dream he thought he could—act a lie before all the world; he had made up his mind to that; but to her?

There is no safeguard for a man so strong as the love of a pure and true woman. Kenneth Graeme found it so this day; prepared to deceive all others, his whole nature recoiled from the thought of deceiving this young, simple girl.

Her hand was still clasped in his. He made her promise that his secret should be between them two forever; then he told her.

It is over—the words are spoken—the confession made, and again Kenneth and Joanna stand facing one another.

He has told her of his temptation that night; of his struggle to resist it, of his utter failure; of the determination then formed to carry out his sinful plan—to rest his worldly success on a lie; to claim the honor and reputation which he had not toiled for—had not fairly gained, and to purchase worldly goods and worldly position by the sacrifice of honor, conscience, and all inward purity and truth. The sermon he had read, and which Joanna had listened to with such delight, was in all its thought and labor the work of another.

Nothing but the words in which he gave it was his own. Could there be a meaner robbery, or a darker deceit than this?

All this story Joanna heard from the lips of the man whom already she had promised to love, obey, and honor, and whom, till now, she had most fully honored—almost worshipped in her love; and bravely she bore it. Though it fell like a heavy weight, crushing and bruising her, he needed not to fear that she would shrink from him. No; far, far above the sorrow, and the shame, and the bitter disappointment, rose the strong, all-enduring woman's love. That was still unchanged. He had erred, most grievously erred, but it was over. To her he was the same, even nobler than before, for he had wandered to the very mouth of the dark cavern of sin; but there he had stopped. From entering in and following its deceitful windings he had recoiled. Else, surely, he would not have told her.

So to Kenneth there was no change in her voice or manner when she first looked up and spoke. Only she was very pale, and her hand shook nervously. Perhaps there was a slight degree more of firmness than usual in the tone in which she said the simple words,—“Kenneth, it must be destroyed at once.”

Kenneth let go her hand quickly. “Joanna, what do you mean? What must be destroyed?”

Her voice trembled now. “Kenneth, don't let me have to ask you to do this. O Kenneth, of yourself, of your own will, do it now.”

He was first startled, then touched by her beseeching earnestness, but only for a moment.

“Joanna, I will not destroy it—no, not even for you. You do not know what you are asking. Besides, it would make no difference. I know the sermon by heart. I can make use of it without any manuscript, and I will.” And as he said the words, his face was very hard and stern.

Bravely had Joanna borne all that had gone before—all her disappointed hopes—the thought of Kenneth's failure—of another year at least of weary waiting—of the small chance he now had of success in his profession, and, worse than all, of the weakness that had led him on so far in sin;—but for these last words she was not prepared. They sank like a cold, dead weight on her heart, foretelling

a struggle and a sorrow of which she had not dreamed. But once again she tried. Whatever might be his anger, she felt that she could not give up yet.

"Not for my sake, but for the sake of right! O Kenneth, you will do it?"

"It is impossible; the consequences would be utter ruin. Besides," he added, in a gentler tone, "you are looking on it too seriously, Annie, love; it is a common thing. I have only borrowed a few ideas, being myself pressed for time. I know I could do good were I in this position,—good far beyond any little ill which, were it not for being over-scrupulous, we would not have thought of at all. Now, Annie, don't fret about it any more."

How unlike this was to the words she had been used to hear from him!

"I cannot understand you, Kenneth. It is not a light thing. Sin is sin, and deception is deception. However you disguise it, to preach that sermon will be preaching, acting a lie."

"A lie!" he repeated, angrily.

"Yes. And the man I love—my Kenneth, could not, will not do that. Oh, it would be horrible! I entreat you—give me the sermon, and promise not to use it."

His face had darkened as she spoke. Impatiently he turned back and moved to the door. "Joanna, I wish this matter not spoken of again: You will agree with me, when you have thought of it longer, that I am right in adhering to my plan."

His hand was on the lock; her last chance of saving him was gone. Before he entered that room again, the act would be beyond recall. Has she strength for what was to come now? It would be easier, oh, much easier, to give up life itself, than what she gave up by her next words.

"Then, Kenneth, you are not my Kenneth; and we cannot see each other any more."

Kenneth heard the words, but, in his anger and his feverish confusion of mind, their full import was not understood. He was startled by them for a moment, but it was rather the tone than the words themselves that arrested him, that made him turn at once and go back to his place by her side. It was not till he had caught hold of her hand again—how cold it was, the little hand he had so often pressed lovingly in his,—not till he had looked at the quiet face, as full of love as of despair,

that the whole truth broke on his mind. Then he seemed to hear the words echoed again and again in his ear, "We cannot see each other any more,"—these words, and nothing beside.

He could have borne Joanna's anger, her upbraiding, even her scorn of his meanness; but this, to be parted from her forever, this he could not bear. His hand was on the manuscript; he took a step toward the fire; his love was about to conquer after all; but, alas! the demon whisper came again. She cannot be in earnest. It is ruin for yourself and for all that are dear to you if you fail to-morrow. She cannot love you as you love her, if her love does not stand this trial.

"Joanna, let there be no trifling between us. Once for all, did you mean those words you said just now? You wish me to leave you. Will your love not stand this slight sacrifice of feeling?"

Sadly and wearily she looked up at his face.

"Kenneth, I cannot change my mind. You may not consider that a sin. I do. If you will not give it up, we must part—nay, we are parted—forever."

The answer roused all the anger of his nature. He only heard the words. He did not see the passionate love that was breaking her heart as she said them. He exclaimed, bitterly, "Then, Joanna, you cannot love me as I have loved you. It was for your sake I did it. You are not worthy of my love. We had better part indeed." And, roughly letting her hand drop, he hurried from the little room down the long stone stair, through the dark passage, and out into the cold, black, stormy night.

Joanna was alone. She heard the door close; she heard the last faint echo of his retreating footsteps, and then she knew that the love, the hope, the joy of all her life was gone from her, gone never to return.

How cold, how dark, how dreary the little room felt! She looked dreamily round it. There was the chair where he had sat when he had read it. What? Surely, he read something when he sat there. Yes, she remembers it now; and as she remembers, a quiver passes through her frame.

There, in that corner, is the little worn desk, with the written pages of her work beside it. She need work at it no longer. Of what use is it now? There is nobody to care

for it or for her. It was done all for him, and he is gone.° She will lock it away with that heap of treasured letters. Some day, when years have passed, she will look at it. Perhaps it will remind her that she once was happy.

Hush! What a storm outside! The wind is driving and beating against the window. How it rattles over the roofs of the houses, and sends stones and chimneys and railings crashing on the pavement!

It is quieter now; but still the rain falls heavily and pitilessly. She cannot help listening to it.

"Are there many out this wild night? Where is he? O God, protect him; bring him safe through this and every storm.

"Oh, was it necessary to do this; by my own deed to thrust from me my one love, my only friend, and he so loving, so true, so good; in all but this, very good—so far above me."

Were he here again, would she be able to repeat the words? Not by her own strength, for it is all gone. Nothing remains now but the love and the misery. Perhaps if you came back now, Kenneth, you would conquer. Bodily pain and weariness have mastered the strong will that would have hidden her grief; and now, with her head sunk on the table before her, the poor lonely girl is weeping bitter, hopeless tears; weeping, as if she would "weep her whole heart away."

So all through the night Joanna sat, motionless, except for a shiver that passed over her at times, and a start of nervous pain, as the striking of each hour fell sharply on her ear. Every stroke she counted; longing for the morning to come; something to break the horrid stillness; work—anything, would be better than this dull, lonely, heavy misery.

Seven o'clock struck sharply; at eight she must be in her place in her employer's school-room. No allowance was made there for grief and sleepless nights.

Slowly and wearily she rose. As she looked at her face, she was startled by the change that night had made. How wan and aged it had become!

Her hands trembled, as mechanically she fastened the little mosaic brooch in the place where she had so long worn it; it was Ken-

neth's first gift three years ago. She cannot part with it yet. Just this one day she will wear it; then she must put it away where she can never see it again. She tied on the white straw bonnet with its scanty black trimming, and wrapping the old checked plaid round her, she went down to begin her daily work; the work that must now continue forever.

She had walked nearly the whole length of the street, when she became aware that some one was coming at a distance behind her. Another footstep besides her own echoed along the pavement. She listened, for the sound seemed to dissipate the oppressive loneliness that surrounded her.

Whoever it is he is walking rapidly—will pass her soon—he—for it is the quick, regular step of a man. All this she notices unconsciously, as one lying in a fever takes note of passing sights and sounds.

But suddenly she stops. Why? What is it that makes her heart beat so wildly; that almost takes away her breath as she listens? The sound has come very near her now. Surely, she knows that step. Ay, she has listened and waited, and longed for its approach too often, to mistake it now. It is Kenneth Graeme's step she hears, his strong arm that in another moment is tenderly supporting her, and there is but one voice that could utter the whispered words that now fall on her ear, "Joanna, I have burnt the sermon. O Annie, my love, my darling, can you give me back your love?"

In the gleam that passed over her worn face, he read the answer, "Kenneth, it has never been taken from you; no, not for a moment."

* * * *

Kenneth's entrance into the ministry was hardly won, and long delayed, but it came at last. What better preparation for it could he have had than that one night's struggle with temptation—a struggle that made him very tender afterwards with many an erring human soul.

At last, Kenneth Graeme and Joanna Douglas began their work together; they are working still. They have worked long and well. Now they wait together for the time of rest.

[This comprehensive article from *The Spectator* increases in interest to the close. We shall give the whole in three portions. Next No. will contain the two Charleses, and the last the Georges.]

THE PRINCES OF WALES, IN THEIR PERSONAL AND POLITICAL RELATIONS TO THE CROWN AND THE NATION.

THE line of demarcation between the heirs apparent of the crown before and from the time of Edward of Caernarvon, implied by the limitation of our subject-matter to the political position and influence of those who bore the title of Prince of Wales, is not so artificial and arbitrary as might be at first supposed. The reign of Edward I. may be said to be the epoch from which our present Constitutional Government dates its existence. The elements, indeed, existed long before, and both the spirit of individual freedom and the instinct and habit of orderly government had worked out important results in the general character of the administration. Feudalism had laid the foundations of a powerful aristocracy, in the combined idea of landlordism and personal and pecuniary aid to the suzerain on certain fixed conditions. Popular liberty had been developed through new civic charters and old county organizations into a formidable ally, either of the crown or of the greater barons. The king had found his interest in interposing the strong arm of his judges between territorial oppression and its victims; the barons had found their interest in a combined action with the citizen class against the arbitrary "tallages" of the crown. The result had been a greatly improved administration of justice, and such specifications of the boundaries of the executive power and of personal and class franchises as could be conveyed by parchment, charters, and confirmations of charters. But during all this time the several powers of the State had acted either separately or as independent allies. There had been no combined and authoritative national action of a permanent or systematic character. This only began to exist when the general council of the greater barons by tenure was superseded by the limited and more definite assembly of barons by writ of summons, and when representatives of the gentry and freeholders of the counties and of the citizens of the boroughs met "in Parliament," in assemblies, or an assembly, co-ordinate with the preceding, in the name of the

middle classes. Here began the parliamentary and constitutional life of England, and for this event no earlier date can be assigned with any probability than the reign of Edward I. It is, then, from that era only that a settled political position can be assigned to the heir apparent, and that his responsibilities can be properly estimated. And, therefore, it is that any remarks on these points begin naturally as well as accidentally with the name of the son of Edward, and the first titular "Prince of Wales."

It seems to be true, also, that the political significance of an heir apparent to the throne during the life of the reigning king, is very much bound up with the system of free and parliamentary government. Under a limited monarchy, such as the English, the sovereign necessarily loses much as respects liberty of personal action as well as irresponsibility; but an English Prince of Wales gains in those very respects, and from the same causes. By being a subject himself he acquires many of the privileges of the citizens of a free State, while drawing around him the sympathies and deference inseparable from his high expectations. In countries where the sovereign is despotic the case must be different, unless the king is personally incapable, in which event the power of the prince may swell into that of a virtual regent, and no longer fall within the scope of our present. But in a regular government, in which the king is efficient as well as absolute, the prince must almost necessarily be a political nullity, or a mere dependent organ of the government. If he attempts to be an independent head, he is either crushed by the royal power, or subverts the throne. There is no place for any free action, except that which is *revolutionary*, under such a system, and he shares in the disabilities of his future subjects with far less of their personal freedom. In the East a state-prison has been the vestibule to the throne through which many an heir apparent has had slowly to pass. Elsewhere his opinions must be whispered in corners, or buried in his own breast. But, under the protection of the free government of England, the Prince of Wales enjoys a liberty and independence of action which perhaps has proved a dangerous school for some of our sovereigns, and has contributed not a little to spoil them for the more jealously guarded and delicate functions

of an English king. The Princes of Wales, indeed, have been always, more or less, the spoilt children of the nation, or at any rate, of some powerful section of the nation. Much has been forgiven to youth—and to youth in such an elevated rank. Small amiabilities have been exaggerated into solid virtues, and gross vices palliated and softened away into unimportant indiscretions. The gates of society and the avenues of political parties lie temptingly open to such a prince. He may enter them in almost any character that he chooses. He may range through every grade of society in the choice of his personal associates; he may share the counsels of any political clique, however extreme or factious. Popular odium, which is quick enough in pursuing the aberrations of the crown, has been slow and capricious in associating itself with those of the heir apparent. Particular circumstances, or the contrast suggested by the conduct of the sovereign, may sometimes precipitate and sharpen the popular judgment; but a Prince of Wales has nearly always a *locus penitentiae*, in the popular mind, in his future reign; and hope tells many a flattering tale before she is finally put to silence as a discredited prophet in his favor. In short, the tutelage of the heir apparent *begins* in this country where it *ends* in others—with his accession to the throne.

It may be partly from this cause, as well as from the effect of circumstances special to each case, that in casting our eyes down the list of the sixteen Princes of Wales who have preceded Prince Albert Edward, we hardly find a name on which we can dwell with any feeling of satisfaction. Three or four of them, indeed, are scarcely, or nothing, more than names—boy-princes, with whom violence or disease anticipated the first fruits of individual character; upon two or three others the name or responsibilities of sovereign descended so rapidly that their peculiar position as Prince of Wales was absorbed in the crown before it had been sensibly appreciated. In the case of six only is their distinct political action of marked importance in its bearing on the history of the country. And out of these six, who may be said to represent *three* types of conduct, of *two* alone can we speak at all favorably, and those two are, as Sir G. C. Lewis might suggest, the most remote in point of time, and, therefore,

the most likely to benefit by the illusion of romance at the expense of the sterner verdict of ascertained facts. We may fairly hope that future historians may be able to point to the last name on our list as a notable exception to the general rule, during a period when every fact will be accurately tested, and every motive curiously scrutinized.

We have spoken of the dangers and temptations which beset the career of a Prince of Wales, but it would be taking a one-sided view of the subject to disguise the counterbalancing opportunities for good which lie open to him. The prerogatives inseparable from his position may be liable to great abuse, but they are also pregnant with important and most beneficial consequences if rightly used. To ensure such results it is not necessary to require any superhuman or exceptional standard of morality or wisdom. A little common sense—a little discretion—a little self-restraint, and a little self-respect, will prove amply sufficient for all the practical purposes of the case; and it says little for the character of preceding Princes of Wales that we should find even this modicum of philosophy almost universally wanting. A Prince of Wales is able to do much from which the crown is shut out by the rigid restrictions of a limited monarchy. He can see for himself, where the sovereign can only depend on the eyes of others, and can act directly, and with a direct personal effect, where the sovereign must submit to have his feelings slowly strained through the sieve of ministerial responsibility and official red-tapeism. He is the natural leader of the youth of England, and his influence may be almost unlimited over the feelings and habits of the rising generation, while through them he affects most powerfully the whole social fabric of the country. Besides this sphere of authority and influence attached to his age, he is the natural complement to the action of the crown in those miscellaneous and undefined departments of social progress in which the dignity and responsibilities of the king forbid him from interfering, except in the most cautious and general manner. In almost every case, indeed, the crown must await and follow the expression of national sentiment—the Prince of Wales may anticipate and form it. The public invites and assigns only too much weight to every exposition of his sentiments on important sub-

jects. It is only too glad to find that a Prince of Wales takes an interest in such things, and can think and judge with average ability, —and it is very chary of repressing such incipient proofs of statesmanship or good sense, by canvassing too rigidly the value of the proposition, or the depth of the sentiment. The absence of the screen of ministerial responsibility is an advantage in this point of view to the influence of the Prince of Wales. He does not necessarily speak by rule, and there is not the pretext for criticism afforded by the inference that his words are those of a responsible minister. If you criticise his acts you may be criticising the Prince of Wales himself—at least, as soon as he has emerged from his minority; if you praise them, the approbation goes to swell the capital of his personal reputation, and not that of a cabinet of ministers. As a member of the Legislature, in official communication with the “King’s Ministers,” and yet not prevented from listening in private, as well as in public, to the political divinations of the “King’s Opposition,” his opportunities of gathering experience for himself, and harmonizing the duties of the royal family to the responsible advisers of the crown with the claims upon their sympathies as heads of the nation at large, are almost unlimited. When to speak and act, and when to be a silent spectator only may be a difficult lesson to learn; but the school for learning it is rich in auxiliary “keys to knowledge,” and when once learnt, the vocabulary is one which opens up countless channels, direct and indirect, of becoming a national benefactor.

The additional influences and responsibilities which accrue to a Prince of Wales through his wife, can hardly, in fairness, be handled, except with reference to the particular case. A Prince of Wales has not always had, as fortunately appears to be the case in the present instance, the opportunity of choosing a partner of his privileges and duties for himself, even within the limited circle of possible objects of his choice. He can, therefore, not necessarily be held strictly responsible for the results of the introduction of such an element into his life. So much must depend on the character of the lady herself, as to whether his marriage increases or diminishes his power for good, that little can be said on that head which does not equally apply to the whole lottery of married

life. But that the delicate tact of woman may find it more easy to solve some of the less clearly defined problems in the relations between the Prince of Wales and the crown will be at once admitted as applicable to any princess; and the social influences which must flow from any well-regulated course of action through the imitative feature of female character need not be pointed out. But in its main and most important effects, the influence and position of the Princess of Wales is too contingent upon her own character and that of her husband to render any generalizations particularly instructive.

1.—1301.—EDWARD OF CAERNARVON.

On the 25th of April, 1284, Eleanor, the wife of Edward I., gave birth at Caernarvon to a son, who received his father’s name of Edward. Two male heirs apparent to the crown had died in infancy—the third, Prince Alphonso, still survived, but had exhibited such symptoms of bodily weakness that the eldest daughter of the king, Eleanor, a healthy girl, already grown up, was looked upon as the eventual successor to the crown. Wales had just been subjugated by the arms of the English monarch, and he was at Ryddlan Castle when he received the joyful news. The messenger was richly rewarded, and Edward hastened to Caernarvon, and, if we may believe the local tradition, presented the infant prince to the Welsh chieftains, with the words, “Eich Dyn!” “This is your man!” Other accounts amplify this simple and natural address into a cunning juggle of the king’s, who presented his infant son to his new subjects as his fulfilment of a promise made to them that they should have for their prince one of their own countrymen, blameless in life, and who could not speak a word of English. A Welsh nurse, “Mary of Caernarvon,” was sought for the new-born prince, and the wily king evidently tried by every means in his power to engraft his son on the loyal affections of the natives. A few months after the birth of this second son, took place the death of the eldest, Prince Alphonso, “excessively bewailed,” says the chronicler of the time, “by the English people, on account of his very great comeliness and worth.” Young Edward then became the heir to the crown, and all hopes, if they ever existed among the Welsh, of a partial independence, must have vanished. We have

unusually ample means for elucidating the early life of this prince, not only from the entries in the royal household books, but from a large collection of letters—copies in the hand-writing of his secretary of those written by him in the year 1304. We learn that during his early years he was the object of almost unlimited indulgence. King Edward loved magnificence himself, and he surrounded his son with all the luxuries of the age. At the same time he exercised personally, as well as through the officers of his own household, a complete *surveillance* over the household of the prince, the money for his daily subsistence issuing from the king's exchequer. But, as within these limits the prince seems to have been left very much to follow the bent of his fancy in his choice of amusements and companions, it is not surprising that frequent collisions took place between the holders of the purse and the youthful dispenser of its contents. Unhappily there was no confidence between the king and the prince. The former failed to find in his son the self-reliant and ambitious qualities which formed the staple of his own character; the prince, on the other hand, stood in too much awe of his father ever to apply to him directly on any subject. The king was naturally passionate and impatient of weakness of any kind. The prince was easy-tempered, self-indulgent, and open to the solicitations of any flatterer. He lost his mother when he was in his sixth year, and her place was filled first by his elder sisters, (who, with one exception, soon had husbands and separate establishments), and afterwards by a step-mother. Between these ladies and the prince there seems to have been much reciprocal affection and confidence, he employing them often as intercessors on his behalf with his father. His own leading tastes were music and horses. It might almost seem as if his native air of Wales had inspired him with the love of minstrelsy and minstrels. His love of horses seems to have found an odd partner and abettor in the Archbishop of Canterbury, who actually incurred the charge of treason from the king for his complicity with the prince in some of his expenses. We find Prince Edward had a "Primer" bought for him, but how much he benefited by its contents we are unable to say. As he was inordinate in all that he did, as well as indiscriminate in his favoritism in connection

with the indulgence of his tastes, it is not surprising that a contemporary chronicler should, while admitting his grace and strength, have added, as the "current report," that he "despised the society of nobles, and clove to that of buffoons, and minstrels, and players, and stable-folk, and laborers, and watermen, and sailors, and to people of such low vocation generally." That he loved boating and water sports we gather from his own letters; that he liked to surround himself with valets is also evident. We can well understand that there was little love lost between him and the proud young nobles, who might despise some of his tastes and could not stoop to his humors. The chronicler adds, as the common report, that he loved to give magnificent convivial entertainments, that he was addicted to drinking, and was talkative in his cups, so that he betrayed the secrets of his friends, and would strike the bystanders for light cause; that he was more ready to follow others' counsel than his own; lavish in giving, but more ready to promise than to perform. That Prince Edward was wanting in the sense of self-respect and personal dignity seems evident, and this and his drunken brawls may have led to the imputation cast on him by "John the Tanner," who disputed his legitimacy at his accession,—that his manners were rude, and betrayed the blood of a churl. He was so far "inconstant" that he probably persevered in nothing for long together, and restlessly wandered from place to place. But his leading tastes seem to have been somewhat firmly fixed, and though careless and ill-judged in his choice of friends, he seems to have been very constant in his attachments and devoted to the furtherance of their interests. For them he importuned (though, in the first case, not directly) king, queen, princesses and their husbands, ministers of state, foreign ambassadors, officers of the king's exchequer, the king's judges, mayor's and corporations, church dignitaries, and religious houses. In the great majority of cases the applications bear on the face of them their own condemnation as improper or foolish. His associates get into brawls and prison, and he seeks to rescue them from the consequences by solicitations to their judges to pack the juries. He solicits for his friends almost all the benefices that become vacant. He begs Hugh le

Dispenser to pardon "our well-beloved John de Bonynge," who had broken into that gentleman's park. A less creditable interference is intended to prevent a robber who had applied for oblivion of his past offences from obtaining it on account of his alleged evil disposition to the prince and slanders respecting him. This looks as if some guilty community of interests had once existed between the prince and the robber, of which the latter had been making use, possibly for purposes of extortion.

In the year 1299 there came to England one Arnold de Gaveston, a Gascon gentleman, who had been a prisoner in France during the recent war with that country. Probably on account of his sufferings in the king's cause, Gaveston obtained a place for his son Piers about the prince's person. Piers was handsome, accomplished, witty, cunning, and insolent. He soon obtained a fatal ascendancy over the mind of the prince, and led him into such flagrant misconduct that Walter Langton, Bishop of Chester, the high treasurer, whose pecuniary relations with the prince were probably not of the most pleasant character, thought fit frequently to reprove the prince's favorite for misleading his master. This bred great ill-feeling between the prince and the treasurer, which at length, in the year 1304, came to a serious crisis. The prince grossly insulted the treasurer, and this being reported to the king, he banished his son from his court for nearly half a year, and for some weeks prohibited any one from supplying him with money. The prince was put to great straits, but at last, on apologizing to the treasurer, he was forgiven, and through the intercession of the queen he seems to have procured the re-admission of Gaveston, whom he fondly calls "Perot," to his household, from which he would appear to have been dismissed.

The political influence of such a prince could hardly be great under a sovereign so determined and energetic as King Edward. On the 1st of August, 1297, at a great council held at London, to pave the way for the king's expedition to France, the prince stood by his side, and received the fealty of the nobility, being appointed nominal regent during his father's absence. There was then great opposition to a tallage of the king's, and he managed to lull the storm for a time by fair words, and an appeal to their sympathies in

behalf of his young son. But after his departure to the Continent, when an order came to levy the tallage, the barons and citizens assembled in a threatening manner, and the young prince being hurried up by his council to pacify them, the so-called statute *De Tallagio non Concedendo*, a re-enactment of a clause of King John's Charter, was passed under his auspices. This war with France involved a marriage scheme. The Count of Flanders, the ally of Edward, had a daughter, Philippa, about Prince Edward's age. He appears to have seen the Lady Philippa, and to have been pleased with her. The young lady and her father also desired the match, and King Edward was for a time bent on it. The King of France, however, had other views. He inveigled the count and his daughter to Paris, and kept them both close prisoners. King Edward, who had pledged himself in the most solemn manner to the count not to give up the match; or, if the King of France continued to detain the Lady Philippa, to betroth his son to her younger sister, finding it at length to his interest to make peace with France, abandoned his ally and broke all his pledges. In 1299, he himself married a sister of the King of France, and a match was agreed on between Prince Edward and a daughter of the same king, the Princess Isabelle, then a little child ten years younger than her proposed husband. The luckless Count of Flanders and his daughter both died in a French prison. No wonder, then, that the wretched event of this French match, in the tragedy of Berkeley Castle, was popularly regarded as a judgment of heaven on the perjury of King Edward. This year, it must also be noted, was the date of the arrival of the Gaveston family in England. The formal betrothal of Edward and Isabelle did not take place till the year 1303, and the marriage followed his accession to the crown.

In the summer of 1300, King Edward took his son with him in an expedition to Scotland, and the prince led what was called the "Shining Battalion" in an encounter with the Scots near Irvine. In the following year, 1301, the king, by charter, granted to his son and his heirs, Kings of England, the principality of Wales, with the exception of the castle and town of Montgomery (added in the same year), and also the Earldom of Chester, and granted him letters-patent for both dignities. The charter, which completes the grant of the

whole principality of Wales, bears date the 10th of May, 1301. In the summer of 1303, the new Prince of Wales was again with his father in a military expedition to Scotland, and, marching westward, with a portion of the army, wintered at Perth. Thence, as we have seen, he returned to incur his father's displeasure in 1304. In the following year, again, the chroniclers tell us, "King Edward put his son, Prince Edward in prison, because he had riotously broken into the park of Walter Langton, Bishop of Chester, and destroyed the deer. And because the prince had done the deed by the procurement of a lewd and wanton person, one Piers Gaveston, the king banished him (Gaveston) out of the realm, lest the prince, who delighted much in his company, might, by his evil and wanton conduct, fall into evil and naughty rule." Once more the king endeavored to rouse his son to a nobler line of conduct. On the morrow of Whitsuntide, 1306, before the Scotch expedition in that year, in a splendid assembly at Westminster, he conferred the honor of knighthood on Edward, who then, in his turn, knighted three hundred gentlemen, who were to be his companions in arms. He was also invested by his father with the Duchy of Guienne. At the banquet which followed, King Edward made his celebrated vow to God and Two Swans, and the prince vowed, characteristically enough, that he would not remain two nights in the same place before he reached Scotland. He accordingly set out first, and ravaged the borders with such unsparing cruelty that even the stern old king reproved him. But Gaveston had now crept back to the prince, who had the effrontery to request the Bishop of Chester to ask of the king, for his favorite, the title of Count of Ponthieu. The treasurer reluctantly complied, and delivered the request to the king in the driest and most direct manner, apologizing for his share in the matter. The rage of the king knew no bounds. He said it was well for the treasurer that he was evidently an unwilling agent, and ordered him to summon the prince to his presence. Edward came, and in person repeated his petition with reckless audacity. The king reviled him as no son of his, and declared that if it were not for the danger of anarchy in the kingdom he would disinherit him. He even went so far, in his passion, as to seize his son and tear handfuls of hair from his head. He then

placed him under arrest. The councillors who had accompanied the king to Scotland were summoned, and Gaveston being called before them, was compelled to take an oath that he would never accept a gift of lands from the prince. A decree, converted into a solemn Act of Parliament, was then passed, February, 1307, by which Gaveston was exiled forever from the kingdom; and the Prince of Wales was made to swear that he would never confer titles or estates on his favorite. But in July all these solemn injunctions became a mockery. The hand of death then removed the stern king who stood between Prince Edward and his associates. There are many strange stories told of the means by which the dying monarch tried to bind down his successor to a prosecution of the war with Scotland, and on peril of his paternal curse never to recall Gaveston; but to deal justly by the remaining members of the royal family, and by the people of England. But Gaveston, who was lingering, it is said, near the coast, was soon again at the side of his royal friend. The rich Earldom of Cornwall—held hitherto by members of the royal family—was thought the fitting reward of his past services and sufferings, while his enemy the treasurer, Walter Langton, was stripped of his offices and flung into a dungeon. The best vindication of the conduct of this prelate is the fact that the prince's debts, at the death of his father, amounted to £28,000—a sum, as a biographer remarks, which would be represented by nearer a half than a quarter of a million of money of the present value! It must be added that the prince at once paid this sum, as well as his father's debts, which were considerable, out of the exchequer. The fate of King Edward II. is too well known to require more than a word. The passage from his French marriage in January, 1308, to his deposition in January, 1327, and his murder in the September of the latter year, was natural, and; with his character and that of the times, inevitable.

II.—1343.—EDWARD OF WOODSTOCK (COMMONLY CALLED "THE BLACK PRINCE").

It will be observed that we pass over a generation. It is the fact that Edward III. never bore the title of the Prince of Wales. The dignity merged in the crown on the accession of Edward of Caernarvon to the throne, and no new grant of it was made by him to

his heir, who appears in the rolls simply as Earl of Chester. Indeed, Edward III. had not emerged from boyhood into youth when the revolution broke out which subverted his father's throne; nor had he completed his fifteenth year when that father was murdered. For some time after his accession he was a puppet in the hands of his mother and her paramour; and, of course, the same remark applies still more strongly to the last year or two of his father's life. He does not, therefore, fall within the province of our subject-matter, and we may pass at once to his celebrated son.

EDWARD, surnamed the "Black Prince" (from the color of his armor), the eldest son of King Edward III., by Philippa of Hainault, was born at Woodstock, on the 15th of June, 1330—when his father had scarcely completed his eighteenth year. We are told of the great expectations formed of his future career from the unusual size and beauty of the infant. It was natural that he should be the pride of his young father, and as he grew up should become his constant companion in arms. From his earliest years he was instructed in all the maxims and trained in the accomplishments of the splendid school of chivalry in which King Edward occupied a central position. Taught to exercise himself in miniature tourneys, and, surrounded by his father's most trusted and bravest warriors and the flower of the English youth, young Edward showed a precocious aptitude for the position assigned to him. He soon became known far and wide as the image and rival of his father's magnificence and heroism. Such a son the first Edward had vainly sighed for. The similarity of character between father and son seems to have been so great, and their harmony of feeling during the greater part of their common lives so complete, that we are presented at once with a singular contrast to the relation of the first Prince of Wales and *his* father. Though both Edward III. and his son were lavish in their expenditure, it was always associated with the dignity and glory of the nation; and those who were called to participate in it were the noblest of the land in every sense of the word. Courtesy, generosity, modesty of demeanor, and language, knightly honor, and a royal hospitality were the virtues which young Edward learnt from the moral code of chivalry. There were, of course, grave

omissions in its requirements when compared with our modern canons. Cruelty and savage revenge were sanctioned under very artificial restrictions; and though the free spirit of the English, and the peculiar composition of a large part of the English armies inspired the prince with more respect for the lower orders, who stood outside the sacred pale of chivalry, than was prevalent on the Continent among the votaries of that "gentle" school, yet it is evident that he acquiesced to a considerable extent in the relative estimate placed by the ideas of those times on the lives of *gentlemen* and *canaille*, when these latter were not free-born Englishmen. From the charge of savage cruelty, when under the influence of those fearful fits of passion to which he, as well as his father and great-grandfather, were constitutionally subject, Prince Edward cannot be vindicated without shutting our eyes to facts and straining our notions of morality. But, if stern and unbending on such occasions, he was open even then to the influence of devoted heroism, and the only way to disarm his anger was to encounter it with a dauntless spirit corresponding to his own.

He was created Prince of Wales, "with the consent of Parliament," on the 12th of May, 1343, having been made Earl of Chester, and invested with the county and castles of Chester, Ryddlan, and Flint, on the 18th of March, 1333. He was also invested with the Duchy of Cornwall, by charter, of the 17th of March, 1337, having been created in the Parliament immediately preceding. This is the first case of the creation of a duke in England; and, by the words of the charter, the castles, lordships, etc., as well in Cornwall as elsewhere, are created into a duchy, and are settled on him and the first-born sons of himself and of his heirs, kings of England. The grant of the principality had been immediately preceded by a solemn investiture with circlet, ring, and rod, for Wales, and with the girding on of the sword for the earldom of Chester.

But the honor of knighthood was reserved for a more martial occasion—on the heights above La Hogue, when he had just completed his sixteenth year; and on the 26th of August, 1346, the battle of Crécy afforded him the opportunity of meriting his newly acquired spurs, King Edward giving him the post of honor, and refusing to derogate from

his reputation by reinforcing him. The defeat of Alençon's splendid chivalry was the basis of the military reputation of the prince. Among those who fell before him was the blind King of Bohemia, John of Luxemburg, whose motto, "Ich Dien," the prince adopted as his own; and thenceforward he and his father ran for many years side by side a career of military glory by land and sea. At the siege of Calais, which followed on Crécy, young Edward appears on the scene in the generous character of an intercessor, though an unsuccessful one, with his father, for the lives of the burgesses of the town. We gladly note this act, which we are afraid was an exceptional one in the life of the Black Prince. A less pleasing episode in his career, which occurred after his return to England, was his unsparing severity in the suppression of a revolt of his own liegemen of the county of Chester caused by some exactions in the prince's name. The lavish expenditure of the prince probably lay at the bottom of the revolt, though his council may be immediately responsible for it. Attended by his chief justice, who accompanied him to hang the chief rebels, Edward swept through the county, and was only appeased by the proffer of the sum of five thousand marks. On his return from this expedition the prince, seeing the decayed condition of the church in Vale Royal, built by Edward I., devoted five hundred of the marks thus obtained to its renovation. His religious feelings indeed, after the fashion of those days, were at all times conspicuous. In his letters and in his public addresses the ascription of all the glory to God, and the invocations of him and the holy saints are remarkable even in that age of devout vows. Notwithstanding, or possibly in consequence of his occasional sternness, the Black Prince continued throughout his life to be the especial favorite of the English people in general, and the gracious, gentle, and unassuming manners which were habitual to him, when not incensed, were remembered in far wider circles than the limited ones affected by his ferocious moods. In the year 1349, the king and Prince of Wales gained fresh laurels on another element by the defeat of a Spanish marauding fleet, off Rye. In this engagement, young Edward lost one of his most valued personal friends and constant associates, Sir John de Goldsborough, whose manor in Yorkshire is

now held by the Lascelles, Earls of Harewood. Both father and son equally bewailed his loss as an irreparable one, and the creation of fourscore knights was considered to indicate the king's estimate of the void left by his death.

A truce with France had ensued on the fall of Calais, and lasted till the year 1355. On the renewal of the war, the Black Prince and his father held separate commands,—the king in the north and the prince in the south of France. Prince Edward's marches through the latter devoted district displayed once more his fiercer mood—indeed, he announced that he came to destroy rather than to conquer. His flying expeditions swept the country of all its supplies for the use of his army, which, at times, seems to have been reduced to curious straits; the horses, the historians assure us, being even intoxicated with wine, in default of water, amidst the boisterous hilarity of the soldiers. It was, indeed, a wild, reckless campaign, which both the prince and his followers seem to have entered upon very much as they would on a drinking bout. Meanwhile John, King of France, was watching his opportunity, and at last bore down on the enfeebled army of the English prince with overwhelming forces. We refrain from giving numbers, as they are quite unreliable in the writers of those days. After some negotiation—in which the arrogance and self-confidence of the French king were contrasted with the firm reply of the Black Prince, "England shall never have to pay a ransom for my bones"—the battle of Poitiers was fought on the 19th of September, 1356. This was the greatest achievement of Prince Edward, and terminated in the defeat with great slaughter, of the French army, and the capture of King John and his younger son Philip. "The Prince of Wales," says Froissart, "who was as courageous and cruel as a lion, took great pleasure this day in fighting and chasing his enemies." His letter announcing the victory displays the finer qualities of the English hero; it is full of manly modesty and devout gratitude to God. His treatment of his royal captives met, to their full extent, the requirements of the law of chivalry with respect to noble prisoners of war. That which to modern feelings may seem doubtful taste in the triumphal entry into London—the exhibition of the captive

king on a splendid white charger, while his conqueror rode beside him on a black palfrey—seems to have been in strict accordance with the ideas of the times, and King John appears to have been far more occupied in admiring the beauty of the fair young Englishwomen, who, suspended in bird-cages from the houses, scattered tinsel flowers on the procession, than in moody thoughts on his own position.

The next event of importance in the life of the Prince of Wales was his marriage. Several matches had been proposed and broken off before Edward made choice for himself of his relative Joan, called the Fair Maid of Kent, the daughter of his great-uncle, the Earl of Kent, beheaded at the commencement of the reign. Joan had been contracted, if not married, as a child, to Montecute, Earl of Salisbury, and being divorced from him, or her betrothal to him renounced, while still a young girl, she was married to an elderly knight, Sir Thomas Holland, created thereupon Earl of Kent. She had been left a widow only three months when, on October 10th, 1361, she became the wife of her cousin, the Prince of Wales. It was a love match, offending king and queen, particularly the latter, for Philippa had a poor opinion of the morals of her beautiful daughter-in-law, and some scandal attached to Prince Edward himself in respect to the lady's previous married life. Joan was thirty-three years of age, and the mother of several children; but the prince himself had attained the age of thirty-one, and king, queen, and people were all eager for his speedy marriage. Much of the popularity enjoyed by her husband soon attached to Joan herself, and this somewhat romantic royal match, which looked so ambiguous at first, was unattended with any public scandals, though the strange dying request of the princess that she might be buried with her former husband, instead of her royal consort, may justify a suspicion that their private harmony was not so unbroken as the public believed. But Joan certainly behaved admirably on all public occasions, and her courage and good sense might, had her life been prolonged, have saved her son, Richard II., from the ambition of the house of Lancaster. After the marriage, the prince and princess gave way to their common love of magnificence, and their house on Fish Street Hill was the centre of a splendid court and the scene of numberless costly entertainments. The king

created his son Prince of Aquitaine and Gascony; and on the suggestion, it would seem, of his younger brother, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, he was directed by his father, in 1363, to take up his abode in Guienne. Here he held a still more splendid court for several years—all the most illustrious and famous of European celebrities and sovereign princes in abundance being his guests. At length, in the year 1366, ten years after his victory at Poitiers, he was incited to martial action once more by sympathy for the alleged wrongs of King Pedro of Castile (surnamed the Cruel), whom his brother Enrique, assisted by the French, under the celebrated Du Guesclin, had driven from his throne. A fugitive sovereign, suffering at the hands of his old enemies, the French, and throwing himself on his generosity, was sure to excite Edward's sympathies; and these were justified, in a political point of view, by the danger of having a French dependency on the southern side of the Pyrenees, by the proffer by Pedro of the province of Galicia, and by other profuse promises and solemn written bonds. On the strength of these engagements, Edward raised money in every direction, selling his own plate, and becoming security to a large amount to his chief nobles for disbursements, and thus equipping a gallant army. His star was still in the ascendant, and on the 3d of April, 1367, the battle of Najera, in which the forces of Enrique and Du Guesclin were routed by the English prince, placed Pedro once more on the throne of Castile. But he then repudiated all his material promises to his ally, and Edward returned to Bordeaux beggared in his finances, with an army decimated by disease and toil, and himself in a state of health which threatened an early termination to his career. Even at the time of his marriage people had spoken doubtfully of his living to succeed his father, and ever since his health had been gradually declining; but the Castilian campaign probably decided his fate. The remaining years of his government in France are full of melancholy and disaster. His penury, in consequence of the Castilian campaign, compelled him to raise money by levying a heavy tax on his subjects of Guienne. While he spent his money lavishly among them, none were more loyal than his French subjects; but he ceased to be popular when he demanded money in his turn. Probably, the

impot was levied in the harsh and imperious manner which the Black Prince sometimes displayed in dealing with opposition. At any rate, it provoked a general insurrection, and the new King of France, being appealed to by the insurgents, summoned Edward, as his vassal for Guienne, to appear before him and answer for his conduct. Edward returned a furious answer that he would do so at the head of an invading army. But health and resources were wanting to such an undertaking. Town and castle fell one after the other before the rebels and their French allies. One final effort the Black Prince was roused to make. His favorite and favored city of Limoges had admitted the enemy within its walls. Edward, stung to madness by this treason and ingratitude, rose from his sick-bed, and descended suddenly and with fury on the devoted city, retook it, and was only arrested in his bloody retributive work on the garrison and inhabitants by his admiration for the valor of some nobles who were defending their lives with the courage of desperation. But nature soon gave way again, and at last, in January, 1371, Edward was obliged to return to England, to recruit, if possible, his shattered health, leaving John of Gaunt to carry on the war, and ultimately to negotiate a disadvantageous peace.

Here ends the martial career of the Black Prince, and for the next five years we hear little of him, except that the fatal disease was slowly but surely gaining ground upon him, and that all men now regarded his death as imminent, from year to year and from month to month. Strange to say, it is at the close of this period of bodily decay and inaction that the political action of the Prince of Wales makes itself first distinctly felt, and that his name becomes inseparably connected with the civil as it is with the military history of England. The long reign of Edward III. was drawing to a close in gloom at home as well as abroad. The king, although he had only completed his fifty-ninth year, exhibited unmistakable signs of mental as well as bodily decay. As he gradually sank into something at times approaching dotage, those about him obtained more and more the ascendant over him, which they seem to have unscrupulously abused. Among these was a married woman of much beauty, named Alice Perrers, who had been a lady-in-waiting on Queen Philippa. For two years before the death of the queen,

which took place in 1369, there had been talk of undue intimacy between this lady and the king, and she had since been installed as his avowed mistress, presiding over court festivities, and at a public tournament taking the principal place under the title of the "Lady of the Sun." Not satisfied with this, she is accused of grasping at everything she could extort from the doting king—money, places, preferments, the late queen's jewels, all went the same way, or through that one channel. She is said to have intruded into courts of justice and the royal council board, and dictated to judges and ministers, interfering with the course of justice and the government of the land. We have seen that John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, had been the instrument of removing the Black Prince to Guienne in 1363. Since that time, either personally, or, if absent, through his creatures, he had, in conjunction with Alice Perrers, governed the old king and England. How far the charges of misgoverning both brought against him are true or exaggerated it is not possible with our present information to determine for certain. But we know of him that he was a great patron of learning and learned men—of a shrewd and scheming, if not a wise head—a favorer of Wycliff and the Lollard heresy—and, at the same time, living in open adultery with Catherine Swinford, the sister of the celebrated Caxton's wife. He was also unconciliatory in his manners, and, consequently, personally very unpopular. The higher clergy hated him for heresy; the common people had no sympathy with his tastes, and hated him from a strong suspicion that he was planning to supersede the Black Prince and his family in succession. Though active in the field as well as restless in council, Lancaster was not cast in the mould of a hero of chivalry, and, therefore, contrasted unfavorably in the popular eyes with his gallant brother. We must remember this, as well as that the chroniclers of the times were monks, when we endeavor to appreciate his real character. But, allowing for this, there seems to have been a substratum of solid truth in the feeling against him, and it is clear that it was firmly rooted in the gentry and middle classes. His support of Alice Perrers is much against him, and his political associates at this time do not give us a high opinion of his patriotism. He afterwards, it is well known, deserted Wycliff,

and made his peace with the Church without much scruple. But be this as it may, it is certain that after the return of the Black Prince to England, a party gradually formed itself under his auspices, which only awaited an opportunity, and some improvement in the health of the Prince of Wales, to show itself openly. In the early part of 1376 the opportunity occurred. Lancaster was absent in France, negotiating a peace, and the Black Prince, under the influence of that final effort of nature which so often immediately precedes death, awoke from his long lethargy, and roused himself for a last effort to overthrow the power and schemes of Lancaster, and secure his young child in the succession. His eldest son, Edward of Angoulême, had died in his seventh year, and now a boy of nine, Richard of Bordeaux, stood in the due line of succession. After him came the Clarence branch, represented by the family of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who had married the heiress of Lionel, Edward III.'s next son. March participated with the Black Prince in his dread of the ambition of the next in succession after their families, John of Lancaster, and stood forward as the ostensible head of the new opposition. The soul of the party, however, was the celebrated William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, who had formerly been chancellor, but had been removed through the influence of Lancaster and his party. Wykeham, whose name is associated with splendid charitable endowments and noble scholastic institutions, was also a shrewd politician and man of the world. He and the Black Prince were mutually much attached, and the latter appointed him one of his executors. Whether in consequence of his own disgrace, or from friendship to Prince Edward, or patriotic motives, he now set himself to work to organize what their opponents called the "party of the knights," probably from the leading part taken by the knights of the shire. With him was associated for the time Courtenay, Bishop of London, the active opponent of Wycliff. But the party was not a retrograde church one, and though a common hatred of John of Gaunt probably united those who differed widely on many points, we must not suppose that we are reading of a struggle in which civil and religious liberty stood on opposite sides. A Parliament, called afterwards, with grateful emphasis, "the Good Parlia-

ment," met on the 28th of April, 1376, and in the Commons the popular party were led by Sir Peter de la Mare, a knight of Herefordshire, and steward to the Earl of March. But it is said they were in constant communication and counsel with the Black Prince. Yet one of the most striking bills passed by the popular majority in this House of Commons was a vehement attack on the extortions and venality of the Pope, and a strong demand for the reformation of the Church. The Commons, as the rolls inform us, having held a conference with the lords, renewed, for three years longer, the subsidies granted in the last Parliament, which were now near the time of expiring, but desired to be excused making any further grant on account of the distresses of the times, unless any extraordinary event should happen, in which case they would aid the king to the utmost of their ability. They then prayed that, considering the evils of the country through so many wars and other causes, and that the officers now in the king's service are insufficient without further assistance for so great a charge, the council be strengthened by the addition of ten or twelve bishops, lords, or others, to be constantly at hand, so that no business of weight should be despatched without the consent of all, nor smaller matters without that of four or six. The king assented, and then these councillors and all other officers were prohibited from taking presents in the course of their duty.

The "Commons then appeared in Parliament, protesting that they had the same good-will as ever to assist the king with their lives and fortunes, but that it seemed to them that if their said liege lord had always possessed about him faithful councillors and good officers, he would have been so rich that he would have had no need of charging his Commons with subsidy or tallage, considering the great ransoms of the French and Scotch kings, and of so many other prisoners; and that it appeared to be for the private advantage of some near the king, and of others by their collusion, that the king and kingdom are so impoverished and the Commons so ruined. And they promised the king that if he would do speedy justice on such as should be found guilty, and take from them what law and reason permit, with what had been already granted in Parliament, they would engage that he should be rich enough

to maintain his wars for a long time without much charging his people in any manner." They then alleged, as particular grievances, the removal of the staple from Calais, where it had been fixed by Parliament, through the procurement and advice of the said private councillors about the king; the participation of the same persons in lending money to the king at exorbitant usury; and their purchasing at a low rate for their own benefit old debts from the crown, the whole of which they had afterwards induced the king to repay to themselves. For these and many more misdemeanors, the Commons accused and impeached the Lords Latimer and Nevil, with four merchants. Latimer, who had been chamberlain, was the creature of Lancaster. An ordinance was also made that "whereas many women prosecute the suit of others in courts of justice by way of maintenance, and to get profit thereby, which is displeasing to the king, he forbids any woman henceforward, and especially Alice Perrers, to do so on pain of forfeiting all their goods and suffering banishment from the kingdom." The names of those added by these parliamentary proceedings to the king's council of course included William of Wykeham and a major-

ity of his party; but one or two were added, who, if not strong friends of Lancaster, were known not to be actively hostile to him. Among these was Henry, Lord Percy, who, once Lancaster's strong opponent, was now, it is said, conciliated by the grant of a marshal's staff, and was with him in France. This Percy was the well-known father of Harry Hotspur, and the future friend and enemy of Lancaster's son, Henry of Bolingbroke. With these remarkable acts we may dismiss the Good Parliament, which was dissolved in the following July. Such were the measures with which the last weeks of the Black Prince's life are associated. But nature now had her way, and on the 8th of June, 1376, the Prince of Wales breathed his last. On his death, Lancaster hurried back to England, accompanied by Lord Percy. All that had been done by the influence of his brother was speedily revoked. Alice Perrers resumed her sway, and Sir Peter de la Mare and William of Wykeham both felt the force of the duke's resentment, notwithstanding the riotous protests of the citizens of London; a signal proof of the basis on which the popular party had rested.

THE GOLD FIELD.—It is impossible to ascertain the amount of gold which has been taken from the mines of California. Records have been kept of the sums manifested at the San Francisco Custom House, for exportation, and deposited for coinage in the mints of the United States; and there is also some knowledge of the amounts sent in bars and dust to England; but we have no account of the sums carried by passengers to foreign countries and coined elsewhere than at London, or used as jewelry, or of the amount now in circulation in this state. According to the books of the Custom House of San Francisco, the sums manifested for export were as follows:—

In 1849, \$4,921,250; in 1850, \$7,676,346; in 1851, \$42,582,695; in 1852, \$46,586,134; in 1853, \$57,331,934; in 1854, \$51,328,653; in 1855, \$45,182,631; in 1856, \$48,887,543; in 1857, \$48,976,697; in 1858, \$47,248,025; in 1859, \$47,640,462; in 1860, \$43,303,345; in 1861, \$40,630,089; a total of \$551,603,904 in twelve years.

The exportation of gold commenced in 1848, but we have no record of the sums sent away in that year. Previous to 1854 very large sums

were carried away by passengers, who gave no statement at the Custom House; since that year the manifests show the exportation correctly within a few millions. I am entirely satisfied that *the total gold yield of California has been not less than seven hundred millions of dollars.*—*Hittell's California.*

In all parishes in Wales in which Welsh is commonly spoken, it is required by law that the ordinary parochial services in the church shall be in the Welsh tongue. The Bishop of Bangor has laid before the House of Lords a bill giving power to the bishops to license in such parishes chapels for the performance, also, of Divine service in the English tongue.

A NEW scientific periodical, entitled *Les Mondes*, has appeared in Paris, which is to give a weekly summary of scientific facts from all parts of the world, a report of the meetings of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and articles on special subjects.

From Chambers's Journal.

AGAINST BOYS.

THE Boy is a dreadful animal, under whatever aspects we regard him, and in whatever social rank, from the aristocratic youth at his private tutor's down to the *gamin* at the corner of the streets. Politicians may talk of "the dangerous classes," but there is no class existing so opposed to order as the Boys; so terrible to the aged, so indifferent to the fair sex, so pitiless to themselves. No nation, however civilized, can hope to forget what were its own primeval wicked habits, so long as it possesses Boys. In them we see continually reproduced a picture of savage humanity. The same love of cruelty for its own sake, the same taste for petty theft,* the same indifference to knowledge, are as observable in a fashionable public school as in a tribe of painted Ojibbeways. The latter, however, possess the virtue of hospitality, whereas a company of well-born British youths are accustomed to welcome a newcomer with falsehood, and torture, and scurrilous jests about his family, from whom he has just parted with tears.

It is the paradoxical fashion of these days to praise the boys. This partly perhaps arises from fear (for they are getting worse than ever),† and partly from the author of *Tom Brown*, who has become "devil's advocate" to them, just as Mr. Froude has done for Henry VIII., and a previous historian for Richard III. Any idea of appeasing the boy-element is, however, quite ridiculous; the animal is implacable, and, like a horse that perceives his rider is afraid of him, becomes unmanageable if petted. As for authors, they may write what they like of an extinct genus, and we must take it for granted; but when they compose eulogistic works upon Boys, even the humblest reader (having been a boy himself once) must be permitted to have his own opinion upon the subject.

Boys have no wit and no humor. If they do find one of their number possessed of either, they call him "facetious," and lick him. They hate poetry, and if they discover a Bard among them, they treat him like a witch.

*At Eton we stole tea and sugar from one another's cupboards, and stuck to it that we didn't, like young Spartans.

†A dozen or two of them put an old gentleman to death the other day because he objected to have his palings torn up to make a bonfire for their Guy Fawkes.

They have a grim delight in practical joking, the principal point of which is always to inflict pain. They are affirmed by their admirers to be courageous and high-spirited, but I have generally observed that they prefer to engage in single combat with individuals under their own size. They do not bully boys of the form above them. It is the ushers—for the most part, poor and friendless persons—who are the objects of their mischievous tricks, and not the head-master. The robust boy is a hero among them, but they oppress the delicate and the weakling, exactly as some evil kinds of bird ill-treat their sick or wounded. If all the grown-up people in the world should suddenly fail, what a frightful thing would Society become, reconstructed by Boys! If Adam had begun life as a lad, the world would have been a deal worse than it is, we may depend upon it. He would not have required an Eve to tempt *him* to steal apples, and what a life he would have led all those harmonious animals! Placable as they might have been, he would have done his best to set the bull-terrier at the garden-cat, or he would not have been a boy, you may take my word for it. Some boys are doubtless worse than others; but there is, in my opinion, no such thing as a good boy, except in the story-books. If the least approximation to such a phenomenon appears in a school, all his companions twit him with the unnaturalness of his pretensions. "He a boy—no, he must be a gal! ah, Muff, Milksop, Sneak, Funk, Molly-coddle!"

However bad boys may be if brought up alone, they are infinitely worse when in masses. What the Tom-Brown-ites call "the tone" of a school, is always below the public opinion of grown men, no matter of what class, age, or country. The instances of cruelty which arouse general horror in the newspapers, occur among boys as a matter of course; nor do I remember but a single instance of a whole boy-community rising in armed revolution and "pitching into" the oppressor. I use that boys' phrase designedly, although, like all boys' phrases, it is a vulgar one. The author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, with a license for which not even his agreeable muse can be pardoned, has composed an amusing poem upon "a Vulgar Boy," as though a boy could possibly *not* be vulgar.

"He put his thumb unto his nose, and spread his fingers out,"

is an action as natural to the entire boy-world as sucking toffy. "Oh, yes!" "Ah!" "Would you?" "Spellable!" "Jerryusalem!" etc., are sarcastic observations as familiar in the mouths of high-born Etonians in their "playing-fields," as of youths with half a pair of braces and one shoe in a Whitechapel lane; nor is the tone one whit less defiant and impudent in the one case than in the other.

The low-bred boy can whistle perhaps with a more aggravating shrillness, since he has perfected himself in that art at periods when his aristocratic contemporary has been compelled to study classical authors, but otherwise there is not a pin to choose between them. I disbelieve in all ameliorating influences, while boys are allowed to mix together, and egg one another on to mischievous atrocities. If, indeed, a whole generation of boys could be brought up in solitary confinement—well secured—a reformation might be effected, but the operation would be difficult, and there seems to be no philanthropic enterprise in that direction. If it be asked with triumph: How is it, if boys are so bad as you represent, that they become, as men, respectable members of society? I confess I can make no reply. Perhaps their savage nature is mollified, when they begin to appreciate the softening influences of the fair sex. Perhaps they are suddenly impressed on their emergence from Barbarism by being brought face to face with Civilization. Certain it is that their worst characteristics disappear, or find some legitimate channel in the world of men—such as the Law—for their tranquil exercise. At the universities, the immediate transition from the boorishness of boyhood to the refinement of grace and adolescence, is very remarkable. In Mr. Doyle's famous book of foreign travel, there are two companion pictures—Jones at the Opera Abroad, and Jones at the Opera at Home. In the one case, he is in morning costume, he is yawning, he has his feet up on the seat in front of him, he is lapped in vulgar ease: in the other case, he is dressed to within an inch of his fashionable life, he sits erect, he clasps his opera-glasses with a delicately gloved hand. A similar contrast is afforded between Jones at Harrow, dirty-handed, red-eared, greedy for sweets and beer, and given to boxing, and Jones, six months afterwards, up at Trinity with his hair parted with the greatest even-

ness, with charms on his chain, not averse to Moselle for breakfast, and possessing a heart that can be touched by *In Memoriam*. The metamorphosis is astounding to his younger brother, who is still amid the jam-pots, but that young gentleman will himself slough his old school-skin, after some different, but quite as complete a fashion.

Certain feeble poetasters are always mourning that they are no longer in the Classical or Commercial Seminary of their younger days, but I believe that there are few honest men who do not look back upon their school-life with a shudder. I was not a very bad boy myself, I believe, but the comparison of my Now with my Then is certainly not odious. I can now meet a cat without wishing to kill it; I can behold two dogs without yearning to set them by the ears; I can listen to the twitter of a hedge-sparrow without longing for a horse-pistol; I can pass in the street an individual smaller than myself without experiencing an incontrollable desire to snatch off his cap and throw it over the wall. When I go to church, I take a church-service in my hand, and not a novel of similar external appearance; I do not distend my pockets with filberts purloined from my host's dinner-table; I do not smoke bits of cane until I am sick; I do not think it ungentelemanly to ride in a 'bus; I am no longer irresistibly attracted to any barrow full of strange delicacies, such as Albert Rock or Alicampaine, and if I were, the fruit of all others which I should leave untouched would be exposed slices of cocoanut. When I find any foreign substance, whether of a sticky nature or otherwise, upon my fingers, nature does not impel me, on the instant, to put them in my mouth; the appearance of a domestic fowl, or of a donkey, or of an artisan upon a ladder, does not urge me to pick up a stone; a policeman is not my natural enemy, nor a dog with bow-legs and a bull's head my friend. Upon the whole, in short, I flatter myself that my relations with society are improved since I was that dreadful being—a Boy.

With such convictions, it is needless to say that I do not court the society of young gentlemen *in statu pupillari*, but avoid them by every means in my power, from the ragged youth who plays "tipcat"—to the peril of her majesty's sieges—in the London streets, to the Etonian who, bedizened with a scarlet

coat and sword on the 4th of June, calls himself Captain of the Boats, which I take to be the apogee of boyhood—the position nearest heaven in the eyes of that deluded genus. Still, so long as Boys are permitted to go about loose, one is liable to meet with them, and I met with a specimen only last week, which I shall not easily forget. I was starting from the Waterloo Station by an afternoon train for Hampshire, but meeting with four military friends who were going to Farnboro' Station (for Aldershot), I got into their carriage. Beside us five, there was an Eton Boy. There was no mistaking that description of the race; they are always dressed in the height of fashion in the vacations, although at school they delight in a hat with half its brim off, and, moreover, they all wear stiff little white ties, which give them the appearance of duodecimo ministers of some juvenile religious sect. The little wretches are as haughty and reserved as North American Indians; and the individual of fourteen years of age or so whom we had on this occasion for our fellow-traveller, looked as though the entire railway station, plant, and valuable house-property adjacent belonged entirely to himself. My soldier-friends, however (a class which has generally a proper contempt for boys), paid no sort of attention to him, and as for me, I was delighted to ignore his presence.

"Now, Jack," said my friends, two of whom were my college-chums, and all of them intimates, "you will let us smoke, we know, although not fond of it yourself."

"Well," replied I, "it will probably make me ill; but otherwise I have no objection."

As soon as the train began to move, they accordingly lit their cigars; they had not, however, taken three puffs before the child in the white cravat (whose wishes nobody had thought of consulting), requested, in that half-hoarse, half-squeaking voice peculiar to his period of life, that they should put their cigars out, because smoking was offensive to him and contrary to the by-laws.

The soldiers stared as though the carriage-lamp had uttered an observation, and then all four burst out into a roar of laughter.

"You will find it no laughing matter, gentlemen, when you get to Farnboro'; or, at all events, the joke will cost you two pounds apiece. You have been warned, as the act

directs; I object to your smoking in this carriage."

"Then get into another, you little brute," observed Pepperpot of the 110th; "and, indeed, I have a great mind to drop you out of the window as we go along."

"I will thank you for your name and address," returned the phenomenon stiffly; "here is my card at your service. Be so good as to name your friend."

"Smith of London," replied Pepperpot; "only give me time to write to my wife and family. What a bloodthirsty young creature it is?"

"He is very plucky," remarked Norman, of the kilts, approvingly, "I will say that for him; but *what* cheek! *what* cheek!"

"I am obliged to you for your good opinion," returned the little wonder, drawing out a gold repeater; "but if within one minute your cigars are not all extinguished, I will appear against you as sure as I am a living Man. My time is of no consequence, and I had as soon get out at Farnboro' as anywhere else; so you may be sure you will not escape me. I feel it my duty to prosecute upon public grounds."

Once more did Pepperpot glance at the window, and even stretched his hand towards this human gadfly, as though he would have nipped him up between finger and thumb; but with a rueful look at his companions, he presently cast his beloved weed out of the carriage, instead of the boy. The other three followed his example; for was it worth while to pay forty shillings apiece for a forty minutes' ride?

"That's right," observed the young gentleman approvingly, returning his watch to his pocket, and re-engaging himself in the columns of *Bell's Life*. "Obedience to the law is one of the first duties of the soldier."

Conversation flagged after this, for a sense of disgraceful defeat oppressed the spirits of my friends. They said a great number of severe things against the common enemy; but he never lifted his eyes from the exciting details of the Champion Fight of the Light Weights, which appeared to afford him intense, though tranquil, satisfaction. When the soldiers got out at Farnboro', I observed his eyes to twinkle with especial merriment; but I could not be certain that he was enjoying his victory until the train began to move again. No sooner, however, had we left the

platform, than the Etonian burst into such a series of fits of laughter that they actually rumbled his neckcloth. He became, in short, to my horror, a Boy in one of its most ordinary and repulsive forms.

"I think I did 'em, eh, old stick-in-the-mud?" observed he, when he had got a little breath.

"You deprived four gentlemen of an hour's pleasure," returned I haughtily.

"Yes; but I deprived myself as well," returned the diminutive one, producing from his pocket a brier-root pipe. "I can't go without my tobacco myself without great inconvenience."

"What!" cried I; "you are not going to smoke yourself, you young monkey?"

"Aint I, though?" interrupted the Etonian, nodding in an offensively familiar manner. "If those fellows had been civil, and asked my permission to smoke as well as yours, I would have given them each a better cigar than the Line are accustomed to, I flatter myself; but since they chose to carry matters

with a high hand, you see—puff, puff—and got hold of the wrong man for that sort of thing—puff, puff—why, they had to take the consequences."

"But I will not permit *you* to smoke, young sir," observed I, indignantly; "or if you do (for I shrank from a personal contest with that audacious child), you shall pay a couple of sovereigns out of your pocket-money at the next station."

"Excuse me," returned the Etonian blandly; "the by-law says, '*if objected to*:' now, when your friends inquired whether you would allow them to smoke, *Jack* (smoke-jack; by the by, that's funny)—when your friends—puff, puff—demanded *that*, you replied—for I heard you—that you had no objection."

And that awful specimen of the genus Boy smoked undeterred, like a limekiln, until we both got out at Weymouth; where, if I had had my way, he should have been taken off to Portland Prison and kept there until such a time as he should be no longer a Boy.

LOYAL OR DISLOYAL.—I lately dined in company with one of those inane young gentlemen who, as Theodore Winthrop says in "*Cecil Dreeme*," praise slavery and think they are aristocratic. The young gentleman went on for some time, when Mrs. — said to him, politely,—

"If you sympathize with the rebels, why don't you go and join them?"

"I, madame? I assure you I am perfectly loyal."

"Indeed?"

"Why, certainly, only I stand by the Government, not by the Administration."

"So Vallandigham says."

"I mean I am no Abolitionist."

"So Brooks says."

"That is, I am afraid we are alienating the South."

"So Tom Seymour says."

"In other words, I am a Union man, but I don't think war can restore it."

"So Toucey says."

"But, my dear madame, the war is unconstitutionally carried on."

"So George Ticknor Curtis says."

"I mean that our liberties are in danger."

"So Fernando Wood says."

"Well, but isn't the war fratricidal?"

"So Ben Wood says."

"Come, then, isn't it hopeless?"

"So the *London Times* says."

"Yes, my dear madame, but what on earth do *you* say?"

"I say that whoever stands against the Administration in this war stands against the Government. I say that whoever says he is no Abolitionist means that he intends to embarrass the war. I say that whoever is afraid of alienating the South is afraid of irritating a snake that has already stung him. I say that whoever thinks that force cannot restore the Union does not know that Union is the most irresistible instinct of the American people. I say that whoever says the war is unconstitutionally carried on is in danger of being split by the tempest in which he is trying to split hairs. I say that whoever says our liberties are imperilled by the Government and not by the rebellion, works and prays for the success of the rebellion and the annihilation of all civil liberty and order. I say that whoever calls the war fratricidal has no more conception of national honor than lottery-dealers are said to have of honesty. I say that whoever considers the cause of the United States hopeless hates that cause in his heart, and is utterly ignorant of the character of the people and of the facts of the situation. That is what *I* say, and that is what every truly American man and woman says and believes."

The young gentleman made no reply. But the next day, at the Club, he said to a friend, "I dined yesterday at Mrs. —'s. What an awful Abolitionist she is!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

From The London Review.

AIR TRACTION.

How many of the toys of our childhood contain the scientific principles with which, in advanced manhood, we push on the civilization of the world! Boys, for instance, have gone on pea-shooting for generations, and nothing has come of it; but in our day a clever engineer has asked himself, If a pea can travel by the mere pressure of the breath along its pea-shooter, why should we not turn atmospheric pressure seeking to fill a vacuum to some account in the affairs of men, and shoot, not peas, but letters, parcels, and other light articles, through Brobdignagian pea-shooters from point to point under our streets? Mr. Rammell has asked this question, and finding men of substance to believe in the feasibility of his plan, has set to work, and is now shooting heavy mails of letters day by day under the streets between the North-Western Railway Station and the North-west District Post-office. The pedestrian passing along Crawley Street and Eversholt Street in that neighborhood may hear a loud rumble under the ground, but he little dreams that, like swift shuttles, carriages are shooting to and fro all day long beneath the roadway between the two points we have mentioned; and, as a consequence, that the red mail-carts that of old tore along the highway are now seen no more, being beaten out of the field by the pea-shooter beneath his feet.

The cradle of this new drudge that man has called into service to do his bidding is a modest brick shed near the bottom of the Euston Square Station, which any one is free to enter, and when he does so he is puzzled mightily to understand the use of the strange engines he sees before him. There is the mouth of the tube, and there are the travelling trucks, ready to be thrust into it; and as we look, a bell rings at some little distance up the rail—this is a signal that a mail-train has arrived at the Camden station, and that it will speedily be at Euston Square. At this signal we hear a shovel of coke thrown into a furnace, a small steam-engine begins to beat swiftly, and a whirring sound is heard within a great iron case which is noticed on one side of the shed. This, we are informed, is the pneumatic wheel—the mouth, in fact, which is to propel or draw the trucks through the tube. The wheel is twenty-one feet in diameter, and is composed

of two discs of iron, not placed quite parallel to each other, but tapering off from axis to periphery. These discs are braced together by spokelike partitions, and these partitions communicate with an opening for the entrance of air about the axis. As this wheel rapidly revolves, the air is sucked in at its centre, and thrown off in a perfect gale at its open rim or edge. This gale is not allowed to disperse itself, however, but when any work has to be done, is confined within a case, just as a paddle-wheel is confined within a paddle-box, and allowed to pass out at the will of the engineer through a pipe in connection with the great pneumatic despatch-tube. In like manner, the air that is sucked in at the axle is all conducted from the despatch-tube by a similar pipe. Here, then, we have the means of pulling or pushing the travelling carriages along their subterranean road, and as we speak we see it in operation: for a mail-guard opens a door, throws in two or three mail-bags just snatched out of the guard's van as it rolls into the station, the iron carriages are shoved into the tube, the air-tight door at his mouth is closed, and the engineer, with a turn of a lever, directs a torrent of air upon them, and we hear them rumbling off on their subterranean journey at a rate, as we are informed, of twenty miles an hour. Ere we have done looking and wondering, we notice that a water-gauge, on which the eye of the engineer has been fixed, becomes depressed at one arm and elevated at another. "It has arrived," he says; and almost ere he has said it, a bell connected with an electric telegraph warns him that the attendant at the other end of the tube is about to thrust the carriage into the tube on its return journey. It had been pushed along, as we have said, by the pressure of air thrown out by the wheel, but it has to be pulled back by suction; the valve of the suction-pipe, in connection with the centre of the disc, is accordingly opened, and speedily we hear a hollow rumbling, and out shoots the carriage, ready once more for fresh bags. At present one hundred and ten mails pass in this way from the station to the district post-office during the day, and not only letters but trucks of iron of the weight of five tons have passed, and adventurous visitors now and then perform the journey to their great delight. The principle having been thus practically tested, the directors are get-

ting ready to lay down a four feet six inch tube between Euston Square terminus and the W. C. district post-office at the corner of Southampton Street, High Holborn, and thence along Holborn Hill to Smithfield Market, the general post-office, and the depôts of the great carriers in Gresham Street, Messrs. Pickford and Messrs. Chaplin & Horne, both of which firms have entered into an arrangement with the Pneumatic Despatch Company to carry their parcels to and from the station. Without doubt, before long, all the main thoroughfares will be traversed by these swift shuttles, passing to and fro by the impulse of the air—performing the part of letter-carriers between distant parts of this great metropolis, and consequently multiplying the deliveries, and shortening the time in which they are transmitted, giving us also an hour or more later for writing our country letters than in the old days of the mail-carts which may be expected to grow as scarce as mail-coaches. But the public will scarcely gain less advantage from the action of this invention as a carrier and a parcel delivery company. Our streets are at present blockaded at certain times of the day by the three-horse railway wagons passing between the great carriers and the railway termini. This traffic will be greatly lessened, if not totally annihilated, as the Pneumatic Despatch Company ramify their carrying-tubes through the metropolis, and pass underground the goods going from station to station, and again from the stations to our great markets. The magnitude of this traffic is only known to those who carry it on. Taking Camden Town as one of the stations which supply the London commissariat, we find that a hundred tons of meat and poultry daily pass thence to Smithfield, and ten tons of butter; whilst thirty tons of fish pass daily from Billingsgate to the railway station, and an equal weight of oranges and dried fruit escapes into the country by the same outlet. We scarcely dare say how many tons of vegetables are brought into Covent Garden Market by the spring carriages of the different lines, but we may mention that the South Eastern Railway one morning delivered in that market no less than thirteen thousand baskets of fruit; whilst as much as two hundred tons a day of rhubarb and other vegetables are sent northward from the Camden Station. A very large share of this immense daily traffic will doubtless fall

into the hands of this company, as they will be able to carry so much cheaper and much quicker than the ordinary vehicles possibly can do, and they will be able to deliver directly into the market, and beside the rail.

But, says the reader, if such heavy traffic as this is contemplated by the promoters of the new carrying system, why not carry people as well as goods? That is just what Mr. Rammell contemplates doing. The great success of the Metropolitan Railway has proved that the public is not adverse to subterranean transit; and, indeed, the impossibility of providing sufficient space above ground over the crowded portions of the metropolis, has necessitated this method of underground intercommunication. Hence we do not fancy there will be any objection on this score. But, the reader will remark, the atmospheric method of propulsion has been tried, and proved a failure. But that was a system by which carriages above ground were moved by a small piston working in a pipe underground, and the expense of exhausting the air was too great to compete with locomotive traction. A pressure of ten pounds on the square inch was required to move this piston; a pressure of five ounces is sufficient to move the carriages that Mr. Rammell proposes to drive inside his tubes; and the reason is evident. Each carriage will present an area of nine feet square to the atmosphere; in other words, the augmented area makes up for the diminished pressure. But, says the affrighted reader, this projector does not intend that we are to ride in a dark tube with the pressure of a gale of wind blowing upon us? At first sight the objection does seem a strong one; but we must remember that the carriages would be going with the gale, and therefore, it would not be felt. There is something exceedingly novel in the method by which Mr. Rammell proposes to work the traffic. Groups of carriages would be placed at distances coinciding with the stations, and these carriages would be worked by the elastic rope of air in a continuous circuit, just as we see the buckets in the dredging-machines on the Thames working in an endless chain—one set of carriages going along one side of the double tube, and another returning by the other tube. It would be so arranged, however, that between station and station only one group of carriages could by possibility be in the tube at the same time, thus

preventing any possibility of accident either by collision or by one carriage overtaking another. It is needless to say that as the atmosphere in these railway tubes would be circulating every moment, there would be perfect ventilation;—we say tubes, but they may be brick arches, put such as those of the Thames Tunnel, only much smaller,—a headway of nine feet, with a width of eight, being quite sufficient for the passage of very roomy carriages, seated like an omnibus and lighted like an ordinary railway-carriage. The plan seems so utterly strange that the reader may shrug his shoulders and doubt its practicability; but that part of the business has been disposed of at Euston Square, and we are informed that the whole plan of operations will, in all probability, be tested in public ere long. It luckily happens that, at the present moment, the main high-level intercepting culvert at Hackney Marsh, which runs under an embankment for three miles in length, will be lying idle for many months, as it will not be required for the metropolitan main drainage scheme; and in these culverts, if he gains the commissioners' permission, he will erect his pumping machinery and run his trains. We are told that traffic can be worked considerably cheaper by this method than it can be done by the locomotive, and that the cost of constructing an underground rail on this system would also be one-third less than the cost of the Metropolitan line. These are matters which have to be brought to the actual working test; at the same time, the comparatively diminished area of tunneling required, and the great gain consequent on the abolition of the heavy locomotive,

which is so destructive to the rails, tend to corroborate the correctness of the statement. Gradients which would be impossible to the heavy locomotive are ascended and descended with perfect ease by means of the elastic rope of air. For instance, the ascent and descent of the Fleet Valley at Holborn Hill and Snow Hill, will be as easily worked as the level road, and the train can work through sinuous curves which would be fatal to the locomotive. The strong pressure public opinion is bringing to bear upon the government in favor of keeping the few open spots we have in the metropolis, will doubtless be fatal to many of the schemes which propose to cut and carve our great city in all directions. It seems, therefore, that a scheme which can be worked underground in a space not larger than that occupied by good-sized culverts, and which would not interfere with the great drains—for in the main thoroughfares, such as Oxford Street, there is ample room between them and the roadway—stands a good chance of obtaining public favor. Of course we speak in the public interest only, and the experimental trial at Hackney Marsh will soon give us the public verdict one way or the other. But whether this prove to be only one of those abortive schemes which Time gathers year by year so plentifully in his wallet, or a great invention, there can be no doubt that the Pneumatic Despatch Company have established their principle of working, and that this great city will henceforth have its lighter traffic and parcels and letters carried on by a circulation of air ramifying in a network of tubes through soil, as the human body was supposed to be supplied by a similar circulation, before the time of Harvey.

THE Australian colony of Victoria is inclined to set up a monster reflecting telescope for observation of the nebulae of the southern heavens. Astronomers have long been desirous to see this task undertaken, and Lord Rosse's success in our cloudy hemisphere, renders them the more impatient to establish a course of observations in the clear atmosphere of the south. The colonial legislature is ready to vote the cost when properly informed of the matter, and they have sent an application through the Colonial Office to the Royal Society, which has been satisfactorily answered. The instrument will of necessity have to be made in this country. It is worthy of remark that an open framework is now found to be more suitable than a close tube; the images obtained are quite satisfactory, and we hear that Lord

Rosse is about to alter his tube to a skeleton, by which the weight will be much reduced, and the huge instrument rendered more manageable.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE Alpine Club now takes rank among the publishing Societies of London. The first number of a quarterly journal was issued on the 1st of this month to the members. It contains interesting papers on Mountain Ascents, and a department for Notes and Queries relating to Mountaineering, Guides, and the various incidents of Alpine travel. As a medium of communication between Alpine explorers in various parts of the world, this journal, if efficiently conducted, will be of use.

From The Athenæum.

DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.

Pompeii, Feb. 27, 1863.

ESCAPING from the blind and the lame, and the cracked guitar, and the wretched songster who pester our steps to the very gates of Pompeii, we enter a road, newly arranged and planted with the glowing mesambrianthemum. At the end of it is the ticket-office where we buy our permit, price two francs, and passing through an iron turnstile, which records the number of visitors, we are in the streets of the old city. The order which prevails here is a new feature in this country, and reminds one much of England; of more importance is it to observe that it indicates the action of a new spirit. In every direction there are signs of work; instead of a few lazy and extortionate custodes, and a man or two busy about nothing, there are 200 men, women and girls occupied in the interesting labor of excavating, so that if the same success continues to be displayed, the whole of Pompeii, it is calculated, will be brought to light in twenty years. What secrets will be revealed! What treasures of Art will be given to the world in that time! Along the high mound which now surrounds Pompeii, a tramroad has been laid down, and trains are continually running with the *débris*, which is carried off in the direction of the Amphitheatre. From this mound the visitor looks down on the unburied portion of the city, and forms a good idea of the interior of the houses, which are, of course, roofless. The excavations are being carried on in two spots—near the Temple of Isis, and near the house called that of Abbondanza, but we are more immediately concerned with the former site. Here in a house, in a small street just opened, were found the bodies or skeletons which are now attracting crowds. Falling in a mass of pumice-stone, these unfortunate persons had not become attached to the soil, and it was easy to cut away the ground beneath them; but above, fire, ashes, and hot water had been rained upon them from the fiery mountain, causing their death, and insuring their preservation for nearly 2,000 years. On removing the *débris*, which consisted of the roof and the ashes which had fallen into the interior of the house, something like a human form was discovered, though nothing but fine powder was visible. It occurred to Cav. Fiorelli

that this might be a kind of sarcophagus created by Vesuvius, and that within were the remains of one of the victims of that terrible eruption. But how to remove or preserve them? A happy idea struck him. Plaster of Paris was poured into an aperture,—the interior having been discovered to be hollow, in consequence of the destruction of the flesh, and mixing with and uniting with the bones, restored to the world a Roman lady of the first century. Further researches led to the discovery of a male body, another woman, and that of a young girl; but that which first awakened the interest of excavators was the finding of ninety-one pieces of silver money, four ear-rings, a finger-ring, all of gold, together with two iron keys, and evident remains of a linen bag. These interesting relics have been now successfully removed, and are lying in a house not far distant. They are to be preserved in Pompeii, and four bronze tables, of an antique fashion, are being prepared for their reception. I will describe the dry details of their appearance. The first body, so to speak, is that of a woman, who lies on her right side, and from the twisted position of her body had been much convulsed. Her left hand and arm are raised and contorted, and the knuckles are bent in tightly; the right arm is broken, and at each end of the fragments one sees the cellular character of the bones. The form of the head-dress and the hair are distinctly visible. On the bone of the little finger of the left hand are two silver rings, one of which is a guard. The sandals remain, or the soles at least, and iron or nails are unmistakably to be seen. Though the body is much bent, the legs are extended as if under the influence of extreme pain.

By the side of this figure lay the bags of which I have already spoken, with the money, the keys, and the rings, and the cast of it, with all that remains intermingled with or impressed on the plaster is preserved in the same room. Passing on to an inner chamber we found the figure of the young girl lying on its face, resting on its clasped hands and arms; the legs are drawn up, the left lying over the right,—the body is thinly covered over in some parts by the scorix or the plaster, while the skull is visible, highly polished. One hand is partially closed, as if it had grasped something, probably her dress, with which it had covered the head. The finger-bones protrude through the incrustated

ashes, and on the surface of the body in various parts is distinctly visible the web of the linen with which it had been covered. There was lying by the side of the child a full-grown woman, the left leg slightly elevated, whilst the right arm is broken; but the left, which is bent, is perfect, and the hand is closed. The little finger has an iron ring; the left ear which is uppermost, is very conspicuous and stands off from the head. The folds of the drapery, the very web remain, and a nice observer might detect the quality of the dress. The last figure I have to describe is that of a man, a splendid subject, lying on its back, with the legs stretched out to their full length. There is an iron ring on the little finger of the left hand, which, together with the arm, are supported by the elbow. The folds of the dress on the arm and over the whole of the upper part of the body are visible; the sandals are there, and the bones of one foot protrude through what might have been a broken sandal. The hair of the head and beard,—by which I mean, of course, the traces of them,—are there; and the breath of life has only to be inspired into this and the other three figures to restore to the world of the nineteenth century the Romans of the first century. I gazed again and again on these lifeless forms with an interest which I cannot well describe. They might have fallen but yesterday, for were there not still remaining their sandals, their dress, the very tracery of their hair? They were trying to escape from destruction, for the bodies were found at a short distance one from the other, as if in the act of running. What could have induced them to remain so long it is only permitted to imagine. They were three women who, terrorstruck, had been unable, perhaps, to act until aided and urged forward by the man. It may be that with that attachment which binds us all so closely to our native place and our hearth, they still clung to their homes with the hope that the storm would soon pass away. I witnessed some instances of infatuation last year at Torre del Greco, where the poorer inhabitants remained in the lower rooms of their houses, the upper parts of which had fallen or were falling in, when the ground was heaving, and the crash of buildings was heard from time to time; but Vesuvius sent forth its clouds of ashes without intermission until the sun was darkened, and the only safety was in flight.

Haste—haste!—fly—by the Stabian Gate, towards the Salerno road! But it was too late; the weakness of woman, or the strength of local attachment, had been too strong, and down they fell, these poor victims, on the very site from which they have now been disinterred, after an undisturbed repose of nearly two thousand years. The first was the mother and the head of the household, for by her side was the bag of money, the keys, and two silver vases, and a silver hand-mirror, which was found only last Friday. She was of gentle birth too; the delicacy of her arms and legs indicates it; and coiffure too. The hands are closed as if the very nails must have entered into the flesh, and the body is swollen, as are those of the others, as if water had aided the cruel death. The child—perhaps her child—does not appear to have suffered so much, but, childlike, it had thrown itself on the ground, and wrapped its dress about its head, thinking thereby to exclude all danger. I judge so from the marks of the folds of the linen round the arms and on the upper part of the body, and from the partially open hand as if it had grasped something. Poor child! it was not so tenacious of life as the mother, and soon went to sleep.

There is the figure of another woman, of a lower class, a servant perhaps, and I thought so from a large projecting ear, and the ring on the finger, which was of iron. She had suffered much evidently, as the right leg is twisted back and uplifted. She lies on her side, and the left hand, which is closed, rests on the ground; but her sufferings were less than those of her mistress, as her sensibility was perhaps less acute. The man, manlike, had struggled longer with the storm which raged around him, for he fell on his back, and fell dead. His limbs are stretched out at their full length, and give no sign of suffering. A more touching story than that which is told by these silent figures I have never read, and if a second Bulwer could describe the last days of Pompeii, nothing more suggestive could be found as a nucleus for his romance than the family group just brought to light. It was with comparatively little interest that I closed this day by visiting the sites where the laborers are actually at work. They are cutting out streets beneath the roots of large trees, and carting off the soil to many feet above them. Walls are coming out to view every moment, and the large red inscrip-

tions and the popular jokes of Pompeiani. Many houses have been completely uncovered, with the exception of two or three feet of sand, which are left on the ground-floor, and cover up the antiquarian wealth which is reserved for the eyes of distinguished visitors. One house I remarked particularly, as it is the largest in Pompeii. There are two large gardens in the interior of the building, and marble fountains, around which were found the figures of a wild boar being pulled down by dogs, and a serpent and other animals, all of bronze. On the walls are elegant fresco paintings, and in one small room, a sleeping chamber, is a mosaic floor, a portion of which was repaired, and that right artistically too, by some old Roman mosaicist. This room is not far from the Temple of Isis, should visitors care to see it; and it will well repay the trouble. Amongst the many changes and

improvements which my friend Cav. Fiorelli has introduced, I must not fail to notice the establishment of a museum, in which many objects of great interest are deposited, all discovered in Pompeii. There are the skeletons of two dogs; and sixty loaves which were baking when Vesuvius burst forth, and which were "drawn" only the other day. There are the great iron doors for the mouth of the oven. There are tallies, too, and hammers and bill-hooks and colors, should the artist need them, and medicines for sick, and pulse for the hungry. Vases and pateræ of plain and colored glass, light and elegant in form, are there, and candelabra, so graceful that one longs to grasp them. There, too, are brasiers more ornamented and more useful and elegant than any that modern Italians have made. *H. W.*

A CURIOUS case has been brought upon appeal before the House of Lords, after thirty years' litigation in the Court of Chancery. In the year 1780, Dr. Cochrane, a native of Scotland, left his country, and entered the service of the East India Company as assistant surgeon in their Bengal establishment. In 1790 he formed a connection — was married to her, as the appellants allege, according to the forms of an Indian marriage — with Raheim Beebee, a princess of fourteen years of age, at Cawnpore, in the state of Furuckabad, then an independent Mahometan state. By this princess, on whose fair fame no imputation is cast, he had several children, all of whom, except Susan, the present appellant, born on the 17th of December, 1807, died shortly after their birth. On the 23d of November, 1808, Dr. Cochrane, being in England, was married to a Scotch lady named Margaret Douglas Fearon, with whom he returned to India. Of course there was nothing out of the way to the mind of the Mahometan princess in her husband taking to himself another wife; and it is alleged that Mrs. Cochrane the second, treated the native Mrs. Cochrane with the utmost respect, and her daughter Susan with affection, while the two ladies were residing in separate establishments at Calcutta. On the 8th of December, 1818, residing still in India, Dr. Cochrane made a will, by which he left £12,500 to his child by the Indian princess, and, in terms of affection, conjured the second Mrs. Cochrane to bring her up in a manner befitting the morals and dignity of her station. Both his sons by the second marriage died without issue in 1835, and after the death of both parents. The widow of the first son, after having taken out letters of administration to her husband, married a Mr. Lord in 1842, and died in 1844. On his return to

Scotland, where he was domiciled at the time of his decease, Dr. Cochrane made a second will which, it is alleged, had the effect of entirely revoking his former one, by which he left the legacy of £12,500 to Susan, although it did not contain any express clause of revocation. In 1826, Susan married Lieutenant Moorhouse; and the contest lies between Moorhouse and his wife, the appellants from the adverse decision of the court below, and Mr. Lord, in whose favor that decision has been made. This is the gist of a case in which a fortune of upwards of £200,000 awaits the final disposition of the House of Lords. — *London Review*.

MR. BURFORD'S Panorama of Rome was exhibited on Saturday. It is the intention of the proprietors to produce in succession all the panoramas of the late Mr. Burford, who for seventy years annually exhibited pictorial representations of remarkable places in Europe, Asia, and America.

PRUSSIAN Government engineers have been engaged in making surveys with a view towards forming a canal to unite the Rhine, Weser, and Elbe Rivers; it is understood that the needful works do not present any very formidable engineering obstacles.

A MR. RICHARD WILLIAMS has translated Bacon's "Essays" into Welsh. This is the first time that these "Essays" (or perhaps any other of Lord Bacon's writings) have appeared in the idiom of that people.

THE QUAKER WIDOW.

THEE finds me in the garden, Hannah,—come in !
 'Tis kind of thee
 To wait until the Friends were gone, who came
 to comfort me.
 The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,
 But blessed is the single heart that comes to us
 at need.

Come, sit thee down ! Here is the bench where
 Benjamin would sit
 On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the
 swallows flit :
 He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the
 pleasant bees
 Go humming round the lilacs and through the
 apple-trees.

I think he loved the spring : not that he cared
 for flowers : most men
 Think such things foolishness,—but we were first
 acquainted then,
 One spring : the next he spoke his mind ; the
 third I was his wife,
 And in the spring (it happened so) our children
 entered life.

He was but seventy-five : I did not think to lay
 him yet
 In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly Meeting
 first we met.
 The Father's mercy shows in this, 'tis better I
 should be
 Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age
 —than he.

We've lived together fifty years ; it seems but
 one long day,
 One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called
 away ;
 And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet contentment home,
 So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days
 to come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was
 to know
 If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I
 should go ;
 For father had a deep concern upon his mind
 that day,
 But mother spoke for Benjamin,—she knew what
 best to say.

Then she was still : they sat a while ; at last she
 spoke again,
 “The Lord incline thee to the right !” and “Thou
 shalt have him, Jane !”
 My father said. I cried. Indeed, 'twas not the
 least of shocks,
 For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter
 Ruth we lost :
 Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not
 see her crossed.
 She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she
 hears a hireling priest—
 Ah, dear ! the cross was ours : her life's a happy
 one, at least.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as
 old as I,—
 Would thee believe it, Hannah ? once I felt temptation nigh !

My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for
 my taste :
 I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at
 the waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the
 women's side !
 I did not dare to lift my eyes : I felt more fear
 than pride,
 Till, “in the presence of the Lord,” he said, and
 then there came
 A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say
 the same.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I
 I showed no sign ;
 With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand
 in mine.
 It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was
 his for life :
 Thee knows the feeling, Hannah,—thee, too, hast
 been a wife.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green
 as ours ;
 The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows
 full of flowers ;
 The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face
 was kind,—
 'Tis strange how lively everything comes back
 upon my mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-
 dinner spread :
 At our own table we were guests, with father at
 the head,
 And Dinah Passmore helped us both,—'twas she
 stood up with me,
 And Abner Jones with Benjamin,—and now
 they're gone all three !

It is not right to wish for death ; the Lord dis-
 poses best.
 His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them
 for his rest ;
 And that he halved our little flock was merciful,
 I see :
 For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are
 left with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm,—'twas not his call
 in truth,
 And I must rent the dear old place, and go to
 daughter Ruth.
 Thee'll say her ways are not like mine,—young
 people now-a-days
 Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good
 old ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart ; she keeps
 the simple tongue,
 The cheerful kindly nature we loved when she
 was young ;
 And it was brought upon my mind, remembering
 her, of late,
 That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay
 too much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed
 with grace,
 And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a
 homely face.
 And dress may be of less account : the Lord will
 look within :
 The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.
 Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth : she's anxious
 I should go,
 And she will do her duty as a daughter should,
 I know.
 'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must
 be resigned :
 The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing
 mind.

—Bayard Taylor.

ODE TO THE RAIN.

"Heigh-ho ! the wind and the rain !

* * * * *

For the rain it raineth every day."
 SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*.

I.

THE rain it hath a dismal sound
 To a spirit burdensome;
 In dull monotony around
 Ascends a cheerless hum :
 The floods enshroud both hill and dale,
 Which, veiled in vapor, lie
 Beneath the rack of clouds the gale
 Sends scudding o'er the sky;
 While, as they scatter,
 Follow more
 In gray and weeping train :
 Patter, patter,
 Pour, pour,
 Oh, dreary, weary rain !

II.

Ceaseless it pelts upon the earth
 On moisted moors and meads;
 The rustling woods are rank and swarth,
 The flowers hang their heads;
 The birds are silent, save the wren
 That twitters in the hedges ;
 It lashes loud the river, then
 It simmers in the sedges ;
 It beats the stubble,
 Lays the wheat,
 And flushes ditch and drain :
 Bubble, bubble,
 Beat, beat,
 Oh, dreary, weary rain !

III.

And now it gushes from the eaves,
 And gurgles in the gutter ;
 It drips and drizzles off the leaves,
 As here and there they flutter.
 The Wind he hurls it to and fro,
 And howls with mad delight ;
 He blows it high, and drives it low,
 Through all the streaming night ;
 And with a fickle,
 Fretful dash,

It patters on the pane :
 Trickle, trickle,
 Splash, splash,
 Oh, dreary, weary rain !

IV.

Within the reeking farmyard-shed
 It floods the foddered steer,
 While damp discomfort dulls the tread
 Of sullen chanticleer ;
 Where on the moor the bull-frog croaks,
 The wagoner it drenches ;
 And in the sodden field it soaks
 The weather-beaten wench ;
 And hip and hazel,
 Dripping, dip
 Their sprays into the lane :
 Drizzle, drizzle,
 Drip, drip,
 Oh, dreary, weary rain !

V.

The horseman draws his cloak to chin,
 And holds his head adown ;
 The cowering tramp, wet to the skin,
 Is plodding towards the town ;
 The herding deer beside the pale
 Lie in the fern to hide ;
 The cattle huddle in the vale,
 The sheep on mountain-side ;
 But there no shelter
 Gives the ash,
 Nor elm upon the plain :
 Pelter, pelter,
 Lash, lash,
 Oh, dreary, weary rain !

VI.

The rill that oozed from ferny bank,
 And trickled mid the weeds,
 Has swamped the meadow, soft and rank,
 And rushes through the reeds ;
 The snake is hiding in the brake,
 The weazle in his hole ;
 The fowl are moping on the lake,
 And brooding sits the owl :
 With quick bespatter
 Drips each drop,
 And drips and drips again :
 Clatter, clatter,
 Slop, slop,
 Oh, dreary, weary rain !

VII.

It makes me sad to sit and listen
 To such a sodden sound,
 To see the woods, aye wont to glisten,
 In dulness so profound ;
 I long to see the jovial sun
 Burst through his misty curtain,
 Dispel the clouds, or gild each one
 With smile no more uncertain.
 Then stay thy violence,
 Leave in peace,
 And cease thy doleful strain :
 Silence ! silence !
 Cease ! cease !
 Oh, dismal, dismal rain !

— Temple Bar.

THE LIVING AGE.

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A WELCOME.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, POET LAUREATE.

SEA-KING'S daughter from over the sea,
 Alexandra !
 Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
 But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
 Alexandra !

Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet !
 Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street !
 Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
 Scatter the blossom under her feet !
 Break, happy land, into earlier flowers !
 Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers !
 Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours !
 Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare !
 Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers !
 Flames, on the windy headland flare !
 Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire !
 Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air !
 Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire !
 Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
 Alexandra !

Sea-king's daughter as happy as fair,
 Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
 Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea,
 Oh, joy to the people and joy to the throne,
 Come to us, love us, and make us your own :
 For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
 Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
 We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
 Alexandra !

OLD ALEXANDRIA.

A TRACT of Egyptian desert sand
 Sweeping in undulating swells,
 A low sea-beach without pebbles or shells,
 Patches of meagre sunburnt grasses
 Through which the sea-wind whirrs as it passes
 Across the desolate strand.
 Fragments of marble, gray and white,
 Basalt like iron and black as night,
 Rich red porphyry, and verd antique
 And here and there the skull of a Greek
 That crumbles to dust in your hand.

For when a fellah has need of stones
 To make his miserable den,
 He goes and robs the buried men ;
 And in the great Necropolis
 You often come on a deep abyss
 In whose sides are many a broken tomb,
 And if you peer into their inner gloom
 You may see these dead men's bones.

Beneath a sandy shell-less shore
 Lies scattered with fragments of masonry,
 And marble pavements the Romans of yore
 Spread out to make a dainty floor
 For their baths in the tideless sea.

Like a dolphin in the throes of death
 Those Mediterranean waters lie,
 Dyed with violet, green, and blue,
 Gold and amber and every hue,
 By the angry evening sky.

Down from the lowering purple cloud,
 Suddenly drops the scarlet sun,
 And a scarlet flash from the evening gun,
 And a burst of sluggish smoke, snow-white,
 And a thunder sullen and loud
 Come over the sea, and the day dies down
 To his grave in the wave with an angry frown,
 And I wander home through the night.

—*All the Year Round.*

O TEMPORA MUTANTUR !

Yes, here, once more, a traveller,
 I find the Angel Inn,
 Where landlord, maids, and serving-men
 Receive me with a grin :
 They surely can't remember *me*,
 My hair is gray and scander ;
 I'm changed, so changed since I was here—
 "O tempora mutantur !"

The Angel's not much altered since
 That sunny month of June,
 Which brought me here with Pamela
 To spend our honeymoon !
 I recollect it down to e'en
 The shape of this decanter,
 —We've since been both much put about—
 "O tempora mutantur !"

Ay, there's the clock, and looking-glass
 Reflecting me again ;
 She vowed her love was very fair—
 I see I'm very plain.
 And there's that daub of Prince Leboo :
 'Twas Pamela's fond banter
 To fancy it resembled me—
 "O tempora mutantur !"

The curtains have been dyed ; but there,
 Unbroken, is the same,
 The very same cracked pane of glass
 On which I scratched her name.
 Yes, there's her tiny flourish still,
 It used to so enchant her
 To link two happy names in one—
 "O tempora mutantur !"

* * * * *
 What brought this wanderer here, and why
 Was Pamela away ?
 It might be she had found her grave,
 Or he had found her gay.
 The fairest fade ; the best of men
 May meet with a supplanter ;—
 I wish the times would change their cry
 Of "tempora mutantur."

—*Locker's London Lyrics.*

ON CHARLOTTE NESS.

"SAY what is 'abstract,' what 'concrete' ?
 Their difference define."
 "They both in one fair person meet,
 And that, dear maid, is thine."
 "How so ? The riddle pray undo."
 "I thus your wish express ;
 For while I lovely Charlotte view,
 I then view loveli-Ness."

From The Examiner.

Verner's Pride. By Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of "East Lynne," etc. In Three Volumes. Bradbury and Evans.

Aurora Floyd. By M. E. Braddon, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." In Three Volumes. Tinsley Brothers.

THE slight but kindly recognition of weak cleverness—that is all the criticism due from us to novels by the authoress of "East Lynne," and the silence in which it would be kindness to pass over the crude, coarse, and prosaic tails of bigamy and murder by the authoress of "Lady Audley's Secret," no longer fit the time when these writers have been forced—chiefly or altogether, we fear, by the misapplied laudations of a critic in the *Times*—into a popularity discreditable to the public taste. The popularity no doubt is artificial, largely made up of the applause of those who would be influenced in their judgment by announcements of tremendous success in an advertisement or street placard. Of Miss Braddon, the authoress of "Lady Audley's Secret," newspapers have been telling us lately that she was a provincial actress, and a writer in *Reynolds's Miscellany*. For that journal her style and matter were, we can suppose, perfectly well suited. Her novels are of the school of Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, literature of the kitchen as it used to be, and to give currency to them among educated readers without placing the name of Reynolds on a level with that of Sir Walter Scott, Miss Austen, or Mr. Dickens, is a gross injustice. How long, too, will society refuse to place the name of its Smith beside that of its Shakspeare? There is a Mr. Smith, whose works of fiction appear in penny weeklies not yet fashionable, and achieve an "immense success" among the class of readers whose coarse fare is now sought by the dainty. He has, we believe, more readers than Mr. Dickens. Why shall he not be fetched up out of the kitchen? A pleasant writer in one of the magazines this month pictures an exquisite gentleman to whom everything upon his daintily appointed breakfast table is uneatable. "Did you ever," asks his doctor, who is breakfasting with him, "try a red herring?" Here is a glorious idea, here is an absolutely new sensation to be got; the faithful serving-man is despatched immediately to Fortnum and Mason's for a red herring. He goes to a chan-

dlers shop in a back alley to buy the herring, and his master eats the whole of it with utmost relish. There are some fastidious novel-readers to whom one of Miss Braddon's stories may have, in this way, the relish of a penny herring out of the back alley.

What is there to raise the novels of these ladies above mediocrity? Are they good in language, thought, or story? Good writing will often cover weakness of invention. Original thought will give a true charm even to a tale careless in diction and poor in plot. Or a well-contrived plot will make the fortune of a tale in which the writing is poor and all the thoughts are superficial. In all Mrs. Wood's novels the language is weak, sinning as nine average novels in ten do, but much more than is customary, against grammar, and, as the lady would say, "to a degree." We are very sure, also, that neither Mrs. Wood nor Miss Braddon, whose novels are coarser and worse than Mrs. Wood's, has achieved in any book one shrewd and original thought. At every turn of events that suggests reflection each lady punctually and exclusively provides her reader with the commonplace appointed for the occasion. The merit may lie, perhaps, in the far-fetched invention of their tales, in which they labor to be sensational. Here, however, to Mrs. Wood's especial credit be it said, one lady bases her fiction on a womanly notion of right, and shows a sense of delicacy that restrains her from the coarser imaginings of the sensation novelist. For this reason she is falling behind in the race. She cannot give her mind sufficiently to the painting of a true halo of bigamy and murder about the head of any heroine or hero. In this story of *Verner's Pride* Mrs. Wood doubtless begins well enough, as notions of a good beginning go, by mysteriously drowning a seduced girl in a pond, and raising a question of Who put her in? Four or five persons go through some part of the story with the now relishable game flavor of a taint of suspicion of murder on the reader's mind; and then, in the second volume, a first husband buried in Australia is so distinctly supposed to have re-appeared that the full relish of bigamy is given to a portion of the story. But the murder proves after all to have been no murder, a mere case of seduction and suicide, and the bigamy is wiped out after it had been carefully painted in. The re-appeared hus-

band proves to have been personated. If Mrs. Wood desires to run a race of popularity with Miss Braddon, there must be no baulking of the reader's appetite for bigamy and murder; there must be constant addition instead of diminution of the dose of cayenne in the literary curry. It is more than time that we had three husbands to embarrass any really interesting heroine. Lady Audley was glad to think she had got rid of her first by putting him down the well, and then only tried to rid herself of an inconvenient inquirer by burning him in his bed. But think of the shifts and perplexities of a wife with eight husbands, being not only mysteriously married like Aurora Floyd to her noble husband's horse-trainer, but also to the beadle of whose cane she is in dread, and also to the Emperor of China, who writes compromising letters by each mail, the more compromising as she is also secretly married to the postman, who is of a suspicious temper, and may open any letter addressed to her; also, under peculiar circumstances, to the giant of a show that is coming to be set up at a fair in the neighborhood; also to a maniac whom she keeps in the cellar, for which reason she alone carries the key of the cellar; and also to the rector of the parish, who believes her to be on a friendly visit at the grand house which must always be in the centre of the stories of this school. Medea Blenkinsop, or the Octogamist, or Pails of Blood—what a tale might be made of it! Think of the mere difficulty between two husbands, the squire and rector of the parish,—how to keep them from knowing that they both had the same wife? What floods of interesting lies the heroine would have to tell! This is the direction in which Mrs. Wood must travel if she is to retain her popularity, she must not think to make a sensation with mere make-believe bigamy. Let her study *Punch*, read in the profound pages of that philosopher the thrilling romance of "Mokeanna," and write something like that. We forget how many slops of fiction a sensation writer of the new school usually drops at a time, say three, then how delicious would be the exercise of ingenuity in threading the maze among three dozen or more husbands of three fair polygamist heroines. Before breakfast Medea Blenkinsop having, by great ingenuity, got her husband, the beadle, up in the belfry, stands below, pulls a rope, and crushes his

head with the clapper of the great bell. As the bone crushes between bell and clapper there is a muffled toll that strikes into the heart of every villager. Author going to breakfast upon devilled herring, leaves Mrs. Blenkinsop at the bell-rope, and coming back, resumes the midnight conversation in another story between the Black Rat-catcher and his wife, the Marchioness of Bloodybones, in Deadman's Lane. She was left on the point of paying him two thousand pounds to go away. "We are observed," says he. And authoress proceeds to bring a hunchback into the hedge, who picks the lady's pocket of her handkerchief, and after she has gone, with that handkerchief smothers the rat-catcher, leaving him with the marchioness's cipher and initials hanging out of his mouth. The author dines on pork pie and plum cake, and returns to the affairs of the third heroine, who has a will to forge before explaining in a soliloquy how the relentless hand of destiny has made her what she is, and she is more to be pitied than blamed for having married and poisoned twenty-seven of her lovers. He for whom she stealthily retires to sweeten a night-draught is the twenty-eighth; she will fly to sunny Italy to-morrow with the stable-boy.

We have not yet quite reached this perfection of sensation writing, but are fairly on the way to it. And now let us look to Mrs. Wood, who, with all her faults, is a writer more worth notice than Miss Braddon, for some illustrations of the sort of English that is suitable to a sensation novel. Verner's Pride is the name of a house, built by old Mr. Verner to replace another on the same estate that was "a high, narrow old thing." The old man had two sons, one his companion at home, the other, Colonel Sir Lionel, who had a boy at Eton. When the old man grew near to death Sir Lionel "was bade" get leave of absence if possible. But he also being dead, Verner's Pride was bequeathed to his brother, not to his son, the son of the eldest son, the youth at Eton, who becomes the hero of the story. The new master of Verner's Pride married "a widow lady of the name of Massingbird," who had two nearly grown-up sons, John and Frederick. These lived at Verner's Pride with young Lionel, the adopted son and natural heir of the property. It was Frederick Massingbird who seduced Rachel Frøst; he is a sly villain with

a sensation mark upon his face, "a very strange-looking mark indeed, quite as large as a pigeon's egg, with what looked like radii shooting from it on all sides. Some of the villagers, talking familiarly among themselves, would call it a hedgehog, some would call it a porkypine, but it resembled a star as much as anything. That is, if you can imagine a black star. The mark was black as jet; and his pale face and the fact of his possessing no whiskers, made it all the more conspicuous."

This sort of portrait-painting is emphatic enough certainly, but to make it more so, the author gives Mr. Frederick a habit of gently rubbing his finger round and round the mark on his cheek. There is an emphatic way, too, of putting the effect of a discovery. "It electrified Deerham. It electrified Mrs. Verner. It worse than electrified Matthew Frost and Robin." By another incident "Lionel, Mrs. Verner, Jan, and Sir Rufus Hautley were petrified." There is an emphatic ordering of words, too, with which Mrs. Wood produces comical effects. In this manner, it is not written "she sat down on a chair," but it is written "down on a chair sat she." Or, "One laid hold of his head, another of his feet; but make nothing of him could they;" or, "it caused quite a confusion, the entrance of Dr. West." Dislocation of the limbs of sentences, with full stops fired like bullets into them, is another way of bringing readers up with a mild jerk. Mrs. Verner "was rather addicted to dropping asleep with her last glass of wine, and waking up with the tea-tray. As she did on this evening." "Lucy noticed that he had left the parchment behind him, and ran after him with it. Catching him as he was about to close the hall-door." Here Mrs. Wood is comically solemn with a semicolon: After a wedding breakfast, "Sir Edmund and Lady Hautley had left then; but those who remained wanted some dinner; and had it." We first see John Massingbird in his brother's presence preparing for a journey to Australia, stowing his litter into the boxes "not all sixes and sevens, like it looked as it lay, but compactly and artistically." "He was the best-looking of the two." Mrs. Wood's misuse of the word "like" is habitual. We read of "a heavy groan born of displeasure, mingled with pain, like the greeting look had been." Here are two blunders in one sen-

tence, "Suddenly he went straight up to Frederick Massingbird's chamber, who was deep in the business of packing, like his unfortunate brother John had been, not two short years before." Jan smelt Lionel's medicine, "then he tasted it, apparently with great gusto, like anybody else might taste port wine. . . . And finally, Jan poured the lot down his own throat." Lionel, "like many another has done before" him, suffered a moment's impassioned impulse to fix the destiny of a life." The two conductors of a painted donkey "were muffled up, as befitted the inclemency of the night, something like their voices appeared to have been."

No detached evidence of the slipslop of Mrs. Wood's style (and "East Lynne" was in this respect worse, not better, than "Vernier's Pride") will convey to one who has not read the book itself the impression of ill-written English that every page of her writing gives, even when it contains no technical faults. Lionel Verner comes in "for the tail of the dinner;" John "set on to spend his portion as fast as he could;" "To be sometime the mistress of Verner's Pride was a very vista of desire." Mrs. Wood has some such notion of the meaning of a vista as we might expect from a lady who blends direct vulgarity with the indirect vulgarity in use of fine phrases common among the uneducated. From Lionel to Lady Verner a hint is "sufficient to induce her to preserve reticence." What is in a small house too narrow to be called a hall, Mrs. Wood calls not a passage but a "vestibule." Pretty Mrs. Massingbird, showing her face unexpectedly to Lionel, "For one single moment Lionel was lost in the beauty of the vista." In connection with a country doctor we have a new use of the word auspices. "Jan's window being, as you may remember, nearly on a level with the ground, presented favorable auspices for holding a face-to-face colloquy with night-visitors."

When does Mrs. Wood think that a man is not a being? "Jan went on like a steam-engine. Lionel remained, standing at his entrance gate, more like a prostrate being than a living man." A rough soldier, Captain Cannonby, who has tossed about the world, and who speaks of his brother the doctor, making "a sight of money," tells of the death in his presence of Frederick Massing-

bird in Australia. "He died at early dawn, just as the sun burst out to illumine the heavens." Lionel, on one of the occasions of his being dislodged from Verner's Pride, would study law-books, and, says the fair authoress, "Awfully dry work he found it; not in the least congenial; and many a time did he long to pitch the whole lot," etc. Beyond Mrs. Duff's shop you "come upon an opening on the left hand, which led to quite a swarm of cottages." Mrs. Verner was "put to shifts by the bailiff's death." "'You ascertained no certain news of John Massingbird, I hear,' observed Lady Verner." "Sibylla also knew, and she read aright, the drooping of their faces." Of a number of women it is said that "they, to hear them talk, would rather have enjoyed an encounter *solus* with the ghost than not." "Roy spoke unusually impressive for him." Lucy says to Lionel, "Mr. Cust had used to tell us." Jan the surgeon says of Sibylla's temper, "You remember how it had used to be with her at home." Sibylla is thought weak in the chest. "Not more weak than I had used to be," she answers. Lionel says, "I cannot reconcile it to my conscience, mother, to remain on here." His mother says, "You will give up this London scheme, will you not, and remain on elsewhere?" "Lionel declined the grog, but he remained on, talking things over." Afterwards "John Massingbird remained on with him, his guest." Eat stands for ate. "We had a beautiful piece of roast beef; and I'm sure you eat as much as you chose." "Dr. West had accepted a cup of coffee. He kept it in his hand, sipping it now and then, and slowly eat a biscuit." "Night-fogs are pernicious to a degree," says this physician. John Massingbird spoke to the doctor "with his mouth full of devilled kidneys," and "could not by any manner of means be induced" to take his hints. But the rough John, with diggers' habits, usually says, "deemed" for thought, and of his smoking in bed, says, "Tynn lives in perpetual torment lest my bed should ignite some night." Lucy "sat with her head a little bent, scenting her verbena." Lucy, the refined and educated heroine, warns Lionel against a danger, saying, "I know you will not see it for yourself, and that is the reason why I am presumptive enough to suggest the idea to you." For which consideration, we are told directly afterwards,

Lionel "could not help pressing her hand warmer than was needful as he placed her in the carriage."

In despair over her own grammar Mrs. Wood uses pronouns in place of nouns, and adds the nouns lest the pronouns should point in the wrong direction. "Decima went indoors for some string to tie up a fuchsia plant just as she, Tynn, appeared at the iron gates." "They, the women, gathered together and pressed into Peckaby's shop." "He, Mr. Eyre, had said that Luke——." "He, Jan, went home, told Miss Deb the news," etc. "Jan had left himself as void of cash as he, Lionel, was." "A fancy arose to Lucy that she, Decima, had turned unusually pale." "He, Dr. Hayes, entered the room." "The doctor could either come back and resume practice in person, or take a partner in place of him, Jan." "He had a shrewd suspicion that, the house divided, his, Dr. West's, would stand but a poor chance against Jan Verner's."

A verb is rarely allowed to a sentence that describes a person, and the omission is too evidently meant to give the effect of fine writing. "A very pleasant-looking girl, fair, with a peach-bloom upon her cheeks, dark brown hair, and eyes soft and brown and luminous." A formidable looking chair, large and stately, as Lucy turned to look at it." These descriptions are dropped in sometimes with random haste. A Mr. Bitterworth is described on one page as "a little man with a pimpled face," on the very next page we read of his "hale old face."

An offensive seizing of the reader by the button for a jerk of personal address is part of the bad taste of the writer. We have such sentences as, "The old study that you have seen before." "You have now seen him do so once again." Of some dress of the heroine's,— "You saw her in it the evening she first came to Lady Verner's." Fat Mrs. Verner couldn't be made to walk,— "You may have met with some such case in your own experience." "It was a young gentleman whom you have had the pleasure of meeting before—Master Dan Duff." Lady Verner "would have gone on foot to visit the Countess of Elmsley and Lady Mary; but not Sibylla. You can understand the distinction." "You once saw the chamber of John Massingbird in this same house, in a tolerable litter." Somebody "might be going dead."

“As you will find also if you will make an evening call upon Mrs. Duff.” “Luke—if you have not forgotten—had said to Mr. Eyre,” and so forth.

Like all who speak or write bad grammar, Mrs. Wood affects to be critical. She describes the servant Rachel who was drowned in the pond as “refined as any lady, and her manners and speech would not have destroyed the illusion.” So when she visits her father in his cottage Rachel says, “Do not fear that I came clandestinely—or, as our servants would say, on the sly.” When Brother Jarrum the Mormon speaks of “uncredible reports,” Mrs. Wood, with her superior purity of speech, tells us that “Brother Jarrum probably intended to say ‘unaccredited;’” and when Deborah West says “It’s only me,” Mrs. Wood thinks it necessary to observe that she “did not at all times confine herself to the rules of severe grammar.”

We have cited example enough to make it clear that Mrs. Wood’s novels are not to be read for any charm of style. The depth of her reflective power is to be measured by such original sentiment as this: “It is the silent sorrow that eats into the heart; the loud grief does not tell upon it.” Or this, which may appear lovely to the cooks and nursemaids whose taste is now leading a fashion in the world of fiction.

“There was no mistake about it. Lucy had grown to love Lionel Verner. *How* she loved him, esteemed him, venerated him, none, save her own heart, could tell. Her days had been as one long dream of Eden. The very aspect of the world had changed: the blue sky, the soft breathing wind, the scent of the budding flowers, had spoken a language to her, never before learned: ‘Rejoice in us, for we are lovely!’ It was the strange bliss in her own heart that threw its rose hues over the face of nature, the sweet, mysterious rapture arising from love’s first dream, which can never be described by mortal pen; and never while it lasts, can be spoken of by living tongue. *While it lasts.* It never does last. It is the one sole ecstatic phase of life, the solitary romance stealing in once, and but once, amidst the world’s hard realities; the ‘fire filched for us from heaven.’ Has it to arise yet for you—you, who read this? Do not trust it when it comes, for it will be fleeting as a summer cloud. Enjoy it, revel in it while you hold it; it will lift you out of earth’s clay and earth’s evil, with its angel wings; but trust not to its remaining; even while you are saying, ‘I will make it mine forever,’ it is gone. It had gone for Lucy Tempest. And, oh! better for her, perhaps, that it should go: better, perhaps, for all: for if that sweet glimpse of paradise could take up its abode permanently in the heart, we should never look, or wish, or pray for that better Paradise which has to come hereafter.

NEW BAROMETRICAL OBSERVATIONS.—Lately a large barometer has been erected in the National Astronomical Observatory of Santiago de Chile. By this instrument has been observed a singular phenomenon new to science. We know, particularly through the observations of Humboldt, that the barometer rises and falls during the day in a peculiar manner, being at its maximum height at 10 A.M. and at 10 P.M., whilst the lowest readings are between 4 P.M. and 4 A.M. The regularity of this periodical movement within the tropics is such during the year, that Humboldt could tell the time within fifteen minutes. This movement has been observed with much regularity in Santiago de Chile during the winter and summer months; but in the month of February the movement entirely ceases, showing then only the ordinary maximum and minimum heights in the twenty-four hours. Senor Moesta has tried to explain this occurrence, and has demonstrated mathematically that the oscillatory movement of the barometer is produced by the sun’s power, analogous to that of gravitation, and that the said movement ought to disappear in the month of February in consequence of the great variation

of temperature during the course of the day. Thus the interesting result has been arrived at, that by virtue of the sun’s power a movement is manifested in the atmosphere analogous to the action of the tides; and it is this that causes the rise and fall of the barometrical column in Santiago, about “1.3 of a millimetre.” This force exercised by the sun cannot be what is generally known as that of attraction; but it is the same electric force which causes the diurnal variations of the magnetic compass, and the same that produces such visible changes in the forms of comets whenever they approach the vicinity of the sun.—*Comercio de Lima*, 8 Jan., 1863.

“I HAVE been renowned in battle; but I never told my name to a foe.”—OSSIAN, *Carthon*.

This would perhaps have revealed some ancestral friendship, and so have prevented the encounter. This was the old Caledonian hero’s reason for silence. There may be, and doubtless are, admirable reasons for anonymous censure and criticism; but we have often more modern reasons for not telling our name to a foe.

From Chambers's Journal.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD ONES.

It is strange to observe for how many centuries the powers of human invention remain passive in any particular direction, and then suddenly leap into activity. For nearly eighteen hundred years after the Christian era, no substantial improvement was made in the principle of the primitive lamp composed of a wick amidst grease. The outward form and substance of the receptacle which held the oil might be altered for the better, but the illuminating power was not increased. The bronze lamps of Egypt, and especially those discovered in the excavations of Pompeii, are so beautiful in shape, that we can originate nothing to excel them, and are content to copy their elegance; but in principle they show no signs of advance from the earliest period. They yielded a poor feeble light, and emitted a rank, offensive odor, inasmuch that the proverb applied to an author's manuscript, *Lucernam olet*, "it smells of the lamp," had a practical significance, which we of the present day can scarcely appreciate.

Before advertng to modern improvements, let us turn to the latter part of the eighteenth century, and see what were the systems of artificial lighting then in vogue. Practically speaking, there were only four descriptions of illuminating *media*; the common dip candle for the poor, the mould candle for the middle classes, the wax candle for the rich, and the oil-lamp, fed with fish oil, for the street and staircase.

The constant necessity for snuffing tallow candles, owing to the imperfect combustion of their inflammable substance, was the great drawback to their use. The fact was, that the wick pumped up more tallow than the air surrounding the flame could consume, hence the centre of the flame presented a dull, smoky appearance, and the wick became incrustated with a fungous head, which impeded and obscured the light. In the year 1799, an invention was patented for superseding snuffing. The candle resembled a common candle, except that it possessed no internal wick. In place of this, a short wick was fixed at the upper extremity, fitted in a metallic collar, which, as the candle slowly consumed, descended with it. The plan proved a failure, for the unconsumed carbonaceous matter gathered on the wick, and obscured the light as much as ever. The idea was in itself feasible

enough; its ill success was entirely owing to the impure substance of which candles were at that period composed.

But while inventors were racking their brains over these apparently trifling matters, a new illuminating agent was arising, which threatened at the time to extinguish candles forever. The history of gas has been often told: let us despatch it in a few sentences.

In 1792, Murdoch lighted his house and offices at Redruth, in Cornwall, with coal-gas. In 1798, he applied his invention to the workshops of Boulton and Watt, the engineers. For some years, however, the progress of gas was impeded by the foul mephitic odors which it emitted. These were removed to a great extent by Mr. Clegg, who, in 1807, freed the gas from sulphuretted hydrogen and other impurities by passing it through lime-water. In 1810, Mr. Winsor, of luckless celebrity, put up a few gas-lamps in Pall Mall. In 1814, the authorities of St. Margaret's, Westminster, substituted gas for oil throughout the parish. By degrees, nearly all London imitated the example; and in 1820, Paris removed her old swinging lamps—the irons of which had vibrated with the suspended body of many a counter-revolutionist—and proceeded to adopt the new system. Old-fashioned Grosvenor Square clung to her oil-lamps as late as 1842. We may add, that gas-burners are constructed in three ways: the simple jet, formed by a pin-hole in an iron nipple; the batwing, which is a slit in a nipple, causing the flame to spread like a fan; and the argand, where a number of small holes are drilled in a circular plate. The batwing principle, which is applied so effectively to our street-lamps, was discovered by mere accident.

If the whales and other members of the cetaceous tribe are gifted with the power of ascertaining what is being done on shore, they must have rejoiced greatly over the discovery of gas. "Man," they must have said, "that greedy and rapacious tyrant, will no longer come to hunt us down. Instead of being driven into the frozen and inhospitable regions of the pole, we shall be permitted to return to our natural *habitat*, the temperate zones, and there once more attain that gigantic and so-called fabulous size which is in reality our legitimate stature." So might these good innocent whales have spoken; but, alas! their anticipations have been cru-

ely falsified. When railways were initiated, it was prophesied that in twenty years scarcely a horse would be found in the United Kingdom, excepting for pleasure purposes; so when gas was discovered, oil was to be utterly superseded. But experience has proved that horses are more numerous and in greater demand than ever; while fish oil, in spite of the millions of cubic feet of gas annually burned, and the various other illuminating agents lately discovered, retains its full value, and is supplied in still greater abundance than heretofore. We fear that the world is too selfish, too unheedful of the welfare of posterity to carry out the project of the benevolent French philosopher, who has recommended us to give up the chase of the whale for two hundred years, in order to allow them to regain their former numbers and pristine size.

There can be no doubt, however, that oil would have yielded to the superior brilliancy of gas had no improvement taken place in its illuminating power. People had only to compare the miserable, old, blinking street-lamps, which yielded just sufficient light to enable footpads to distinguish their victims, with the bright daylight splendor of Winsor's carburetted hydrogen. Let us see how oil contrived to maintain its ascendancy.

In the reign of Louis XV., under the patronage of Monsieur de Sartines, the celebrated minister of police, one Langrin introduced reflector-lamps. This was a great improvement, but still an improvement external to the lamp itself, which remained essentially unaltered since the days of Pericles. Years passed away, the eighteenth century was drawing to a close—the first moanings of the great revolutionary storm begun to be heard, when Argand appeared. Does this sound like an anti-climax? Does it seem of the nature of bathos to conclude a sentence so sonorously begun with this comparatively obscure name? We think not, for Argand was a great benefactor to mankind. Every evening, as we sit in our brilliantly lighted drawing-rooms, we have reason to bless his name. What substantial benefit have Napoleon's marshals with all their long-sounding titles conferred on France, compared with this poor Swiss chemist?

Argand, who had settled in Paris, was determined to solve the problem to which we have above adverted. *Why should a larger*

wick proportionately decrease the brilliancy of the light? He worked at this for years. Instead of one large wick, he set a number of small wicks in a row. The effect was to diminish the smoke, but the lamp emitted a very feeble radiance. He then set the wicks in a circle, admitting the air from below, so that a current of air would flow into the centre of the flame. The lamp now burned somewhat brighter, but not as Argand hoped it would burn. The current of air did not flow upwards quick enough; there was no draught. The poor inventor was in despair. Let us conclude the narrative in the words of his younger brother: "My brother had long been trying to bring his lamp to bear. A broken-off neck of a flask was lying on the chimney-piece, I happened to reach it over to the table, and to place it over the circular flame of the lamp, immediately the flame rose with brilliancy. My brother started from his seat with ecstasy, rushed upon me in a transport of joy, and embraced me with rapture." We envy Argand the delight of that moment, and doubt if Napoleon, after the battle of Marengo, felt a purer joy.

This discovery took place in 1787. Argand obtained a patent from the king, and hoped to make his fortune; but he soon became highly unpopular. In 1789, he was persecuted by the tinmen, locksmiths, and ironmongers, who were excluded by the patent from participation in the new lamp-trade. They could not bear to see an interloper, who had never been bred to the craft, exercising their business. Then one Lange started up, claiming the invention. While he and Argand were disputing the point, the tinmen petitioned the assembly to annul the patent, alleging with some show of logic that as both claimed the merit of discovery, it was really due to neither. At last came the terrible 10th of August, sweeping away the king and all royal monopolies. Argand was accused of incivism, or some other mysterious counter-revolutionary crime, and fled to England. Here he fared little better; his invention was appreciated, but hosts of pretenders rose up to share its pecuniary advantages. In France, one Quinquet got the entire credit of the new lamp, which was called after his name, reminding us, says Argand's French biographer, of Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci. Eventually the unfortunate chemist died in penury at Geneva, in 1803. We learn that

in his later years he dabbled in astrology, and fancied that he had discovered the elixir of life; disappointment had probably affected his brain.

A hollow wick, fed by a current of air drawn upwards by a glass chimney, will yield a brilliant, smokeless light. Such was Argand's discovery; and it has been the parent of all subsequent improvements. In England, at any rate, we have had the honesty to put the saddle on the right horse; we have called the lamp after his name, and the word "Argand" is at the present day applied to all contrivances for increasing the intensity of light by a judicious application of air-holes. As a journal of the period remarks, the common lamp was comparable to a fire lighted in the open air, while Argand's lamp was like a fire in a furnace. The practical conveniences of this discovery were very great. Before Argand's time, watchmakers, engravers, and all artisans requiring a steady bright light, had been obliged to cease work at sunset; they were now enabled to continue their labors by night as well as by day.

During the present century, the attention of inventors has been principally directed to two points: first, improvements in the apparatus for consuming the oil; secondly, the discovery of new illuminating agents. In both they have been eminently successful. With regard to improvements in the lamps themselves, the makers have had two difficulties to encounter—the tendency of the oil to thicken in cold weather, and the imperfection of the means adopted to keep the wick well moistened with oil up to the verge of the flame. For the former of these obstacles, various plans more or less feasible have been devised. The oil has been artificially heated by means of an inner lamp introduced below. The awkwardness of this arrangement led to its abandonment. In the Solar lamp, the oil is contained in a circular chamber, raised above the level of the wick, from which the oil flows through two tubes. This plan compels the adoption of a large lamp-shade, which throws a considerable shadow on the table. These lamps, from their handsome appearance, are still much used in large drawing-rooms, and the shadow is obviated by an arrangement of reflectors. Lastly, the oil has been contained in a chamber immediately surrounding the flame, as in Parker's hot-oil lamp, which is stated by

practical judges to yield a more brilliant light in proportion to cost than any other contrivance. The Carcel lamp kept the oil heated, and the wick well moistened, by an elaborate arrangement of clock-work, but possessed the fatal defect of being easily disarranged. The Moderator lamp, which achieves the same end, is far simpler and more easily managed. A handle is turned communicating with a piston, the rising of which occasions the pressure of a coiled spring. This pressure causes the oil to be forced upwards through a central tube, thoroughly saturating the wick, while the surplus quantity trickles into a receiver below. We may add, that the light afforded by the moderator lamp has lately been greatly increased by the addition of an outer chimney glass, shaped like a dome, with a circular hole cut in the top. This second glass quickens the draught of air up the central tube, and causes a solid body of brilliant flame to rise to the height of four or five inches.

With regard to the discovery of new illuminating agents, fish oil is almost totally discarded for domestic purposes, being superseded to a great extent by the colza or rapeseed oil, which is used in all moderator lamps. Some years ago, camphine or spirit of turpentine (obtained chiefly from the pine forests of North Carolina), was extensively patronized; but it was subject to some serious drawbacks: the spirit was highly inflammable, and liable to explode; besides, as many housewives will remember, the Camphine lamps were apt, without warning, to emit a shower of greasy, ill-smelling particles of carbon, commonly called "blacks."

Next comes Paraffine, which is free from some of the disadvantages of camphine, yields a brilliant white light, and is cheaper than any other illuminating agent, gas excepted. Still it is not faultless: the smell of the oil is exceedingly offensive, though, when properly managed, it emits no odor during combustion; but what is more serious, it has been known to explode and cause fatal accidents. The proprietors of the patent paraffine state that this can only occur with inferior imitations; we trust it may be so. Our own impression is, that if the oil in the reservoir of the lamp become extraordinarily heated (a contingency very unlikely to occur), it would be volatilized into a highly explosive gas. It would be dangerous, therefore, to use paraffine in a

moderator lamp, where, as we have shown, the oil is heated before reaching the flame; otherwise paraffine is as harmless as oil. A piece of paper dipped in it will burn brilliantly, but the liquid itself is unflammable.

The name paraffine is derived from *parum affinis*, "having little affinity," on account of its resistance to chemical action. The oil is chiefly obtained from bituminous coal distilled at a low red heat. If a higher temperature were employed, the elements would be gas and naphthaline. The knowledge of this fact some years ago decided a Chancery suit in favor of the present patentees, as it was proved that they were the first persons who had recognized the principle of the necessity of a low temperature for its production.

Besides these artificially prepared oils, we have natural oil-springs in various parts of the world, especially in Burmah, Canada, and the United States. The produce of the American wells has now become an important article of commerce, insomuch that numerous vessels are employed for this special purpose; the odor of the oil being so penetrating, that all other cargo—timber perhaps excepted—would be effectually damaged. It is singular that so many years were suffered to elapse since the discovery of these oil-springs, before any use was made of their product. We read in the *Annual Register* for 1859, that some men were boring for salt water at Cumberland River, Kentucky, when a vein of pure oil welled out. This oil was traceable in the water five hundred miles below the point of entrance; while near the spot, the boys set fire to it as it floated down, causing a sheet of flame to illuminate the banks of the river for an immense distance.

The manufacture of candles has also been greatly improved by chemical invention, by the discovery of hitherto neglected natural products, and by novel arrangements for consuming the wick.

Some years ago, a French chemist observed that bodies of persons deposited in the catacombs occasionally became converted into a peculiar waxlike substance, which he termed *adipocere*. This discovery led to experiments which resulted in the invention of stearine. The fat of tallow was found to be separable from the oil; and the former substance or stearine, which is free from the greasiness, the unpleasant odor, and tendency to liquefaction of common tallow, is now extensively

used in the manufacture of candles, especially those intended for export to warm climates. In former days, a merchant would as soon have thought of exporting a case of skates to Calcutta, as a cargo of tallow candles; they would have all melted on the Line into an indistinguishable mass; now the patent composite candles are used in all intertropical regions where Europeans are to be found. Besides stearine, palm oil, which is solid in our climate, though liquid in its native Africa, is largely converted into candles; while the combustion of the wick is so perfectly attained, that the manufacture of snuffers has greatly diminished. The wicks are sometimes twisted so that the component parts bend out to the hottest parts of the flame as they burn: sometimes they are plaited on a wire, which is afterwards withdrawn to leave a free space for the capillary attraction of the melted tallow. But this complete combustion is in a great measure due to the superior nature of the fatty substances employed, for no contrivance has been hitherto discovered to obviate snuffing the common tallow candle.

Great as are the improvements which we have thus rapidly enumerated,—we have omitted all mention of the Bude and oxy-hydrogen lights, as being foreign to the subject of domestic illumination,—there is still much to be done to render indoor artificial lighting perfect. We have now-a-days plenty of cheap and brilliant light: it is doubtful whether we do not pay the penalty of weakened eyesight and disordered health in return for the advantage.

In this respect, coal-gas is the greatest offender. Besides unduly heating the air of the apartment, it is stated by Professor Faraday that an ordinary argand burner in a closed shop-window will produce in four hours two and a half pints of aqueous vapor, while, for every cubic foot of gas consumed, a cubic foot of carbonic acid is generated. The condensed steam injures everything it touches, as is well known to artists and librarians, while the carbonic gas is nothing more nor less than deadly poison.

The brilliantly lighted shops which ornament our thoroughfares are thus little better than whited sepulchres, as the pallid faces of their tenants too often attest. Professor Faraday recommends that each burner should be provided with an outer chimney fitted over the inner one, the whole being covered with

a piece of talc. The noxious vapors being thus prevented from escaping at the top, pass down between the chimneys, and are carried away by a tube to any convenient outlet. The results of this operation are a brighter light, and incomparably cooler and fresher air. Surely, the proprietors of some of our larger retail establishments might adopt this or a similar system. They would not only gain in health, but in custom. The fair sex would naturally patronize the well-ventilated place of business.

Gas is so much cheaper than all other illuminating agents—"a pennyworth of gas," says Dr. Fyfe, "giving light of equal intensity to half a crown's worth of composition candles"—that it is likely to be more and more used for domestic purposes. In the north of England and Scotland, where the gas is somewhat purer than that produced in London, it has almost superseded candles. Some months since, an accident happened at the gas-works in a certain northern town, which left the place for several hours in darkness. It was ludicrous to observe the household derangement which took place. Many families possessed neither lamps nor candlesticks, nor could the ironmongers meet the sudden demand, so utterly dependent were the inhabitants on the invisible agent.

Since gas, then, is becoming such an ordinary household servant, we would impress on our readers the importance of providing for

the removal of the noxious products of combustion. We must bear in mind that nothing in this world ceases to exist chemically, that matter merely suffers a change, and that gas, following the universal law, is, when burned, simply turned into something else. That something we have shown to be highly injurious to health. We would therefore counsel our readers (especially those who may be introducing gas into their houses for the first time), to take advantage of the latest improvements in this direction. The expenditure of a few extra shillings on each burner will not be regretted, even as concerns the saving to books, pictures, and furniture; still less will it be regretted when it tends to preserve the eyesight, and to improve the general health.

We are so prone to abuse God's good gifts, that unless some such improvements are adopted, the discoveries of the last eighty years may be found to have lessened rather than heightened the general happiness of mankind. A watchmaker of 1780, who was compelled to leave off work when it grew dark, might earn less wages, but was probably a healthier man than his modern representative. The improvements in artificial lighting have tended to make us habitually keep later hours—let us bear in mind that for purity, brilliancy, and cheapness, there is, after all, no light comparable to the light of day.

THE gun-cotton experiments for artillery purposes carried on by the Austrian Government have, we are informed, arrived at a successful conclusion. Rumors to the contrary have been spread from time to time; but these, it appears, were prompted by diplomatic reasons. A commission sent to Vienna by our War Department to inquire into the facts were courteously entertained and allowed to gather information; but the information placed in their way was, as we hear, fallacious—the essential conditions of the manufacture of gun-cotton were not communicated. So we are to experiment and find out for ourselves; and, as a beginning, a committee of members of the British Association, including chemists, artilleryists, and metal-workers have met to arrange a plan of proceeding. The objection to the use of gun-cotton, as hitherto known in this country, is that it explodes at a very low temperature, and all at once, whereby its force is lost before it can be communicated to the ball or projectile. Gunpowder, when ignited, requires a small interval of time to pass through the charge, and consequently expends its whole force in giv-

ing an impetus to the ball in the direction in which it is required to travel. Gun-cotton wastes its strength in all directions, and injures the gun. The Austrians, however, have discovered a way of rendering it as efficient as gunpowder; and, at the same time, by mixing iron, copper, and spelter in certain proportions, they produce a gun-metal tougher than any yet invented. In one particular there would be economy in the use of gun-cotton, as a less weight would be required for service than of gunpowder, which is no trifling consideration in providing for a fleet or army. Whether the manufacture will cost less is a question which can be answered only when the committee above referred to shall have completed their experiments.—*Chambers's Journal*.

A BISHOP there was of Natal,
Who took a Zulu for his *pal*,
Said the savage, "Look here!
Aint the Pentateuch queer?"
Which converted my Lord of Natal.

PRINCES OF WALES.

PART II.

III.—1376.—RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.

As this prince was only nine years old at the death of his father, the Black Prince, and only ten when he succeeded his grandfather, Edward III., on the throne, we have but a few words to say respecting him. He was born at Bordeaux, on the 6th of January, 1367, just as his father was about to set forth on his unfortunate Spanish campaign. James, King of Majorca, and Charles, King of Navarre, were then visitors at the Black Prince's court, and the former of these, together with Richard, Bishop of Agen, after whom the child was named, stood sponsors for him. After the death of his elder brother, Edward, the hopes of the people of England rested on him; and his great beauty added to this feeling of enthusiasm, while his real character, habitually indolent and self-indulgent, with intervals of spasmodic activity, and resembling that of King John more than any of our kings, was not yet known or foreseen. After his father's death the House of Commons went so far as to petition the Lords to admit the young prince among them as Prince of Wales; but the Lords replied that the king alone had the power of taking the initiative in this matter. Still the Duke of Lancaster was obliged so far to yield to the popular feeling as to allow the king to make the creation, as well as those of Duke of Cornwall and Earl of Chester, by charter of the 20th November following. On Christmas-day in that year young Richard sat next his grandfather and before all his uncles at a grand banquet, and on a Sunday in the following February one hundred and thirty "prime citizens" of London rode down, splendidly attired as mummers, with bands of music, to Kennington, where Richard and his mother resided, and offered their congratulations on the prospect of his speedy succession—making at the same time munificent gifts in money and articles of gold. This was probably meant as a demonstration against Lancaster. On the 21st of June following their wishes were fulfilled, to their own bitter cost. We should add that in the twenty-first year of Richard's reign the Earldom of Chester was erected into a principality, and in accordance with the new limitations has ever since been granted in conjunction with the principality of Wales.

IV.—1399.—HENRY OF MONMOUTH.

Ten years had passed from the accession of Richard II., when, on the 9th of August, 1387, Mary of Bohun, the wife of Henry Bolingbroke, Earl of Derby, eldest son of John of Gaunt, gave birth in the castle of Monmouth to an heir to the house of Lancaster. He was sent, it is said, at the early age of eleven, to Queen's College, Oxford, of which his uncle, afterwards Cardinal Beaufort (a son of John of Gaunt by Catherine Swinford), was chancellor. But his name does not appear on the books, and he probably was only under the care and training of his learned and astute relative. Then came the celebrated challenge between Henry Bolingbroke and Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, which gave King Richard an opportunity of banishing the former for ten years, the latter for life, with confiscation of his property. The king soon remitted Bolingbroke's sentence to four years, but on the death of John of Gaunt, in February, 1399, the king seized the property of the house of Lancaster, and made Bolingbroke's sentence the same as Norfolk's. Young Henry of Monmouth was placed under slight restraint and kept near the king's person, who, however, treated him and another captive nephew, Humphrey, son of the late Duke of Gloucester, with much kindness. This treatment appears to have made a very favorable lasting impression on young Henry. The king, when he set out for Ireland, carried Henry and Humphrey with him, landing with them at Waterford, and marching through a wild and thickly wooded country, against an equally wild body of three thousand Irish, who were entrenched in the woods, under MacMurehard, their titular king. Unable to penetrate to them, King Richard fired the woods and villages, and by their blazing light he, on Midsummer Eve, 1399, knighted young Henry, addressing him in these words: "My fair cousin, henceforth be gallant and bold; for unless you conquer you will have little name for valor!" The king soon after left county Waterford for Dublin, where a gay court was held, interrupted by the news of the landing of Henry Bolingbroke in England and the rapid progress of his arms. Richard, after addressing young Henry in terms of commiseration for the probable loss of his inheritance through the treason of his father, and receiving from him assurances of his own

innocence in the matter, left the two young princes under restraint in Trym Castle, and sailed for England to encounter his melancholy destiny. On the deposition of Richard and election of Henry Bolingbroke as king, the latter's eldest son, of course, was released from his Irish prison, and returned to London, where, on the 15th of October in the same year, he was created Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and Earl of Chester, in full Parliament, and was invested with the principality and duchy, together with the counties of Chester and Flint, "to him and his heirs, kings of England," by charters of the same date. He was also declared Duke of Aquitaine and Lancaster in Parliament the day following. We gather from the accounts of contemporaries that during these early years Prince Henry had acquired a great taste for, and attained to considerable proficiency in learning. He loved books and learned men, and he delighted in music as much as the luckless Edward of Caernarvon—another tribute to the air of Wales, in which Monmouth was then included. But he had other tastes and abilities; and the state of the kingdom required all the united energies of father and son to maintain the house of Lancaster on the throne. Rebellion after rebellion—first in favor of the real Richard, and then, after his death, in favor of *pseudo* Richards, shook the throne of Bolingbroke. The Welsh, who chose to make Richard's quarrel their own, were in full rebellion; and against them their own titular prince marched in the spring of 1401, as the nominal head of a powerful army. The prince's forces burnt and plundered, and marched up and down the land, but could not find Owen Glendower, the redoubtable Welsh chief, and scarcely any of his men. On the back of this fruitless warfare came the great rebellion of the Percies, which culminated in the battle of Shrewsbury, fought on July 21, 1403. In that desperate charge of Hotspur, when the royal standard sank and rose again three times, and the flower of the royal army fell fighting around it, while one arrow put an end to the life of the gallant rebel, another wounded the young Prince of Wales, then barely sixteen years of age, and in the thick of the battle. The prince afterwards presided at the "Commission of Mercy" held at Worcester, for pardoning those rebels who

might submit. He then returned to his Welsh campaigns, and at length, on the 11th of March, 1405, succeeded in bringing eight thousand of the enemy to a pitched engagement at Grosmont, with very inferior forces. The Welsh were completely routed, one thousand slain, and the heart of the rebellion broken. "Very true it is," wrote the prince, "that victory is not to a multitude of people, but in the power of God." The king, in reward, bestowed on him the castle and estates of Framlingham. In 1407, he made a successful expedition into Scotland, and the next year, having completed his work in Wales, finally quitted that principality. He came to London, where the king gave him a mansion at Coldharbor, near Eastcheap. He was made President of the Council in 1409, and in the years 1410 and 1411 Warden of the Cinque Ports, Constable of Dover, and Captain of Calais, besides receiving a revenue out of the duties on skins and wools.

The rolls of Parliament afford us ample proofs that during these last years of his father's reign the prince took a most active part in the government. Henry Bolingbroke at this period had been stricken with leprosy, and suffered much from epileptic fits. He was, therefore, secluded from public sight, and often from public business, which drifted into the hands of his clever and energetic son, to whom foreign princes and foreign ambassadors addressed themselves as if he had been the reigning sovereign. From the time when he first took part in the administration we have repeated entries in the rolls of the approbation of the Commons of his proceedings. He is again and again thanked by them for his services, and the king exhorted to bestow some mark of favor on him. One extract from the rolls will illustrate the footing on which the prince stood with the majority of the Lower House at the close of the year 1407:—

"On the 2d December, 1407, being the last day of Parliament, after great heat and debate, the Speaker, in the name of the Commons, prayed the King to be graciously pleased to reward the Prince for his great labor, diligence, and troubles, many and frequent, in resisting the great rebellion of the Welsh. Whereof his Majesty most especially returned thanks to the Commons for their hearty goodwill in his behalf. And thereupon the said lord the Prince, most humbly kneeling, de-

clared to our said Lord the King, and to all the estates of Parliament, in respect of the Duke of York, how that he had understood that divers obloquies and detractions had been put forth by certain evil-disposed persons, to the slander and derogation of the honorable estate and name of the said Duke. Wherein the lord the Prince made declaration for the said Duke, that if it had not been for his skill and good advice, himself the said Prince and those who were with him would have been in very great perils and desolation. And he farther added, in behalf of the said Duke, that if he had been one of the poorest gentlemen of the realm wishing to earn a good name and honor by service, the said Duke did so in his own person labor and use his endeavors to give comfort and courage to all others who were of the same company; and that in all his actions he is a true and valiant knight. And the said Speaker, in the name of the Commons, further prayed that all those who were with the said lord, the Prince in Wales, and continued and stayed with him until his departure thence, might be rewarded and promoted according to their good desert; and that the rest who fled and went off from the said Prince's company, without asking or obtaining leave in that behalf, might be punished and chastised, for example to others in time to come." The Duke of York, cousin of the prince, had been implicated in the rebellion of Mortimer, Earl of March, and was still under suspicion on that account. He fell fighting at Agincourt by the side of the prince who here intercedes for him. It appears that Prince Henry also bribed his step-mother, Queen Joanna, to obtain from the king leave for the Earl of March, to marry—a remarkable intercession in favor of the representative of the legitimate line, the house of Clarence. But young Henry seems to have been devoid of all the suspicious fears which animated his father.

We must now refer briefly to the stories of Henry of Monmouth's early excesses, rendered famous by Shakspeare. We have seen that he had a mansion given him by the king near Eastcheap. Were the years during which he took so constant and leading a part in the government, also partly devoted by the prince to wild debauchery in the neighborhood of Eastcheap, as the great poet assumes? And was he committed to prison by Chief Justice Gascoigne for endeavoring to rescue a

follower of his from the hands of justice in open court? The latter story, and, indeed, all the stories of these excesses first appear in the writers of the reign of Henry VIII. This silence may be explained *possibly* by the intervening Wars of the Roses; but it is, nevertheless, a striking fact that there is no trace of the alleged events in any contemporary record. The only thing which may give a color to their truth is the fact that in the year 1412, for some unknown cause, Prince Henry ceased to be of the council, and lost his share in the government. But there is evidence that the king was then extremely jealous of him and apprehensive of a design on his part to depose him from the crown, and even on one occasion hastily quitted one of his houses for another on hearing of the prince's presence in London. It is said that Queen Joanna made ill-feeling between father and son; but there is no proof of this. Certainly the probability is against personal debauchery and violence having been the cause of Prince Henry's disgrace.

His great friend in early life was Sir John Oldcastle, in right of his wife called Lord Cobham, the leader of the Lollards, a man of great learning, and an old and distinguished soldier. We can find no evidence that any common taint of heresy formed the bond between the prince and Oldcastle. The former always appears to have been orthodox, and opposed to the Lollards, though attached to his old friend by their common love of books and arms. But the king may have thought differently, and it must be remembered that the Lollards were accused of embracing along with their religious heresy dangerous republican notions. Did the king believe the prince to be scheming through them to upset his throne? If there is any truth in the Gascoigne story, it may be a perverted or exaggerated account of some interference on behalf of a Lollard friend of Oldcastle.

Oldcastle had served with the prince throughout his campaigns in Wales, and as late as 1411 commanded one of the divisions of the contingent sent in aid of the Duke of Burgundy. Nevertheless, he appears in the old play of "the famous victories of *Henry V.*," among the companions of Henry, as "a low, worthless fellow, without a single spark of wit or humor to relieve his grovelling profligacy." He is an insignificant character in this play, but from his and another char-

acter in it Shakspeare caught the idea of Falstaff, which he has made so popular—altering the name to avoid (as a Protestant) the libel on Oldcastle,—as he himself hints in the epilogue to *Henry IV.*, Part II.—“Falstaff shall die of a surfeit, unless, indeed, he be already killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.” If, then, the well-known character of Oldcastle was thus libelled, why not that of Henry himself? We are inclined to believe, indeed, that the early excesses of Edward of Caernarvon—joined to the facts of Prince Henry’s alienation from his father, and his friendship to Oldcastle—are the real sources of the popular stories. The pranks of Edward bear a close resemblance to those attributed to Henry, and the name of one of the prince’s companions—“our dear servant (Guillemot) *Pointz*”—actually appears in Shakspeare as that of one of Prince Henry’s low associates. Such transpositions and repetitions of stories are very common in history.

Whether Prince Henry and his father were ever reconciled is very doubtful. We only know for certain that Henry IV. died on the 20th of March, 1413, and that one of the first acts of the new king was to cause the body of King Richard II. to be transferred from its humble resting-place, and buried with great pomp by the side of his queen. Until the point as to his early life is settled, it is impossible to draw up a character of Prince Henry; but from what is ascertained as fact, we cannot do otherwise than pass a highly favorable judgment on his conduct. The only doubt is as to his political conduct towards his father; and the character of Henry Bolingbroke was such as to warrant a favorable interpretation of his son’s actions in this case also.

V.—1454.—EDWARD OF WESTMINSTER.

VI.—1471.—EDWARD OF THE SANCTUARY.

VII.—1483.—EDWARD OF MIDDLEHAM.

We next come to three young princes who have a tragic connection with each other. The first, the son of Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou, was born in the palace at Westminster on October 13, 1453; and his birth, no doubt, by cutting off the succession from Richard of York, who also represented through his mother the claims of the house of Clarence, precipitated the revolution which placed

the house of York on the throne, and terminated with the young prince’s death in or after the battle of Tewkesbury, May 4, 1471. The second of these young princes, the son of King Edward (IV.) of York, the victor of Tewkesbury fight, and Elizabeth Woodville, was born on the 14th of November, 1470, in the Sanctuary at Westminster, where his mother had taken refuge during the brief resuscitation of the house of Lancaster under the auspices of Warwick, the “King-maker.” When or how he died is, and, perhaps, always will remain a mystery; but we know that after succeeding his father as Edward V. he was deposed by his uncle, Richard of Gloucester, and soon after disappeared, in the year 1483. The third Prince Edward, born at Middleham Castle, in Yorkshire, in the year 1474, was the son of this Richard of Gloucester and the Lady Anne Neville, widow of Edward of Westminster. Theirs is, indeed, a bond of death and ruin! Edward of Westminster was born during one of his father’s fits of melancholy imbecility. When carried to the king, first by his godfather, the Duke of Buckingham, and then by Queen Margaret, that he might bless him, and with the hope of rousing the wretched Henry, the latter only gazed vacantly on child and mother. In the first year of his age, March 15, 1454, young Edward was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester by royal charter, confirmed in Parliament the next day. Under the limitations of the Duchy of Cornwall, he required no new grant. Before he was two years old the civil war began, and henceforth his fortunes are those of his mother, Queen Margaret. When York recovered his Protectorate, after the first battle at St. Alban’s, and the king fell into his hands, Prince Edward had a sum of 10,000 marks annually granted to him by Parliament till he should become eight years old. After the battle of Northampton, King Henry again fell into the hands of the Yorkists, and in a Yorkist Parliament, on the 31st of October, 1460, it was ordained that Prince Edward should be set aside, and that Richard, Duke of York, should be called “Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and Earl of Chester.” On the 31st of December the new *titular* Prince of Wales was slain at Wakefield. When the battle of Barnet Heath again restored Henry to liberty, he knighted his son and thirty others. The battle of Towton drove all three to Scotland.

After the battle of Hexham, in the spring of 1463, is said to have taken place the well-known incident of the generous robber and Queen Margaret and her son. They at length found refuge in Flanders, and thence in Lorraine, where the young prince was placed under the tutorship of the learned Sir John Fortescue. Then came the revolt of Warwick from Edward of York—the marriage of his daughter Anne to Edward of Westminster—the restoration of King Henry—the second battle of Barnet, where Warwick fell—and last, the fight at Tewkesbury, which closed the career of young Edward of Westminster.

Edward of the Sanctuary's brief life is merely that of his father and his ambitious mother and uncles. He was only thirteen when he disappeared. He was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester by charter, June 26, 1471; invested with the principality and Earldoms of Chester and Flint by charter, July 17, and created Duke of Cornwall in Parliament by patent of the same date.

Young Edward of Middleham died suddenly on the 31st of March, 1484, when only ten years of age, to the intense grief of his father, who had lavished honors on him, and put him forward as his heir on all occasions. It was generally considered to be a judgment of God for the mysterious fate of the other Edward in the preceding year. He was treated from his father's accession as Duke of Cornwall, and created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester by charter, August 24, 1483.

VIII.—1489.—ARTHUR TUDOR.

IX.—1503.—HENRY TUDOR.

These brother princes, the sons of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, may be spoken of together. Arthur was born at Winchester Castle, September 20th, 1486. Of Welsh origin himself, the politic king chose for his first-born the name of the Welsh national hero. Henry Tudor was born at Greenwich, June 28, 1491. Arthur was placed under the tuition first of Bernard Andreas, an Italian, and then, together with his brother, under that of a distinguished Greek scholar, Thomas Linacre. Both princes seem to have been literally gorged with learning; but while Arthur's feeble mind became oppressed by it, Henry's robust constitution and petulant, restless spirit bore it gayly and lightly, and when a mere boy the latter corresponded with

Erasmus, much to the pride of that learned man. Both princes were naturally apt at exercises. Arthur excelled in the use of the bow, and good archers of the time were called "true Prince Arthurs." Henry's stately air, even as a child, caused the ladies to give him the name of "the King." The private life of both seems to have been even-flowing, but nothing of note occurs in their lives till the match formed between the elder prince and the Princess Catherine, daughter of Ferdinand of Arragon. There were long delays in the negotiations for the marriage, and Arthur wrote plaintive and adoring Latin love-letters in abundance to Catherine, who replied in the same language. At last, on the 21st of May, 1501, the princess left the Alhambra, but did not reach Plymouth till the 2d of October following. Arthur was at Ludlow Castle, but encountered her on her road on the 5th of November. The next day he was formally introduced to her by the king, and after a conversation in Latin they were at once betrothed. The prince was then just fifteen, Catherine a year older. On the 12th of November they made a public entry into London. "The mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, with other of the conservators, councillors, and aiders of the city of London, so orderly with good policy had provided the said city, that the fellowship of every craft should,—'all things laid aparte,'—in the several liveries and bodies of their names, be present at the coming of this most excellent princess. And for the said great number of crafts were barriers made on every side of the way, from the middle of Gracechurch Street into the entering of the churchyard of St. Paul's, that they might, from the comers and common people have their peace and ease, and also be seen." Near St. Paul's prince and princess lodged in separate houses for the night. On the 14th of November they were married at St. Paul's, Prince Henry (a boy of ten) leading the bride into and from the church. In a fortnight the bride and bridegroom departed for Ludlow Castle; and there on the 2d of April following, Prince Arthur expired, after a short and sharp illness. He had been created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester on the 1st of December, 1489, and invested by charter on the 27th of February following. King Henry—not to be dependent on the right of his wife—obtained a fresh grant by Parliament, in the first year of his reign (Novem-

ber 7th), of the Duchy of Cornwall to himself and to his first-born son. On the death of Prince Arthur it was decided that "first-born" meant "eldest surviving," and therefore that Prince Henry succeeded of right to the duchy. He was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, February 18, 1503. In the June of the next year he was betrothed to his brother's widow—much against her will, it is said—he being only a boy of thirteen, while she herself was nineteen. When Prince Henry attained the age of fourteen, his father made him protest against this betrothal as null and void, wishing, it would seem, to leave a loophole for escaping from the match. The match was afterwards delayed and nearly broken off by the king's project of himself marrying Juana, the sister of Catherine. The prince and Catherine were forbidden to have any communication; and from the severe measures adopted, it would seem that while Prince Henry had assumed the character of an ardent lover, the lady herself had changed her mind respecting him, perhaps to some degree affected by the state of penury in which her father-in-law kept her. On the 25th of April, 1509, however, the death of the king released them from royal interference, and Henry at once married the widowed Princess of Wales. As Princes of Wales, neither Arthur nor Henry, except in the matter of their marriage matches, had any influence on political affairs, and the character of the latter belongs to his reign, and not to his minority. None of his sons were ever Princes of Wales.

X.—1610.—HENRY FREDERICK STUART.

XI.—1616.—CHARLES STUART.

Two more brother princes succeeded, standing in a somewhat similar relation to one another with the last two James I., their father, was, like Henry VII., the founder of a new dynasty, and again we had the eldest son cut off prematurely on the verge of manhood, and the younger playing an important part in history. But the loss seems really to have been much greater in the case of Prince Henry than of Prince Arthur. He was born at Stirling, on the 19th of February, 1594. The hopes of the English succession attached to him from his birth, and he was educated accordingly. Precocious in all that he attempted, he soon learnt to ride, dance, and sing. Richard Preston, afterwards Earl of

Desmond, taught him the use of arms, and the pope expressed a wish to undertake the superintendence of his education—an offer which his mother, Anne of Denmark, wished to accept! On the accession of his father to the crown of England, the latter (a great philosopher on paper, and for the good of others) wrote to him, "Let not this news make you proud or insolent; for a king's son and heir was ye before, and no more are ye yet. The augmentation that is hereby like to fall unto you is but in cares and heavy burthens!" In May, 1603, the prince, with his mother, and his only sister, Elizabeth, two years his junior, left Holyrood for Windsor, where he arrived at the end of June. On their way, among other festivities, they were entertained at Althorpe with a masque by Ben Jonson. Everybody in England appeared to have made up their minds that the prince was to emulate the warlike fame of the Black Prince and Harry of Monmouth. Ben Jonson addressed him prophetically to that effect:—

"Shine bright and fixed as the Arctic star;
And when slow times have made you fit for war,
Look over the salt ocean, and think where
You may best lead us forth who grow up here,
Against a day when our officious swords
Shall speak our actions better than our words."

Lord Spencer sent him a copy of De Comines's *Memoirs of the French Wars*, and Colonel Edwards expressed a similar hope when presenting him with a suit of armor, and the works of Froissart sent him from Holland. His mother, a weak, perverse-tempered woman, nursed this warlike humor to annoy her husband, who wished to make a scholar rather than a soldier of his son. The prince was entered at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1605, and had, besides, tutors and assistant tutors in plenty; but though not averse to learning, he never became absorbed in his books. He preferred the reading that bore on active life—travels and traveller's stories were his delight, and Adam Newton, his tutor, kept him supplied with letters from abroad. He liked also history, and made Lydyat his chronographer and cosmographer. Naval affairs interested him greatly, and Sir Walter Raleigh drew up a treatise on naval architecture. When a mere boy, Phineas Pett, one of the masters of Woolwich dockyard, made him a model ship, twenty-eight feet by fifteen, which the prince called the

"Disdain," and in which he made voyages on the Thames. His uncle, the King of Denmark, on his visit in 1606, presented him with his vice-admiral's vessel, worth £2,500. At a subsequent period he looked closely, though privately, after the management of the navy and dockyards, and stood sturdily by his friend, Phineas Pett, when the latter was falsely accused of malversation. His skill in manly sports was considerable, particularly at tennis. Here he came into collision with two noted individuals. The king's favorite, Carre, then Viscount Rochester, is said to have quarrelled with him at this game, and even struck him; and the young Earl of Essex, his playfellow, is said also to have struck the petulant prince on the head with a racket, because he called him the son of a traitor. The prince is said to have subsequently made love to the young Lady Essex, and to have been supplanted by Rochester. His household, meanwhile, was formed on a magnificent scale, and the money which he or his courtiers ran through was enormous. But though the house was a gay one, and always in debt, the prince himself had a serious side to his character which was strongly marked. He allowed no swearing in his household; after the gunpowder plot, Tuesday, November 5th, always attended church on a Tuesday; and showed a decided Protestant, not to say, Puritan leaning in his opinions. This seems to have made, for a time, some coolness between him and his mother, whose leanings were Romanist and Spanish; yet it was through her that he came to know and appreciate Sir Walter Raleigh. The great man, then a prisoner in the Tower, sent a prescription to the queen, when dangerously ill, which cured her. The prince thus introduced to him soon appreciated in his character the spirit of adventure and love of historical study, so kindred to his own. "No king but my father," he said, "would keep such a bird in a cage." The prince led an uneasy life between his father and mother. On one occasion, when the royal pair had quarrelled, he writes to the king, "I dare not reply (to the queen) as you directed, that your majesty was afraid lest she should return to her old *bias*, for such a word might set her in the way of it, and besides, make me a peace-breaker, which I would eschew." His companion in his family was his sister Elizabeth, to whom he was warmly attached.

When the Duke of Savoy proposed a double match between his son and daughter and Prince Henry and his sister, the prince got Raleigh to write a pamphlet against the matches, as they were of one mind in their dislike to marrying a "Papist." A French and a Spanish match for the prince were continually being talked of. The king hankered after a Spanish infanta for his son; while the French tried to outbid their rivals by offering a large dowry with Madame Christine, the second daughter of their king, a child nine years old. Henry, who was then eighteen, did not relish the idea, and Rochester joked him coarsely on the subject. But death saved him from both matches. He became Duke of Cornwall on his father's accession to the crown, and was solemnly created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester in Parliament, June 10, 1610, and by patent of even date. In the year 1611, he applied to the king to be made President of the Council, as Henry of Monmouth had been. The request was refused, for James had conceived a great jealousy of his son—who had won all hearts from him, and showed a disposition to take an active part in the government, in a very different direction from his father's policy. On one occasion, both setting out by separate roads to Theobald's, the prince was attended by all the flower of the nobility, while the king was left to his own servants. A burst of tears was James's resource. The next year, however, the prince's health broke up altogether. After some preliminary attacks in the autumn he fainted away at an entertainment given to the Prince Palatine on his approaching nuptials with the Princess Elizabeth. Raleigh sent the queen a prescription for him, adding that it would cure him, except in case of poison. But the prince never rallied. He did not wish for life without health, he said. On the 6th of November, 1612, he expired, and the queen, catching at Raleigh's words, cried out that he was poisoned. The idea got widely spread, and was generally believed. Most accused the Papists—some hinted at Rochester—and a suppressed whisper of the time has found its echo in history, that the king himself knew something of the foul play. On the other hand, the prince's death was attributed to his imprudent carelessness of his health, and to bathing in the Thames at Richmond, after a heavy supper. The grief at his death

was intense, and Raleigh wrote of it "that, like an eclipse of the sun, we shall find its effects hereafter." We may not have lost in him all that his contemporaries fondly believed; but, certainly, there seems to have been a manliness in his character, and a peculiar tinge in his religious opinions, which would have harmonized far more with the spirit of the age than the peculiarities of his brother's disposition possibly could. At any rate, it is far more likely that his reign would have been an era of maritime enterprise and English naval ascendancy than of civil divisions and civil war.

CHARLES STUART, the younger son of King James I., was born at Dunfermline, on the 19th of November, 1600. A puny, sickly infant, his life seemed for some time to hang on a thread, while half his physical organs refused to do their proper office. In his fourth year he was with great difficulty beginning to speak some words. He was left behind in Scotland, under the care of Lord Fife, when the rest of the royal family went into England, and that nobleman writes, that though the prince is gaining strength, "he is far better with his head than with his body and feet." In July, 1604, a physician, sent for the purpose, reports that he was beginning to walk alone. He was removed the same year to England, where father and mother at first neglected him, as in a doomed and hopeless condition, while Prince Henry, with the insolence of a healthy elder brother, said they had better make an Archbishop of Canterbury of him, that the episcopal petticoats might hide his crooked legs. He was left during childhood very much to the sole charge of Lady Carey, to whose assiduous kindness he probably owed his life and much that renders life tolerable. As he grew older, he gradually gained in strength and personal appearance, and shook off a large part of his early infirmities. But to the last he stammered in his speech when at all excited; his legs never became perfectly straight or strong, though he was a rapid walker, and he retained much of the irritable temperament of a helpless invalid, and the abrupt, ungracious manner of one who had scarcely the mastery of the power of speaking. Physical weakness had probably not a little to do with the unhappy formation of Charles's character. Till he outgrew his worst deficiencies he was a child neglected and looked down

upon by his parents, and ignored by the public, who were wrapped up in his brilliant and popular brother. Deprived of the sympathies of the people, the boy naturally soon lost the power of sympathizing *with* the people, and left to himself and his immediate attendants, he withdrew into books and things which appealed to the eye and ear rather than the muscles, and were the appropriate solace of a valetudinarian. The king placed about him two clergymen, with orders never to leave him, as if he wished to realize Prince Henry's impertinent project. From them, and as he grew older, from the encouragement of the king himself, he gained a taste for theological controversy, and became, while still a mere boy, quite a learned divine of the new school of ceremonial Anglicanism. Pictures also, and the fine arts generally were among his most prized companions, and he took great delight in music and musicians. Poetry and the drama found a large place in his reading—and under the tutorship of Thomas Murray he seems to have received a thorough education up to the highest standard of the age, and to have been an apt scholar. The king soon learned to take a pride in his precocious erudition, and instilled into him no doubt, opinions and maxims of Church and State, which were only too congenial with the prince's own feelings and preconceptions. He suited James far better in these pacific and theological tastes than his elder son did, and parent and pupil soon agreed in their detestation of popular liberty and their theory of royal irresponsibility. Charles's temperament was naturally cold and reserved, though he was subject to brief fits of irritable passion, in which he often said far too much. Unable to mix much at first in personal adventure, he learned to scheme how to make use of others, and grew as self-opinionative in his ideas of his Machiavellian skill as his father, and nursed in casuistry, he soon lost any keen sense of truth. Obstinate to the last degree in his ideas, he was yet wanting in moral firmness, and vacillating in his plans. He generally pursued three or four inconsistent schemes at the same time, and never could be brought to believe in the necessary failure of them all. With his statecraft he became a dissembler, and for his dissimulation and double-dealing, he ultimately paid the forfeit with his life. He was naturally, or from the influence of

more refining pursuits, free from animal passions in the gross shape in which they exhibited themselves in his father. But the spirit of court life and manners in that age, and the example of those about him had, to some extent, affected his feelings and habits; and though he plunged comparatively little himself into coarser indulgences, and had a certain respect for outward decorum, he had no strong feeling of disgust for the vices in themselves, such as to make him shun close association with those most stained with them; nor was his own idea of decorum, either of behavior or conversation, such as would be much appreciated at the present day. He had not his brother's dislike of oaths; for, as his irreverent son said to the bishop, who reproved him for swearing, "'Odds fish, man, your Martyr swore like a trooper!'" Such was, or became in more mature years, the character of the prince who succeeded Prince Henry as heir apparent to the English throne.

Charles brought with him from Scotland the title of Duke of Albany, and in January, 1606, Sir Dudley Carleton writes, "Little Charles is made great Duke of York." The nation at his brother's death, had yet to gather their opinion of the latter's successor; and very little for certain did they know till his Spanish trip in 1623. Charles evidently still shrank from the popular eye, though no longer the pitiable object he once had been. But he was still very sensitive on the point of his past and present defects, and took so great a dislike to a boy in his household, a son of Sir Robert Killigrew, who had crooked legs like himself, that the father offered to remove him on that very account. But though Charles kept very much in the background, rumor soon supplied the place of ascertained fact in his case, and as his friendship with George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, began to be marked, popular opinion took a more definitely unfavorable tone respecting his character. There was a selfishness (fostered, no doubt, by his early illness) in Charles, and a want of frank and generous sentiments, which made a great impression out of doors. If people knew little evil of him, they heard little good. When Villiers first rose to power in 1615, he seems to have treated Charles with great *nonchalance*, and Clarendon tells us that "it was after a long time of declared jealousy and

displeasure on the prince's part, and occasion enough administered on the other," that through the interference of James himself, whom Villiers thanks for "having first planted me in your Babie Charles's good opinion," this fatal friendship was cemented. His early antipathy to Villiers probably gave rise to a rumor that the prince leant to the Puritans; but this soon died away. Before the death of Queen Anne, in 1618, Charles made use of Villiers to appease his father's anger on some point on which he had offended him; and in 1618, we find Buckingham the confidant of a secret intrigue of the prince with some lady. In the summer of 1622, the French ambassador writes, "Many place their hopes upon the Prince of Wales; I, however, maintain, against the opinion of many, and especially of M. Domquester (*sic*), who holds him to be a man of much understanding and of his word, and ascribes his great endurance to wisdom, that, when he comes to the government, his subjects will soon be tired of him, for he will exhibit all the vices of his father, but display none of the qualities which his friends attribute to him; for how were it otherwise possible that a prince of his years should, as yet, have given no proof of anything good or generous?" And the historian May, speaking of his accession to the crown, adds that, "Some men suspended their hopes, as doubting what to find of a prince so much and so long reserved." Speaking of the friendship which had grown up between Charles and Buckingham, the French ambassador, in January, 1623, after mentioning the various conjectures out of doors respecting it, says, "few know that passions for women have to do with it. Howsoever the affair may be, the prince is loudly blamed therefor, and the more he advances in age the more he diminishes his reputation." The Venetian envoy, writing in September, 1622, says: "Of the Prince Charles as yet scarcely anything is to be said, except that he is, like his father, passionately addicted to the chase. The coldness which he displays in all his dealings leads us to no very favorable conclusions in the case of a young man, unless on his accession to the sovereignty he displays a different disposition." But, while the prince was to the eye of the public secluding himself in his private pleasures, he was really quietly taking a very important and very mischievous

part in the conduct of national affairs. Buckingham had now made up his mind to build his fortunes on the good-will of the heir apparent, and, accordingly, by his influence over the weak old king, compelled the latter to do whatever the prince and he, the duke, might agree in recommending. Buckingham never openly directed Charles, as he did his father. This he knew would rouse the sensitive pride of the prince's character—jealous on some points, though enduring the easy familiarity of the favorite on many occasions where it would have caused great annoyance to most persons. The duke influenced the prince indirectly, and then browbeat the king with their united authority into acquiescence. James fretted under this yoke, and the increasing neglect of Villiers; and suspected him of a design to seclude him altogether, and place Charles at the head of the State. But he had no courage to resist them openly, and accordingly followed their counsels, much to his own detriment. We have on record, in Charles's own writing, two instances of his interference in state affairs. Writing to the duke on Friday, November the 3d, 1621, he says, "Steenie, the Lower House this day have been a little unruly; but I hope it will turn to the best, for before they rose they began to be ashamed of it. Yet I could wish that the king would send down a commission here, that (if need were) such seditious fellows might be made an example to others, by Monday next; and till then I would let them alone. It will be seen whether they mean to do good or to persist in their follies; so that the king needs to be patient but a little while. I have spoken with so many of the council as the king trusts most, and they are all of this mind, only the sending of authority to set seditious fellows fast is of my adding." Again, on the 28th, he writes: "Steenie, this day the Lower House has given the king a subsidy, and are likewise resolved to send a messenger humbly to entreat him to end this session before Christmas. I confess that this they have done is not so great a matter that the king need to be indulgent over them for it; yet, on the other side (for his reputation abroad at this time), I would not wholly discontent them; therefore, my opinion is, that the king should grant them a session at this time, but withal I should have him command them not to

speak any more of Spain, whether it be of that war or of my marriage: This, in my opinion, does neither suffer them to encroach upon the king's authority, nor give them just cause of discontent." The arbitrary ideas, and still more, the insolent tone exhibited in these letters, show more than any general remarks could, the real disposition of Charles towards the constitution and people of England. The king unluckily followed his advice, and addressed a letter in the same tone to the Speaker. The Commons answered with spirit, and the king rejoined that their privileges were only matter of grace. This excited such indignation that the ministers had to excuse it as a "slip of the pen at the end of a long answer." Notwithstanding this, and a more subdued letter from James, the Commons entered on their journals on the 18th of December, 1621, a solemn "protestation" that the liberties, privileges, and jurisdiction of Parliament are the ancient birth-right and inheritance of the subjects of England. The king, thereupon dissolved the Parliament, and followed Charles's other piece of advice by committing the leaders to separate imprisonment in the Tower and elsewhere: and there, with one exception, they remained till the opening of the next Parliament, in which Charles and Buckingham played a very different game. It is, however, well to remark that an opposition to the court first sprang up in the House of Lords in the Parliament just dissolved, and that the Prince of Wales was a constant attendant on their deliberations, though we must conclude from what the ambassadors say that he exhibited no marked feeling on the matter, at least openly.

Now, however, occurred the celebrated journey of Charles and Villiers to Spain, which caused such a panic in king and nation and in its event totally altered the relations of the prince and favorite to the popular party. Marriage negotiations of various sorts had been going on ever since the year 1617. It is generally admitted, however, that a personal visit to Spain on the part of the prince was Buckingham's peculiar idea, though the Spanish ambassador no doubt encouraged and fostered it. The duke is said to have been desirous of thus monopolizing the young prince more than he possibly could in their home intercourse, and of so obtaining a still firmer hold on his mind; besides, he found

his position between a jealous king and a proud young heir apparent more and more difficult every day, and was well content to escape from it for a time. He was fond of adventure, personally fearless, and eager to display his handsome person, and exhibit his influence over the prince to the eyes of foreign courts. The old king was nearly distracted at the idea. In the first place, he had not been consulted till everything was settled, and he was naturally piqued. Then he feared more than ever the increasing intimacy of Charles and Villiers; and though he had begun to hate the latter, he was used to see him near his person, and was uneasy during his absence, though his presence brought little pleasure. For the prince's personal safety the faint-hearted king was not a little alarmed. He felt that Buckingham, to gratify his own ambition and vain whim, was perilling the safety of the only son of a king—and such a king as himself. Looked at, too, in a political point of view, James was too shrewd not to see that this journey to Madrid was throwing the marriage game entirely into the hands of the Spanish Court and giving them a royal hostage, for the safe return of whom they might almost make their own terms. He remonstrated loudly, but at length gave way, and “John and Thomas Smith” set out with a few attendants, and passing through Paris, where Charles saw his future wife, Henrietta Maria, for the first time, reached Madrid on the 7th of March, 1623. From that date to their ambiguous departure from that capital on the 12th of September, their visit was one continued attempt on the part of the wooers and the Spanish court to outwit and overreach each other. The king at home followed almost passively the directions of his two tyrants—and it was only the firmness of some of his councillors that prevented his being fatally committed on most important points. Charles and Buckingham, not without reason, entreated him to keep the more exceptionable proceedings a secret from all his council. That they played a double and most disreputable part with the Spanish court, there can be no doubt; whether the latter dissembled, or not in its turn. The court and the people of Madrid all imagined the Prince must be really in secret a Catholic, or he never would be so anxious for the match as to imperil himself thus. They acted on this idea, and Charles and Buckingham encouraged them

in it, boasting of their deceit in letters to the king. The pope also was corresponded with in the same spirit, and all sorts of vague promises were made to the Spaniards and the court of Rome respecting the project of a general toleration of the Catholics in England, and license to them to propagate their doctrines in that country. No one who peruses the letters which passed between the English prince and his father and favorite on the subject of these marriage treaties, can fail to arrive at a most unfavorable conclusion respecting the real character of Charles, in point of sincerity and common honesty. At last, however, notwithstanding all difficulties, things appeared to be on the eve of settlement, and the infanta assumed the rank at court of Princess of Wales. But Buckingham had quarrelled with the Spanish favorite, Olivarez, and having disgusted the grave ceremonious Spaniards by his insolent levity and *nonchalant* manners, he became disgusted with *them* and the match altogether. He probably saw that the infanta might be used as an instrument against him, if she became the wife of Charles; at any rate, he resolved to break off the match; and keeping up their deceit to the last, and committing the English ambassador, the Earl of Bristol, in the most shameless manner, he and the prince got away to the coast, embarked for England, boasting how they had deluded the Spaniards, and landed at Portsmouth on the 8th of October. The nation frantic with joy, at the rupture of the unpopular Spanish match, and the safe return of the prince, believed all they chose to say against the conduct of Spain towards them. In vain James attempted to stem the torrent. Charles and Villiers were resolved on a war with Spain, and to effect this they had a Parliament summoned, and in it appeared in the new character of popular leaders. At a conference with the two Houses the duke delivered a long account of the Spanish negotiation utterly at variance with the truth, Charles standing by and corroborating him. In vain the king tried to preserve peace with Spain. He soon had to endure an attack on his own most cherished ideas on the part of those who had encouraged him formerly in putting them forward. His ministers were impeached by the Commons, under the auspices of the prince and duke. “By God, Steenie!” he exclaimed, “you are a fool, and will shortly regret this folly, and will find that in this fit of popular-

ity you are making a rod with which you will be scourged yourself." And then, turning in some anger to the prince, he told him "he would live to have his bellyful of Parliaments; and that when he (James) should be dead, he would have too much cause to remember how much he had contributed to the weakening of the crown by this precedent he was now so fond of. On March 27, 1625, the wretched old king sank under an accumulation of diseases, joined to agony of mind and vexation at the conduct of his son and old favorite, which he dared not openly resent or oppose. He privately caballed against them, indeed, but Charles and Villiers, strong in the popular confidence, pursued their course—and as the king prophesied, after his death reaped the fruits of their pretended patriotism when the nation, awakening from the delusion, called on them to perform as heads of the government those promises of which they had been so lavish in opposition. Charles became Duke of Cornwall on the death of his elder brother in 1612, and was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, November 4, 1616.

XII.—CHARLES STUART (THE YOUNGER.)

This prince, the eldest *surviving* son of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria of France, was born at St. James's Palace on the 29th of May, 1630. His mother in a letter to a friend, writes: "He is so ugly that I am ashamed of him; but his size and fatness supply the want of beauty. I wish you could see the gentleman, for he has no ordinary mien. He is so serious in all that he does that I cannot help deeming him far wiser than myself." A curious *début* for the "*Merry Monarch*!" The first eleven years of the prince's life were untroubled ones. He was, during that time, under the governorship of Cavendish, Earl (afterwards Marquis and Duke) of Newcastle. Brian Duppa, afterwards a bishop, was his general tutor, while the celebrated Hobbes of Malmesbury taught him mathematics, in which study the prince took considerable pleasure, much appreciating his instructor. When the dissensions between king and Parliament began to assume a very serious aspect, in the latter part of 1641, the Earl of Newcastle was superseded by a governor who was thought by the Parliament more trustworthy—Seymour, Marquis of Hertford. But after the attempt on the five members

and the withdrawal of the king from Whitehall at the beginning of the year 1642, Hertford was induced to follow the fortunes of the crown, and carried off the young prince in the king's train. He was present at Edgehill fight, and narrowly escaped capture. In the year 1645, after Queen Henrietta Maria had quitted Oxford and had left England for the Continent for the second time, the king resolved to send the prince into the west of England, with the title of generalissimo, and surrounded by a council, among whom Hyde and Culpeper took the lead. On the 5th of March in that year, Charles and his son parted at Abingdon, as it proved, forever? The prince's court was established first at Bristol, and thence, on account of the plague, it was removed to Bridgewater. As the army of Fairfax overran the west, the prince and his council withdrew successively to Exeter, Pendennis, and Launceston. During this time the governor of the prince was the Earl of Berkshire, a weak, dissolute man; and in the neighborhood of Bridgewater young Charles fell into the company of Goring's debauched cavaliers, some of whom are described by the Royalists themselves as of the most abandoned and abominable habits. Some were expressly removed from the prince's society on that account, but not before the seed had been sown of the profligate character of the future king of England. When the mainland became no longer a safe residence for the prince, he was removed to the Scilly Islands, where he arrived on the 4th of March, 1646. The ill fortunes of his father still pursuing him, he quitted St. Mary's Island on the 16th of April for Jersey. Here he established a mimic court, which was gay enough to satisfy his own tastes and delight the islanders, notwithstanding his arbitrary ordinances respecting the price of provisions, and the taxation imposed to build new forts. But his lively, courteous manners pleased the inhabitants, who were, no doubt, rendered doubly loyal by antagonism to their sister island, Puritan Guernsey. The prince had also the power of granting titles of honor—an additional source of popularity. It was during this first residence in Jersey that Prince Charles "fell in love with a young lady of high rank, who became the mother of a child, who enjoyed the prerogative denied to all the other natural children of Charles II., of bearing his father's name. He was called James STUART, and

was brought up on the Continent, in the Protestant religion," though he afterwards became a Catholic and a priest, playing a mysterious but important part during his father's reign on the question of that king's formal reception into the Roman Catholic Church." "*Il nous est né,*" says Charles himself, "*lorsque nous n'avions guères plus de seize ou dix-sept ans, d'une jeune dame des plus qualifiées de ses royaumes plustost par fragilité de nostre première jeunesse que par malice.*"

After some intricate negotiations of King Charles and the queen with the prince's council at Jersey, the latter was removed—much against the wish of Hyde and Culpeper—to France and his mother's care. He left Jersey on the 5th of June, 1646, and reached St. Germain's in the middle of July; and here, with occasional visits to the French court at Fontainebleau, he remained under the strictest tutelage of Henrietta, till the year 1648. The queen allowed him no free will of his own, and even appropriated to her own use the allowance made him by the French Government, under pretence that it was derogatory to his dignity to receive it. She had made up her mind from his first landing in France that her son should marry Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the wealthy heiress of the Duke of Orleans, a clever, audacious, insolent royal coquette of nineteen, who counted half the princes of Europe as her admirers and wooers, and was playing her game for a great marriage prize. Three years older than Prince Charles, and he then a wandering prince, destitute of money, and with most doubtful prospects, it is no wonder the proud beauty treated him at first with superb disdain. She herself attributes her neglect of him to his being unable to talk French, and his sulkiness or bashfulness in their first interviews. "Now, what was I to do with a young fellow that could not speak French? What could I reply to him who had nothing to say? Could he only have spoken for himself, Heaven only knows what might then have happened. Under these circumstances, how could I do other than regard Prince Charles as an object of pity?" The prince, however, followed her about sedulously for some time, and his mother tried her best arts to create an attachment between the parties ;

but at length queen and prince got tired of their efforts, and when, in the spring of 1647, the royal beauty, disappointed in her hopes elsewhere, began in her turn to woo the prince, both Henrietta and Charles gave a cool reception to these advances. The next year we find the prince entering on an illicit relation with Lucy Barlow, *alias* Walters, "a brown, beautiful, bold, but vapid creature," as Evelyn calls her. In April, 1649, she made the prince the father of "John Crofts," afterwards the well-known Duke of Monmouth. But before this, the Presbyterian-Royalist rising in England, and the revolt of a part of the Parliament's ships under Batten, led Charles, in June, 1648, to proceed to Calais, and thence sail to Holland, where he took the command of the revolted ships at Helvoetsluis. The fleet sailed for England, but returned again to Holland without fighting the Earl of Warwick and the Parliament's squadron. Warwick followed, Van Tromp and the Dutch fleet interposing and keeping the peace between the hostile vessels. Quarrels broke out in the prince's fleet, the sailors deserted or were seduced back to Warwick's service: and Charles, giving up the nominal command, retired to Breda, where he lived in great penury, but maintaining a reckless gayety till the trial of his father, at the beginning of 1649, roused him to send a blank paper with his signature, offering any terms to the Parliament if the king's life were saved. The interference, however, was fruitless. The axe fell at Whitehall on the 30th of January, 1649, and Prince Charles became, in the eyes of the Royalists, "King Charles the Second of England." Here, then, we leave him. His character is soon summed up. He was an easy-tempered, but selfish and heartless voluptuary, witty, shrewd, and in his manners affable and condescending, but without a spark of manly feeling, or self-respect, or an atom of *moral* courage or honesty. He was Duke of Cornwall by birth, and was *styled* Prince of Wales, in public documents, from the year 1645, and not before; but there is no trace of any formal creation. A warrant for the expenses of his household in March, 1641, is addressed to the Receiver of the *King's* Treasure as *Prince of Wales*.

From Temple Bar.

SITTING UP.

THERE are some persons so fortunate as to possess the power of abstracting their minds from surrounding disturbances, and of doing anything they please at any given moment. I have heard of an author who noted down material for an abstruse quarto volume in the several ten minutes which elapsed between dinner-time and dinner. I know a man who can fall asleep at the word of command, and wake when he pleases. Mr. Morphy can play a dozen games at chess all at once; and there are demigods who can compose a leading-article or an essay upon moral philosophy in a ball-room. Time, place, and circumstances these impossibles set at naught. They determine to fix their attention upon this, that, or the other, and by sheer force of will succeed. A multitude of sights and sounds and loose thoughts wander about, and struggle in vain to distract them. They sit, like the wizards of old, within a magic circle, round and round the outside of which those baffled demons, the sworn foes of application, wander and howl in impotent rage, as the ready pen chirps on. The present writer is not one of these potent ones. His magic circle is but a weak defence, and legion is the name of the mischievous sprites who cluster round its verge. Let him but encourage them with a glance or a passing thought, and—crash! there is a practical breach in the barrier, and in the enemy's storming party throng, pell-mell upon him. They dry up the ink upon his pen; they blot and crumple up the paper; they muddle his calculations into a horrible mass of meaningless figures; they seize the sentences, and twist and tangle them in his mind; they lay in ambush for the right word on its journey to the right place, and hurry it away to unexplored regions, whither his memory toils after it in vain. Does it ever strike you, O reader, to pause in the perusal of these and other pages, and wonder how they are filled? Do you think that an author's mind is a sort of spindle, which ambition or his daily wants can set twirling, and so produce these type-marks by the yard at will? There are men—may their shadows never be less!—who can do this thing; but I am not (worse luck for me) one of them. Set me down at my own old study-table, out of which ideas, as I verily believe, were generated,—for they are very slow to come if I lay

my paper on other manogony,—and I can plod along well enough. Let me once get warm into my subject elsewhere, and the printer's imp shall be satiated. But put me into strange quarters, and, handing me unfamiliar paper and wild pens, tell me *to begin*, and—Well, I think you had better be good enough to call again some day towards the end of next week for the short article you require. I was never more palpably impressed with my failing in this respect than one night a few months ago. I was not in my own house, or where my magic table stands. Something—no matter what—had happened to worry me during the day, and midnight found me “sitting up” for some one—no matter whom—and I was tired, restless, and alone. That I should be awake at that hour is nothing strange; but that, being awake, I should then, of all hours in the twenty-four, be idle, was curious; for the night to me, indeed, brings wisdom, and I have no busier time. But this night the demons aforesaid had broken in upon me, and, armed with adamantine chains, had fettered every faculty but that of fidgeting. They would not let me read; they would not let me write; they would not let me think. They turned the ticking of the clock into two bars of a tune that I detest, and dinned it into my ears over and over and over again. When, in despair, I gave the wretched timepiece a great shake and stopped it, they half stuffed up the water-pipe, and caused the gutter of the roof to overflow (for it was raining) into the balcony with a solemn, measured, equidistant drip! drip! drip! and fixed the sound upon my mind, so that I could tell to a nicety when it would come, and waited for it, counting the seconds, thereby making every ten minutes pass like an hour. Then there was the rattle of the cabs. The person I expected would come in a cab. At first they passed thick and fast; the theatres, concerts, and small tea-parties were breaking up, and people were going home to bed. Afterwards, as time wore on, their rattle died away, and each one that came along aroused expectancy, and disappointed it. First there was a distant rumble, and as it approached and sounded louder, my ear, now practised, could distinguish between the sharp clatter of the hansom or the lumbering jog of the four-wheeler. Nearer and nearer comes the sound. In a moment whatever makes it will be at

hand; but such moments are plaguy long ones, and all sorts of queer, discordant thoughts play leap-frog over each other in them. Will the coming cab turn down a by-street, or stop next door, or break down, or run away? Why does not the driver hit his horse, and come along faster? What is he like? How many capes has he to his coat? What sort of greatcoat shall I have next winter? Will the cabman dispute about his fare? If he does, will it be well to summons him? It is a bore to summons cabmen; but then if you don't do so when they are in the wrong, they are encouraged by success, and bully women and country clergymen and distinguished foreigners; yes, and Barclay and Perkins's draymen flogged Haynau, and he escaped in a cab. What can have become of that cab? The police-magistrates are rather hard upon cabbies sometimes; but they are not so stupid as country justices. What a mess they made of the Road murder; and how hard they were upon the poor fellow who slept out in the open air at Ryde, and the hungry widow who ate a turnip that the worms had done with! What a lot of murders, too, there have been! I would not live all alone for anything; and yet solitude has its advantages. There was nobody to murder Robinson Crusoe until the savages came; and then how was it that he made such good practice amongst them with his old ship's muskets? And will there not be firstrate shooting next year at Wimbledon? These are a good many ideas to be put in train by the rumble of a cab, and to pass through one's mind in a minute; but they, and many, many like them, came and passed away before the cab was in sight; and then, when the clatter was at the door, and my heart beat loudly, and I held my breath,—certain that *this one* would contain the expected,—it passed straight on, the clatter of the retreating hoofs died away slowly, and back again came the monotonous drip, drip, drip of the rain, that had been going on all the time, till my attention was distracted from it to another distant rumble, destined to swell and deceive and pass away, as before, into the dark, inclement night.

"Was ever man so plagued!" I exclaimed querulously, when this had happened for the twentieth time, and the answer to my complaint brought its cure. Why, yes, I thought; there are hundreds now "sitting up" in

London, not working for others, not amusing themselves, but merely waiting and watching, as I am now. Then pictures of those whom I had known to be thus employed "sitting up" passed one after the other before my closed eyes, and the demons had no power to blear them.

What is this?

The solid masonry of a handsome West-End mansion becomes transparent as plate-glass, and I see all that passes within. In a chamber on the second floor, furnished with curious simplicity, lies a gray-headed gentleman, evidently an old campaigner, sleeping heavily. He rests upon his old camp-bed, his old simple camp-furniture is around him, and his old sword hung in the place of honor above the mantelpiece. At ten o'clock his head was laid upon his hard pillow, and in five minutes he was in the land of dreams. He will be stirring at five in the morning, when he will light his lamp-stove and make his own coffee for breakfast. The clock has now just struck three, and some one is "sitting up." The watcher is a girl of about eighteen; she is not absolutely pretty, I think, at any time, but we see her to great disadvantage now, for her eyes are red with weeping, and her hair is all loosened where she has laid her head upon her hands, and is twisted up and thrust away behind her ears in disorder. But you can see that the face is a loving and a gentle one. She wears a simple evening-dress,—a spotted muslin, if I remember right, and holds a dark shawl tightly wrapped round her shoulders. (The gray morning is very chilly.) Lightly she trips down the silent stairs, and listens at the old man's door. His measured breathing shows her that he is still fast asleep, and with a sigh of relief she passes on. As she is about to descend farther, the opposite door opens, and a lady somewhat more advanced in life appears, and asks,—

"Is that you, Jessie?"

"Hush! yes."

"Has he come in yet?"

"No, dear, not yet."

"Is he often so late?"

"Oh, pray do not speak so loud. If papa were to hear!"

"My poor pet, how pale you look!" whispers the matron sister. "Go to bed, Jessie; I will sit up and let him in. Do go to bed now, Jessie."

"No, no," she replies, hurriedly disengaging herself from the sisterly arms. "You would not understand him. He would miss me, and perhaps make a noise. He was but a child when you married, and you have been so long away. I *must* wait up. See, there's little Charley waking; for Heaven's sake, Marion, go back to your room, and quiet him."

In an instant the young mother is at the side of her child, a blue-eyed, curly-pated boy of some three years old, the image of his absent sailor father. Little Charley is sitting up in his cot, frightened at waking and finding himself alone, and is making up his mind and his face for a cry.

"Mammie is with you, darling; mammie is here. Don't cry, dearie," whispers Marion, "or you will wake grandpapa."

"Charley wants 'oo to come to bye-bye 'ooself," says the child, in a sleepy voice; "why don't 'oo come to bye-bye, mammie? Is Uncle Will naughty again to-night?"

His mother, dashing away her tears, kisses him eagerly; and, sinking upon her knees beside the cot, cries in a voice half stifled with sobs, "O Charley, Charley! mother's blessing! mother's pride! pray to God, dear, with poor mother, that if he will spare you to be a man, you may not break poor mammie's heart."

Meanwhile, Jessie has passed down into the hall; has drawn noiselessly the bolts of the street-door; has undone the chain; has hitched back the catch of the lock; and stands leaning her aching temples against the cold wall, gazing anxiously through the narrow porch-window up the deserted street, watching for a profligate brother's return.

He is only just twenty-two; has a pleasant home and a good allowance. He makes a mere caravanserai of the one, and squanders a quarter's instalment of the other in a fortnight. Twice has his father had to withdraw a considerable sum from what should be Jessie's dowry to pay the spendthrift's debts; and the old soldier has sworn a round oath that not another shilling shall he have to save him from a gaol. When the last payment was made, he had nearly seen the interior of one, and was very penitent, declaring that, if extricated only this once, he would give up forever and a day those disreputable haunts where his wild oats have been sown; would live within his means,

and never, never, never be out of the house later than twelve o'clock at night.

Why, then, is Jessie "sitting up," and what has become of her pretty bracelets?

Ah, me! Providence never creates a scamp without providing a gentle, loving woman to worship him, and to be trampled upon in return.

Where is Jessie's brother now? Shall we follow him into the society he prefers to that of his home? I think not. Enough be it to say that he is "having his fling" in one of Satan's anterooms situated near the Haymarket, pouring out libations of sparkling Moselle upon the shrine of the most highly decorated Thais of modern times.

Heathen mythology set down a volcanic region in Sicily as the threshold of the infernal abodes. Should a modern Æneas wish to travel thither, let him start from London's glaring Haymarket, and easy shall be his downward path.

Presently Jessie's brother will reel homeward. She will see him afar off, and have the door open when he staggers up; will take off his muddy boots with her delicate hands; will lead him to bed, and watch by him till he is deep in drunken slumber. Then she may go to rest herself, and there will be no more "sitting up" for her till to-morrow night.

Come with me out of London,—east, west, north, or south,—which way you please, so that we go far enough into the border land that divides town and country, and we shall find another "sitter-up." This is the region where eligible plots of ground are to be let on building leases; where the half-made roads are lumbered up with heaps of building materials, and full of pitfalls for unwary travelers; where gaunt lines of unfinished houses stand up in the night air, like the skeletons of departed streets; and tall scaffolding poles, planted on end, in the distance, mark where the devouring city is going to eat its way into the green fields. Come with me thither at midnight, I say, and we shall find another "sitting up."

The wooden bridge over the little stream, soon to be civilized into a sewer, has to be pulled down, and replaced by a more substantial structure; and as the course of the old road has to be turned, and is rendered dangerous by excavations, and the piles of iron pipes, timber, and bricks that are scat-

tered about, a coal-fire is let into a sort of brazier to warn such as may pass by, and a some one is "sitting up" to "mind" it.

This "sitter-up" is generally a laborer who has met with an accident, or is too old to work. He must be a steady man to be employed upon such a duty; for should he fall asleep or absent himself, and so let the fire out, and you or I are driving along in our gigs and are shot out into a thousand of bricks, and break our necks or our horses' knees, the contractor will find his name upon the wrong side of a V. on the lists of one of her Majesty's superior Courts of Common Law. Therefore this "sitter-up" is a man well advanced in life, a silent man, and one who moves about slowly, doing such a simple thing as taking up a stone and putting it down again in thirteen movements, each performed with an amount of deliberation sufficient to give you the fidgets for the rest of the day. He stoops very much in his gait; and his arms, as they dangle listlessly from his shoulders, give you the idea that they are upon the point of dropping off. He is not communicative. His expression is that peculiar one of profound meditation which you find upon the countenance of omnibus-drivers, tap-room frequenters, the waitresses in railway refreshment-rooms, the unemployed crew of steamboats and barges, and others whom you know, by long and careful observation, not to think at all. When the bricklayers and carpenters are about to give up work for the day, you may see this "sitter-up" wandering about the half-finished houses, picking up chips and pieces of wood to light his fire; and as night comes on you will find him *sitting* upon a low pile of bricks close beside it, under the lee of some old tarpauling, stretched over broken scaffolding poles into a sort of half-tent, half-screen, which he has built up as a protection against the wind, smoking a very short black pipe solemnly. A tramp or two may pass by during his vigil, and wish him "good-night," but will get no greeting in return. Our "sitter-up" does not affect tramps. He has to watch the surrounding property as well as the fire, and tramps have a great *penchant* for the bells, gas-fittings, leaden pipes, brass door-handles, and other removable metal-work of untenanted houses. In the early morning the market-carts will go by, the horses knowing their way blindfold into London, and the drivers fast asleep

amongst the cabbages; but they do not disturb him. As the light increases, the fire gets paler and paler, till it quite dies out. The carpenters and bricklayers and other artificers arrive one by one to begin the day's work,—that is, if they have not got up a "strike" for a whole day's wages for half a day's work,—and then our "sitter-up" goes home to breakfast and to bed. If he has a wife, she is very likely to be in charge of some new house "to be let;" and when you go over it at midday will ask you "to please not to go over such and such a room, because her master is there asleep." For his "sitting up" he will be paid perhaps a shilling a night, and, if a cripple, will get as much as three and sixpence a week from his club, always provided that same club has not dissipated the funds intended for the maintenance of its old and incapable members by supporting "strikes;" so that, what with his wife's washing, and living rent-free, and some little perquisites out of coals for the fire, he is not so badly off as things go. So wishing him good-night, let us turn back townwards; and now for a very different person "sitting up."

He has chambers in the Albany, a shooting-box in Scotland, and a yacht at Southampton. His age is thirty-one; he has twelve thousand a year, and — something else. He has had half a dozen jolly fellows to supper to-night, and there has been some playing at loo and other diversions at his expense. The last of his guests has departed now, and he is "sitting up." Why? He has no work to do; he has no one to wait for. It is half-past two o'clock. There, in the next room, is his luxurious bed. Why does he not seek it? Simply because, if he went to bed, he might fall asleep, and then—ugh! the ugly dreams. Look at him in the daytime, hanging about his club or prancing in Rotten Row, and you would think there was not a happier young fellow upon town. His face is a little red and bloated, to be sure; but what of that? At night, when surrounded by friends, or in some place of amusement or public resort, he is apparently an enviable person; but at home, alone with his valet, he would shriek, or perhaps fall into a fit, if he were for a moment left *quite* alone. He is a wretch who would gladly change places with the meanest beggar in the streets. The "something else" that he has got besides twelve thousand a year is *delirium tremens*.

So, when the guests have all left, and his valet proceeds to fasten the outer door, this miserable creature whimpers after him like a frightened child, and follows him into the passage holding him by the coat, begging and praying that he will not leave him, swearing and abusing and bribing him never to go out of sight, and not to let *them* come in to-night. Then he will sit down by the fire, and moan and cry, and curse his patient servant for letting the snakes get upon the table, until at last he falls asleep from sheer exhaustion, and is carried off to bed. Not a pleasant picture this "sitting up." It will not last long.

One more, and I have done. We must go back into the suburbs, near where the fire was.

The new streets are as quiet as the grave, not even a policeman stirring. In all this long row of neat little villas, that stand two and two in patches of gardens, each trying to look as though the other belonged to it, I can see but one window that is lighted up. Quick, Asmodeus! strip me off the front of this house, that I may search it for "sitters-up." No great labor is before me, for it is only a size or two larger than a spacious doll's "house." There is a miniature garden, which leads to a miniature porch, through which you pass into a miniature hall, out of which you turn into a miniature parlor, which would be the smallest in the world if it did not lead through folding-doors into one smaller still. Each apartment has its miniature white marble mantelpiece, and the front one looks out through a miniature bow-window, shaded with miniature Venetian blinds, into the miniature garden. At the end of the passage is a miniature kitchen, and above are three miniature bedrooms and a doll's cupboard, which under a powerful lens would look what it is called, a "dressing-room." The carpets are all new, and so is the sideboard in the front parlor; but the looking-glass over the mantelpiece and some of the chairs are of the straight up-and-down patterns that one never sees now-a-days except in second-rate brokers' shops and old posting hotels that railways have driven into a state of cretinism. Small as they are, the rooms strike you as looking bare. There are no ornaments; all the furniture is for use, and wonderfully neat and spotless it is. Let me try and read the history of this house and its "sitters-up"

before they speak. One is an old lady with a widow's cap and a mourning dress; the other—there are but two—is a young lady, evidently her daughter. The former has been reading Blair's Sermons, and the book is lying in her lap with her hands folded over it, whilst she gazes into the fire. The latter has been busy working little pieces of linen and cambric and lace and very fine flannel into strange shapes; making little caps and frocks and warm garments, perhaps for the doll to whom the house belongs, or who will take possession shortly. But her work has fallen unheeded to the ground, and leaning her head upon her hand she has given herself up to meditations which cast the shadow of pain over her pretty face. Poor young thing, not yet nineteen, a wife, and soon to be a mother! Will the shadow deepen as the night goes on? There is a tray covered up carefully with a coarse but snowy cloth upon the sideboard, and over it the portrait of a gentleman dressed in the costume of 1810. A handsome, dashing-looking fellow he must have been in his prime,—too dashing, I am afraid; for I fancy that I can see in the few pieces of handsome but old-fashioned furniture that look so unwieldy in the little room, the fragments of a wreck. The homely repast in the tray is not spread for him. The rusty black crape and the widow's cap are, I am sure, worn in his memory. They are "sitting up" for some one else. There is a look of carelessness and irresolution in the handsome face. I can imagine such things as life-insurances suffered to drop, and evil days put off, till one most evil came, and found the widow and the orphan thrown penniless upon the world.

The striking of the cheap French clock rouses the old lady from a doze.

"Two o'clock!" she exclaims, throwing up her hands. "Well, if it is not scandalous, Bessie, keeping you up in this way—in your condition, too! Oh, men are always selfish!" and the old lady shakes her head pettishly.

"Dear mother," replies Bessie, in a tone which implies there is no novelty in the complaint, "you know he cannot help it. Besides, he does not wish me to sit up."

"Then why do you?"

"Oh, I like to give him his supper, poor dear, after his hard night's work."

"Night's work!" retorts the old lady,

"that's just it; why can't he work in the daytime, like a Christian?"

"I think I have told you before, mamma," replies Bessie, very quietly, "that it is the duty of a sub-editor to see the paper 'put to bed,' as they call it; and this cannot be done till the very last moment, in order that the very latest news may be printed."

"Then why is John a sub-editor?" is the querulous demand. "Your poor father could not abide editors. If your husband *must* write, why can't he be secretary to some nobleman, or go into the Treasury?—there are some very gentlemanly appointments, I hear, in the Treasury." She speaks as though he had only to walk in at the door and ask for five hundred a year!

"John has no interest, dear," replies Bessie, taking up her work again. "We have reason to be very thankful that he has his present engagement. There are so many clever men about now; none so clever as he is, though," the young wife adds; and a flash of pride lights up her eye, though a tear has fallen from her cheek upon the little lace cap that her busy fingers are shaping.

"Then," says the old lady, coming again to the charge, "why don't he *do* something clever? If he must write, why don't he write some book that will make his fortune, like the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or *Johnson's Dictionary*, or the *Gentleman's Magazine*, or—or—"

A rattle in the lock of the outer door puts an abrupt check to these valuable suggestions, and in a moment John—the breadwinner—is in his wife's arms. Do you know the look of a man who has done a hard day's work and is pleased with it? Well, John has that look. His shirt is tumbled, his hands are grimy with dust and ink, his light curly hair is in wild disorder; but there is no mistaking him for other than a thorough gentleman and an honest and loving man. Nimble fingers whisk away the snowy cloth from over the tray, and lo! there is disclosed a prime little piece of cold stewed beef, a crusty loaf, a saucerful of walnut pickles, and a bottle of bitter beer,—a supper for an emperor, provided he is hungry and has a good digestion. Bessie is here and there and everywhere all at once. She is taking off John's coat; she is putting on his slippers; she is opening his bottle of beer; she is filling his plate with good things; she is kiss-

ing him. When he is well settled down to his repast, she goes over to the old lady and kisses her; and the old lady tries to look stern, and fails miserably. It is a very pleasant scene. I see no wreck now. I see the good ship *Perseverance* beating up against wind and tide to weather Cape Independence. Every sail is set, all lumber is cleared away, and John Prince is at the helm. *Bon voyage*, John Prince! The breakers that lay ahead a few hours ago are away yonder upon your quarter, far to leeward; and the white foam dashes madly over their jagged heads as your gallant bark speeds onwards.

There is an expression upon John's face that I cannot quite make out. He chuckles slyly to himself now and then, and looks a look over at his mother-in-law, as she sits dosing by the fire which says as plainly as these types could render it, "You are a very nice old lady; but two's company, and three's none."

Perhaps the old lady sees that John has something for his wife's ear; at any rate, she lights her candle and wishes them good-night, declaring—not for the first time—that he ought to be ashamed of himself for keeping such profligate hours. Whereat John, who has risen and opened the door for her, throws his arm round the place where once was her waist, and kisses her violently, to her intense astonishment.

When she has gone, he returns to the fire-side, and placing his two hands on Bessie's shoulders, gazes steadfastly into her great honest eyes. Then he draws her towards him, and lays her head upon his bosom, and softly and tenderly caresses it—there—as though she had been a hurt child, and he was soothing her to forget the pain.

"I have been working very hard for these last three weeks, Bessie."

"You have indeed, dearie."

"And have kept you up very late on Friday nights."

"Not *very* late, dear," she murmurs, creeping closer into his arms.

"Mr. Clancey is no better."

"Oh, dear; then you'll have more hard work. When will he come back?"

"Never, Bessie."

"Is he dead?" she asked, with a start.

"No; that is to say, not as you mean. He has got brain disease; and the doctors say he must travel abroad, and not write or read a

line for three years. Poor Clancey is dead to literature, Bessie, and the *Excelsior* must look out for a new editor."

There is a great flutter in the heart that beats against his own; the gentle arms that are around him tremble.

"O John," she murmurs, "after all you've done—could not you—would it be right for—oh, I don't know, but—might there not be a chance, a little chance, John, of—of—"

"Of what, my pet?"

"Of your becoming—of your—oh, you know what I mean. If you were not so proud, and would ask, after all that you have done—"

"You would have me ask to be made editor of the *Excelsior*, Bessie?"

"Not for my sake, dear," she replies, quickly, "but for the chil—O John, John!" and she hid her face and wept.

"Bessie," he says, firmly, "I will never ask for this."

Then she looked him in the face, gave a long deep sigh, and wiping away her tears kissed him on the forehead, saying—nothing.

"I will not ask for this," he repeats, pressing her with exultation to his heart. "It is mine without asking. It was offered me this night in the handsomest manner. I am a made man, Bessie. My salary is more than trebled from this day. No more want, no more care, true wife; no more—"

"Yes, it is I; and a pretty fellow you are to sit up for a man, and keep him ringing at the bell for three-quarters of an hour! I've been obliged to commit a burglary to get in," said my expected one, pushing up the window and entering my room, wet through, from the balcony.

I had been so intent thinking of other people's "sitting up" that I forgot my own.

A book has just been published in London by Longman & Co., entitled "Incidents in my Life, by D. D. Home." It will be remembered that the author was, perhaps still is, in high favor at the French court. He married the sister of a Russian count.

The magazines and reviews have long articles about this book, which we have been too busy to read carefully; but the following extract is very suggestive. Wordsworth and we have always seen and felt that much can be learned from children. Growth into maturity clouds "the clear conscience of a child." Perhaps the very least contact with "the world" dims the intellect, as well as the morals. We know that it entirely cuts off all clear memory of the former state of existence, leaving only such an occasional indistinct trace of previous life, as plunges us into reverie and vain longing.

Some of the readers of *The Living Age* may have been sceptical about the authenticity of Spiritual Rappings. Such a personal experience as is here recorded by Mr. Home would certainly relieve them of all doubt.

"On the 26th April, old style, or 8th May, according to our style, at seven in the evening, and as the snow was fast falling, our little boy was born at the town house, situate on the Gagarines Quay, in St. Petersburg, where we were still staying. A few hours after his birth, his mother,

the nurse, and I, heard for several hours the warbling of a bird as if singing over him. Also that night, and for two or three nights afterwards, a bright, starlike light, which was clearly visible from the partial darkness of the room, in which there was only a night-lamp burning, appeared several times directly over its head, where it remained for some moments, and then slowly moved in the direction of the door, where it disappeared. This was also seen by each of us at the same time. The light was more condensed than those which have been so often seen in my presence upon previous and subsequent occasions. It was brighter and more distinctly globular. I do not believe that it came through my mediumship, but rather through that of the child, who has manifested on several occasions the presence of the gift. I do not like to allude to such a matter, but as there are more strange things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of, even in my philosophy, I do not feel myself at liberty to omit stating, that during the latter part of my wife's pregnancy, we thought it better that she should not join in seances, because it was found that whenever the rappings occurred in the room, a simultaneous movement of the child was distinctly felt, perfectly in unison with the sounds. When there were three sounds, three movements were felt, and so on, and when five sounds were heard, which is generally the call for the alphabet, she felt the five internal movements, and she would frequently, when we were mistaken in the letter, correct us from what the child indicated."

From The Spectator.

AN ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA.*

THERE are few English children who have not read Madame Cottin's "Elizabeth; or the Exile of Siberia." Indeed we confess to a secret fear that it is from this source most of the popular impressions of Siberia, its climate, its colonists, and its horrors, have been derived. If any one wishes in manhood to revive to the full his childish impression, the vague fear of that awful land, the only country which, as a country, Englishmen really dread, and hold apparently beyond the reach of travellers or discoveries, the notion of boundless distance, impassable snow and every Arctic difficulty which that book produced on the child, he has only to read M. Pietrowski's narrative. It is very short, barely two hundred pages, very simply told, and marked by a thoughtfulness and want of malice which have brought upon the author the censure and almost the contempt of his countrymen. After sufferings such as inspire the reader with a cold rage against the government, which could inflict them, he judges the authors of his misery with the calmness of a spectator, suggests the excuses involved in their situations, and records with a painful fairness the smallest alleviation which they consciously or unconsciously allowed. The book might have been written by Valjean, after he had suffered the same journey, and affords a proof of the real power over the spirit exercised by that high and mystic form of Catholicism towards which the better-class Poles sometimes tend.

M. Rufin Pietrowski is a Polish exile, residing apparently in Paris, who in 1842 felt stricken with that most irresistible of all desires, which, half in contempt as a race given to emigration, and half in sympathy, as one secretly devoted to England, we term homesickness. Although exiled by decree, he resolved to run all risks and return to the Ukraine. A kindly American, whose acquaintance he made in an hospital, furnished him with a passport, signed by Lord Cowley, in favor of a Maltese. Armed with this document, which, had it been genuine, would, according to M. Pietrowski have protected him even in Russia, he made his way to Kaminiac, in Podolia, and endeavored to live as a foreign teacher of languages. He suc-

ceeded for months, though he was compelled to live in Polish houses, professing ignorance of his mother tongue, and ran the risk every day of betraying himself by some involuntary exclamation. He remained, however, undiscovered, till some accident, or the imprudence of the few friends to whom he revealed his true character, betrayed him and he was arrested. Taken before the governor, he adhered to his disguise, and the official, in spite of excellent information, was half in doubt, till a spasm of frankness, to which Poles are liable—in this, as in so many respects, resembling Frenchmen—compelled him to break out in passionate Polish. He was sent to Kiew, chained with rings round his ancles, so small that they inflicted intolerable pain, and examined before Prince Bibikov, a name almost unknown in Western Europe but which appears to have been full of terror for Poles. This man, though an object of universal abhorrence, treated him with some courtesy, apparently because he was of birth technically noble; had his cell cleaned when it swarmed with vermin, which his chained hands forbade him to kill; and finally relieved him of the fetters placed on his arms. He, however, maintained a terrible discipline; a sentry caught conversing with the prisoner received sixty blows with rods, and a soldier was ordered to stand incessantly looking through the wicket-door into the cell. This became to the prisoner, probably a sensitive, though strong-nerved man, a terrible torture.

"That strange eye, impassable and implacable, which meets yours at every moment—that eye which follows you everywhere and at all times—becomes to you a sort of infernal providence; and I abandon the task of making any one understand what it is that the prisoner feels who, from the instant he wakes in the morning, sees from his bed those two eyes pointed towards him like two stilettoes. Will it be believed, from the earliest dawn I longed for the night, even after a night which had been already very long and rayless?—for then, at least, I was protected from those two eyes. Sometimes, impatient and distracted, I would go up to the loophole and oppose my feverish glare to those two persecuting eyes; and then I laughed like a savage, when I obliged the man to turn away for a moment."

Pietrowski was at length sentenced for having returned from exile to degradation from his rank and penal servitude for life in Siberia. The first part of the sentence is a

* *Recollections of Siberia.* By Rufin Pietrowski. Translated from the French. Longmans.

degradation, exposure in the pillory, followed by two blows in the face, from which the wife of a noble has been known to become insane, but M. Pietrowski seems to have been sent at once to his destination. He was despatched with convicts and in chains, but, as a noble, he rode in a carriage; and the same fact probably fixed his final residence at Tara, on the banks of the Irtysh, and in the district nearest to civilization. Here he became, in fact, a slave, employed in hodman's work, and warned by his fellow political captives that nothing but abject submission could save him from blows and torture. He was employed side by side with real criminals, usually murderers, one of whom had endured and survived the awful torture of the gauntlet. He himself was branded on the forehead and the cheeks to ensure recognition; but, though he awoke every day in fear of the rods, he continued to escape them by excessive care not to give or take any offence. He had reason for his precaution.

"Some years before my arrival at Ekaterinski-Zavod, there was a Russian General, N——, who had been condemned by Nicholas to penal servitude in Siberia. The *Smotritel*, respecting the high position and the advanced age of the prisoner, set him to the lightest and least painful tasks, and admitted him to society and his table. Unluckily, the general sometimes forgot himself (especially if he drank a little too much), and, taking up the tone of a senior and superior officer, showed himself recalcitrant. The inspector then had him chained to the furnace of the distillery, and obliged him for a month or a fortnight, during the extreme cold of winter, to keep up the fires. The general, overheated and covered with sweat and ashes, promised to amend, and recommenced his familiarities with the *Smotritel* and other functionaries, only to find himself again another time by the furnace. Having spent several years in this way at the *katorga*, he was pardoned by the Tzar, and restored to his old rank as a general officer."

An Abbé, and other exiles of some degree, who planned to overturn the government, were by order of the emperor deliberately flogged to death with rods. In this horrible abode he remained two years, when the Emperor Nicholas, in 1845, suddenly ordered new measures of severity, among other things directing all the prisoners hitherto lodged in huts to be herded together in barracks. Pietrow-

ski could bear his situation no longer, and as he had long determined to prevent personal chastisement by suicide, he resolved on flight over the Oural Mountains and across the steppes of Petchoura to Archangel. His beard had grown, his dress was that of a *moujik*; he had been clerk in the works for a year, and earned two hundred francs, and he had forged a passport on stamped paper. Armed with these resources, he set out on his lonely journey of nearly twelve hundred miles. He lived usually in the forest, sleeping on or under the snow, eating frozen bread, and begging at infrequent huts a few mouthfuls of turnip soup, not because it was nourishing, but because it was warm. We cannot recount the incidents of the journey, which are told with a gentle forbearance inexpressibly touching, but after months of suffering Pietrowski, disguised as a bohomet, or pilgrim, reached Archangel. Here, though hundreds of vessels reached the place, he found escape impossible; every vessel, even the smallest, being guarded by a Russian sentry, and communication with foreigners all but impossible. He therefore resumed his journey, reached St. Petersburg, and obtained almost by a miracle a passage for Riga, whence he travelled to Konisberg,—only to be arrested once more. After his fearful journey he was discovered, and peremptory orders arrived from Berlin to surrender him to the Russian Government, who would have returned him to Siberia to die by the torture. We only wonder he did not on the spot commit suicide; but men are better than their laws. The officials gave him time to escape; Robert Blum, the bookseller whom Prince Windischgrätz shot, gave him funds, and he reached Paris once more in safety, only to return to Galicia to join in another, and unsuccessful Polish revolt. Everywhere in the steppe he met with kindness; but everywhere his book leaves a startling impression of the awful elements of revolt, the bitter, silent, concentrated hate of authority which must exist in Russia. The impression is deepened by his moderation, and by a literary style which, through two translations, is still perceptible, and suggests a nature possessed of every faculty nature can give, but overwhelmed and almost cowed by an almost Asiatic sadness. It is a charming book.

From The Saturday Review.
GEORGE SAND.*

THERE are many persons who gain nothing whatever from reading French novels; and many more who get only harm from them. They breathe a very different atmosphere from that to which we are accustomed. Their virtues are not our virtues, and their vices are vices which we are rightly taught to shun. English education and the whole English theory of morals, although much the best on the face of the earth, have the imperfection of bearing very badly any alien admixture; and, to many minds, a composition not framed on the English model, and not written on English principles, brings with it a temporary dissolution of the best ties and a temporary abandonment of the best ideas which have been previously accepted. We imbibe the bad much more easily than the good of foreign literature. Still, French literature is too interesting and too accessible to be relinquished on account of its possible bad effects. People will read French novels; and putting aside the pleasure to be derived from them, they are absolutely indispensable to any one who wishes to understand France. The highest literature of every country is European rather than national. Great poets and philosophers deal with the passions and the problems common to man, and political writers, like Guizot and Tocqueville, address themselves to all in every country who can understand them. Theology has ceased to be an exponent of national thought, and fiction is now the vehicle through which the floating opinions and creeds of those most alive in each country to the impressions prevailing there find a vent. At least, this is true of the only two countries, England and France, where there is a living literature; and in France, of all the novel-writers of the last twenty years, the most instructive, the most genuine, the most original is George Sand. There are many other writers from whom a finer and truer analysis of French society may be obtained; there are many that have more of French wit, and who represent more faithfully the Parisian way of viewing and settling the universe; but she alone represents that strange union of nobleness and poetry and elevation with wild morality which is so astonishing to English readers, which exists only on the Continent,

and the existence of which it is so difficult and yet so necessary to realize if we are to understand France, and the Continent of which France is still the moving spirit. It is true that France in recent years has grown rapidly demoralized, and that George Sand has no successor. But still it would be very unfair not to acknowledge that that which we find best in her is historically characteristic of the nation, and we can never really learn so much of a people from a writer who represents its worst, as from one who represents its best side. If *Fanny* really represented France, its lot would be worse than that of Sodom and Gomorrah; but a nation which claims to be represented, however partially, by *Mauprat* and *Valentine*, cannot be considered altogether unworthy and degraded.

When a cheap edition of her collected works was published some years ago, George Sand wrote a series of short prefaces to the novels as they successively appeared, and these prefaces have now been collected into a separate publication. They would be wholly uninteresting to a reader not previously familiar with her writings; but any one who knows the novels themselves will find it quite worth while to read these short statements of the author's circumstances and views at the time of writing them. The general burden of all her remarks is, that she wrote spontaneously, without premeditation, and as the fancy seized her. She had no theory of marriage which she wished to recommend—she had no creed or disbelief which she wished to maintain. She wrote socialistic novels without troubling herself to master the details and difficulties of socialism. It is quite evident that she is speaking the truth; and it is precisely because she adopted thus naturally, and without inquiry or reflection, the current principles and theories of French society, that she is so instructive. She is admirably free from that pestilent art of putting sophisms in a consecutive shape which her countrymen call logic. She found marriage everywhere treated as the beginning of love for a young woman. She did not set to work to frame an ideal state of society in which love should precede marriage. She found a condition of religion in which the most monstrous vagaries of scepticism confronted the rigidity, the fervor, and the pettiness of Catholicism. She did not set herself to devise an ideal of the Christian Church. She might

* *Quelques Mots sur mes Romans.* Par George Sand. Paris: E. Jung-Treuttel. 1862.

have done better if she had labored after these ideals, but she would have been wholly unlike a Frenchwoman. What she did was to accept the framework which her country offered her, and to embody on the enclosed canvas her own ardor for what she thought right, her determination to get to the end of all feelings she thought justifiable, her keen relish of art, her genuine love of simple pleasures.

Such a book as *Lélia*, the novel in which she describes her doubts, and revels in all the abysses of scepticism, is a mere tissue of blasphemous nonsense, if we judge it only by the results to which it leads. No one is made happier or better by reading it. Its philosophy is nothing but a senseless screech against God. But all philosophy about religion that stops half-way is much the same, only that it may be expressed with more or less of sobriety. The thinking man kicks against the pricks of his position in the universe. If he thinks long enough, he will generally come round to the conclusion either that "God is great," or that all thought is vanity. But impulsive, imaginative writers, accustomed and encouraged by success to write down and publish all their passing thoughts and fancies, do not wait for this conclusion to come upon them. George Sand said that she felt doubts, or rather that she felt an interest in religious problems. She immediately wrote a novel about them. She put her floating theories into the most exaggerated shape which fancy suggested, and which her wonderful mastery of style enabled her to command. In France this may be done. A woman is quite at liberty to shriek about the universe if she likes; and in *Lélia* we see how it may be done. In England we manage things differently. We do not want to have people here pouring out their crude philosophy, or sounding the abyss of doubt, or calling God to the tiny bar of their babyish insolence. We think them silly and wicked if they do anything of the sort, and we tell them so, and kick them and keep them under if they defy our prohibition. This saves us from much nonsense, and keeps up a general atmosphere of respectability. We are probably quite right, and society gains, on the whole, when it thus insists that every one shall either walk in the beaten paths, or else hold their tongue. But all people do not submit quite calmly to this control, and, if their spirit of rebellion is not

quite strong enough to make them openly defy their censors, they yet turn with avidity to a foreign literature in which there is no reticence; and George Sand, although no philosopher, has yet the great attraction of genuineness and of ardor, both in feeling and expression. And, theoretically, such books as *Lélia* are perhaps justifiable: Wild doubts and a keen sense of pain at the mystery of things are unquestionably among the most vivid, if among the most occasional and temporary, of human feelings. If literature sets itself to record all vivid human feelings, why not these among others? The English way of expressing doubt is, in some degree, absurd. In England the doubts are always the doubts of other people, over which the happy writer is triumphant. They are not doubts at all. The only reply is, that practically we find we get on better without the expression of doubts. No one has really got anything new to say, and, as wise men come round to belief or silence, it is no use vexing ourselves about their half-way fancies. This is sensible; but it is not difficult to understand that there is another way of looking at the matter, and that imaginative foreigners view with some contempt this reduction of literature within the limits of practical sense.

George Sand tells us that she early repudiated the mysterious maxim of "art for art." If she understood it rightly, it meant that art ought only to occupy itself with those subjects which an artist could approach in a purely artistic frame of mind—things, that is, that did not concern him, and had no concern with what he personally felt and saw and underwent. If any one ever held such a theory of art, George Sand may safely say that she has uniformly defied it. The subjects of which she treats have been suggested to her either by the thoughts which the circumstances of her life brought home to her, or by the places in which she lived. She married unhappily, and the best of all her novels, *Mauprat*, was, she tells us, composed at the time when she was applying to a tribunal for a judicial separation. It occurred to her to ask what was the ideal of that state the reality of which she found so dismal. To love but once and to love forever struck her as the most complete contrast, and *Mauprat* was written to describe the feelings of a man who never loved but once, who married, and early lost the object of his devotion. Some-

times it was a mere social difficulty that occupied her. She was, for example, so struck with the problem as to the proper course to be pursued by a husband who finds himself in the way, that she could not do less than write a novel to explain how easily an honorable man might conclude that the best and handsomest solution would be to kill himself. But her impressibility and the liveliness of her mind are chiefly illustrated by the great use she has made of the scenery and the home life in which her time has been mostly passed. The wild savage desolation and the primitive rusticity of Berry, where her country home is situated, and Venice, the city where she felt most profoundly the feelings that a city can awaken, have been the two great sources on which she has drawn. It is, perhaps, because she has thus depicted the rural life of France, and given its local coloring to the representation of an Italian city, that her writings seem to foreigners to express more of the general mind of France than the compositions of authors who have been exclusively Parisian.

An author who surveys his past compositions, and introduces them again to the public, naturally makes the best of what he sees before him; and George Sand does not allude to what might offend us in the several tales she notices. She passes over the absurdity, the coarseness, the extravagance of her writings by telling us that they were intended as studies of character. We are not to judge her or her books by what she pleases to tell us. Yet we think she is right in her main assertion, that she has always tried to keep up a high standard; for, according to French ways of thinking, her standard is in its way a high one. She is thoroughly in earnest in her respect for the poor, her sense of the worth of true affection, and her love of

equity. She can say, without hesitation, that she has often followed where she thought it right to go, although pecuniary temptation was strong the other way. She has often written too much, too inconsiderately, and too stupidly, in order to get money; but she has never stooped to please the public, and think what would sell. She even assures us that, in fiction, she has often resisted her natural bent in the direction of dramatic and startling incidents, and has devoted herself to the tranquil analysis of character, simply because she thought that in her generation the habit of writing sensation novels had become far too strong. She also sought for herself and others a refuge from the stirring days of the 1848 revolution in the contemplation of the quietest and most soothing form of life she could dream of. Her prose idyls were composed that stories of the homely worth of villagers, and of their rude tenderness, might offer a shelter to troubled minds from the presence of the bitter hatred, jealousy, and fury of the time. Certainly the contrast between the excitement of a barricade and the quietude of *La Petite Fadette* is as complete as anything could be. We hope that her thoughtfulness for her countrymen was appreciated by them. Since that time she has gone on writing, but, as is the case with all authors who write for thirty years as hard as they can, she has lost her early vivacity and her wealth of fancy. She no longer adds to her fame, but neither does she detract from it. Her best works remain, and will long remain, among the most characteristic and the most splendid monuments of that outpouring of French literature the period of which happened to be almost exactly coterminous with the duration of constitutional government in France.

Good results are already apparent from the Salmon Fishery Commission, as it appears that more salmon have been seen in English rivers than for many years past. In some places, the pools have seemed alive with large fish that were unable to force their way up shallows. In the west of Ireland, a "fish-walk" has been made in the rocky channel which connects Lough Mask with Lough Corrib, and salmon can now pass up or down freely. A resident in the neighborhood has distributed more than 700,000 salmon ova into the streams around the lakes, and has turned

forty adult salmon loose in Lough Corrib. If these can only get fair-play, there will be a superabundance of salmon in that part of Ireland in the course of a few years.—*Chambers's Journal*.

A WAY to dress
In the mode, I guess,
Picks a husband's bones quite clean,
And poor Mr. Spratt
Must cry "No fat,"
And his wife will *cri-no-line*.

From The Saturday Review.

ROMANTIC EPISODES.*

It would be very difficult to anticipate the contents of this volume on hearing its title. It chiefly consists of a selection of passages from Froissart, Sully, Commynes, Brantôme, and some of the less known chroniclers of France. It also contains extracts from mediæval romances, and it finishes with two of the most successful efforts of Montaigne's philosophical rhetoric. All these extracts have been translated by Mr. Vance, and a long preface instructs us in the principles on which his translation has been made. He maintains, with great earnestness, that modern writers and readers are too mealy-mouthed, and that we cannot pretend to reproduce the effect of old writers unless we adopt their bold use of words and phrases which refinement has taught us to consider coarse. We should be inclined to assent to the doctrine if it were really raised by the passages selected. But this volume carefully shirks all expressions and allusions that could frighten the most fastidious. The only approach to freedom is the retention of a few strong mediæval oaths; but a modern reader would indeed be over-scrupulous if he could not bear to reflect that the ages of chivalry swore in their own peculiar way. The translation is often vigorous and generally idiomatic, and it has an air of antiquity about it which may fairly be claimed as a success, although a little investigation will show that it is principally obtained by an absence of grammar and of copulative conjunctions, and by arranging the words so that the nominative case is kept as long as possible out of sight. However, there is not much fault to find with the translation, and the author is probably right in pointing out, as he repeatedly does, that his vocabulary is copious, apt, and telling. The selections make up a very agreeable whole, although there is no further connection between them than that they all belong to the French literature before the classical era, and that they have all pleased their translator. Few English readers are familiar with even the best-known of the passages translated, and fewer still have any knowledge of the obscurer writers from whose pages specimens have

been extracted. This volume, therefore, opens a very easy path to a literature which is very agreeable if we can avoid having too much of it, and escape paying for our enjoyment of its lively parts by being obliged to read its tedious parts. Mr. Vance has produced a volume which has the double merit of being pleasant to read and of introducing us to a literature of which it is highly worth while to have at least a general impression.

Mr. Vance calls his selections "Romantic Episodes," and undoubtedly there is something running through most of his extracts which answers to what we usually term romantic. There is a preponderance of the unbusiness-like; there is an atmosphere of loyalty, devotion, and adventure; and yet, as we pass from one of these remains of the ages of romance to another, we are struck not only by the presence of romance but by the absence of it. We very much doubt whether there was ever any more romance in the world than there is now. Common sense and the desire of selfish aggrandisement had quite as much sway in the Middle Ages as at any other time. Probably the two signs of romance which would occur to any one immediately as the most characteristic are the engagement in distant and perilous enterprises, such as the Crusades, from religious enthusiasm, and the devotion of faithful knights to the thought of an idolized mistress. There is quite enough material in this volume to make us suspect that these characteristics were very seldom seen in the times when we fancy they were most common. One of the most entertaining of the specimens given by Mr. Vance in an argument between two knights as to the expediency and obligation of joining a Crusade. The knight who argues against going has much the best of it, and he remarks, without being contradicted by his companion, that it was very odd, if crusading was a necessary act of piety, that crusaders, when they got back, were somehow such ruffians and blackguards. Nor is there any reason to suppose that in real life knights were faithful to mistresses, and mistresses to knights, during long periods of absence. All the young women in the genuine mediæval stories are disposed of by their fathers, and are married as early as possible. There is a very pretty little treatise translated by Mr. Vance, which a father, known as the Chevalier de la Tour

* *Romantic Episodes of Chivalric and Mediæval France.* To which are appended some few passages from Montaigne. Now done into English by Alexander Vance. London: Manwaring. 1862.

Landry, writes for the instruction of his daughters. He cautions them against young men as wild and dangerous creatures, just as a kind father of modern days might do. He has no belief in the constancy of loyal knights errant. Undoubtedly knights did go on long expeditions, and some of them, being in love when they started, married the object of their affections when they got back. But this is no more than may be said of hundreds of the queen's sailors and soldiers every year. The general position of women in mediæval stories is not that of beings free to wait unmolested for a coming hero, but of creatures that are married out of hand when it will answer to marry them. The courtship of Sully furnishes the subject of one of Mr. Vance's extracts, and not even the most cynical of Mr. Thackeray's cynical heroes could explain more frankly how he came to marry the woman he liked second best because she could offer more, and how thoroughly he found his self-denial answer. So far as romance consists in the reticence of selfishness, the moderns may claim to be quite on a par with, and even in advance of, their mediæval ancestors.

And yet it is quite true that these romantic episodes represent something peculiarly romantic in the times to which they belong. They typify not a romantic manner of life but a romantic literature. We can never wholly dis sever the two. As men write and think, so in some measure they are sure to live. But the influence of literature is not so great as to render predominant in life that which happens to be predominant in literature. The literature of the Middle Ages was romantic, not because it expressed the thoughts of romantic people, but because, when the people of that day shaped their thoughts in writing, the thoughts that came most handy to them were romantic thoughts. Romance depends on a familiarity with a rapid succession of startling facts, a preponderance of feeling over reason, and a sympathy with all that shows the elevation or strength of human character in opposition to adverse circumstances. What destroys romance is the anxiety to do justice to the bad as well as the good, a calculation of remoter consequences, and an appreciation of the difficulties imposed on society by treating extraordinary events and persons as the rule of ordinary life. Criticism is, in one word, the opposite of ro-

mance. Even the few selections given by Mr. Vance are sufficient to show that there was much more criticism in the Middle Ages than we generally fancy. No criticism of the Crusades could be more cogent and effective than that offered by the knight in the dialogue to which we have referred. But there was a sufficient absence of criticism, on the whole, to make romance possible. Mr. Vance translates Brantôme's *Life of Mary Queen of Scots*, which is certainly romantic enough. But its romance transparently rests on the author having no notion of evidence. He evidently holds that the fact of Mary's having succeeded as a beauty in France, and the personal attachment she inspired in her attendants, made it impossible she could have killed her husband in Scotland. We are not equally romantic now in our literature, because where evidence can come in we feel ourselves obliged to be critical, and also because we have accumulated much more experience than mediæval writers had. We are also disinclined to write romance, for the simple reason that it has been written. Ages of stirring adventure, when feeling was quick and criticism unformed, were the times for romance. They did their work, and we do not feel called on to do it over again. In fact, we could not do it with sincerity and unconscientiousness. Old ballads, old chronicles, and such convenient repertoires of the antique as this volume of Mr. Vance's bring us nearer to romance than we can get by modern helps. Society is exactly as romantic and as unromantic as it ever was, but literature is less romantic because the romance of literature is a partial truth applied and stated generally, and as we know that it is only a partial truth, we could only play at thinking it a universal truth.

Purists might object to the confusion of Brantôme and the author of the Dialogue on the Crusades under the common head of mediæval writers, but Mr. Vance may easily defend himself by asking whether readers do not practically find enough that is essentially alike to keep the extracts in harmony. Nor does it seem out of place to add at the end of the volume portions of Montaigne's celebrated Essay on Death, and of his Apology for de la Sebonde. They are fine instances of a kind of rhetoric that is now quite out of date, but is still pleasant to read. Rhetoric may be compared to romance as forming a

distinguished part of literature, and yet as having only a transitory place in it. We have now lost even the meaning of the word, and take it always in an unfavorable sense. Style without thought is supposed to be an equivalent for it. On the contrary, all great rhetoricians have been men of sense and of undoubted philosophical power. Montaigne, Jeremy Taylor, Cicero, and Burke are four of the greatest of rhetoricians, and they were all eminently sensible and vigorous thinkers. It is the good strong sense of Montaigne which carries us through allusions that would otherwise be pedantic, and reflections that would otherwise be platitudes. Rhetoric is an adjunct of expression which sound thought may equally well have or not have. It costs an effort in the author to evolve it, and it costs an effort in the reader to keep his attention fixed on it, and the whole question is whether the result repays the cost. Our general answer is that it does not. In the first place, such pleasure as rhetoric gives can already be enjoyed in sufficient quantity. We have enough rhetorical writers of the first class. Rhetoric, like romance, is a thing that has been done. There may be a return of romancists and rhetoricians in future ages, for all we know; and when it becomes natural to write romance and rhetoric again, more is sure to be written. But we in this generation have as much rhetoric in print as we care to read. There are also other reasons why rhetoric is not in fashion now. We have been tormented more than enough with sham rhetoric, with vague fine writing and unmeaning grandiloquence. We, therefore, incline to something free from the suspicion of being pretentious, and like English that is plain, straightforward, and business-like. There is no reason why taste should not alter in this respect. We can fancy that even in our day rhetorical sermons might produce a great effect; but there is not much chance of their being preached; for they could only be produced by a man of sober sense and delicate taste, and such a man might hesitate to bestow on style the great labor and thought which rhetoric requires. The best thing we can do if we want rhetoric, is to read a few pages of a great rhetorical writer, and here again Mr. Vance has come to the assistance of his countrymen with about as much writ-

ing on such subjects as the certainty of death and the littleness of humanity as most people care to have.

Passages so celebrated as those in which Philippe de Commines describes the last days of Louis XI., and Brantôme gives with generous credulity the poetical version of Mary's career in Scotland, throw into the shade the humbler specimens of old French writing which Mr. Vance has collected. But some of these minor extracts have a beauty and a simple force too remarkable to be passed by without notice. There are a few stories of faithful love and delicate chivalrous passion which no reader should omit. Especially there is a very pretty account from Berville, of the meeting of Bayard with a lady who had been his first love and who had afterwards married respectably and happily. In those ages of gold a Frenchman could ascertain that an old love was still well inclined to him, and yet have no wish to disturb her domestic happiness. She and Bayard openly acknowledged that they were very pleased to meet, and Bayard gave a tournament in her honor. Of course he carried off the prize and laid it at her feet, and she and he were very happy, and so was her husband. It is impossible to convey in words the atmosphere of simple innocence and right feeling that breathes through the narrative. Scarcely inferior is the story from the *Heptaméron*, of Pauline and her lover, who renounced the world, and betook themselves to a monastic life. They were forbidden to marry and so they thought the next best thing was to tread the same path to heaven. Exactly the same feelings are often reproduced in the present day. There are plenty of English Paulines who are going peacefully and resolutely through a life of separation in that most rigid and difficult of monastic orders, the condition of contented old-maidism. But in old times the deeper feelings of the heart were expressed more readily and naturally, and we would rather read the story of Pauline, and feel how accurately it represents the thoughts and practice of her modern sisters, than invite our contemporaries to put their sacred sorrows in print, and send them to a publisher, on the understanding that if the first overflow of their emotions sell well, he is to take a second gush on more advantageous terms.

From The Spectator, 21 March.

BRITISH NEUTRALITY.

THE whole of the correspondence respecting the gunboat *Alabama* has now been laid before Parliament, and it is not possible to deny that, at all events so far as the Board of Customs and the Collector at Liverpool are concerned, the case assumes a very ugly appearance. The evidence before them was shortly as follows: "The Messrs. Laird were building a vessel in their yard which they admitted to the Customs' Surveyor to be a war vessel; but they did not appear disposed to reply to any questions respecting the destination of the vessel after she left Liverpool. The registered captain of this vessel was Matthew Butcher. William Passmore, a British seaman, swore that Captain Butcher engaged him to serve on board this ship, and told him that 'the vessel was going out to the Government of the Confederate States of America,' and that 'they were going to fight for the Southern Government.'" Having this evidence duly before him, the Collector of Customs at Liverpool refused to detain the vessel, and the Board of Customs, acting, it is said, under the advice of their solicitor, supported him in his decision. Who is the solicitor to the Customs? What evidence does he usually require of any disputed fact? Is there no one in the House of Commons who will endeavor to find out what Mr. Price Edwards, the Liverpool collector, would consider sufficient to justify the detention of a vessel fitted out in defiance of the law to prey on the commerce of an ally? It is true, that after a week's delay, the law officers of the crown overruled the decision of the Customs' solicitor, but very good care had been taken in the mean time that the bird should be allowed to escape, and when Mr. Price Edwards went to seize, no doubt he went with a cheerful laugh, congratulating himself on the way he had jockeyed the Yankees. Now, that this gentleman is deservedly esteemed by the Board of Customs as one of their ablest officers we know, and that his influence with them is proportionately great; but he must not be permitted to indulge his slaveholding predilections at the expense of the honor of the country. It is abundantly clear that neither he nor the Board of Customs entertain any dread whatever of "a fraudulent neutrality," and are quite willing to accept their share of the "disgrace" at-

tached to it with the same readiness with which the early Christians welcomed martyrdom. It is a very beautiful and touching sight; but the Foreign Office had better see that the evidence, in case of future *Alabamas*, goes straight to the law officers of the crown.

For it is just possible that such cases may arise. Notoriously, the Emperor of China has recently been smitten with a vast desire to increase his fleet, and why may not Mr. Jefferson Davis share, by some strange chance, the naval emotions of the Brother of the Sun and Moon? It is stated that at the present moment two war steamers of twenty-two hundred tons' burden, as well as a steam-ram, are building in the Messrs. Lairds' yard at Birkenhead for his Celestial Majesty, and that Captain Bullock, who superintended the construction of the *Alabama*, strange to say, is equally sedulous in his attention to the progress of these vessels. On the 12th July last, the captain was certainly acting under the orders of Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Confederate States Navy, for a letter distinctly proving as much has been intercepted and published by the orders of Mr. Seward; but doubtless the hope of profit or caprice has induced him to transfer his allegiance; or it may be that Lord Russell's energetic remonstrances have compelled Mr. Davis to abandon all ideas of further violating our neutrality, and Captain Bullock to look elsewhere for remunerative employment. But be this as it may, there is a good deal of such work to be had just now, for it is said that upwards of fifty steam-vessels, of various descriptions, in different stages of completeness, may be pointed out in progress for the Emperor of China, in the great shipbuilders' yards in the Mersey and the Clyde.

Now the whole question is, in what spirit does the British Government intend to act? If to all complaints the American minister gets no other reply than that the Foreign Enlistment Act "can be evaded by very subtle contrivances," but that the Government "cannot on that account go beyond the letter of the existing law," we think he may as well save the expenditure of pen and ink incurred in writing them. But what a newborn babe, what a very "chrysome child" of innocence Lord Russell must be, if he considers that Captains Bullock and Butcher resorted to very subtle contrivances to con-

ceal their purpose. And they are likely to be so much deeper now. How is a poor Collector of Customs to see through such a fog as calling Jefferson Davis the Emperor of China? The Yankees must be merciful with us; we are not so 'cute as they are.

What we want to know is this: Does the Government mean to compel its officials in the ports known for their Southern predilections to do their duty or not? Are they to be allowed again to shut their eyes to the effect of evidence,—the most conclusive possible,—until the hostile vessel is complete and able to slip to sea? Has the Liverpool collector been made to understand that he must act on evidence such as, in the case of the *Alabama*, he refused to act on? There is no amendment of the law required. The Government has ample powers, and if it really wanted to put a stop to the fitting out of vessels in our ports for the Confederates, Mr. Davis would be unable to get a fishing smack out of the Mersey.

Lord Russell, indeed, in his despatch of the 24th January, assumes that before he could detain a vessel, he must have "evidence sufficient to satisfy a court of law" as to her being a war vessel, and as to her actual destination. We altogether dispute such a conclusion. If, indeed, the vessel were actually ready to sail, it would be wise to act with the very greatest caution, for it is obvious that in such a case the pecuniary loss sustained by the owner of a ship unjustly detained would be very large. But when a vessel is still incomplete, comparatively slight evidence should be considered sufficient on which to detain her. The seizure would, in reality, be a mere order that she should not be permitted to leave the port; her equipment might go on just as if nothing had happened: and, if all were really above-board, the owner could prove his *bona fides* to the satisfaction of the collector, and get the detention removed without trouble or expense in a few hours. But where the builders, the captain, and the owner alike refuse information which it is their clear duty to give, we say advisedly that very slight evidence ought to induce the Government to act. The objection that mistakes would perpetually be made, and the Customs' officers made responsible in damages does not weigh with us one feather. Any owner would sooner avoid de-

tention by giving the required information, than refuse it without an object, and have to look to the chances of an action for redress. And we think, moreover, that a man who had invited the seizure by a mere obstinate refusal to answer the collector's questions, when there was real ground for suspicion, would neither deserve nor obtain much compensation at the hands of a jury.

It was not in this spirit that the American Government acted towards us in 1855. They seized the ship *Maury* at the request of our consul at New York, on evidence of the most inconclusive kind. A policeman and an ex-ship's carpenter deposed that the *Maury* was a vessel of war, and the same policeman and a "counsellor at law" deposed that they had heard that she was intended for the Russian Government—and this was all. In a day or two the owners produced evidence of such a sort that the consul himself was in very shame obliged to ask that the proceedings might be stopped; yet the owners have never to this day obtained the least redress. We do not ask that the Government shall imitate Mr. Attorney-General Cushing, and vindicate the queen's determination not to suffer any of the belligerent powers to trespass on our neutral rights by acting in such a fashion as this. But there is a difference between dispensing with evidence altogether, and refusing to move till there is a legal case on the depositions. For instance, the publication of Mr. Mallory's letter, which shows Captain Bullock to be a Confederate agent, is no legal evidence of that fact whatever; but can a doubt be entertained that the Government ought to act unhesitatingly on that assumption? Legal proof of the genuineness of that letter, and that Mr. Mallory is acting as Secretary to the Navy in the South, might, if necessary, be procured, and there is already abundant evidence that Captain Bullock acted as their agent in respect of the *Alabama*. We have no desire, however, to see the hands of the Government tied. Let every case be judged on its own merits. But let us do by the United States as the United States in 1855 did by us, and show that we are determined to put a stop to expeditions which are utterly at variance with even the semblance of neutrality, and which the executive by every consideration of dignity or honor is bound to defeat.

From The Spectator, 21 March.

THE PIVOT OF THE POLISH QUESTION.

THE Emperor of the French is making up his mind. That is the only deduction possible from the strange series of despatches, notes, reports, foreign letters, and semi-official articles which have seen the light this week. At the first blush of the Polish revolution Louis Napoleon, who, we must not forget, was once elected King of Poland, seems to have been resolved to stretch his power for the benefit of his uncle's allies. The instant the Prussian Ministry, by their ill-drawn Convention, had given foreign nations a foothold, the emperor proposed an "identical note" to be submitted to the court of Berlin. The note was to have been signed by France, Austria, and Great Britain, and was in appearance a spirited protest against the Convention, and in reality an open menace to both the newly allied powers. The Convention was declared "to exceed the rights of the Berlin Cabinet, as laid down by the law of nations," a diplomatic remark meaning *war*, unless the said law were once more respected, while the insurrection in Poland was reported to be watched with "a sorrowful interest" in France. Earl Russell declined the note, and preferred a circular from himself, calling upon the powers who signed the treaties of 1815 to protest against the violation of the treaty affecting Poland. As the Emperor of the French has "torn up those treaties with the point of his sword," and the Emperor of Austria has broken them by absorbing Cracow, *that* does not strike outsiders as a very statesman-like move. It, however, alarmed the Emperor of the French, who seems to have counted on British support, and he despatched instead a letter to the Emperor Alexander, supposed to contain a prayer for a general amnesty and a fulfilment of treaties with respect to the Duchy of Warsaw. This document was not, however, one of the many submitted to the French Senate, and its substance only has hitherto been permitted to ooze out. The answer, as might have been, and probably was, expected, was courteous towards the conqueror in the Crimean war; but left no hope for the Poles from the justice or wisdom of the czar. His majesty would do all that was just, but the treaties of 1815 had been abrogated by the revolt of 1832, and in any case the czar could make

no concessions to insurgents with arms in their hands. The Emperor of the French thus rebuffed remained for the moment indecisive, or rather, as his wont is, resolved to retain the means of retreat. Accordingly, on the 16th inst., M. Larabit, reporter for the nonce to the Senate, and as much an official as if he had been a minister without portfolio, submitted to that illustrious body a twice-deferred report. That paper has by some accident been carelessly summarized in England, and deserves, in the original, some attention. It is palpably written with two partially conflicting objects — to excite the French mind to the utmost, yet leave to the emperor the power of remaining quiescent without excessive unpopularity. There are references in it which stirred a Chamber almost as cold as the English House of Peers, and which will drive France half mad with emotion. The army is bidden officially to recall their *fraternité des champs de bataille*; the *bourgeois* are warned that the bloody strife now waging in Poland "menaces the tranquillity of Europe," while the peasants are told on authority the story of the conscription. Lord Ellenborough told it well; but he forgot the touch which, true or false, would bring it home to Catholic minds. The rule for seizing the proscripts was, says M. Larabit, to select all the young of activity, energy, or knowledge, and especially "those who had been seen to join in the public prayers for their country." One must be a French peasant, accustomed to look up to a *curé*, and to thank God that the conscription leaves every man one chance, to understand how that incident thus related will reverberate through France. If the emperor decides on action, that will be his sufficient apology; if he resolves to abstain, why then the rage arising from disappointment will be transferred from him to his much-trusted ally. The report ends without a suggestion more practical than pious confidence in the sagacity of the emperor; but "England," says M. Larabit, "is striving to push us on to a struggle in which her government will take no share." No Frenchman can bear to be catspaw, even to pull his brothers out of the fire, and the roads for advance and retreat are alike open to the sovereign of whom it has just been said, he "is the one capable ruler in Europe; but, unfortunately, capable of anything." With the same object, Prince

Napoleon, that stormy petrel of the Tuileries, has made a distinct war speech, which, while it will make all Poles believe that France is about to march, may yet be repudiated by the emperor, and *was* snubbed by M. Billaud.

We cannot attempt to follow the maze of confused intrigue, upon which, according to the gossip of chancelleries, the courts are about to enter. Whether Prince Metternich has started for Vienna burdened with propositions, or has been summoned from Paris to explain his conduct, or has gone to see after his steward, must be decided by wiser heads than ours. Whether Italy has "adhered" to the emperor, or "maintained a certain reserve," must be left to the gentlemen who collect or invent diplomacy for M. Reuter. We desire only to point to a fact well known, yet much too often forgotten. Whether Europe shall strive openly for the restoration of Poland, or shall once more, sick with shame, watch a national massacre dignified with the name of the restoration of order, depends rather upon the policy of Vienna than that of Great Britain or France. It seems certain that Langiewicz, the new insurgent dictator, if he cannot defeat the Russians—and organized governments are hard to defeat—can keep the insurrection afoot till the West is ready to interfere. It seems also clear that the French Emperor, if fairly decided on action, can move without the active support of Great Britain. The *Times* laughs at the public opinion expressed in a Guildhall meeting which, on Tuesday, demanded from the czar freedom for Poland under penalty of instant—rebuke. But if the czar cares nothing for English opinion, unsupported by fleets, Lord Palmerston certainly does, and an attack upon France while France was engaged in a war of liberation, is not a political incident which opinion would be apt to approve. The emotion of France, moreover—for it is emotion, and not opinion—seems on the whole, to increase, and for causes easy to detect. France is delighted to find that there is a subject on which the emperor will permit free speech, and then one likes the small boy so much better for striking the big one so hard. The emperor would have his people with him, may even be overwhelmed by their enthusiasm, and with such prizes in view,—

nothing less than security for his dynasty, and a truce with his clerical foes,—he will be sorely tempted to try for the second time the great Italian game. Only, even with France enthusiastic, and Great Britain assenting, he must still win the game. Bonapartes cannot afford defeat, even in wars of liberation, and so far as soldiers can see, defeat or victory will be at the disposal of the Cabinet of Vienna. Even the military power of France, immense as it is, might be overweighed if tried against three military monarchies at once, all fighting, as it were, within bowshot of their own frontiers. France might get a slice of the Rhine; but Poland would be eaten meanwhile, and though Frenchmen are not moral in conquest, treachery of that kind is not one of the foibles they are quite disposed to condone. On the other hand, if Austria chooses actively to support France, the game is won from the beginning, for Prussia cannot move, and the Poles, who need only muskets, gold, and artillery, would receive them all in profusion. With fifty thousand Frenchmen in Courland, the Poles well armed, and Galicia serving at once for fortress and for dépôt, the Russian court would not have a hope, save in an early peace. With the Poles threatened on the south, Galicia an impassable wall, and arms only procurable by stealth, Russia might exterminate Poland before France could arrive to her aid. England, too, though her statesmen are sorely unwilling to move, might act in concert with Austria, for their interests in respect to the Rhine are absolutely identical, and it is fear for the Rhine which is checking the sympathy that both houses of Parliament have from the first shown themselves willing to express. The decision lies in Vienna, not Paris, and there are not ten men in Europe who can affirm that they know under what influences the kaiser will act. He may distrust the Bonapartes,—but then the priests wish Poland free; he may fear for Galicia,—but then France, and France alone, could guarantee compensations. We only desire to point out that the peace of Europe and the fate of a noble race are again at the mercy of a government which it was, two years ago, the fashion to consider extinct.

From The Spectator.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, KING OF POLAND.

THERE is a curious episode in the early life of the present Emperor of the French, little known in this country, which throws a flood of light upon his character, and strangely connects him with the history of modern Poland. Having fought in the revolt of the Carbonari, fled, under the guidance of his mother and with the help of an English passport, through France into Great Britain and back again to Switzerland, Louis Napoleon arrived at Arenenberg at the beginning of August, 1831. He had not been many days at the quiet chateau, and was just beginning to settle down to his military studies, when he was interrupted by the arrival of two foreign gentlemen, who announced themselves as deputies of the National Government, of Poland. Their cards bore the names of General Kniazewicz and Count Platen, and they stated themselves authorized to offer to Louis Napoleon the crown of Poland, under condition that he would join immediately the insurrectionary forces, taking the command-in-chief and superseding General Skrzynecki. As proof of their mandate they handed to the prince a long letter, signed by the Marshal of the Polish Diet, Count Ladislas Ostrowski, and several of the leading members, the concluding paragraph of which was as follows: "We cannot trust the final direction of our enterprise into better hands than those of the nephew of the greatest captain who ever lived. The mere appearance on the territory of Poland of a young Napoleon Bonaparte, carrying aloft the imperial tricolor, would be sufficient to raise the national enthusiasm to the highest pitch, and produce a moral effect the consequence of which would be incalculable. Do not hesitate, then, we entreat you, to follow the call of a whole people; but come to us at once, confiding the fortunes of Caesar, and, what is more, the fate of liberty to a gracious Providence. The love and gratitude of the Polish nation, and the admiration of the universe, await you, prince."

The reading of this manifesto made a profound impression upon Louis Napoleon. With his Italian dream of glory fresh upon his mind, the prospect of a crown, of power and fame, wildly excited his imagination, making him ready to follow on the instant the messengers from Poland. But his mother at once checked these exuberant aspirations. Having but a few months before seen her eld-

est son die in the struggle of the Carbonari, ex-Queen Hortense had lost all faith in revolutions and insurrections, and looked upon the deputies from Warsaw as birds of ill-omen, come to entice her only remaining child into perdition. She opposed their errand by all the means in her power, not forgetting to cast doubt upon their ambassadorial character. Pressed hard, the two noble messengers confessed that they had nothing more to show for their authority than the letter of Count Ladislas Ostrowski, the Marshal of the Polish Diet; but they appealed at the same time to the secrecy of their mission and the danger of carrying written documents with them through the territory of the enemies of Poland. Louis Napoleon demanded nothing better than to be persuaded, and overruling all the objections of his mother, forthwith entered into negotiations with Count Platen and General Kniazewicz. The latter found it easy to show the feasibility of the re-establishment of the Polish throne, and the foundation of the secure independence of their country. Already, they argued, the insurrection had lasted nine months, during which time two Russian armies had vainly attempted the re-conquest of the country; and if the state of affairs was less prosperous in August, 1831, than in November, 1830, it was, they said, solely owing to internal dissensions and party disputes. These, the envoys made sure, would be at once quelled by the arrival of a powerful commander, independent of all parties; and the whole of Poland would take arms like one man at the news that a Napoleon had arisen to lead the nation against the hated Muscovite. There was undoubtedly some truth in these representations, together with a fair share of revolutionary exaltation; and Louis Napoleon's heart bounded at the idea of the glory of his "name," in the future of which his whole soul was wrapped. He promised the ambassadors that on gaining the consent of his mother he would follow them forthwith to Warsaw. Queen Hortense was appealed to once more by her son, but remained inexorable. All the arguments brought forward fell dead upon her ear, and seeing that Count Platen and his colleague were gaining an immense ascendancy over her son, she at last sternly forbade them further stay within the chateau. The Polish noblemen thereupon quitted Arenenberg; but only to take up their quarters at the neighboring town of Frauenfelden, the capital of the canton of Thurgovia. Here they had daily interviews with the prince, which ended in the latter promising that he would go to Poland, even without the consent of his mother. All the necessary preparations were made in the greatest secrecy, and when the Duchess of St. Leu entered the room of her son on the morning

of Sunday, the 4th of September, she was horror-struck on finding that he had left her—gone, as expressed in a note, “*à la recherche d’une couronne.*”

The chateau of Arenenberg at that time counted among its inmates a very notable personage, an old friend of Hortense Beauharnais, Dr. Henry Conneau. The doctor, born at Milan in 1803, the son of an *employé* in the French civil service and of an Italian lady, had connected himself in early life with the Bonaparte family, having become the private secretary of the ex-King of Holland, during his sojourn at Florence in 1823–26. Devoted previously and subsequently to the study of medicine, he passed his examination after leaving Louis Bonaparte, and then settled down as physician at Rome. In the Carbonari insurrection during the spring of 1831 he took a secret part, by correspondence and otherwise, which being betrayed, brought the Papal police into his house. He fled in time to Marseilles, and while staying there received the fair consort of ex-King Louis Bonaparte, who was flying with her only son from the Italian battle-field where she had just buried her eldest born. The son she had saved, Louis Napoleon, was suffering from intermittent fever, and Hortense, in motherly anxiety, addressed herself to Dr. Conneau, imploring him to save her remaining child’s life, and to attach himself perpetually to the family. The doctor promised all that was asked, and from that moment to the present became the inseparable companion of Louis Napoleon. On discovering the flight of her son on the morning of the 4th of September, Hortense immediately sought Dr. Conneau, bidding him to follow in the traces of the lost one. It appeared easy to guess the route which the fugitive had taken, and a few hours after the trusty friend was on horseback on the road to Constance. He arrived at the city on the afternoon of the same day, but found no trace of the prince or his Polish companions. The ferry across the lake had taken no such passengers, and no persons of that description had been seen at any of the gates of the ancient town. Confused and perplexed, the doctor spurred his horse further on the road along the lake, thinking the adventurers might have gone south-east, towards the canton of St. Gall, intending to take passage from Romanshorn or Rorschach. But there, too, the fugitives had not shown themselves, and it became clear then that the prince had not gone in this direction at all, but had taken the westerly road from Arenenberg across the Rhine *via* Schaffhausen. To this city now Dr. Conneau hurried in all haste, and on arriving heard that Louis Napoleon indeed had been there before him, more than forty-eight hours in advance. The road

henceforth was clear; but the time lost was precious. Without allowing himself any rest, the doctor hastened onward through Würtemberg, past Stockach and Moskirch, towards Ulm. Here he found himself suddenly and unexpectedly stopped.

All Germany was trembling at that time in fear of the Asiatic cholera, approaching in rapid stages through Hungary and Bohemia, and the good citizens of Ulm, as of many other towns, had formed a sanitary coast-guard around their boundary, to keep off the infectious disease. No entrance nor exit was allowed without a certificate of health, duly signed and attested, and the doctor, having unfortunately found his way into the city unseen, in the dead of the night, discovered that he had got into a rat-trap. Brought up next morning as a criminal before the severe burgomaster, to give an account of his person and of his unwarrantable and utterly un-Germanic mode of hurrying along the road, Dr. Conneau was near giving himself up for lost, when at the nick of time a happy thought passed through his head. Questioned whether he had any disease, he muttered, “Yes, the *cholera morbus.*” Whereupon, in an instant, everybody within earshot fled from the scene; burgomaster, turnkeys, soldiers, and policemen hurrying away in a wild scramble. Marching behind, he found the coast perfectly clear, the panic having seized the very passengers in the street, and the sentinels at the gates of the city. The doctor now felt himself again a free man; but at the same time a very poor man, with not a penny in his pocket, his purse and horse, and even hat and overcoat, having been left in charge of the watchful, cholera-fearing men of Ulm. However, he pushed on on foot to Augsburg and hastened up at once to the palace of the bishop to inquire of the whereabouts of his lost friend. But the magnificent porter in the episcopal hall, standing upon etiquette, would not let him pass, deeming a man without a hat a person unfit to be seen by a bishop. In a mood almost despairing, Dr. Conneau retraced his steps, and attracted by the sound of French voices, entered the ancient hostelry of the “Three Moors.” The first person who met his eyes was Prince Louis Napoleon, sitting at a table and reading a German newspaper. In large letters, on the top of the first paragraph, was a despatch from Poland, announcing, “Order reigns at Warsaw.” His Excellency Field-marshal Prince Paskevitch had forestalled His Imperial Highness Prince Louis Napoleon.

Three days after Louis Napoleon was again at Arenenberg, and at the end of a fortnight entered himself as student at the military school of Thun, his mind devoted to artillery—still dreamily engaged “*à la recherche d’une couronne.*”

From The Spectator, 21 March.

THE CHINESE PUZZLE EXPLAINED.

THE mystery is out at last. It was always a puzzle to all men who comprehended the East why the Chinese Government, with its traditions of isolation, its timidity, and its pride, should have so suddenly sought to give itself masters in the shape of a Sepoy army commanded by Europeans. Asiatics are not often so unsuspecting, nor are Chinese the most confiding of Asiatics. The blue-book on China just published, however—a mass of official *detritus* worth exactly nothing, but serving very well to conceal a political nugget or two—explains very satisfactorily, or unsatisfactorily, this departure from Chinese precedent. Prince Kung never demanded British drill-masters, did not suggest them, and, so far as we can gather from a very cautious statement of his opinions, did not desire them at all. They were forced on him by Mr. Bruce, who seems, in his unyielding, unsympathetic Scotch way, to have gained much the same position at Peking as Mr. Kinglake describes the “great Elchee” to have assumed in Constantinople. The development of the scheme was in this wise. Mr. Bruce, in the general interests of civilization and the special interests of the China trade, undertook to protect the Treaty Ports, and, apparently, to clear the neighborhood of Shanghai of insurgent Taepings, provided the Chinese garrison would assist. That was promised, of course, the Chinese unfeignedly approving the conduct of foreign barbarians in fighting their battles without reward. If the Englishmen won, the Taepings would be defeated, the revenue guaranteed, and an unpleasant duty very cheaply performed. If, on the other hand, the Taepings won, the emperor would lose nothing except the aid of some foreigners, whom the Flowery Land could spare with little sadness or dissatisfaction. The promise was honestly given, and the promised “braves” appeared, but unluckily the moment the English departed they followed the English example. Kading, for example, was taken by Englishmen, handed over to the Imperialists, and filled with a garrison of braves, who immediately ran away, leaving the Taepings to return and decapitate all the loyal. The Taeping tide receded before the pumps, but always over-mastered the permanent dyke. Mr. Bruce grew tired of his endless labor, and in an interview with Prince Kung, held on May 7th, 1862, he

told him pretty bluntly—the unlucky prince, in a subsequent letter, calls him “plain-spoken but friendly,”—that his braves were a horde of ruffians who only insulted the allies. The “prince fully admitted their indiscipline,” but hoped to organize a new force, whereupon Mr. Bruce suggested his preconceived plan. He told Prince Kung that Chinese *could* fight if disciplined after the English fashion, that he must have a new artillery, and that he had better appoint Captain Cane to be its director at once. Her majesty’s Government would lend that officer, and find drill-instructors besides. “I urged,” says the ambassador, “with all possible earnestness, the necessity of acting without loss of time,” and finally told him that if the British Government was to defend the Treaty Ports “this was a *sine quâ non*.” “The prince approved,” of course;—what does any Asiatic ever do when a strong-headed European has him once in his mental grasp?—Captain Cane was appointed, and the levy of a Sepoy army commenced. The design was none of Prince Kung’s, though approved, we are bound to add, by the Governor-General of Central China, and the “earnestness” mentioned seems to indicate a resistance which Mr. Bruce had to overcome by a strong mental squeeze. The prince is, in fact, at once jealous of his authority, and very averse to quarrel with Europeans, who, as these despatches show, when building sites are refused at half-price, land marines, pull down the Chinese houses, and so clear the ground by a process which, say in Southampton or St. Malo, might possibly be thought slightly summary. We have in France exactly the same right of acquiring land which we have secured in China; but then in France one asks usually the owner’s consent to the sale. However, oppression is the lot of mankind, and one cannot live in the air, and there are other truisms familiar to the Anglo-Saxon adventurer, and very effective when there are Armstrongs in port; so we may let that pass. At all events, Prince Kung fears the British, and a few months later displayed this fear in a very comical fashion. “General” Burgevine, Sepoy officer, found his men’s pay a little delayed, and considering regularity the very soul of discipline, he took it by force from the Treasury. Prince Kung could not endure an act which, as he clearly perceived, struck at the foundation of the civil authority. He applied to Mr. Bruce, and on that

gentleman declining to interfere, hit on an expedient really amusing in its ingenious cowardice. He gazetted the general as dismissed; but did not inform him of his dismissal, and continued his pay and allowances, thus maintaining his authority in the eyes of his people without offending his own subordinate. Imagine his authority when thirty thousand men are commanded by thirty General Burgevin, quite capable of coalescing, and not incapable, when provoked, of marching upon Peking, and declaring a regency specially empowered to pay the foreigners with due punctuality.

We have not, as at present informed, many arguments to produce against Mr. Bruce's advice. It may, for aught we know, be necessary to put down the Taepings, and impossible to effect that object without Chinese trained under English officers. It may be much the best for Prince Kung to create a force which he cannot rule, and for us to commence a scheme which, whether our intentions are simple or subtle, will place China at the disposal of the protecting power. But we do object, after this, to be told that the British Government is not responsible for the new policy, that it is a local affair altogether, and that Parliament has no claim to be consulted on Chinese local affairs. They are not local affairs. The acts described in these despatches form the commencement of a new and most intricate foreign policy suggested by a British ambassador, approved by a British Secretary of State, and to be carried out by British officers. It is a policy which will totally change our position in Eastern Asia, which may end in the acquisition of a second India, and which, if it stops short of that extreme result, will impose on us for years the obligations of the ultimate, and, therefore, paramount power among a third of the human race. As it is, the Russians in China explain their negotiations with the native court to our minister as carefully as they would explain at Calcutta negotiations with the Nizam.

Earl Russell seems on the receipt of these despatches to have been struck, not with the responsibility assumed,—for was he not Lord John Russell?—but with the difficulty of explaining that responsibility in the Peers. He accordingly, after reflection for about three months, hit upon a very noteworthy plan. He sanctioned the loan of her majesty's officers for drill-instructors, and requested

Sir Cornewall Lewis to continue their rank and allowances. But he objected to their ever turning their knowledge to practical use, and inserted in his note to the War Office these remarkable words: "Provided that such officer and men do not act in the field with the officers they are engaged in instructing." There is a difference you perceive, between Fagin and Sykes. These officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, if they are of any use at all, are useful to turn Chinese into efficient soldiers. But having turned them, they are not to command them, because that would appear immoral. The Imperialist army, indeed, it would almost seem, invested by tuition with irresistible strength, is to be turned loose on the population unrestrained by the officers whose civilized teaching has made the uncivilized so powerful. A greater crime could hardly be committed; but fortunately the order is only a sort of *amende honorable* offered to Providence and the House of Commons for slaying people who have no quarrel with us. All districts within thirty miles of a treaty port are exempted from this restriction, and "it will not apply" to any officers who quit the British service for that of the Chinese Government! The practical working of the order will, therefore, be somewhat in this wise, John Smith, of her majesty's 10th, resigns, accepts Chinese employ, and collects fifteen hundred braves. He borrows a dozen drill-masters, changes his horde into a regiment irresistible to Taepings, then offers to one of the "lent" officers an ensigney, to another an adjutancy, to the third the second command, and finds himself in three months chief of a perfectly equipped irregular regiment, the superiors of any troops in Asia, except the Sikhs, and with natives in his own ranks who will make very good drill-masters. How irresistible such a force may become we may gather from a letter of Vice-Consul Markham, who relates how in November Colonel Burgevine, with only fifteen hundred disciplined Chinese, fell on a large force of rebels, inflicted "immense loss," killed an extraordinary number of chiefs and, in fact, so defeated the enemy "*that ten thousand only are said to have got away.*" What must have been the extent of that force of which *only* ten thousand escaped, and what the disparity of power between disciplined and undisciplined Chinese, when the defeated and worthless residuum is seven times the conquering army? Regiments thus powerful are to be created in dozens, to be commanded by British officers, acting under a notification in the *Gazette*, and to be drilled by British sergeants, and then the British Government which has thus given fire-arms to children, "wipeth its mouth and saith, Lo! I have done no wickedness!"

THE LIVING AGE.

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☞ Little Flaggs, Part 3, was burned in our fire, and we had to wait till we could get another copy from England. (This fire is likely to be as useful to us as Caleb Balderstone's was to him.) Part 4 will appear in the next number.

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LAST WORDS OF A WIFE.

WHEN death shall claim me for his prize,
 As suddenly he may ;
 And heaven shall flash upon my eyes
 Its pure, unclouded ray—
 Wilt thou in sullenness repine,
 And in thy grief rebel ?
 Or, meekly say, " The hand is Thine,
 Who doeth all things well."

Thou wilt not meet the well-known face
 When twilight's hour shall come ;
 And it may seem a desert place,
 And not thy much-loved home.
 Then gather, 'midst thy saddening fears,
 The prattlers round thy knee,
 And wipe, with softest hand, the tears
 That each will shed for me.

Soothe, if thou canst, each throbbing heart
 That calls for me in vain :
 And tell them in the far-off heaven
 Their mother lives again.
 Link not her name with dread of death,
 But point them to the sky ;
 And whisper, " In that better land
 They never weep nor die.

Go with them to their lonely couch
 At evening's silent close,
 And softly press the pillowed cheek,
 And hush to sweet repose ;
 Yet not till each with clasped hands
 Has lisped the evening prayer—
 For thou must blend a father's love
 With all a mother's care.

A mother's care, a mother's love !
 And must they never know
 How deeply in her " heart of hearts,"
 A mother's love may glow ?
 Will they yet bloom to vigorous youth,
 While she who gave them birth
 Lies all forgotten, far away,
 In a lone spot of earth ?

Forgotten ! can it be ? Oh, no !
 Thou wilt remember still
 The being who hath shared thy lot
 Alike for good or ill ;
 Oft wilt thou think of all her love,
 With faithful, fond regret,
 And—but the faults she could not hide
 The heart will e'er forget.

Oft wilt thou tread the sacred spot
 Where the green willow waves,
 And lead our children's tiny feet
 Among the quiet graves,
 And weeping, read the sculptured stone,
 Brief record of my life—
 Then say, how faithfully I loved,
 As mother and as wife.

How can I say farewell to thee ?
 How mark thy bitter tears ?
 Look upward, love, we only part
 For a few fleeting years ;

Time will roll o'er thy darkened path,
 Swift as the shadows flee,
 And in a world of holier love,
 Will our blest meeting be.
 —*Christian Observer.*

CLIFFS AT HIGHLAND LIGHT, CAPE COD.

O'ER the shifting sand
 Of the sparkling strand
 The jutting cliff uprears its head ;
 Bastioned with gray
 Alluvial clay,
 And stained with dingy red.

A storm-sculptured steep,
 Whence the Swallows peep
 From their ports beneath its crest ;
 And where far away
 From the cold, salt spray
 They build their sheltering nest.

'Tis the seabird's haunt,
 Where the deep sea chaunt
 Swells up forevermore ;
 And the surf's hoarse chime
 Keeps measured time
 As it breaks along the shore.

In a sheltered reach
 Of the oozy beach
 Lies a shattered, grass-grown beam ;
 Some brave ship's mast,
 That the Typhoon's blast
 Laid low in the warm Gulf Stream.

Here the driftwood pile
 From many an isle
 'Twixt Roque and Sable's sandy verge,
 Heaped on the shore
 Shall drift no more,
 Nor roll in the tumbling surge.

When the sunlight fades
 The dusky shades
 Of Evening seeks its hollowed side ;
 And inward creep,
 Where they sink to sleep,
 Till Dawn rolls in on the seething tide.

Then the gloomy hosts,
 Like belated ghosts,
 Upstart and fly in haste away ;
 And the old cliff gleams
 With the golden beams
 Of Phoebus, god of the Day.
 —*Charlestown Advertiser.*

WHEN Limerick once in idle whim
 Moore, as her member, gaily courted,
 The boys, for fun's sake, asked of him
 To state what party he supported :
 When thus to them the answer ran,
 " I'm of no party as a man,
 But as a poet, *am-a-tory.*"

CHAPTER XV.

GEORGE RAYNOR.

It really was the case, that Miss Lipwell had formed an attachment to the village pastor, Mr. Raynor, a young man about twenty-four, the descendant of a respectable family, and of considerable intellectual endowments; he was likewise good-looking and gentlemanly, having always lived in the best society. Without either being aware of it, or thinking of analyzing their feelings, both Maria Lipwell and the young clergyman had actually fallen in love. Circumstances had thrown them much together since Mr. Raynor's arrival in the parish, and Miss Lipwell being very young, scarcely seventeen, had allowed her affections to become engaged, unknown to herself. The first time that either had a suspicion that they were more to each other than very good friends, was, perhaps, when the half-crazed woman, Peggy Juggs, alluded to by Margaret Drover, had cautioned them one morning on meeting them walking together from the village, to beware of entering into a love affair that might embitter their happiness. Had Mr. Raynor been a more cool observer than he was of Miss Lipwell's agitation on being thus accosted by the woman, he might have known that it proceeded from feelings very different from those of mere indignation; yet, so distrustful was he of possessing any claim to her favor, that he concluded she was offended deeply by an allusion to such a subject. From that moment his eyes seemed opened to the true state of his own heart, and the knowledge caused him much bitterness. He continued his walk with the young girl till he left her within sight of the Manor-house, neither uttering a word from the time Peggy Juggs quitted their presence, till they separated at the little shrubbery gate; but each felt that from that hour they could meet no more upon the same terms as before. Maria did not raise her eyes as she gave him her hand in bidding him adieu that morning. He opened the little gate for her, and in a few moments she was hidden from view. He had now to retrace his steps back to the Parsonage, mortified in spirit, and wretched at heart. The day was very lovely, breaking out always into warmer bursts of sunshine. There was a golden light over everything, over the fields, over the river winding in its course to the broad sea, over the old woods where the birds

were clustering and stopping their early matin songs; the lark had ceased to soar on high, the cows were beginning to stand in the shade, chewing their cud lazily. George Raynor had a poet's soul, yet he was listless as regarded this pleasant state of things. On the path before him lay a little glove, nothing remarkable, except perhaps for its small size; it was just a little brown kid glove, not very new, and ripped here and there in the seams; he took it up, nevertheless, and held it for a long while in his hand, he put it in his pocket, but afterwards drew it out again, and when he met a little boy going to the Manor-house, he gave it to him, telling him to take it to Miss Lipwell, who had dropped it. He felt relieved when this was done, though still overpowered by listlessness. Would he be able to study anything rational that morning? Was it not Saturday, and must he not collect his thoughts about his sermon for to-morrow, besides the lecture to be delivered in the town-hall at Tilby, on Monday? The curate had not much time to spare for dreaming, and it was as well perhaps.

Past the village he went, calling here and there at a few cottages to ask a question or speak a word of consolation, but he found himself able to say very little to any one, he felt very weak, and as if his exhortations to the afflicted were hypocritical. Could he, who felt so perturbed and chafed in spirit himself, presume to preach resignation to fellow-mortals? He thought he could not, with a clear conscience; so he hurried from the village, breathing more freely when out upon the quiet road leading to the parsonage. He met few people on the way, for the laborers were at work in the hay and corn fields, and this was no thoroughfare for general travellers. The perfume of the dogrose and honeysuckle, and the sweetbriar in the hedges, was oppressive to him that day; and the hum of the wasp and the bee, as they plunged into the cup of some wild flower by the ditch-side rather jarred upon him. Life was growing dark for him. All at once a black cloud seemed to hang over him, casting its shadow over every thought of the future. Do you know, reader, how quickly such a cloud can gather, spreading gloom around? Happy indeed, and alas! very rare are the spirits that have never felt such overcasting.

Upon reaching the Parsonage, he opened the gate of the avenue with a weary air,

walked languidly over the gravelled path, and pushed open the large, massive hall-door, which stood ajar, ushering himself into a square, old-fashioned hall, not very lofty, and hung with a few dark oil-paintings, by unknown artists, with frames fast falling to decay, for the Parsonage, like the generality of old houses, built in shady hollows, was rather damp, and mould gathered quickly on books and furniture, and over the walls. The study where Mr. Raynor usually sat, and to which he now proceeded, was a somewhat small room, containing a large book-case that completely filled one side of it. It was well stocked with many a volume, both ancient and modern; much of Greek and Latin was there, and a little of Hebrew, besides old English authors, whose phraseology was almost as difficult to understand as the ancient language of foreign lands. There were the works of many an old poet, but few of any modern one, and great volumes upon theology, and books of sermons and Bible commentaries, with essays and treatises, all dreadfully profound, and a little dreary-looking in their worm-eaten calfskin covers, to the young man who now found himself in their presence. The one solitary window of the apartment had a lugubrious aspect, owing to its dark-painted woodwork, and also from the fact that spiders had trained their webs over the topmost panes, while outside, the creepers, which were originally intended to adorn only the walls, had met and knitted themselves together, across much of the upper glass. So thickly grew the ivy and clematis over the front of the house, that numbers of sparrows built their nests among it, summer after summer, of late years. Very sequestered and very peaceful that old parsonage was, suggesting much of bygone days of old pastors who had lived there from generation to generation, and had died there too, and were lying now in the graveyard close by. Great trees grew within a short distance of the house, casting a shade over it that was not unpleasant upon this bright summer day. George Raynor threw himself upon a chair, and sat there perfectly motionless for a very much longer time than he was, perhaps, aware of; then he arose, went to his writing-desk, tossed over a few papers, till he came to an unfinished letter written to a friend some days ago. As this letter may serve to explain his position and prospects pretty

clearly, I will transcribe as much as was written of it:—

MY DEAR DALTON,—You accuse me of being a careless correspondent, stating nothing in my letters but the coldest facts, expressing no sentiments, no hopes, no fears, merely giving you to understand that I am alive, and acting as the curate of an infirm rector who is obliged to reside almost entirely abroad. The truth is, my elaborate letter-writing days are past. I have no leisure for dreams or fancies, or the pouring forth of imaginative rhapsodies. Life has become practical for me now, and I must work rationally. My calling is chosen, and I hope to be able to fulfil it faithfully. It is not, perhaps, what I had thought it would be when viewing it in perspective; it has its various difficulties, its manifold trials, outwardly and inwardly; but still I do not fear. I cannot say, my friend, that I am as light-hearted as when our first friendship was formed in the hey-day of boyhood. Ah, for those old Eton days when we boxed and wrestled and ran races with such ardor! Study formed a very unimportant part of our earnest thoughts then; it was a bore, that was all. How happy we were in the vacations, when you were allowed to spend them at my father's house—poor old Chubleigh—which is now in the hands of strangers. We had a large family circle in those days, and all its members are dispersed now. My father and mother gone; my poor brother, Charles, lying in his Indian grave, and my sister knocking about from one quarter to another with her soldier-husband: while I am here, living solitary in the old Parsonage at Larch Grove, with one servant-woman and one man that takes care of my horse and 'makes believe' to work in the garden. You know the story of our family difficulties, my father's losses; how, when I had been a year and a half at Oxford, the crash came. Chubleigh was sold; and I think this was the severest of all. Within ten years these changes have happened to me and mine, and you cannot wonder if I feel sobered in telling them; yet do not imagine that I repine in the least; far from it. My income and my mode of life satisfy me; I have no expectations of ever being much better off in a worldly point of view, than I am at present. For years I may be simply a curate with just two hundred a-year, including my church salary, and my private means. As to the probability of becoming an author, I do not dream of it; I have no time to spare for literary pursuits, and even if I had, I should probably fail in the attempt, like hundreds of others. Public taste is difficult to satisfy, and publishers are very cautious—with good

reason. I have never endeavored to publish even a poem. My mother, it is true, gathered up all my crude bits of verses written from eight to ten years old, and had them printed for private circulation; but that is all the publicity my literary efforts are ever likely to attain. Larch Grove is a solitary spot; there are few gentry in the neighborhood, indeed, I may say none at all, except the family at the Manor-house, and they generally remain in London during the spring. The village of Larch Grove is not particularly picturesque, and it might be far neater than it is; the people are poor and discontented, and it is when among them that I feel the greatest difficulty in performing my duties as pastor. I know very well that my presence in their cottages is rarely welcome; they look upon me as a sort of *bogie*, to whom it is necessary to appear very respectful, and they now and then accept the tracts I venture to give them with many expressed intentions of reading them, evidently thinking that my own gratification is all I require in the matter. There is great ignorance and, of course, much vice. We have poachers and smugglers in considerable numbers, and perhaps even characters still more desperate. We are very far from London, with no direct railway communication as yet to the metropolis. An inn, called the 'Halting Place,' standing rather lonely on the road-side, a short way from the village, which had long been untenanted, has lately been opened by a new occupant, and has added, I believe, in some respects to the convenience of the villagers. Yet I do not much like the innkeeper, Richard Drover, nor do I fancy Mr. Lipwell likes him as a tenant. I must tell you something of the family at the Manor, as I spend many of my evenings there when they are at home. The delicately written little notes that come inviting me to dinner many times a week are never unwelcome, for it breaks through the monotony of my life to mingle in the society of my equals occasionally; therefore I scarcely ever refuse the summons. It is very considerate of Mrs. Lipwell to invite me so often, but—pardon my vanity—I dare say I help to make evenings pass more lightly at the Manor-house than they might pass without any stranger to vary the dulness of a family party. I am not much of a politician, but I can listen to others giving their opinion upon State affairs; and when Mr. Lipwell calls upon me to pay attention to his views of how England is on the way to ruin or prosperity, I am a most passive hearer. Mr. Lipwell is a gentlemanly elderly man, looking much older, I believe, than he is; he has been essentially a man of the world, a man of fashion, a man of pleasure. The world is now,

one may say, over for him, for his health is broken down, and his eyesight almost gone. He suffered a great blow some years ago in the death of his only son, whom he had never treated with affection, and now he is a prey to the most poignant grief and remorse. He talks frequently to me of this son whom I never saw, but who, I believe, was a very misguided, unprincipled man, by no means a loss to society. The present Mrs. Lipwell is the old gentleman's second wife—a very handsome woman, fashionable and worldly, as must be expected from the life she leads; she is very agreeable as a hostess, being so well-bred as to appear kind and considerate to her guests. The young ladies, two in number, are not yet 'out,' and are, therefore, still unsophisticated. The elder one is my favorite; she is very gentle and unassuming, which makes her particularly interesting, when one reflects that she is the heiress of so much wealth. Having no brother, this young girl is to inherit the Larch Grove property, worth many thousands a year. Her sister is a pretty, piquant girl, much more likely to follow in her mother's steps than my favorite, Maria, who will never, as far as I can judge, be a very cunning or worldly woman. She is very modest and retiring, and people say—but this is scandal—that her mother is not kind to her. Miss Letty, the younger daughter, is mamma's pet—probably because she bids fair to be the more dashing of the two. There is a young nephew of Mrs. Lipwell almost constantly residing with the family, Master Arthur Hopton, whom I am called upon to lecture pretty frequently. Like myself, he is a scion of a ruined stock, but I fear he will not bear pecuniary pinchings as well as I do. His tastes are extravagant, and already he has learned the way to run in debt. I am obliged to be very solemn in my advice to this youth, though sometimes I can scarcely help sympathizing with him in his various dilemmas and short-comings; it seems so short a time since I was a lad like himself very little more inclined to be steady than he is. But even at Larch Grove Manor I am a little of the *bogie*; looked upon as the person who, at four-and-twenty, is supposed to have renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil; whose thoughts must be entirely devoted to the duties of his cure; who has no feelings in common with the rest of mankind. Alas! for poor human nature! I fear the world's ordinances cannot affect the heart or inner man. The clergyman is very like ordinary mortals; his priesthood cannot purify him from the earth's dross. Outwardly he may walk in the beaten track of other parsons, but what of his secret soul? Who can tell how often Satan tempts and triumphs?

“Among the Lipwell family generally

there is very little regard paid to serious duties, no care for the poor tenantry, no visiting of the sick. The consequence is, that they are not popular in their own dominions; when endeavoring to establish a village school for the peasantry, I had to encounter some opposition from Mrs. Lipwell, who thought such a thing quite superfluous; and when I succeeded in forming classes for a Sunday school, she would not give any assistance with respect to teachers. After a time, however, Maria Lipwell came forward to offer her services as the teacher of a class; and since then I have found her a zealous supporter of any plan I set on foot for the good of my flock. She visits the poor and afflicted frequently, and I meet her often in the cottages of the villagers. In a few years, I am sure, Larch Grove will feel her influence palpably, if she continues to take an interest in its welfare. It is true that she has not yet mingled in the great world, but I think she is one of the pure in spirit who may, probably, remain uncontaminated by evil examples. One of the very few who, in the midst of deceitfulness, bitterness, jostlings for pre-eminence, may yet stand unspotted and free from infection. This is my idea of her at present, and I am sure you will join me in hoping it is a correct one. The Lipwells are at home now, and I dine with them frequently."

The letter not having been finished broke off here, and Mr. Raynor flung it down after reading thus far. How had all his feelings changed since he had written that last sentence!

He was buried in a profound reverie, when his old servant, Winny, brought him a note that made him start, although no unfamiliar sight. It was from Mrs. Lipwell, inviting him to dinner that evening.

"I cannot go," he said to himself, as he read it; and he wrote an apology at once, excusing himself from appearing, as requested, at the Manor-house that evening. It was the first refusal to dine at Larch Grove that he had sent for many months, and it was the beginning of many yet to come. From that day, he avoided going to the Lipwells as much as possible, and Maria rarely met him on her rounds of charity among the poor of the neighborhood. Without suspecting in the least his true motives for thus avoiding her company, the young girl felt a little mortified that he no longer seemed upon the same friendly terms with her as before. An estrangement appeared to have

sprung up between them, and it caused her much regret. Even at church, where it was impossible to avoid appearing before her, she could not help noticing that he never suffered his eyes to light upon her.

CHAPTER XVI.

ARTHUR HOPTON.

THE time came when Maria Lipwell had to make her *débüt* in the world. Her first season in London passed without giving her much pleasure, or attracting many suitors. All her hopes and fears were entered at Larch Grove, and it was not surprising that she entered with little spirit into the gayety surrounding her in town. Her mother was disappointed that she did not succeed in winning a husband of high degree, to which her prospects seemed to entitle her; but the young girl was determined that she would remain single all her life, if her heart could not go with her hand in marriage. When the season was over, and she returned to the country, her whole soul was filled with happiness. How her heart bounded when she saw again the old trees of the Parsonage, and the quaint little church beside it! There was a gilding brighter than sunshine over every knoll and tree-top and meadow of that spot to her eyes. Yet the same coldness of manner towards her existed as before, on the part of Mr. Raynor. Again he refused almost all invitations to the Manor-house from Mrs. Lipwell, who began to think him capricious, incomprehensible, and at length ceased to ask him to Larch Grove altogether.

Meanwhile, Little Flaggs was frequently at the Manor, where she speedily became a favorite with the servants, as well as the ladies. Even Mrs. Grubbly, who was not in general disposed to augur well for people, prophesied that she would soon make a handy waiting-maid for any lady. It was observed, however, that the girl's spirits seemed more and more dejected, as she grew older. She had, in truth, many weighty secrets on her conscience; and sometimes she felt that she ought not to dare to go into the presence of the young ladies at Larch Grove, or even sit in the room with Jane Hart, the lady's-maid. She was seldom allowed to go to Tilby, and still more seldom allowed to visit the alms-house. Drover had his own reasons for wishing to alienate her from all her old friends. Perhaps he thought that by this

means, he could more readily attach her to her newly found relatives. The only person at the Halting Place that she felt inclined to like was her grandmother; but though this woman treated her in many ways with consideration, it hurt her to find how rarely she would permit her to caress her. Once or twice, when she flung her arms round her neck and kissed her, Mrs. Drover pushed her away with a sudden movement that was mortifying in the extreme.

"I don't want no hugging or kissing," she said, sharply; "be a good girl, and mind your work, and that's all I ask of you." And so the girl never tried to embrace her any more; but it was a sad thing for a young heart to feel bereft of all objects that it could vent its full affection upon. She could only attach herself, then, to pet birds or cats, and lavish her love upon dumb animals. As her childish instincts gave place to mature powers of reasoning, her unaccountable nervousness and vague fears upon certain subjects vanished; but still she never could bring herself to regard either her grandfather or her cousins with the least affection. She lived on at the Halting Place, from year to year, acting in the capacity of a household servant, yet never seeming to lose a certain air of dignity that had characterized her since she was a child. She had a great love of reading, and the young ladies at the Manor used to lend her such books as were likely to amuse and instruct her. At length, when Mr. Lipwell's health began to decline more and more, so that his family could not leave home, and his eyesight had almost entirely departed from him, the young girl was employed frequently to read aloud for him, as his only amusement consisted in listening to people reading for him; and though Miss Lipwell was indefatigable in her endeavors to cheer his weary hours, she found the task of reading aloud too fatiguing to be followed incessantly, so that Mary Flaggs, whose voice was clear and sweet, and pronunciation peculiarly distinct, was called in to give her assistance in this respect, receiving sufficient remuneration to satisfy her grandfather, who appropriated the money as soon as it was earned. Hitherto, we have not said much of Arthur Hopton—the youth who lived, in boyhood, so entirely at Larch Grove—a somewhat harum-scarum young gentleman, very much averse to settling down to any sober

pursuits. His aunt was not judicious in her treatment of him. Sometimes too indulgent and sometimes too harsh to him, she had never succeeded in taming his wild spirit. After considerable persuasion, he had received her consent to enter the navy; and, after remaining for three years abroad, had returned home very much sunburnt, very tall, and a good deal in debt. He was not actually handsome, but more attractive, perhaps, than many downright handsome men. His features were not regular, but his eyes were remarkable for their brilliancy and power of expression, and his figure was fine-looking. Many fair ladies had already bestowed favorable notice on him; but though well skilled in the art of flirting at balls and elsewhere, he had never yet felt even slightly smitten by the charms of any particular damsel. Indeed, perhaps he piqued himself on his invulnerable qualities of heart. As to his cousins at Larch Grove, he looked upon them as sisters, with whom he quarrelled, corresponded, and held arguments in a brotherly manner, without ever dreaming of falling in love with either. It is not often that youths become what is called "attached" to girls that they have known upon friendly terms since childhood. Mystery and obstacles tend rather to the growth of love, especially among very young people, still under the dominion of romance. Like a great many persons who scarcely ever read novels or romances, young Hopton was at heart very romantic; his ideas were all chivalrous, and, without having ever attempted to write a line of verse, and very rarely having read a poem to the end if particularly long, he had much poetry in his nature. He had, amongst his good qualities, a bold, brave heart that scorned deceit of any kind. With all his wild recklessness, he had never yet, intentionally, caused pain to the weak or helpless; but, as his feelings of honor were as yet prompted rather by instinct than principle, they could not be so well depended upon, as if based on a more sure footing. Our feelings betray us oftener than our principles, being more liable to change. During her frequent visits to Larch Grove Manor, our heroine frequently met this young man; and as she was extremely shy and retiring, it was an amusement to him to accost her and pay her such compliments as men think themselves privileged to address to young women

of inferior rank. With all her shyness, however, Mary Flaggs had a very proud heart, and though she never condescended to answer Mr. Hopton's speeches by sharp looks or tones, or in any way to betray indignation at them, he soon found out that his attentions were not agreeable to her. Then he began to respect her a great deal, and perhaps to think more about her than before. She seemed so unlike other girls of her class of life that she puzzled him. Just at this period of his long stay at Larch Grove, the house was very dull and quiet; owing to Mr. Lipwell's ill health, the family at the Manor neither mixed in gayety at home or elsewhere; the young man happened to have nothing to do or to think of, and, perhaps, this was one reason why he troubled his head about the innkeeper's granddaughter. It is true she was a pretty girl, fair and graceful as any lady could be; but it is not often that gentlemen continue to think long of young women of inferior position, who rather repel than encourage their attentions. It is generally in cases of profound and respectful admiration, that obstacles increase the ardor of attachments. Arthur troubled himself so much about Mary Flaggs, that he wished her to think well of him, and to let her know that he thought well of her. He regretted having ever spoken frivolously to her; and when he saw that she always met him, when chance threw them together, with a proud reserve, he felt awkward and ashamed of himself. He would have liked to speak out openly, and beg her pardon, but there was nothing to ask forgiveness for. He had never said anything particularly wrong; he had merely accosted her in the familiar strain adopted generally towards one in her station. One evening it was very late when the young girl was returning from the Manor to the Halting Place; the autumn had set in, and the dusk fell quickly. Mary, as usual, was alone; and while walking through the demesne, Arthur Hopton happened to meet her on his return from a shooting expedition.

"Are you not afraid to walk alone so late?" he asked.

"No, sir—not at all; I know the way too well for that," she replied.

"But it is almost dark. I will go with you as far as the turn to the Halting Place."

Mary persisted in saying she had nothing to fear; indeed, if the truth were known,

perhaps he was the most formidable being she dreaded to encounter. But he was determined to escort her; and, indeed, he behaved so respectfully and kindly that she was soon reconciled to his company. He talked rationally all the way, turning the conversation not upon himself, nor upon her, but upon general subjects. He was surprised at her intelligence and her knowledge, for she had gained much information from the books at Larch Grove, and her remarks proved her to possess both an enlightened and an original mind. If there was a little tenderness as well as deference in the manner of the young man while addressing this poor girl, so fair and refined-looking, can it be wondered that she should feel moved by it? Cast, as she was, among a set of people who treated her coldly, neither giving nor asking affection—among whom she felt isolated, and often very miserable—it was not surprising that her heart was easily touched by words of kindness and consideration. Mr. Arthur was, after all, not what she had before believed him to be. He might be a little wild and thoughtless, but he certainly had a good heart, and was a true gentleman in behavior. She thanked him modestly for his escort when they parted at the stile leading to the lane near the Halting Place, and in her sleep that night the tones of his voice were ringing in her ears.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

EITHER by accident or design on his part, Arthur Hopton, after that evening, frequently met our heroine in her walks to and from the Manor-house. She had quite lost her distrust of him, and instead of dreading to encounter him, her eyes only sparkled too brightly whenever he appeared in view. She had no idea that anything but chance brought him in her way, or that he felt any particular regard for her. Indeed he was wonderfully guarded in his behavior and words, considering the general recklessness of his disposition; so that, being utterly thrown off her guard, Mary suffered him to talk to her without feeling that she was doing anything imprudent. At length, one wintry evening, when the sky was dark, and the wind wailing mournfully through bare branches, the startling disclosure arrived. This inconsiderate youth told her that he admired and loved her for her good sense and modesty, as well as for

her beauty. He cared not for any difference of rank that existed between them; his intentions were perfectly honorable, and he was ready to sacrifice all his prospects for her sake, if it were necessary. Bewildered, scarcely believing that she heard aright, poor Mary knew not what feelings were uppermost in her heart as Arthur spoke thus. Could it be possible that he, a gentleman, the nephew of the great lady of the Manor, could mean to marry a girl of her position—the granddaughter of the village innkeeper? Yet such things had been heard of very often. It was possible that such wonderful fortune might be hers. There was nothing decided in the answer she returned to him. Indeed, so utterly confounded was she that she found it hard to collect her senses. On reaching the inn that night she did not go at once to the kitchen, as usual, but hurried into a little apartment adjoining it, used as a closet, and in which there was a window looking into the kitchen, while the door opened into the outer scullery. In this room she paused for many minutes to recover composure before meeting her relatives. Her heart was beating almost painfully—her whole frame trembling. She was obliged to sink upon a seat in great exhaustion for a long time; and, while thus resting, she became aware that an unexpected and apparently unwelcome guest had arrived at the inn. She heard him thus accosted on his entrance by her grandmother,—

“Bless me, is this you, Steve Cumber? Why I thought you would never have the assurance to cross my threshold again.”

“Ay, I’m here, as you see; but you may turn me adrift if you wish, and maybe I’d get a lodging in the stone jug. I’m run out of every farthing—haven’t as much as would buy a twopenny loaf, and I don’t value my life a button. I’d as soon be swinging over the drop as living on as I am.”

“Why couldn’t you stay abroad, and not turn up this way always when you know you’re not wanted?” asked Drover. “How did you find us out here?”

“Didn’t I go to Coyle first, and make inquiries there, and then, when I found you had gone down here, I followed of course. See here, now, old chap, you had best not turn me out, or maybe you’d have reason to repent it. I may be a black sheep, but you know your own color is not very white. If I hang you wont escape transportation.”

Mary Flagg now ventured to peep through the window to obtain a glimpse of this rude-spoken new-comer, and she beheld a somewhat short, stout individual, very ill-clad and shaggy-looking—just the sort of person that a solitary traveller would shrink from meeting on a lonely road at nightfall. After looking at him thus furtively, she drew back from the window without having attracted observation.

“You can’t expect to stay with us,” said Mr. Drover; “it wouldn’t be safe for us to keep you. People would soon find out who you were, and then we should be ruined as well as yourself. Take my advice, and go off without delay.”

“I’ll change my name, and then I’ll defy any one to find me out.”

“No, Steve—you’d better not stay,” said Drover. “I’ll give you money to take you to London, or any other place you like. It will be the safest plan for us all.”

“You know you don’t deserve any regard or forgiveness from us,” said Mrs. Drover. “I never expected to see your face any more.”

“You were always a hard woman,” observed the person addressed as Steve Cumber, “and I have little to thank you for since I first knew you. It would be well for me now if I had never set eyes on you or yours.”

“There’s no use in scoldings or reproaches now,” said Drover, who feared rousing the anger of the intruder; “I am willing to give you as much money as I can spare, but I can’t consent to your stopping here by any means.”

There was a good deal more conversation between the Drovers and their unwelcome guest; and disliking such unpleasant talk, Mary at length slipped into the scullery, and from thence through the back-door running round to the front entrance, and passing noiselessly up to her own bedroom, where she remained till supper-time. On entering the kitchen half an hour after she was rather dismayed to find the stranger still there. He was now seated at the supper-table, talking jocosely, though looking just as savage as before. He appeared to be about forty-six years old; his dress was worn and dirty, and his whole air betokened poverty and wretchedness.

“This is an old acquaintance of ours, called

James Selfe," said Drover to his granddaughter, by way of introduction; "he's come to look for employment among us here for a little while."

"And this is your granddaughter?" said the stranger, looking curiously at the girl, who, after a little hesitation, gave him her hand, which he took awkwardly and unwillingly.

"Ay, wouldn't you know her by her likeness to her mother?" demanded Mr. Drover, pointedly.

"Well, I don't know that I would; she's taller and fairer," replied the man, with an unmoved aspect. "She's very handsome to my mind. Has she got a lover yet? I'll be sworn that she has; see how she colors up like a peony!"

And indeed poor Mary did blush, most painfully, while her Cousin Mat, who had latterly grown very attentive to her, placed a chair for her at the supper-table.

"You were late out to-night, Mary," he remarked in a low tone as she seated herself; "did you come through the woods alone?"

The girl started at the question; and Mat observed it. "I was not alone," she said, after a pause.

"So I thought," returned Mat, quietly; and he went back to his own place without another word.

All at once Mary's heart sank. She had long felt a great dread of her Cousin Mat—a secret horror, that preyed upon her the more because she never could dare to express it to any living being; and of late—since he had begun to annoy her with unwelcome attentions—she disliked him if possible more than ever. When sufficiently composed to collect her thoughts, she began to wonder why this stranger, who half an hour ago was called Steve Cumber, should now be designated by another name. A little reflection soon set the wonder at rest. The man must have committed some crime, and was trying to elude the pursuit of justice. If this were the case her grandfather and grandmother must be aware of it—perhaps even concerned in the crime themselves. There was something dreadful in the idea of being thus closely allied to people of more than doubtful character. Perhaps she felt this more bitterly to-night than at any other previous time.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PERPLEXITY.

HAD Arthur Hopton been a more prudent young gentleman of twenty than he happened to be, and less accustomed to act as he pleased, though frequently severely reprimanded by his aunt, he never would have fallen in love with Mary Flaggs, as may be supposed. Nearly every man of common sense is aware of the penalty he must pay for making an unsuitable match, as regards position and rank; and being aware of it, he tries generally to avoid subjecting himself to it. But Arthur—wayward and reckless as he was—determined to make the innkeeper's granddaughter his wife, cost him what it might. If he could once get his debts paid he would be free to act as he pleased in the matter; but there must necessarily be some delay before this could be accomplished. Meanwhile, the young girl continued to come nearly every day to the Manor-house, to read or do needlework; and the young ladies there treated her with much consideration. Arthur contrived to obtain interviews with her very often, and, as may be imagined, it was not long till servants and others became aware of his *penchant* for her. At last Mrs. Grubly was told the state of things, and she very properly considered it right to warn and counsel the young girl, greatly to the confusion and dismay of the latter.

"My dear child," she said, "I don't mean to be harsh, or throw all the blame on you, for though Mr. Arthur is so young you are still younger, and it's more his fault than yours; but the world won't care for that. Whatever ill comes from your speaking to him it will all fall upon you; and he will escape punishment, at least, in this life. We had enough of that sort of thing years ago in this very house. A poor, young, friendless girl that was governess here, put faith in the professions of an unworthy member of the Lipwell family, now in his grave; and no doubt he made many deceitful promises to her, for he won her affections; and the upshot of it all was disgrace and misery to her. What became of her God only knows. She was sent from the house a poor, degraded creature; and none knew whether she lived or died, and none cared. It's an awful example and warning to young women to be on their guard against error and guile. You

might have heard of poor Miss Price that was governess here seventeen years ago,"

"No, not that I remember," replied the girl, sadly and humbly. Had she been silly, and too credulous like that ill-fated young woman? Could all Arthur Hopton's professions be false?

Mrs. Grubly's words opened her eyes a good deal, and she felt very much ashamed of herself. She did not deny that the young gentleman walked and talked with her; but she did not reveal what he said to her. She cried a great deal, feeling fearfully humiliated; and she made a determination to give up going to Larch Grove; but she requested Mrs. Grubly earnestly not to speak to any member of the family at the Manor of what had transpired; and the housekeeper promised secrecy on condition that Mary was never again to walk with the scapegrace young gentleman. Very down-hearted and wretched the poor girl went home early that day; before Arthur had returned from shooting; and she determined to write a little note to him explaining how she must not hold any more intercourse with him, at least for the present. Troubles, as the proverb says, seldom come alone. That very evening Mat called his cousin aside, and told her that he knew she had for some time permitted Mr. Hopton to address her in a manner quite unbecoming and reprehensible. People had spoken of it in the village and elsewhere; and the character of the whole family at the inn would suffer if she continued to behave in that manner. Mat seldom got into a rage; even when most annoyed he kept his temper; and this made him more formidable, perhaps. Mary knew that what he once said he would not unsay.

"Do you mind now, cousin," he observed, "I haven't yet told what I know to uncle or aunt about this youngster's impudence; but if I ever find out that you speak with him again, I'll take steps to punish both you and him. I wouldn't mind shooting the man that tried to bring disgrace upon honest folk. Mind that."

This threat was terrible to Mary. She had for some time feared that Mat might find means to take revenge of Arthur Hopton, whom he disliked for more reasons than one; and she now felt the necessity of meeting him no more for some time stronger than ever. It might be possible that her lover was only deceiving her for his own amusement. Mrs. Grubly had told her that young gentlemen

often make love to rich girls, as well as poor ones, for mere sport. It did not signify, she said, whether they broke their hearts or not—all that women could do was not to listen to their deceitful words. And yet it was very, very hard to believe that Arthur was merely jesting or making a plaything of her. Did she not read his love for her in his eyes when they rested upon her; did it not breathe in the tones of his voice when he spoke to her? Oh! she could not bring herself to believe him false to her; but for his sake, as well as her own, she would avoid seeing him in future. About this time it struck her that her Aunt Margaret was very cross and gloomy, snappish in her answers and remarks to every one, and no longer active and cheerful as formerly. Once or twice she was so ill-tempered that she actually struck Mary for being awkward in the performance of some domestic duty. Mary would have resented such indignity had she not observed at different times that Margaret's eyes were red and swelled, as if from weeping. The mystery of her unhappiness was after a time revealed to her.

The man who went openly by the name of James Selfe continued to stay at the Halting Place during this time, helping Mat with the care of the horses, and otherwise making himself useful in many secret and remarkable ways.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. RAYNOR CAUSES SURPRISE.

WHILE Mr. Lipwell's health continued so ailing, and his family kept so much at home, Mr. Raynor felt that at such a time as this, he could not absent himself with propriety from the Manor-house; and as his company was agreeable to the invalid, he and Miss Lipwell could not avoid meeting frequently, for Maria was an especial favorite in the sick-room. As the winter advanced, however, to the great surprise of the family at Larch Grove, the curate expressed his intention of resigning his appointment in the parish. Mr. Lipwell was in dismay, and offered every inducement in his power to prevail on him to stay; while Maria—forgetting her former reserve in her anxiety to serve her father, who found Mr. Raynor's company almost a necessity of existence—entreated him to defer leaving Larch Grove, at least till the following spring.

"I would if I could do so with justice to

myself and others, but that is impossible," he replied, mournfully; "Larch Grove will be a bright spot in my memory forever, although I may never see it again. Do not judge me hastily, Miss Lipwell, I know that my conduct may seem whimsical, but if I could explain myself clearly I would appear in a better light."

"We have no right to ask for your reasons for leaving us Mr. Raynor; you are the best judge of your own affairs, and no one here has any right to interfere with them, but many people will feel your loss; what will become of our Sunday school and week-day lectures?"

"They will probably be carried on far better by my successor, Miss Lipwell; I am but a poor reed shaken by the wind. I fear I have mistaken my calling."

"Then you must surely go."

"Most surely; you would be the first to bid me go yourself if you knew all."

"I?" said Maria, starting.

"Yes; but I must not speak further upon the subject. Good-night;" and they parted in the great hall of the mansion, where this short dialogue had taken place.

Mrs. Lipwell was very much surprised at Mr. Raynor's sudden freak of quitting the parish, and when it was finally settled that he was to go, she treated him rather coldly. To make matters worse, he actually left the place without bidding the Lipwells adieu in person. A little note, apologizing for this omission, reached Mrs. Lipwell, containing these words:—

"MY DEAR MRS. LIPWELL,—Excuse my not being able to take leave of you all at Larch Grove, as I had intended. Believe me, I have found it impossible to do so. Accept at the same time my fervent thanks for all your kindness, and my best wishes for the happiness of each member of your family.

Yours, most gratefully,

"GEORGE RAYNOR."

And was he really gone? Yes. The temporary curate—a fat, middle-aged man, as unlike his predecessor as possible—had already arrived at the Parsonage. In the dim gray of a winter's morning, George Raynor took his seat on the London coach, and went on his way to the mighty city, leaving a very unpleasant impression on the minds of his former friends. He had not been asked to write to any of them, nor had he offered to enter into a correspondence with any one in the neighborhood. There was altogether something bordering on the mysterious in his unexpected departure.

It is well for women that they can school their feelings, so as seldom to fall hopelessly

and miserably in love with men, who have never expressed any particular regard for them. They may have their fancies and preferences, but they seldom make a lasting impression, unless the objects of them have breathed some words of love to themselves. George Raynor had never uttered a sentence in all his frequent interviews with Maria Lipwell, that could lead her to believe he cared for her; and now when he thus left Larch Grove, in spite of all remonstrances that he should remain there, at least for a few months longer, she felt convinced that he was weary of everything and everybody connected with the neighborhood. It was probable that she might have succeeded in banishing him altogether from her memory after some time had not an event occurred that changed the whole current of her feelings. One morning, about a fortnight after Mr. Raynor's departure, the post-bag, as usual, was brought to Mr. Lipwell's room, and, as usual, Maria prepared to open it for him, reading the directions of the various letters and papers, and in some instances reading aloud the letters themselves, when suddenly her cheek grew pale—her hand trembled—she had drawn forth a letter directed to herself in a handwriting but too well known.

"Well, my love, who is that from?" asked her father, turning his dim eyes upon her.

"This letter is to me, papa," she replied, bending her head over the bag, and drawing forth a newspaper.

"Is it from any one I care for?"

"It may be—I think it is."

"Not a love-letter, I suppose at all events? My dear girl has no *billet doux* coming to her yet, I trust? I don't want to lose you, Maria; you see how selfish you have made me."

"Thanks, my dear father; I am glad to hear you say so. It would grieve me, indeed, if I thought you were anxious to get rid of me."

"Anxious, my darling? Are you not literally the light of my eyes now? You are quite necessary to my existence. I am afraid you will never find a husband worthy of you. I would far prefer your remaining single to throwing yourself and your fortune into the power of almost any man I know. This is your own affair, however. People must take their chance of good and evil in this life. I have had a large share of the evil, Maria; too much, too much." And the poor head, thinly covered with silver hairs, bent down in humility and sadness.

Maria remained with her father as long as he wished her to read for him, and not till she had permission to retire from his room did she open the letter lying quietly in her pocket. In the solitude of her own apartment she ventured to break its seal with a trembling hand.

PRINCES OF WALES.

PART III.

XIII.—1714.—GEORGE AUGUSTUS.

BEFORE the creation of this next Prince of Wales, the Revolution of 1689 had removed the direct line of the Stuarts from the throne of England. The unfortunate son of James II., Prince James Francis Edward, was indeed *styled* Prince of Wales in the ceremony of his christening in the chapel of St. James, on the 15th October, 1688, but he was never formally created. His father was held to have abdicated on the 11th of December following, and he himself was attainted in 1701. By the Act of Succession, the Electress Sophia, of Hanover, youngest daughter of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, and granddaughter of James I., and her family were placed in the succession after the death of Anne. When this event took place, on the 1st of August, 1714, the new king, George I., the son of Sophia, was not only a father, but a grandfather. The misfortunes and the *possible* misconduct of his wife, Sophia Dorothea of Zell, are well known. The gaoler of his wife, he was destined to become the implacable enemy of his son, George Augustus, who was born on the 30th of October, 1683. This heir to the house of Hanover, and future Prince of Wales from the first gave no promise of good looks, being of diminutive stature and pinched features. He was left at first very much to the care of his grandmother, the Electress Sophia, but his early life was attended by circumstances which could hardly fail to exercise an unfavorable influence on his character. His mother was consigned to her prison while he was only ten years of age, and being strongly attached to her, he learned at that early period to look upon his father as a tyrant and oppressor, while the elector seems to have soon felt towards his son, whom he perhaps doubted to be really his own, a strong corresponding aversion. The prince, while still a youth, made one attempt, at least, to see his mother in her prison,—the castle of Ahldim,—riding off from a hunting party with that purpose, and being with difficulty overtaken and brought back. As he grew up he exhibited some not very royal qualities. Exact and methodical in all his habits, he was close to the extent of meanness, and his avarice was offensively undisguised and notorious. His fits of passion were also frequent, and very indecorous in

their manifestation. On the other hand, he was much less reserved and shy than his father, had a decided sense of justice, in accordance with which he generally acted, joined to a strong desire to do his duty, and wherever personal danger threatened him his courage was conspicuous. His vanity was considerable, and, in accordance with the general character of his mind, was connected rather with small external appearances than with the substance of things. "He has often told me himself," says Lord Chesterfield, "that little things affected him more than great ones; and this was so true, that I have often seen him so put out of humor, at his private levee, by a mistake or blunder of a *valet de chambre*, that the gaping crowd admitted to his public levee have, from his looks and silence, concluded that he had just received some dreadful news." The same writer says, "He troubled himself little about religion, but jogged on quietly in that in which he had been bred, without scruples, doubts, zeal, or inquiry." But he was a man of his word, and very firm in his attachments. As we might expect, he was a good man of business, though his understanding was not of a high order, and his education had either been of a very limited character, or he had availed himself little of his opportunities. He professed great contempt for lighter literature, but was a reader of history, and had a good head for dates. "He seems to think his having done a thing to-day," says Lord Hervey, "an unanswerable reason for his doing it to-morrow." He was temperate in eating and drinking, and can scarcely be called *irregular* even in his breaches of the law of morality, with such systematic and orderly phlegm were they perpetrated. He delighted in the army, particularly in its routine discipline, in which, like all his family, he was a *martinet*. He behaved with great gallantry at the battle of Oudenarde in 1708, at which his rival, the Stuart Prince of Wales, of the deposed family, was also present, and took part on the other side. In 1706, Queen Anne created Prince George Duke of Cambridge, but refused to allow him to come over to England and take his seat in the House of Lords. When he was twenty-two years of age he was married to Caroline Wilhelmina Dorothea, of Anspach, a princess of about his own age, who had refused the Archduke Charles and a prospective imperial crown, rather than give

up her Protestantism. This was a most fortunate match for the prince and for England. Caroline had a clear-sighted and sensible mind, much above the average of her sex, understood her real interests and those of her husband, and had the tact to make him perceive them also, without offending his vanity by an open display of her influence. Her manners were dignified, agreeable, and conciliatory, though she shared in the grossness of thought and expression prevalent in that age. She was a *blue-stocking* in divinity and metaphysics, and loved to trifle with the more ponderous and deeper learning of the age, gathering around her the most celebrated philosophers and theologians—heterodox as well as orthodox—and interesting herself in, or amusing herself with, their arguments and disputes. But she had a keen eye in discerning the really able and meritorious, and was not slow in showing practically her appreciation of them. At the time of the accession of the house of Hanover to the throne, the prince and princess had a son and three daughters. The latter accompanied them to England, but the son remained in Hanover (perhaps to gratify the Hanoverians) till after his father's accession. Prince George landed with his father (George I.) at Greenwich, on the 17th September, 1714, and was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, by patent, of the 27th of the same month, "to him and his heirs, kings of Great Britain." The letters patent declare him to be likewise invested with the said principality and counties, and to be confirmed in the same by these ensigns of honor—the girding on of the sword, the delivering of the cap, and placing it on his head, with a ring on his finger, and gold staff in his hand, according to custom. The prince also was considered to have succeeded to the Duchy of Cornwall; but as the descent through the heirs apparent of the existing heirs of the Black Prince (according to the limitations of the original charter) had now determined, it has been conjectured that Prince George must have claimed under the laxer interpretation of the limitations contained in an act of Henry V., "*heirs prochains du Roialme d'Angleterre*."

At first the Prince and Princess of Wales took up their residence in the Palace of St. James's, and the ill-feeling between the father and son, though well known in court circles, was not made a public scandal. "It had, however, been inflamed by an invidious

motion of the Tories in the House of Commons that out of the civil list £100,000 should be allowed as a separate revenue for the Prince of Wales. The motion was at this time overruled by the ministerial party, and its rejection offended the prince as much as its proposal had the king." In 1716, a new occasion of jealousy occurred, on the king's determination to visit his Hanoverian dominions. He was unwilling to entrust the government to the prince during his absence, unless other persons were joined with him in the commission, and his powers were limited by the most rigorous restrictions. But his ministers whom, through his favorite Bernsdorf, he consulted on the point, were of the opinion that "the constant tenor of ancient practice could not conveniently be receded from." The king had to yield; but several restrictions were imposed on the authority of the prince, and instead of "Regent," he was called "Guardian of the Realm and Lieutenant,"—a title not employed since the days of the Black Prince. The Duke of Argyll was also dismissed from being groom of the stole about the prince, on suspicion of exciting his ambition. However, during this brief period of limited authority, the Prince of Wales gained a considerable amount of popularity by his attention to public business, and the princess still more by her tact and lively manners. From that time a party in society, as well as in politics, gathered around the heir apparent, and on his father's return from the Continent the antagonism between them became more and more marked. At last, on the occasion of the christening of one of the prince's children, November 17, 1717, the affair assumed a more serious aspect. The Duke of Newcastle, whom the prince at this time detested, was ordered by the king to attend as one of the child's sponsors. The enraged prince, immediately after the ceremony, forgot all decorum and dignity, and used grossly insulting language to the duke; and thereupon was ordered by the king to remain in his own apartments, and soon afterwards commanded to quit the palace. The prince and princess, after a temporary lodging in Albemarle Street, took up their residence at Leicester House, at the south-east corner of the square. The old abode of the Sydneys became the centre of a gay and brilliant court, where assembled all the learning and wit of the day, and not a few of the nobles who pre-

ferred the pleasures of Leicester House, though accompanied by exclusion from the king's levees, to the dulness of St. James's. Here, or at the summer residence of the prince and princess at Richmond, were to be seen Mrs. Selwyn, Miss Howe, Miss Bellenden, and Miss Lepell, with Lords Chesterfield, Bathurst, Scarborough, and Hervey, and in this brilliant circle fluttered Pope, the poet and wit, the favorite of the ladies, and by turns the butt and terror of the courtiers. In these drawing-rooms witty and shameless coquettes jostled learned divines, and grave philosophers mingled with fashionable gallants and scheming politicians. Among them all moved the princess herself, brilliant and engaging, equal to talking with and charming any one of them on any subject; while the prince pursued his slow, monotonous courtship of impatient Mary Bellenden, or his more serious, but placid, attentions to Mrs. Howard, who was soon understood by the world to be his avowed mistress. This connection, however, of which contemporaries doubted the real extent, did not affect at all the prince's attachment to his wife, who, in her turn, took the matter very coolly, and, by suffering the king to enjoy the reputation of keeping a mistress, whom she could afford good-humoredly to despise, had many a quiet sarcasm at the expense of her "good Howard," without herself suffering from jealousy or delicate feelings of any description. Mrs. Howard, the estranged wife of a younger son of the Suffolk family, is described as sensible and well disposed, though affected with the malady of deafness, perhaps not a malady to a discreet woman living in a court circle; but Lord Hervey says of the prince, with the contempt of a *roué*, "that he was a man incapable of being engaged by any charm but habit, or attached to any woman but his wife; a man who was better pleased with the idea of an intrigue than any other part of it, and who did not care to pay a tolerable consideration even for that." This novel relation between the mistress and the wife puzzled the people at first not a little; for in public George treated his wife's opinions with ostentatious contempt, and fancied that everybody would believe what he himself did—that he was *not* governed by her in everything. But those who tested the comparative power of the two ladies by application for preferments soon found out, in the words of Lord Hervey, that "the will" of

the wife "was the sole spring on which every movement in the court turned." Caroline's great defect, her want of womanly delicacy, here stood her in good stead. Besides governing her husband in all other things, she provided him with mistresses of her own selection!

The ill-feeling of the king, meanwhile, experienced no diminution, and he now devised a new plan for annoying his hated son and heir—no less than depriving him of the care of his own children. Lord Campbell in his life of Parker, Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, gives the following account of this attempt: "There was now such open enmity between his majesty and the Prince of Wales, that Lord Carteret declared prophetically, 'this family has always quarrelled, and will quarrel from generation to generation.' The prince's numerous children were all in England, except Frederick, the eldest, left behind in Hanover; and the king, to annoy his son, asserted the power of his prerogative to direct their education, and prospectively to dispose of them in marriage. The prince *contra* maintained that by the law of nature and by the law of the land, this power belonged exclusively to himself as their father and the heir apparent to the crown. Lord Chancellor Couper would not take upon himself to decide the question, and wrote a letter to Lord Parker (Lord Chief Justice) signifying the king's pleasure that all the judges should meet and give him their opinion. The truth was that no king of England had lived to have grandchildren since the time of Edward III., when the Black Prince was allowed to have the care of his son Richard, and as no constitutional writer had discussed the subject, the judges had no materials for giving a judicial opinion upon the first branch of the question; and with respect to the second, although the reigning sovereign had exerted a control over the marriages of the royal family, and though the contracting of a marriage with any of the blood royal without his consent was considered a contempt of the crown, such marriages were undoubtedly valid in law, and the only mode of punishing those concerned in them was by a prosecution in the Star Chamber, so that when this court was abolished, the alleged prerogative was without any means of vindication or redress. However, Lord Parker, having assembled all the judges at his chambers in Serjeants' Inn

(January 22, 1718), read the lord chancellor's letter to them, and intimated his own opinion strongly to be that the whole of the question was to be answered absolutely in the affirmative. He was able to bring nothing in support of the grandfather's right to have the care of his grandchildren, except that 'the law of God and law of nature are *rather* with the grandfather.' But he showed, by various instances, beginning with the match made by Henry III. between his sister Joan, without asking her consent, and Alexander, King of Scots, that the kings of England had assumed to themselves and had generally been allowed to exercise the right of disposing in marriage of those who, being of the blood royal, were in the succession to the throne. He prevailed upon nine of the judges to agree with him; but two, Baron Price and Baron Eyre, the Prince of Wales's chancellor, differed, returning for answer that, though the approbation of the marriages of the royal family belonged to the king, there was no instance where a marriage had been treated by the king for any of the royal family without the consent of the father, and that the case of the Prince of Wales was no exception to the general rule, by which the father has a right to the custody and education of his children. George I. was exceedingly delighted with having so large a majority of the judges in his favor, and he ordered their opinions to be recorded in the books of the Privy Council, as a warrant for the authority which he was resolved to maintain. He attributed this triumph over his son mainly to the exertions of Lord Chief Justice Parker, which may possibly account for the transfer of the Great Seal, which so speedily followed." No steps, however, were taken to give practical effect to the new doctrine, and things remained on this doubtful footing till the Royal Marriage Act, in 1772. The king, however, carried his resentment against his son to such an extent, that "he formed another scheme for obtaining an Act of Parliament, by which the prince, on coming to the throne, should be compelled to relinquish his German States. This project [a happy one for England, if it had been carried out] he afterwards laid before [the then] Lord Chancellor Parker; and it was only on the chancellor's representation of its inexpediency and impracticability, that it was abandoned by his majesty."

It must not be supposed, however, that the

prince was a passive and unaggressive victim during all these events. When he held the position of head of the state, during his father's absence in Hanover, he had been most ill-judged in his proceedings considering the king's well-known jealousy. He allowed Argyll to obtain a great ascendancy over him, and when, to remove this influence, his father's ministers, Walpole and Townshend, endeavored to gain his good-will, he only yielded to their advances in order to make the latter the medium of most imprudent requests to the king — that the prince might hold a Parliament, and even that he might have a discretionary power vested in him. These requests cost Townshend the loss of the king's favor. After the removal to Leicester House, this place became the refuge of all those who were discontented with government, and within its walls were matured most of the schemes of the opposition. Nor were the Tories, or even the semi-Jacobites, neglected. So much had the breach widened between the king and prince, that when the former again paid a visit to Hanover, in the summer of 1719, there was no mention of any regency of the prince, nor were he and his wife allowed to hold levees in the king's absence, this office being assigned to their children, the young princesses! So matters continued between father and son without any intermission until, on the 14th of June, 1727, Sir Robert Walpole arrived hastily at the prince's palace at Richmond, and, rousing him from his afternoon sleep, announced that on the 11th his father had expired on his way to Osnaburg, during another of his continental trips, and that consequently the Prince of Wales was now King George II. Sophia Dorothea, the unhappy wife of George I., had preceded her husband to the grave only seven months before.

XIV.—1729.—FREDERICK LEWIS.

XV.—1751.—GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK.

During the reign of George II. there were two Princes of Wales successively — father and son; but the life of the former alone is, in that capacity, of any importance. Prince Frederick Lewis was born on the 20th of January, 1707, and, as we have seen, was left in Hanover when his parents came to England in 1714. His education in that country was by no means neglected, and at first he gave great promise not only of quickness of intel-

lect, but of amiable moral qualities. His mother once allowed, in the midst of their subsequent bitter altercations, that "the poor creature had not a bad heart." He was decidedly handsome in person, and his manners were graceful and engaging; so that golden reports respecting him were brought by Englishmen who visited Hanover. His grandfather, too, rather favored him, probably in a spirit of opposition to his son. But this early promise was soon overcast, and his character, naturally weak yet stubborn, became gradually more and more morally degraded. His conversation and habits grew so gross that his tutor wrote home about it in despair, and he plunged very soon into gambling and debauchery without restraint. It must not be forgotten that he was left by his parents to the care and company of inferiors, while they in England were quarrelling with the king. Even while Frederick remained in Hanover he had begun to imitate the paternal example in this latter respect. One subject of this quarrel in a new generation was the marriage of Prince Frederick. He himself wished to marry the Princess Royal of Prussia, but *her* brutal father and *his* somewhat uneven-tempered one were on bad terms, and the match was forbidden. The Queen of Prussia was, however, eager for it, and to her Frederick sent an agent to assure her that he was determined to marry the princess, in spite of his father, and would set off in disguise to Berlin to execute his purpose. The queen indiscreetly told the English envoy, and he informing the government at home the plan was frustrated, and the prince was summoned to England, where he arrived in 1728.

For some years he took no part in public affairs, but then began to repeat the old story of his father's proceedings in the former reign. He was vain, and at the mercy of flatterers. He affected a love for literature and men of letters, to contrast with his father's contempt for them. He threw open his doors to the leading members of the opposition to the king's government, and Pulteney, Chesterfield, Wyndham, Carteret, and Cobham were now his familiar friends, and, as Lord Stanhope observes, "the all-accomplished Lord St. John (Bolingbroke) became the mentor of his political course." The king's contempt for his son prevented his feeling any apprehensions from any party he might gather round him. "They will all

soon be tired of the puppy," he said, "for besides his being a scoundrel, he is such a fool, that he will talk more fiddle-faddle in a day than any old woman talks in a week." On the 27th of April, 1736, he was married to Augusta of Saxe Gotha, a young princess of seventeen and some beauty, who came to this country attended by her inseparable companion, a great doll, but who, as she grew older and shook off her childish ways, exhibited considerable shrewdness and tact. Her husband imitated his father in another respect. He went through the duty of choosing and establishing two or three mistresses, but he remained most attached to his wife. Frederick's great grievance, which Bolingbroke had urged him to put forward in Parliament, was his only having £50,000 a year out of a civil list of £800,000, while his father, as Prince of Wales, had (at last) obtained one of £100,000 out of a civil list of only £700,000. He omitted all mention of the large family the latter had to support out of this larger sum. Against the advice of his confidential friend, Bubb Dodington, the Prince insisted on thus making the family quarrel public; and the result was a sharp debate on the 27th of February, 1737, on a motion of Pulteney for an address to the king on the subject. Walpole stated the king's reply to the prince that £50,000 a year, with the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, amounting to £10,000, was ample allowance for him, and he could offer him no more. Owing to the ill-health of the king at the time the motion was nearly carried. A more decisive majority rejected a similar proposal of Carteret in the House of Lords. On the 31st of July the prince resented this defeat in a most disgraceful manner. He had only deigned to give notice to the king and queen of the approaching *accouchement* of his wife a month before this event—and now, the queen having intimated her intention of being present on the occasion, and the whole royal family being assembled at Hampton Court, the prince resolved she should not. So, on the first symptoms of labor, he hurried his wife into a coach, notwithstanding her remonstrances, and carried her off in the night to St. James's Palace, where, before Walpole and Lord Harrington could reach them, the princess gave birth to a daughter—the mother of the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, the luckless wife of the sixteenth Prince

of Wales. Queen Caroline was with her daughter-in-law by seven o'clock in the morning, and then, according to Horace Walpole, "the gracious prince, so far from attempting an apology, spoke not a word to his mother; but on her retreat, gave her his hand, led her into the street to her coach, still dumb; but a crowd being assembled at the gate, he kneeled down in the dirt, and humbly kissed her majesty's hand!"

The public resented this indecent proceeding, and Frederick did penance in the most abject apologies, and lame excuses to his father. Bolingbroke wrote to Wyndham on the occasion in terms of strong disapproval. "He hurries his wife from court, when she is on the point of being delivered of her first child. His father swells, struts, and storms. He confesses his weakness, and asks pardon in the terms of one who owns himself in the wrong. Besides that all this appears to me boyish, it is purely domestic, and there is nothing, as far as I can discern, to interest the public in the cause of his royal highness." Lord Hardwicke endeavored to persuade the king to accept the apologies of the prince, but Walpole urged a contrary course, and at his instigation, a severe message was sent to the prince on the 10th of September, to which it was intimated the king would receive no answer, and which, after commenting on his conduct, added, "It is my pleasure that you leave St. James's with all your family." The prince accordingly removed for the time to Norfolk House in St. James's Square, which became the new centre of a bitter opposition to the government. Such was the avowed cause of the complete alienation between the prince and the rest of the royal family—including his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, and his sisters—who all spoke of him in terms of deep detestation. So strong, indeed, are these terms, and so bitter was the hatred of both king and queen to their eldest son, that a deeper cause has been sought for these feelings. "Sir Robert Walpole informed me," writes Lord Hardwicke, "of certain passages between the king and himself, and between the queen and the prince, of too high and secret a nature even to be trusted to this narrative; but from thence I find great reason to think that this unhappy difference between the king and queen and his royal highness turned upon some points of a more interesting and important nature

than have hitherto appeared." What these were we are left to conjecture.

A few weeks after this scene in the royal family the queen unexpectedly died. Walpole retained his influence with the king, but when at length his popularity began to give way, and his power in Parliament to wane, he with great difficulty persuaded his royal master to send a message to the prince offering the payment of his debts, and an addition to his income of £50,000, if he would cease from opposition to the measures of the government. Frederick had then his revenge on the minister for the message expelling him from St. James's, by replying, after many expressions of respect and duty to the king, that he would never hearken to any proposals so long as Walpole continued in power.

Accordingly, on the minister's fall, overtures were made to the Prince of Wales. He gained his additional £50,000, and it was promised that two of his friends should have seats in the new Board of Admiralty. The whole party then, headed by the prince, went to pay their respects at court on the 18th of February, 1742. The king received him very coldly. "How does the princess do? I hope she is well." The prince kissed his hand, and this was all. The next appearance of the prince of any interest is one very creditable to him. After the adventurous escape of Charles Edward, in 1746, when the Princess of Wales expressed some censure on the conduct of Lady Margaret Macdonald, one of the young chevalier's preservers, Frederick exclaimed, "And would not you, madam, in like circumstances, have done the same? I hope—I am sure you would!" It is also said that it was at his intercession that Flora Macdonald was released from confinement. This was one of the generous actions of which Frederick was occasionally capable—for we need not go out of our way to attribute it to dislike of his brother Cumberland—the hero of Culloden. In 1749 he was again in opposition, but his influence was then much weakened by his frequent vacillations and his now notorious fickleness of character, which prevented all but a very few friends from venturing to trust their fortunes with him. These were led by the Earl of Egmont and Bubb Dodington. Even, however, this lowered political position the prince was not destined to enjoy long. In

the year 1751, he caught a slight cold, and this being neglected, brought on pleurisy. There was also, it was afterwards found, a gathering imposthume on his breast, from a blow, it is said, received two years before at trap-ball. His illness, at first thought serious, was then judged of so favorably that only half an hour before his death no one had doubted his recovery. He expired on the 20th of March, 1751, leaving his wife with eight children and the expectation of another. The widowed princess remained in his room for four hours after his death, refusing to believe in its reality. His eldest son, young George, a boy of twelve, showed deep emotion at the news; he turned pale, and laid his hand on his breast. "I am afraid, sir, you are not well," said his tutor. He answered, "I feel something here, just as I did when I saw the two workmen fall from the scaffold at Kew." These are simple but strong tributes to the better side of Frederick's character. The king behaved with decency on the receipt of the news of his son's death, but the Duke of Cumberland observed, "It is a great blow to this country, but I hope it will recover it in time!" Prince Frederick was Duke of Cornwall by right of birth, and was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, on the 8th of January, 1729.

Prince GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK was born on the 4th of June, 1738. Speaking of him at the death of his father, Lord Chesterfield writes, "He is seriously a most hopeful boy; gentle and good-natured, with good sound sense." He was at first necessarily (and afterwards voluntarily) entirely guided by his mother, and her conduct at first was admirable. She discountenanced all cabals, refused to keep up the prince's party, and placed herself entirely in the king's hands, who, in return, showed her much affection. Prince George was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester as early as the 20th of April, 1751, only a month after his father's death. A sum of £50,000 was settled on the princess herself. Leicester House was assigned as her residence, and the household constituted according to her wishes. Everything looked like a new era of harmony between the crown and the heir apparent, and for four years the sunshine continued unclouded. But the king having, during his journey to Hanover in the year 1755, set his heart on a match between a daughter of the Duchess of

Brunswick and his grandson, the princess dowager, over whom the Earl of Bute had now obtained an unfortunate ascendancy, jealous, it is said, of the talents and accomplishments of her proposed daughter-in-law, and the influence she might obtain over the mind of her son, set herself doggedly against the match, and instilled all her feelings of aversion to it into her son. "The young woman is said to be handsome," she said to Dodington, "and to have all good qualities; but if she takes after her mother, she will never do here." "Pray, madam," asked Dodington, "what is her mother? as I know nothing at all about her." "Why," replied the princess, "her mother is the most intriguing, meddling, and also the most satirical, sarcastical person in the world, and she will always make mischief wherever she comes. Such a character would not do with George; it would not only hurt him in his public, but make him uneasy in his private situation. He is not a wild, dissipated boy, but good-natured and cheerful, with a serious cast, upon the whole. Those about him know him no more than if they had never seen him. His education has given me much pain: his book-learning I am no judge of, though I suppose it small or useless; but I hope he may have been instructed in the general understanding of things. . . . I once desired Mr. Stone (the sub-governor) to inform the prince about the constitution; but he declined it, to avoid giving jealousy to the Bishop of Norwich. I mentioned it again, but he still declined it, as not being his province." "Pray, madam," said Dodington, "what is his province?" The princess answered, "I do not know, unless it is to go before the prince up-stairs, to walk with him sometimes, seldomer to ride with him, and now and then to dine with him." So the princess set herself in full antagonism to the king, and thenceforward made Leicester House once more the seat of the opposition, then headed by the elder Pitt. The king, on his return to England, hearing of her change of conduct, sent for the young prince himself, and injudiciously enough warned him against evil advisers, though without pressing the match. The prince, devoted to his mother, bowed and bowed, but scarcely returned an answer. In the summer of 1756, the Prince of Wales attained his legal majority as heir to the throne

—of eighteen. The king again made the mistake of trying to withdraw him from his mother's control, instead of conciliating her herself. He wrote a gracious letter, stating his intention of granting the prince £40,000 a year, and that a suitable household being appointed for him, he should occupy the apartments of the late prince at Kensington, and of the late queen at St. James's. But the prince in reply entreated his majesty not to separate him from his mother, which would be a trying affliction to both. Another difficulty was the appointment of the Earl of Bute as groom of the stole, or principal officer in the new household. This the princess insisted on, and the king, who hated Bute, declined for some time to grant; at length, Newcastle, afraid of the Leicester House opposition, persuaded the king to consent to this appointment, and to allow the prince to continue to reside with his mother. Here, then, he remained the pupil of that mother and her favorite Bute, imbibing the narrow prejudices and unpopular opinions of the latter, and lending his name from time to time to the various opposition schemes of which, during the political vicissitudes of the last years of the reign of George II., Leicester House was the nursery. On the 25th of October, 1760, the sudden death of his grandfather placed him, at the age of twenty-two, on the throne of England.

XIV.—1762.—GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK.

We have now passed in review all the predecessors of the present Prince of Wales, with the exception of the last—George Augustus Frederick, the eldest son of George III. and Charlotte Sophia, of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, who was born at St. James's Palace, on the 12th of August, 1762, and for half a century played a more or less public part in the history of this country—unfortunately without much credit to himself or advantage to the nation—as Prince of Wales, Regent, and King. Beyond the first stage of his career, however, it is not our duty to follow him.

On the 17th of August, the day of his baptism, he was created, by letters patent, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester; on the 26th of December, 1765, was made a Knight of the Garter, and a few months afterwards Captain General of the Artillery Company of London. Together with his next brother,

Prince Frederick (afterwards Duke of York), the prince was educated in great privacy, and with an affectation of extreme discipline.

In April, 1771, Lord Holderness was appointed his governor, and Dr. Markham (afterwards Archbishop of York) and Dr. Cyril Jackson, his tutors. In 1776, however, these all suddenly resigned, and the rumor went that it was on account of the king having placed what they considered objectionable books in the hands of the young princes. Their successors were the Duke of Montagu as his governor, and Colonel Hotham as sub-governor, and Bishop Hurd and the Rev. William Arnold as preceptor and sub-preceptor. Till he attained the age of eighteen the prince led a dreary life of almost entire seclusion at Buckingham House, Kew, or Windsor. The ordinary pleasures of his age having been thus denied to him, it is not surprising that when, on attaining his legal majority (eighteen) in 1780, it was found necessary to bring him forward in public and relax this excessive discipline, he at once gave way to excesses which from that time continued to attract general attention. In this year he formed a connection with Mrs. Mary Robinson, an actress and the wife of an attorney, whom the prince fell in love with when she was acting *Perdita* in Shakspeare's "*Winter's Tale*." She was four years older than her royal lover. This connection lasted not quite two years, when the prince deserted her, without any scruple, for the society of other ladies. Gambling and horse-racing were among his other chief amusements, and these brought him into intimacy with the Duke de Chartres, afterwards Duke of Orleans, who perished in the French Revolution, and who during these years was a frequent visitor in London. They also led him into the society of Charles James Fox, Sheridan, and Erskine, then the leaders of the Whig party and of fashionable life. The prince, already on bad terms with his father, between whom and himself there was on nearly all points a great dissimilarity of character and tastes, eagerly courted these opponents of the king's government, and identified himself with all their political doings, even wearing the Whig buff and blue colors. When, in April, 1783, the coalition ministry was forced on the king, the Prince of Wales went down to the House of Lords, and being introduced with great ceremonial, as Duke of Cornwall, took his seat

as a supporter of the new ministry. They in return tried to obtain from the king the annual grant of £100,000 a year to the prince. But the king repeated the policy of his grandfather and great-grandfather, and would only consent to £50,000, with 60,000 as an outfit for Carlton House, which was assigned as the prince's residence. He had also about £14,000 a year from the Duchy of Cornwall. When his political friends were thrown out of office, the prince went again with them into opposition, rejecting, it is said, some overtures of the king. Soon after this an event occurred which must always form an important feature in any account of his life or estimate of his character. This was his intimacy and marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert. We are now able to gather from the lady herself, through the medium of her friend, Lord Stourton, some more authentic account of the circumstances of this strange transaction; and bearing in mind that it is this lady's own version of facts that we are perusing, the following may be taken as a tolerably accurate summary of events: Mary Anne Fitzherbert was the daughter of Walter Smythe, Esq., of Branbridge, in Hampshire, second son of Sir John Smythe, Bart. She was born in July, 1756; was first married in July, 1775, to Edward Weld, Esq., of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire, who died in the course of the same year, and secondly, in the year 1778, to Thomas Fitzherbert, Esq., of Swinnerton, in Staffordshire. He also only survived the marriage three years, and thus, before she was twenty-five years of age, she became a second time a widow. It was about four years after the death of Mr. Fitzherbert, and when residing on Richmond Hill, that she first became acquainted with the Prince of Wales, then about twenty-three years of age, and at once became the object of his most ardent attentions. During this period she was made the subject of a popular ballad, which designated her under the title of the "Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill:"—

"I would crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill!"

She had then an independent fortune of nearly £2,000 a year, and was greatly courted in society for her beauty and attractive manners. For some time she resisted the prince's advances with great resolution. At length, one day, "Keit, the surgeon, Lord Onslow, Lord Southampton, and Mr. Edward

Bouverie arrived at her house in the utmost consternation, informing her that the life of the prince was in immediate danger—that he had stabbed himself—and that only her immediate presence would save him. She resisted, in the most peremptory manner all their importunities, saying that nothing should induce her to enter Carlton House. She was afterwards brought to share in the alarm, but still, fearful of some stratagem derogatory to her reputation, insisted upon some lady of high character accompanying her as an indispensable condition; the Duchess of Devonshire was selected. They then drove from Park Street to Devonshire House, and took her along with them. They found the prince pale and covered with blood. The sight so overpowered her that she was deprived almost of consciousness. The prince told her that nothing would induce him to live, unless she promised to become his wife, and permitted him to put a ring upon her finger. A ring of the Duchess of Devonshire is believed to have been used on the occasion. Mrs. Fitzherbert afterwards declared her belief in the blood having been really the prince's, and said she had frequently seen the scar. But the whole thing looks very like a trick. They returned to Devonshire House. A deposition was drawn up of what had occurred, and signed and sealed by each of the party. On the next day she left the country, sending a letter to Lord Southampton, protesting against what had taken place, as not being then a free agent. She retired to Aix-la-Chapelle, and afterwards to Holland, while the prince went down into the country to Lord Southampton's for change of air. She was admitted here to the friendship of the Prince and Princess of Orange, and "left Holland in the royal barge, to spend above another year abroad, endeavoring 'to fight off' (to use her own phrase) a union fraught with such dangerous consequences to her peace and happiness." Courier after courier passed through France, carrying the letters and propositions of the prince to her in France and Switzerland. The Duke of Orleans was the medium of this correspondence. Wrought upon, and fearful from the past of the desperation of the prince, she consented, formally and deliberately, to promise she would never marry any other person; and, lastly, she was induced to return to England, and to agree to become his wife, on those conditions

which satisfied her own conscience, though she could have no legal claim to be the wife of the prince. "I have seen," says Lord Stourton, "a letter of thirty-seven pages, written, as she informed me, not long before this step was taken, entirely in the handwriting of the prince; in which it is stated by him that his father would connive at the union. . . . Immediately after her return she was married to the prince, according to the rites of the established Church in this country; her uncle, Harry Errington, and her brother, Jack Smythe, being witnesses to the contract, along with the Protestant clergyman who officiated at the ceremony. No Roman Catholic priest officiated." A certificate of this marriage is extant in the handwriting of the prince, and with his signature, and that of Mary Fitzherbert. The witnesses' names were added, but at the earnest request of the parties, in a time of danger, they were afterwards cut out by Mrs. Fitzherbert herself with her own scissors, to save them from the peril of the law. This she afterwards regretted; but a letter to the prince on her return to him has been preserved to supply any deficiency, in which she thanks God that the witnesses to their union were still living. There are also preserved the letter of the officiating clergyman, and a document with the signature of the prince, in which he repeatedly calls her his wife.

Thus the lady reconciled her conscience to what, in the eyes of the law, as well as in outward appearance, was an illicit connection. In 1772 the Royal Marriage Act, passed in consequence of the clandestine marriages of the king's brothers, had rendered null and void any marriage among the royal family which took place without the knowledge and consent of the reigning sovereign. The proper course for the prince to have pursued, as Mr. Fox pointed out to him in a letter written at this time, under the apprehension of such a marriage, was to wait till he was twenty-five years of age, and then to state formally to Parliament his intention of marrying. But, not to speak of other objections to this open course, the lady was a Roman Catholic; and besides the antipathy in the nation to that faith, there was an ugly provision in the Act of Succession which seemed to imply a forfeiture in case of such a marriage of the prince's right to the throne. This was perfectly well known to the prince

and to Mrs. Fitzherbert also; but the prince had few scruples on such a point, and the lady seems to have thought it sufficient that the marriage was a valid one, as she believed it to be, in the sight of God and her own Church, and to have made up her mind to bear the opprobrium of a doubtful position as stoically as possible. This, however, was by far the most creditable, as it was the most lasting, of the connections of the Prince of Wales. The lady, whose grace, beauty, and accomplishments so fitted her for the highest place in society, acted the part of a faithful wife to him, and as far as her influence went it was exerted favorably as respects his moral character. But no influence for good was cogent or lasting with a young man whose character had been so thoroughly undermined as the prince's; and Mrs. Fitzherbert herself ultimately learned by bitter experience the ingrained heartless selfishness of the royal profligate—and how little the most attentive and continued devotion to him could bind him to honor or gratitude, when his own interests or self-indulgence pointed in a different direction. The marriage, such as it was, was kept in mystery; but the public soon got a tolerably true impression of what had taken place, and the consequence of this was the admission of Mrs. Fitzherbert into society from which, as the prince's mistress, she would have been excluded. But it was the pecuniary difficulties of the prince which first brought the question of the secret marriage *formally* before the public. In the year 1786, Sheridan, as the prince's friend, had made a motion in the House of Commons for an address to the crown for an augmentation of the prince's revenue. This, the king, after some hesitation, declined. The prince then broke up his establishment at Carlton House. In April, 1787; however, his difficulties had so much increased that they came again before Parliament. In the course of the debate on this occasion, Mr. Fox, in his name, and by the authority of the prince, denied in the most precise terms that there had been any marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, or even any contemplated, *either in fact or in law*. Mrs. Fitzherbert was excessively indignant at the terms employed in this denial, and the prince, whose miserable shuffling and lying during this affair with all parties were most disgraceful, got Sheridan to make a mystifying speech in vindication of the honor of

Mrs. Fitzherbert, which left the matter much where it stood before, but with which the lady was compelled to be satisfied. The king now agreed to assign £100,000 for the payment of the prince's debts, and £20,000 for the repairs of Carlton House, which was thereupon again opened.

In the latter part of the year 1788, the malady of the king brought before Parliament the question of a regent, and the powers to be assigned to the Prince of Wales; and on this occasion the Whigs and Tories exchanged principles under the influence of party feeling. On the 3d December, 1788, the king's five physicians were examined by the Privy Council. They agreed that the king was then incapable of meeting Parliament, or of attending to any business; but believed in the possibility of his ultimate recovery, although they could not limit the time. Parliament, therefore, took up the question of a regency, and appointed committees to search for precedents. When the motion for the committee was made in the House of Commons, Mr. Fox advanced the startling opinion that the Prince of Wales had as clear a right to exercise the power of sovereignty during the king's incapacity, as if the king were actually dead; and that it was merely for the two Houses of Parliament to pronounce at what time he should commence the exercise of his right. Mr. Pitt, on the other hand, maintained that as no legal provision had been made for carrying on the government, it belonged to the House of Parliament to make such provision. He even went so far as to affirm that, "unless by their decision, the Prince of Wales had no more right—speaking of strict right—to assume the government than any other individual subject of the country;" a position as objectionable in one direction as that of Mr. Fox in the other, and which gave great umbrage to the prince and his friends. When next this matter was discussed, Mr. Fox somewhat receded from his first ground. He now spoke of the prince having a legal *claim*, rather than a right to the regency, and contended that it was for Parliament to adjudicate upon that claim, which, when allowed, would become an absolute title to exercise all the rights of sovereignty, without any limitation. It was now his main position that no restrictions should be imposed on the power of the regent. In answer to

this, Mr. Pitt, allowing the claim of the prince as a matter of discretion, contended "that any power which was not essential, and which might be employed to embarrass the exercise of the king's authority, in the event of his recovery, ought to be withheld." In the House of Lords, when the subject was introduced, the Duke of York said "that no claim of right had been made on the part of the prince, who understood too well the sacred principles which seated the house of Brunswick on the throne, ever to assume or exercise any power, be his claim what it might, not derived from the will of the people, expressed by their representatives and their lordships in Parliament assembled. He therefore deprecated pressing for any decision on that point, in which the Duke of Gloucester concurred." The prince, incensed at Pitt's speech, wrote to the chancellor complaining that the minister had proposed a scheme for the regency without submitting it previously to his consideration. Pitt replied that he had submitted no such scheme, because he wished to have the question of right first settled. When this had been done by resolutions in both Houses, in accordance with the minister's ideas (Lord Rawdon's amendment in the Lords, calling on the prince to assume the regency, being rejected), Mr. Pitt submitted his scheme to the prince. The limitations on the regent's power were the reservation of the care of the king's person and household, and the appointment of officers and servants to the queen, the regent not to be empowered to dispose of the real or personal property of the king, or to grant any office in succession, or any pension or office, otherwise than during pleasure, except those which were required to be granted for life, or during good behavior, or to bestow any peerage, except upon his majesty's issue, having attained the age of twenty-one. The prince's reply was drawn up by Burke and revised by Sheridan, and stated that he considered the restrictions to be "a project for producing weakness, disorder, and insecurity in every branch of the administration of affairs,—for dividing the royal family from each other, for separating the court from the state, and thus disconnecting the authority to command service from the power of attracting it by reward; and for allotting to the prince all the invidious duties of government, without the

means of softening them to the public by any act of grace, favor, or benignity." The restriction on granting away the king's property he treated as wholly unnecessary. Resolutions, however, thus restricting the prince's powers were passed in both Houses, and, being presented to the prince, he accepted the limited authority, and the queen acquiesced. Parliament had not been, however, formally opened, in default of a speech from the throne, and ministers, alleging this to be essential, carried resolutions in both Houses, authorizing letters patent to issue for a commission to perform this duty. The Regency Bill was then introduced, passed the Commons after lengthened debates, was sent to the Lords, and was in committee there, when, on the 19th of February, 1789, the lord chancellor announced that the king was convalescent, and further proceedings were arrested. The Parliament of Ireland, meanwhile, adopting Mr. Fox's views, had offered the regency of *Ireland* to the prince, who returned an answer warmly thanking them, and expressing a hope that the powers would become unnecessary by the recovery of the king.

In the summer of 1791 the prince retired from the Jockey Club in consequence of an affair in which a private servant of his was accused of foul play. He sold off all his horses—five hundred in number—and settled an annuity of £200 on the servant. There had been a fresh misunderstanding between the king and queen on the one side and the prince on the other, after the recovery of the former from his illness. The spirit exhibited by the prince towards his father during the discussions on the Regency Bill and his intrigues with some of the king's ministers, such, for instance, as Lord Thurlow, were much resented by the king. The public also took the king's side against the prince on the former score of his unfilial conduct, and the day when the restored monarch went in state to St. Paul's (on the 23d of April, 1789) to return thanks for his recovery, was made the occasion of a popular demonstration against the Prince of Wales and his brother, the Duke of York. But in 1790 a temporary reconciliation was brought about between the father and son, and on the 31st of May, 1792, the prince delivered his first speech in the House of Lords, in which he formally separated himself from the party

of Mr. Fox, and joined those Whigs who, under Burke and Windham, had seceded to the government, on the question of the French Revolution. He also took leave of his former friends in a letter to the Duke of Rutland. "As it is the cause of kings," writes Erskine, in February, 1793, "our prince is drawn into it, and has taken his leave of all of us."

In February, 1801, and again in 1804, there were recurrences of the king's malady, which caused the question of a regency to be again discussed. The former attack occurred during a ministerial crisis between an outgoing and incoming minister—Mr. Pitt and Mr. Addington—and both these gentlemen put themselves in communication with the Prince of Wales. But in both years a better feeling prevailed among all parties on this subject, and the king's speedy recovery relieved them from any public discussion on this most delicate point.

The pecuniary embarrassments of the prince, however, having continued to increase, it became at length necessary for him to take some decided step, and accordingly in the summer of 1794, he intimated his willingness to marry (as the king had long desired) if his debts were paid and a suitable provision made for him. The ministers undertook the unpleasing task of communicating to Parliament the prince's position, and proposing the new arrangement. His income was raised to £115,000 a year, £25,000 being deducted from that sum for the payment of his debts, which were stated to amount to no less than £650,000. The lady whom the prince accepted as his legal wife, at this price, was his cousin, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, second daughter of the Duke of Brunswick, and of the Princess Augusta, sister of the king. The princess does not appear to have had the most prudent management in her early years. She had formed an early attachment in her own country, and had the indiscretion to refer to it in a quarter from which it was sure to reach the Prince of Wales. She was not only indiscreet, but flighty in her conduct, and somewhat coarse in her manners—as she was singularly negligent as to her personal appearance. She had, however, a considerable amount of ability, if it had only been under the control of prudence; warm feelings where she took a predilection—which she indulged without

the slightest regard to appearances—and a firm *woman's* will. Had she been placed in happier circumstances, though her conduct would probably have been always rather *outré*, she might have passed tolerably unscathed through the ordeal of married life, and have been able to display her good-natured and amiable feelings without the risk of misinterpretation or the scandal of indecorous exaggeration in their indulgence. As it was, she was united to a man who had married her from pecuniary motives only, who was already united by a religious ceremony with a lady to whom (notwithstanding their occasional separations) he was still strongly attached, and who conceived from his first view of his new bride a strong disgust for her person, while he was wholly unable or unwilling to make allowance for the peculiarities of her disposition and manners, or the difficulties attendant on her first arrival in a strange land. Disagreements soon arose between husband and wife—the impetuous spirit and wounded pride of the latter revolting against the society of the prince's favorite, Lady Jersey, and the marked preference which he showed for the mistress over the wife. The rashness and indiscretion on the one side—the grossness, not to say brutality, on the other—the indecorum displayed on both sides were for many years the scandal of the court, and the subject of indignation among the people, who, however, naturally enough, generally took the part of the weaker and less culpable party; and often, forgetting her real faults, and exaggerating her ordinary good qualities into exalted virtues, made fresh mischief between the royal pair by inflaming still more the jealousy and anger of the prince. On the 7th of January, 1796, the birth of a daughter—the Princess Charlotte—gave an opportunity for some sort of a reconciliation. But neither party availed themselves of it. They lived for some months longer under the same roof without speaking to one another, and then a formal separation took place, and the princess and her child retired, first to Charlton, and then to Blackheath.

As the prince was again on ill terms with his father, who refused to give him any public employments, military or civil, and who was greatly displeased at his conduct towards the princess, it is not remarkable that the Tories and the court party generally at this

time gathered round the wife and attacked the husband. Mr. Perceval was at this time her principal adviser, and assisted her on an important occasion which a few years afterwards threatened to remove her from the pale of society. This was the accusation of Sir John and Lady Douglas in 1806 against the princess, that she had not only behaved habitually with gross impropriety, but had actually given birth in the year 1802 to a male illegitimate child. A royal commission, which was appointed from amongst the ministers, examined into the charges, and declared the latter part of them false, though they lent some countenance to the truth of the former and lighter accusation. But after the answer of the princess, drawn up by Perceval, the cabinet resolved unanimously that the whole of the accusations were without foundation.

At the close of the year 1810, however, the king's malady once more returned, and, as it proved, in a permanent form. There was again some discussion, but much less violent, on the question of the regency, and on the 3d of February, 1811, the Prince of Wales was sworn in as Regent before the Privy Council, with restricted powers as before. These restrictions, however, were removed the next year. Here, then, his career as Prince of Wales ends. Henceforward the royal authority vested in him absorbed his former position, and added to it duties and responsibilities which are not those of the heir apparent. Here, then, we leave him to pursue his miserable career of selfish profligacy, and to experience at last the strange fate of having his name associated with public measures of essential benefit, for the result of which he can personally advance no claim; and leaving a record in his private life of all that a prince ought *not* to be.

Not without some talent, his tastes, even in their higher direction, were marked by an ingrained vulgarity of sentiment. In the decorative arts he had the showy uneducated ideas of a second-rate upholsterer, and, as an architect, he exhibited all the eccentricity of an unformed and childish taste. His great *redeeming* trait, as it is called, was his reputation of being the first gentleman in Europe. If superficial manners and a certain *attention* to dress are to be taken as the index of this character, no doubt he is entitled to the epithet. He could be fascinating in his address

when he chose, and he had a certain gift for devising new (if not elegant) costumes, which might have, under other circumstances, made of him a tolerable tailor. But he was wholly destitute of the higher characteristics of a true gentleman. Of real good-breeding—as opposed to surface affability—he had no conception. His vanity and his selfishness emptied all his most agreeable acts of any deep or true meaning, and with all his polished manners, and his occasional sallies of wit, he never made a real friend, or was long faithful to any but the most degraded of his associates. He patronized the talents of men like Sheridan for his selfish amusement, and cast them aside when tired or jealous of them, as a child does its last week's toys. William Hone, in later years, wrote what may well serve as his epitaph:—

“This is the man, all shaven and shorn,
All covered with orders, and all forlorn;
The Dandy of sixty, who bows with a grace,
And has taste in wigs, collars, cuirasses, and lace!”

In a political point of view, we cannot do better than close our notice with some remarks of a recent historian, referring to the prince at the commencement of his regency in the year 1811:—

“George III., eager for power, had delighted also in business, in which he had trained himself from early youth. With greater abilities, and superior education, the prince was fond of ease and pleasure, and averse to business. His was not the temperament to seek the labor and anxieties of public affairs, nor had power devolved upon him until the ambitious spirit of youth had ceased to prompt him to exertion. He loved the ‘pomp and circumstance’ of royalty without its cares. But though disinclined to the daily toils which his father had undergone for fifty years,—and disposed by indolence and indifference to leave more discretion to his ministers in the ordinary affairs of state,

yet, whenever his own feelings or interests were concerned, his father himself had scarcely been more imperative. The very qualities, however, which disinclined the prince to laborious activity exposed him the more readily to the influence of the court. His father's will was strong and full of energy; his own, inconstant and capricious. The father had judged for himself with rude vigor and decision,—his son, inconstant, indolent, and without strength of principle or conviction—was swayed by the advice of those nearest to his person. To politics, apart from their relations to himself, the prince was indifferent, and his indifference led to the same results as the king's strong predilections. He readily gave up the opinions as well as the political friends of his youth. As to his friends, indeed, he had been separated from them for many years by the French Revolution. The death of Mr. Fox had more recently lessened the tie which had bound them together; the part taken by them against the Duke of York further relaxed it, and the proud bearing of the great Whig leaders, little congenial to the lighter manners of the court, had nearly broken it asunder. But lately they had exerted themselves strenuously against the restrictions upon the powers of the regent, which the government, following the precedent of 1788, had proposed, and their general views of policy were supposed to coincide with his own.”

How the Prince Regent cast aside these old friends and recent supporters is well known, and with this characteristic trait of his disposition we gladly pass from the subject.

XVII.—1841.—ALBERT EDWARD,

Eldest son of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, born November 9th, 1841; Duke of Cornwall; created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, 8th December, 1841, “to him and his heirs, Kings of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, forever.” Whom God preserve!

AN economical application of the method of dialysis, discovered by Mr. Graham, Master of the Mint, has been tried by Dr. Marcet, with results that promise to become important. By dialysis is meant the separation of fluid substances contained in the same vessel from one another, by causing them to pass through a porous membrane. By applying this process to brine which has been used in the curing of meat,

Dr. Marcet finds that he can separate the salt from the juice of the meat, and then make use of the latter as an article of diet. At present considerable quantities of brine are wasted in large curing establishments; but this new experiment seems to open a way for turning it to profitable use on a large scale. We trust to hear that Dr. Marcet will succeed in carrying out his trials to a practical issue.

From All The Year Round.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE IN PERSIA.

WHEN a poor man has a pretty daughter about eleven or twelve years old—the age at which Persian ladies are supposed to have matrimonial views—a marriage-broker waits upon him, and endeavors to strike a bargain for her. The broker, generally a moolah or priest, will perhaps offer from two to four hundred tomauns, or, say, from one to two hundred pounds English money, as a fair price for a young lady. The bargain completed, the girl probably becomes a wife of some khan, rich enough to afford himself such a luxury, and to give the broker a handsome profit on the transaction. It is usually all a matter of business, and a man posting up his accounts at the end of the year might note down that upon such a day he bought a lady, pretty much as if he had purchased a fine Turcoman horse or an English rifle: only the price of the two latter articles would be considerably higher than that of the first. It is seldom that either of the parties have previously seen each other, so that the lifting of the veil upon the wedding-day may be a delightful surprise or a glum disappointment, according to circumstances.

A Persian bride, when first bought, is a queer little body, fattened up with rice and sweetmeats for the occasion, and sadly besmeared with cosmetics. Collyrium has been put into her eyes to make them dark and languishing, and they are also elongated by some means, so that they may have the shape of almonds. Her hair is dyed of a coal black by indigo, or of a reddish brown by indigo and henna mixed with it, according to her own fancy or that of the broker. Her eyebrows are plastered, and painted so thickly that they look like a large piece of court-plaster cut into arches stuck upon her face. I say a large piece, because they are joined artificially by a thick line across the nose. Her cheeks are painted in excessively bright colors, and two shiny locks of hair, gummed together are stuck flat on each side of them in the shape of number sixes, placed the wrong way. Her hands and feet, finger-nails and toe-nails, are dyed a light mahogany color with henna. She has no more shape or figure than a bolster. Poor little thing! She plays such tricks with herself generally, that at twenty she is an-old woman, with her skin

all shrivelled and burnt up by caustics and poisoned pricks of needles.

This odd undersized creature waddles about the apartment of her new lord in the finest and largest trousers possible. She puts on a great many pairs of them, and is as proud of the size of her legs as a British damsel is of the size of her crinoline. She wears a smart embroidered jacket with short sleeves, and a pretty chemisette of some light white silk material, embroidered with gold threads; but her arms and legs and neck are bare. She hangs upon her little person as many jewels, gold coins, and trinkets as she can possibly get at. She is especially fond of pearls and diamonds, but is not particular as to their beauty or value; a diamond is a diamond for her, whatever flaw it may have; a pearl is a pearl, whatever its shape or color may be. She is very fine, but never elegant. Her mind is entirely uncultivated. She has neither education nor accomplishments: but she has a good deal of flowery talk about roses and nightingales, with an undercurrent of strange roundabout wit and drollery. There is an utter want of delicacy and modesty in her conversation. She knows a great many things which she ought not to know, and child as she is in years, she would outwit the wisest man who ever wore a gray beard.

One of the first visits she receives after her marriage will most probably be from her father, who will tell her that his home is cold and cheerless since she has left it, and that her mother is getting old. This pathetic appeal is certain to touch her heart, and she will employ the first money she can coax out of her husband, to buy her father a new young wife.

All Persia seems fairly wife mad, according to our Northern notions. A beggar asking for alms in the street will found his strongest claim to your charity on the startling fact that he has five wives at home, and has just married a young one. You take a servant from rags and hunger, and he spends the first few tomauns he can scrape together in your service, in buying a bran-new wife. But the eldest, or first married wife, is usually house-keeper and mistress. She even distributes rations of food to the rest, who hold her in much respect and some awe. The number of marriages is undoubtedly increased by the strange condition under which some of them take place. A marriage contract is seldom

intended to last the life of either party. A lady may be taken on lease, like a house, for a definite period; and this species of matrimony is much encouraged by the moolahs, who derive liberal fees from it.

Indeed, the proceeding of taking a lady on a short lease is common even among Christians residing in Persia. A friend of mine informed me that he visited Vannek, a village near Tehran, some years ago, for the purpose of making a marriage of this kind. He and a companion sat down under a tree, smoking kaleons, while the village damsels under command of the priest filed past for inspection. When his choice was fixed, the lease was drawn out in due form. Forty tomauns (a high rent, about twenty pounds) was paid for dresses and fine clothes, and thirty tomauns more was agreed upon as the price of divorce. The average price of an Armenian lady is from ten to fifteen tomauns. They are horribly coarse and ugly. The small-pox makes shocking ravages among them too.

Boys usually marry between twelve and fourteen. They frequently marry their cousins, but the race does not degenerate in consequence, as it has been clearly ascertained to do in other countries.

Children are not the source of embarrassment, even to poor people, that they are supposed sometimes to be in more civilized countries. There need be no anxiety at all about them, indeed. They can always pick up rice enough to live somewhere, and the family of a rich man is often far too numerous for his children to expect to be rich men too. Hence it happens that poverty, far from bringing contempt on a man in the East, seems even to be invested with a kind of majesty. All men, therefore, think that they have Nature's own right to marry; and few trouble themselves at all about the care of a family: the world is wide enough for everybody, they say.

The shah, however, is under some difficulty occasionally in finding a new wife. A shah sent to one of the great khans to propose for his daughter, a very beautiful woman. But her father begged that she might be excused so inconvenient an honor, for that when his majesty had enjoyed her society for a month he would probably forget all about her, and she must then, according to custom, remain in a state of widowhood for the rest of her life. A shah being an awful person in Persia, his

majesty is said to have expressed such resentment at being crossed in his caprice, that for a long time the khan did not dare to marry his daughter to any one.

There appears to be no such things as a *més-alliance* in Persia. One of the innumerable sons of Fat-ali Shah fell in love with a very old and ugly woman in humble life. The king tried to joke the young man out of this strange fancy. "Ah, sir," replied the prince, "if you could only see her with my eyes!" This vague answer of sententious Oriental flavor was considered to settle the affair completely, and to reply to all objections: which perhaps it did. Even the present king has illustrated the prevailing sentiment of his subjects very prettily. His queen and favorite wife, Geiran, or she-Antelope, was a peasant's daughter who attracted his majesty's eyes one day as he rode through a village, and whom he has loved ever since with an unchanging affection and most manly tenderness. His passion for her, appears to be the master feeling of his life. Once upon a great day, when her son was proclaimed heir apparent to the throne, and when all his womenkind appeared before him arrayed in their best apparel, his quick eye saw at once that she was not among them; turning coldly away from the rest, he asked, "Where is the Khanum?" No festival could be a festival without her, and there was no light for him in his palace or his court until she came.

Persians have not the same jealousy about their women as the Turks have. If you are really intimate with a man, he would be very likely to introduce you to his wife; and the anderoon is by no means closed like the harem.

The life of the anderoon is made up of domestic plots and quarrels, gossiping, visiting, smoking, bathing, and pulling about finery. It is chiefly governed by doctors and old women, who pretend to a knowledge of necromancy and magic, with the making of love philters. Fearful cruelties are said to be practised among the women, especially towards their servants; and it is to be more than suspected that the deep inner nature of the Persian khanum is that of the panther or the tigress. There are no fiercer viragoes in the world than some of these dyed and painted Orientals. An acquaintance of mine having lost a sum of money, suspected his Armenian housekeeper of having stolen it; he was im-

prudent enough to tell her so; and the next morning, as he was taking tea, he was disturbed by strange noises, which appeared to him to come from a room at the other side of the house. He went to see what was the matter there, and found that the Armenian woman, having discovered the real thief, had enticed him into a room with some of her female friends; they had then thrown him down upon the ground, gagged him, trussed him like a fowl with his legs and arms behind him, and had then proceeded to nip little pieces out of his body with red-hot pincers which they heated in a pan of charcoal. They were thus agreeably employed when my friend found them, and they would doubtless have extracted a confession of the robbery if they had not been interrupted.

The women's apartments are usually very dirty and slovenly, untidy, and out of order. Beautiful china, cut glass, gold trays, and jewelled pipes, everything to eat, everything to drink, the sweetmeats, the sherbets, the coffee, the tea, the fruit, are all equally and abominably dirty.

There is little furniture in the anderoons, except carpets and cushions and a great many looking-glasses of the very worst quality; but the walls and ceilings are usually painted very prettily, and have a gay and cheerful appearance. Still, carpets, curtains, cushions, shawls, and ladies, all reek with dirt. Even the use of tooth-brushes seems unknown, although the women over-eat themselves sadly with coarse kabobs and garlic.

There is great license in manners in Tehran; women of the highest rank pay visits to men without scruple, usually coming dressed like beggars, to avoid observation. The visits of ladies to each other are interminable. They call at seven or eight o'clock in the morning, and stop all day, smoking and eating and bragging about their clothes and their husbands.

Public scandals are rare. If a husband should be too inquisitive, he is apt to be poisoned; and if a lover should be indiscreet, he may chance to be short-lived. A great khan was stabbed by an unseen hand in broad daylight not long ago, at Tabreez, for boasting of a love affair.

Owing to the almost unrestrained liberty they enjoy, women mix themselves up with everything in Persia; nothing is done with-

out them; they have immense political influence, and they, with the wretched tribe of beldames and fortune-tellers who hang about the anderoons, overturn viziers and ministers at will.

Human life is held cheap in Persia, and the majesty of death has neither awe nor terrors there. A criminal who has been executed will be left a ghastly and fearful object in the market-place, for the dogs to gnaw at. My horse has often stumbled and shied at the uncanny thing; but the heedless crowd, any one of whom might be singled out in a minute for the same fate, pass by jesting or unconcerned.

As there is neither comfort, cleanliness, repose, nor attraction in Persian houses; as wives are neither companions nor friends, and the sweet ties of home are almost unknown; so there is little domestic affection. A good-natured old lady of two or three-and-twenty, once told me, with a sly look, "My husband would have divorced me long ago, but that I am such a good cook." "He likes *me* best," said a plump, little lady, proudly speaking of her position in the anderoon, to a lady of my acquaintance, "he likes me best, because I am fat and soft, like a feather-bed." So it happens that the connection between husbands and wives being of so light a kind, when a man falls into disgrace his wives and relatives take part against him, and their first concern is to ask for their dowry and divorce.

When a man dies, his widows go, according to an immemorial custom in the East, to his nearest relative, who is bound to support them. If they be young, he finds them new husbands; if old, food, raiment, and a home.

Besides the regular wives, there is a class of legalized concubines called "*Seegas*;" but the *seega* is merely looked upon as a servant, never eating or associating habitually with her master. These women, however, are said to be more faithful in misfortune than wives are. Their children, as well as natural children generally, inherit property just as if they had been born of wives.

I cannot close this paper upon Persian women without telling a true and pathetic story which seems to unsay much that I have written. It is indeed a bright and noble exception to the sad and general fact. The *ex-prime* minister of Persia was married to a

sister of the king. All accounts concur in representing the ameer as a man of a most princely and gallant presence. He was essentially a Persian minister, and most enlightened and patriotic in his endeavors to serve the country which he governed with almost unlimited power. His morals were stainless; his honor was untainted by suspicion. Magnanimous, uncorrupt, merciful, liberal, forgiving, history in vain looks for his parallel among the modern Persians. He made roads, he encouraged agriculture, he fostered trade, he suppressed the torture and cruel punishments, he erected hotels for travellers, and new bazaars. Fairly judged, he was, perhaps, the most remarkable Oriental ruler of his time.

But it was said that he had the love of state and splendor often noticeable in such men—the fondness for display which characterized Bacon, Wolsey, and Cardinal Richelieu. If the charge were true,—as perhaps it was,—it is still a question whether policy had not more to do with it than ostentation. For in many places in this world—and in Persia especially—it is necessary to govern a great deal by the eye; and a great man, to be duly respected, must carry his rank about with him. It was whispered that he went abroad with more magnificence than the king. A kitchen boy was then got to say that he had been bribed to poison meat for the royal table. So, in a day, the ameer was hurled from power, and became a fugitive and an outlaw.

By the intervention of the European embassies his life was spared for a time, but he

was ordered to leave the capital. His wife, as devoted as she was beautiful, good, and young, accompanied him. She never left him, by day or by night, always making a point of eating with him, for she knew they would not poison *her*. Still, for greater precaution, they lived chiefly upon boiled eggs. But his enemies feared him as long as he remained alive, and they determined to destroy him by stratagem. They sent one of those cunning old women who always do the mischief in Persia, and who decoyed the royal lady into the garden under pretence of seeing a messenger from the king. This messenger told her that her husband was pardoned, and that he was to go to the bath, where a robe of honor awaited him, and he would be re-invested with all his former dignities. She let him go. When in the bath, the chief executioner came to him. The ameer was a strong man, and the executioner was afraid. Perhaps, too, his conscience smote him, for he owed place and fortune to the fallen minister. But nothing is more remarkable in Persia than the despotic power of the king, and the abject slavishness with which his most cruel edicts will be executed. The ameer, being offered his choice of deaths, selected poison, and as it did not act quickly enough, veins were opened in his arms and thighs. As soon as he was dead, his wife was given in marriage to the son of his successor in office. But it is said that she was inconsolable, and that she never forgot the husband she had loved so well, and whom she had tried to save with devoted tenderness.

A PAPER by Mr. Alfred Smee, jun., read before the Royal Society, appears so far as can be judged at present, to have a bearing on physiological chemistry. In few words, the facts may be thus stated: Pass a stream of oxygen through a quantity of albumen, and portions of that albumen will be converted into fibrin. The albumen may be derived from the serum of blood, from eggs, or from the gluten of wheat; the result is the same—formation of fibrin. Taking the facts for granted, this is a very remarkable discovery; and it is thought that it may throw some light on the phenomena of fibrinous diseases—phthisis, peritonitis, and the like—which are obscure in their origin. If a small quantity of potash be mixed with the albumen, there is then no formation of fibrin. Is there any connection between this fact and the practice of exhibiting potash for the diseases above mentioned?

“PAINFULLY recollecting the very words that they spoke.”—*Emerson*.

He professes to despise the remembrance of the formula of a truth, or idea, which its first enunciators gave it. We prefer the maker's mark, the old wine in the old bottle. The second version is rarely so good as the first. An old idea modernized is like, if we may be excused the jingle,—

“A child changed at nurse
Very much for the worse.”

And whilst speaking of changelings, by the by, how often does our thought, which has pleased us to-day, look like a fairy-substituted elf to-morrow; or like the apple which the child in *Aristotle* puts into the closet, and, to his horror, finds half withered and decayed a day or two after!

From The Spectator, 28 March.

MR. BRIGHT AND THE TRADES' UNIONISTS.

THE "democratic idea," as Mr. Disraeli calls it, is a mere worry, a mystery, a riddle, to many large classes of Englishmen,—even to those who clearly understand and love freedom and national independence—but who think a good deal more of prompt government, strong government, intelligent government, in a word, *good* government, than they do of mere popular ideas. To such, and they are very numerous, both amongst our middle and higher classes, nothing could be more instructive than to attend the meeting at St. James's Hall on Thursday night, to watch its temper as Mr. Bright, with a master hand, struck the chords to which the warm but jealous imagination of physical labor passionately vibrates, to follow the thread of the thoughts of the various working men who best succeeded, sometimes in spite of many glaring deficiencies of education, in expressing the mind of the meeting,—to note the curious kind of tenderness with which the blunders and compromises of principle on the part of the American democracy were softened away,—the occasional symptoms of a preference for a basis of popular expediency rather than abstract right in political matters,—the extraordinary enthusiasm with which the mention of the name of the working man who presides over the Federal Government was uniformly received,—the passionate applause with which every mention of the merits of a republic, every depreciating expression towards privilege, aristocracy, or monarchy, was greeted. The meeting, in short, expressed more clearly than we have ever seen them expressed, the manly operatives' political taste and conscience, and shed a very strong light on the genius of what we may call the artisan type of democracy.

If Victor Hugo were trying to explain the temper of the meeting on Thursday night, he would say, as he says somewhere—we imagine less truly—of the French democrats, that the men who composed it had fallen in love with the idea of a people, and wished to merge the nation in the people, instead of the people in the nation. That, no doubt, sounds at first like a kind of metaphysical conundrum; but it might easily be illustrated in connection with Thursday night's meeting, so as to convey a very simple and intelligible

truth. The democracy of the meeting, like the democracy of its eloquent chairman, evidently ignored, disliked, and wished to remove all those distinctions of class and class, that natural hierarchy of social strata rising one above the other to a single point; and loved to see in its place, as they almost do in America, and in many of our colonies, men standing all on the same level, with nothing above them but the invisible God. Society, as it has politically grown up in old Europe, is constructed like a cone tapering to a point; society, so far as it is as yet politically born in America,—or, as we should say, only in embryo, and not yet fully born into political life at all,—is a swaying mass of people on a vast plain. But there is something in this which touches the imagination of Mr. Bright, and of the English artisans, as far grander than the many members linked together by natural laws of subordination and co-operation under one head, which constitute the type of political life in our European nations. Mr. Bright, indeed, probably differs from the artisans in one feeling, and in one alone. *They* would wish to see even wealth as much as possible thus equally portioned out. He prefers to see wealth accumulating—as, when left to itself, it always will accumulate—in unequal masses, thus giving rise to some of the greatest variations in the surface of our society.

The tendency of which we have spoken showed itself in two ways—a very bitter feeling against class privileges, which is not in itself at all unnatural, when our higher classes show, as they have done recently on the American question, that the fire of their love for human freedom burns so very dimly, if it is not extinguished, in their breasts; and, what was more remarkable, in a positive sympathy with the headless, groping, blundering sort of fashion in which the Federal democracy has done its work. One man called Mr. Lincoln a Colossus, which certainly can only have had reference to his physical stature. And all of them, from Mr. Bright downwards, not simply excused, but we may almost say seemed to admire, the hesitating tentative fashion in which the Government has "sounded on its dim and perilous way," trying to make its policy at each moment represent the average level of moral conviction in the people whom it rules. No doubt it was felt as representative of that executive

supremacy of the masses which the middle classes of England, on the whole, dread, and the more manly and intelligent operatives so anxiously wish for. We think it was Mr. Cremer, a joiner, and a very clever speaker, who in the same speech exhorted the North never to give in till they had conquered, and remarked that, if it was true, as was said, that the North could never be a great military power, it was so much the better for the North, since we all knew that standing armies are used to crush the liberties of the masses. That exactly expresses the temper of the meeting, which sympathized heartily with what we may call the executive incompetence of the North, the helpless compromising policy which tries in vain to balance between the opposite wishes of opposite popular parties, and yet desired to see it triumph in spite of that incompetence. There was but one speaker, — and he an Irish mason, whose brogue, *naïveté*, and wit very justly delighted his audience, — who had a clear sense of the enormous advantages which an aristocratic executive has over a democratic. He proclaimed to his fellow-laborers that the South had all the elements of vast military success, and that, should it triumph, Lord Russell would soon find reason to fear for the West India Islands, and before long for the naval supremacy of England. But in general, while the meeting felt clearly the compliment to the masses implied in Mr. Lincoln's groping policy, they had no corresponding sense of the efficiency and point given to political principles, whether evil or good, by that aristocratic form of organization which great differences of social level imply. They so much preferred a headless democracy, that they could not clearly see its weakness, though they had to excuse its results. This causes the great gulf between the middle and the working classes of England. The middle classes think most of a good executive, of clear aims, of prudent counsels, and prefer the aristocratic organization of England, because it brings, on the whole, breadth of view, culture of imagination, and prudence of aim, to the top. The working classes care little for the mere executive administration, much for the sense of equality, and the erasure of the sometimes apparently, sometimes really, unjust distinctions between man and man; they would be better content with an incoherent government on a wide popular

basis than with the best that ever ruled, if it had been filtered through the various strata of modern English society.

The main conclusion which the meeting forced upon us was this — that unless the higher classes of England take more pains than they now do to learn the first principles of liberty from the lower — unless we can see the thinking mind of England coming into truer relations with the popular heart, the constitution of England will not very long resist the pressure which such men as these can bring to bear against it. Truly did Mr. Bright say, in the striking peroration of his democratic speech, "Impartial history will tell that when your statesmen were hostile or coldly neutral, — when many of your rich men were corrupt, — when your press, which ought to have instructed and defended, has been mainly written to betray, the fate of the American Continent and its vast populations being imperilled, you cling to freedom with an unfaltering trust that God, in his mercy, will yet make it the heritage of all his children." We do not share his wish, and that of the Trades' Unionists, to see a democracy take the place of our present constitution, because we believe that a far truer freedom and higher kind of liberty may be secured under it than can ever be secured under any mere democracy; but should that hope be falsified by the coldness of our higher classes to the noblest popular instincts, we could even welcome in England such a clumsy and helpless democracy as the North now presents, rather than put such a powerful and keen instrument of evil into the hands of oligarchic passion, as is now wielded by the slave-owners of the South.

From The Spectator, 28 March.

THE HOPES OF POLAND.

ANTHROPOMORPHISM is not an error confined to theologians. Six weeks ago the majority of English politicians had not heard the name of General Langiewicz. Even now, all they know of him is that he, a light-haired soldier physician of thirty, Pole by race and Prussian by legal designation, had raised a small army of Poles, defeated the Russian troops in two or three well-managed skirmishes, and proclaimed himself, or been proclaimed, *ad interim* Dictator of Poland. And yet, because this almost unknown man has

been defeated, driven across the Austrian border, and compelled to surrender to Austrian hussars, half England believes that the cause to which an entire nation has for a century devoted all it possesses of great, or noble, or patriotic, has been extinguished by his arrest. The tendency to personify a cause in a man is irresistible, and Poland, which once was Kosciusko, is now, forsooth! Langiewicz. The Central Committee, which for five years has controlled the underground government with unrivalled secrecy, decision, and self-restraint, is lost sight of in an hour, and men who honestly sympathize with the cause, who are raising funds and equipping steamers, and sending volunteers to the scene, are, because a single leader has fallen, ready to wail in chorus "*Finis Poloniae*." It is too bad, would be bad, were Langiewicz the Bruce of Poland—the one name under which jarring parties could unite to strive for their independence, the one man who, while he could rouse the peasant, would be obeyed by the Douglas; but being what he was, an able but headstrong partisan leader, the sudden cry of despair is not creditable to English political acumen. Fortunately, England had not promised active assistance, or this sudden access of anthropomorphism might have brought us to shame before all Europe. The Poles are still fighting alone, and as they are well aware that their cause depends on no Polish life, the insurrection will still advance, and leave time for the first panic to subside among its sympathizers.

It is hard, amid the deluge of conflicting statements, of barbarous names and facts deliberately misrepresented, to discover the circumstances under which Langiewicz felt himself on the 20th instant compelled to surrender. The following statement seems, however, to account most perfectly for the facts. It would appear that Langiewicz, if not the nominee, was the adopted leader of the more moderate, and therefore aristocratic party. This does not mean in Poland precisely what it would mean in the west; but rather the party opposed, as Count Zamoyski expressed himself at Manchester, to foreign interference, to too sudden a division of the land, and to a final and irremediable breach with the rest of the Slavic races. The Central Committee had appointed General Mieroslawski dictator; but before his arrival Langiewicz, finding himself at the head of the most considerable

force in the kingdom, penetrated with the ideas which led him to reject the aid of Garibaldi, and perhaps a little elated by the national hope in his career, signified to the committee his intention of assuming supreme power. With a rare and generous self-command, more full of hope for Poland than any incident which has yet occurred, the committee waived their undoubted claim to speak in the name of the nation, accepted their general's self-nomination, and, it is to be conjectured, requested Mieroslawski to retire. That leader obeyed in silence, so long as silence was of value, and retired to Paris, whence he has issued his subsequent explanation. The field was clear to Langiewicz; but his elevation had made him the centre of all Russian, as well as all Polish, regard. He was attacked by a small but well-equipped column of some three thousand men, and his followers, badly provisioned, as Poles affirm, or, according to the doubtful German accounts, disheartened by a dictatorship which threatened the Democrats, were, after two victories, finally defeated. Langiewicz hoped to cross Galicia; but he was recognized, arrested, and ordered by the Government to reside under surveillance, but not in confinement, in some Austrian city, most probably in Prague. The sudden flight was possibly caused in the first instance by his certainty of defeat in the field, but was, more probably, accelerated by unpopularity at Warsaw. Had he triumphed, he would have been supported to the end, for the Poles, with all their party divisions, will pardon all things to the Pole who leads them to victory; but defeated, he knew that the committee would withdraw its imperfect confidence, and that departure was for him the readiest method of resignation.

Fortunately, the vivid alarm felt in England and France was not experienced in Poland. Everything, indeed, must have combined at that moment to restore confidence to the leaders of the movement in Warsaw. They, to begin with, were not arrested—the most startling fact for despotism presented in modern Europe. One can comprehend a somewhat similar phenomenon in Rome, for the Papal power, worrying as it is, is always more or less unreal, and Rome, by nature a national capital, may have nationalists among the men whom cardinals trust. If the National Committee is composed of priests, and nuns hide the national press, as has once or

twice been rumored, even the detectives of the Vatican may well be at fault. But in Warsaw, the Russians are absolute, and are diligently served. Anybody can be executed without reason assigned, all Warsaw was but the other day threatened with proscription, and among the higher officials treason is nearly impossible: the secret must be known to scores, and yet so sure as the Archduke issues an order, so surely does the underground government prohibit obedience, with an effect which the Government can only regard with a despairing spite. In the city itself the Administration, apparently afraid of driving the citizens to despair by an attack, is allowing the Government to crumble to pieces. All Polish officials resign,—and the minor authorities, the bones and sinews of the *corps administratif*, are chiefly Poles;—recruiting for the national army goes on unchecked, and all students have fled the university to slay the gentle race who compel them to learn that their fathers of 1830 were a “light-headed people.” In the country itself the guerilla bands are as formidable as ever, and are advancing nearer and nearer to Warsaw. Praga is reported to have been attacked, and in every minor contest of the past week the Russians have been defeated. In Lithuania the insurgents round Wilna appear, in spite of an official denial, to have defeated a body of Guards, the only *corps d’élite* Russia possesses, and the czar has been compelled in sheer self-defence to recede from his policy, and sanction in that province “for local reasons” the plan of emancipation prepared by Count Zamoy-ski, proposed by the Agricultural Society, and rejected by the man who now hurls it as a weapon against its framer. The peasants are made freeholders, subject only to a quit-rent to Government, which quit-rent the central authority will make over to the *noblesse*. The significance of this act must not be forgotten. It is the very compromise desired in Russia itself, and which the imperial family have hitherto seemed resolved to refuse, as investing the czar with the unpopularity of the grand collector of rent. Finally, far away to the south, the telegraph informs us that two Polish legions are marching towards Poland through Bessarabia, a statement which, if correct, shows either that the Polish troops are in revolt, or that the exiles in the south-east of Europe are swarming homeward in arms. All these facts must have been well known to the Committee which re-

ceives information from a nation, and may well have appeared to them to supply an adequate set-off to the disaster in the south-east. Radom was lost and Sandomir, while the Russian troops remained; but the troops could not remain long, and, at the worst, those two palatinates were not Poland. They resumed their authority, General Wysocki regained his old prominence as the first general of the revolt, and the insurrection has all the leadership and guidance that it has ever had.

Abroad the prospect is not cheering; but there is not yet room for despair. It must not be forgotten that overt aid from abroad, however valuable, is not proved to be a *sine qua non*. The Poles are not now striving with the irresistible force of the Russian nation, but with a weakened Russian army, which they need only arms to defeat. They may get arms; a Czartoryski is reported from many quarters to be in Sweden with that end, and he may be using French gold. Those who affirm that he cannot introduce the arms forget the length of the old Polish coast, the difficulty of watching all points against desperate men, and the impossibility, under any circumstances whatsoever, of keeping Russian officials honest. The men who sold their soldiers’ great-coats during the Crimean war, will sell also passes protecting “coffins” from examination. Overt aid, however, is not the mere dream it suits some journals to affirm. The Austrian Government has declined all formal proposals; but in every account yet received that Government is described as an unwilling agent in the capture of Langiewicz, and as treating Polish refugees with a kindness at which Hungarians must sorrowfully wonder. The situation remains, in reality, unaffected by the many documents published during the week. The Emperor of the French is still almost visibly making up his mind. True the *Moniteur* publishes an autograph letter to M. Billault, thanking him for the accurate impression he has given of the imperial views, and that is accepted as conclusive against any idea of assistance. But then imperial views change fast. Two influences out of the three which observers say are alone permanent in the emperor’s mind—his sympathy with nationalities, and his desire to be always in accord with the silent millions of France, are working steadily together in favor of action for Poland. The difficulties in the road are tremendous; but

the prize, if the game were won, is so illimitably great; and the man, adventurer, prisoner, emperor, and conqueror in two grand campaigns, is at heart a gambler still. He may shrink from playing so great a stake; but had he resolved on his course, priests would not be urging France to war, or Parisian artisans offering "demonstrations" with impunity in honor of Prince Napoleon, or French papers be publishing day by day the worst atrocities Cossacks can commit, or the men who remember a Cossack invasion can invent. Is France free, that Frenchmen can so freely strive to excite her to a course which the emperor does not approve?

. From The London Review, 28 March.

POLAND AND THE WESTERN POWERS.

M. BILLAULT's speech upon the Polish question deserves the appreciation of Europe; for it is one of the most masterly expositions of the imperial policy yet given to the world. The line of conduct sketched out by the minister for his imperial master is a sound and stable one. Prince Napoleon had represented with great oratorical ability the sentiments and wishes of democratic France. The emperor stands in a peculiar relation to democratic France. The triumph of France and of her opinions shall be assured, but not by the hasty and feverish expedient of a desperate war from which all Europe, except France, is to stand aloof. For a single day Prince Napoleon took Paris by storm, and confounded the Bench of Ministers themselves. In the morning M. Billault returned with confidence to the charge, re-inspired with courage by the reflections of the intervening night, and perhaps by direct communications held with his sovereign. The Emperor of France shares all the sympathy which is felt by the French people for Poland. But are we, he asks, not unnaturally, by the mouth of M. Billault, to fling ourselves singly upon Russia, and by a one-handed enterprise to excite the envy, the jealousy, and the suspicion, of the united Continent? Not such is the lesson which the imperial student of the Tuileries has learnt from the history of the First Empire or even from the experience of the last ten years. At the head of Europe, and supported by the public opinion of Europe, France is all powerful. But single-handed wars in the

teeth of European opinion, brought France to Waterloo. As the apostle of a great movement a Napoleon is irresistible. As a solitary and suspected missionary no Napoleon is secure. Such is the view of the monarch who holds in his hand the destinies of the French Empire and the peace of Europe. He is ready to act with Europe in favor of the Poles. But if England and Austria decide upon inaction, nothing is left for the French nation but inaction too. It will be for those who steer the helm of empire to watch and bide their time, to neglect no opportunities, to make the most of chances, and to endeavor to secure by moral power and influence those salutary changes in the state of Europe which at present cannot safely be brought about by French bayonets.

There can be no reasonable doubt but that it is the English Foreign Office which has prevented active interposition in favor of the Poles. It would have been a piece of political Don Quixotism if the Cabinet of the Tuileries had broken with Russia only to awaken on this side of the Channel the same murmurs of dissatisfaction and suspicion that made themselves heard at the beginning of the Lombardy campaign. Not much Liberal sympathy could have been expected to grow upon the borders of the Austrian Dead Sea. Prussia has already pronounced for despotism; and Napoleon III. might have suddenly found himself face to face with an armed reactionary coalition. There is enough in the prospect to bid the most revolutionary dreamer pause. The emperor has paused accordingly, and he has very fairly published his reasons to the Continent. It was his clear duty to France to engage in nothing singly. England, it seems, on the other hand, was determined to venture nothing—not even diplomatic remonstrance—in common. It will be for the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston to explain their reasons for the policy they have chosen to adopt. Once more the line this country has been compelled by her Government to take seems *primâ facie* to justify the ill-natured criticisms of the Liberals of other countries. A considerable crisis has occurred at which an unhappy and miserably oppressed race is found struggling for existence against a semi-barbarous and despotic power. Proposals are made to the English Foreign Office for a joint action in the matter, in concert with the other leading

Powers. These proposals Lord Russell has declined. He probably was of opinion that, at a great European crisis, the great thing for him to do was to write a letter. The noble lord is a fluent and a pertinacious correspondent, and by this time he has probably covered reams of paper upon the Polish question. Every English envoy, both in the Old and New World, down to the Secretary of Legation at Japan, has doubtless been gradually informed of what Lord Russell does think and what he does not think about Poland, and is undergoing the usual amount of instruction about all the various treaties on the subject of the Poles for the last hundred years. During the past month all the clerks of the Foreign Office have been working double time at the history of the Poles. Nothing is to be seen in that diligent department but maps, and indexes, and documents. Five or six of the ablest young noblemen, whose business has been to analyze everything they can lay their hands on, have almost written themselves away. Lord Russell himself never lays aside his pen except to look out a word in a dictionary; and whatever becomes of the Polish revolution it will be handed down to posterity with a careful and complete correspondence touching on everything that has happened, either at St. Petersburg or at Warsaw, since the era of Stanislaus. The spirit of autobiography and of historical research is making tremendous play in Downing Street.

We do not say that England ought to go to war for Poland, far less to push the French Emperor towards war. But certainly it lies upon Lord Russell to show why England, under his direction, has refused to act in diplomatic conjunction with France. The ways of the English Foreign Office are dark, and it may be that Lord Russell has hidden grounds for holding back. Unless he explains them satisfactorily the double responsibility will rest upon his head, of exposing us to the certain reproach of selfishness and sluggishness, and of gravely disappointing the friends of liberty all over the world. English hearths and homes are too dear to us for us to desire to see England wrapped in the flames of a great war. As yet there has been no question of war, nor can we believe that no alternative presents itself to us except either a desperate war, or, on the other hand, a sullen attitude of isolation on the

Polish question towards France and the rest of Europe. Isolation Lord Russell seems to choose, and isolation England will probably find her portion when she least wants it. It is this policy of isolation on our part which has before now left Europe exposed to the dangers of war and revolution. We protest against it most solemnly and with all our strength. England does not wish for foreign enmities. But when the interests of civilization are at stake, and there is a question of a simultaneous expression of opinion on the part of liberal Europe, to take refuge in political isolation, as the only means of keeping safely out of trouble, is a policy that can only be excused by grave and indisputable necessity.

As for the Polish revolution, it seems that it is destined to run its course. The rival claims of Langiewicz and of General Mieroslawski to the dictatorship point to an old and incurable Polish disease, namely, that of internal civic jealousy. Whatever the cause, the effect must be to dishearten the national forces. In time, it is more than probable that a bloody and cruel order will again reign at Warsaw. Poland will have to return to her chain; and the savage soldiery that now can scarcely make head against the Polish scythemen will be permitted to revenge themselves for their many defeats upon the unarmed women and children of Poland. It is a sad fate; but the Poles, while they undergo their destiny, will have the glorious consolation of reflecting that nothing has tempted England and France to break through the golden law of non-intervention. The women and children, too, while they are being tortured, will be able to bless Heaven that at last the great principle of non-intervention is safe. Let us hope they will appreciate the privilege of martyrdom in such a cause. To every generous mind in this country it will be a pain and a grief to look on while these things are being done. We are told it is a necessity to remain inactive; but at least we may be allowed to say that it is a sad necessity, Englishmen will not be the better pleased with a European *status quo* which leads to such miserable results, or with a foreign policy of which the necessities are so deplorable. The world is out of joint; and it is at best a meagre satisfaction to be able to think with Lord Palmerston that we are not born to set it right.

From The Spectator.

PENNY NOVELS.

NOVEL writing has long been a profitable occupation, but it is only in quite recent times that it has been found to offer a respectable fortune to persons of very ordinary powers, and at the expense of very little pains. Prospecting over the field of fiction is a better speculation than going to British Columbia, for here the nuggets lie on the surface. This arises from the rapid multiplication of periodicals intended chiefly for the lower classes, whose taste in fiction is still of a primitive kind. All these journals depend for existence upon stories in which constant and unbroken excitement, produced very often by the rudest machinery, must be the main element. There is more profit than honor in producing these peculiar works, but this very fact naturally attracts many persons to the task. It would be a sad case if there were no writers left who cared more for substantial fame than for present rewards, but it is plainly the truth that the larger number are constrained to defer working for fame and honor till that hazy future day, which in most cases never arrives. This is the motive power of all the various "sensations" which furnish the staple of public amusement at the present day. If a man undertakes a history, he must be content to work hard for years without looking for gain. To some, happily, this is an immaterial consideration, but the majority of laborers must work in vineyards where they are paid at the close of the day. A writer in one of the penny journals is said to have been paid £25 a week for three or four pages of a continuous story. It is no uncommon thing for a tale to run through fifty-two numbers,—which would be at the rate of £1,300 for a novel—certainly not a bad price, considering that these works are not heard of beyond the circle of readers for whom they are originally produced. It would be difficult to point out any other department of literature which holds out so good a prospect, with so great a degree of certainty. Journalism is said—particularly by those who have never tried it—to be a sure road to wealth, but it at least involves much harder work than the popular fiction-writer is called upon to perform. The staff of one or two of the leading chief miscellanies is not without men of some little repute in the world of authorship, and the principal

story at present running in one of the half-penny journals is understood to be by a novelist whose successes are just now the talk of the town.

The common opinion of tales of this kind is that they are disreputable, if not immoral, in tone, and that they foster a depraved taste in the poor. The first objection is entirely baseless, as any one may perceive who takes the trouble to read the cheap publications; the second is founded on a total misapprehension of the relation which exists between writer and reader. The author who addresses the educated classes has a wide latitude allowed him. He may choose his own subject, and adopt his own mode of treatment. But the poor are arbitrary, and will have exactly what they wish for. The demand is for an article of a certain pattern and quality, and if something of a superior kind is attempted to be substituted, the buyer very soon goes to another manufactory for what he requires. "Elevate the taste of your readers—try them with something better than they have been used to." It is excellent advice, but it would seem that the lower classes do not want, and will not have, their tastes elevated in this particular direction. The experiment has been thoroughly tried, at great cost, and with notable results. The best and foremost of these miscellanies, the *London Journal*, once discarded its usual writers, and Sir Walter Scott's novels—at that time not attainable in a cheap form—took the place of the true popular fiction. Living writers of considerable reputation contributed original stories, and a great deal of money was spent in the attempt to make this new and very superior article stand upon its legs. The experiment was a hopeless, and almost disastrous, failure. Sir Walter Scott and the other great men elevated the journal so high, that the atmosphere was soon found to be too rare, and asphyxia might have followed if it had not been dragged down to earth again. It is the first essential of really popular fictions that they should not be of too high a standard. The conditions of the work are clear enough, and of course no one need undertake it who feels that his soul is a great way above it. The man who began a novel for one of these miscellanies on true artistic principles, and seeking to delineate character naturally, would probably in a week or two be waited upon by an anxious deputation of proprietors and publishers,

begging him to throw in more "sensation." If he persevered in his æsthetic tastes, he might receive a polite note, requesting him to continue his enlightened labors elsewhere. In that case he would be very likely to sacrifice his taste to his convenience.

Considerable ingenuity and tact are usually shown in the development of these peculiar stories. Many points that the three-volume novelist is obliged to study can very safely be disregarded. Attention to artistic uniformity, fidelity of description, or a regard to probabilities would be labor and time thrown away. But the plot must be exciting. Some of the principal characters should be persons in high life, and there must always be a poor young man or girl in the story, to step in between an unscrupulous lord and his schemes, and to utterly baffle and confound him at every turn. Servants—ladies' maids especially—must be on terms of familiarity with their mistresses, the depositaries of their most dangerous secrets, and the chief sharers of their confidence. The lady, who is the author of a story called the "Woman in Black," pays great attention to this most needful point, as in the following passage:—

"Lady Windermere was standing at the dressing-room window, watching the night breeze. . . . She listened very attentively to Daisy's account of all that had transpired in the kitchen.

"'Gone!' she murmured, almost with the desolation of Evangeline, in Longfellow's exquisite poem, when she discovers the departure of her lover, and says, 'Gone! is Gabriel gone?'

"'Alas! my lady,' said Daisy, 'he is indeed gone, and that twining serpent of a T. is gone with him. What shall we do?'

"'We must go too, Daisy,' said the marchioness; 'I think I know to whose house they are gone at Brighton, Daisy; I believe it is to Lady Mackenzie's, and the only thing I can do is to follow as soon as possible.'

"'Oh! but, my lady, how can you manage that? Will you not be recognized?'

"'No, not if I travel at night, closely veiled, and in this black hood and mantle.'

"'But, my lady, when you get to Brighton, what can you do there?'

And so on. It is no unusual thing to find the lady of title in these stories consulting her maid as to her future husband. The poor man must always get the better of the rich, and if the hero of the story is very poor, and falls in love with a peeress and

marries her, in defiance of natural obstacles, the tale is sure of a good run. No doubt these representations of high life are, to the last degree, absurd and ridiculous; but suppose the readers are satisfied with the false, and would not be satisfied with the true? If a man prefer a brass chain, it would be hard to insist upon his wearing a gold one. In the love scenes, again, there is great room for the imaginative powers. Mr. Trollope's delicate pencillings of young lovers would be laughed at as caricatures. In these stories, lovers' oaths must be something like oaths—strong, passionate, and fiery, and going to the very verge of bad language; their dialogues must end with the lady in an ecstasy of tears, and the gentleman in a paroxysm of emotion, calling heaven and earth and all the powers to witness that he will be true to death. If they part, it must be with speeches so moving as to bring to the tender reader the luxury of crying. 'If the lady can conveniently be left reclining in the arms of her maid in a fit, and the gentleman wiping the heavy drops of agony from his manly and distracted brow, so much the better will be the effect. The ancient form of "proposing" on one's knees is still strictly adhered to, and the lover never forgets to bedew the lady's hand with briny tears, and afterwards to cover it with burning kisses. Tears are always "briny," and kisses always "burning" in these fictions—the one pleasantly counteracting the other. The presence of a rival is of great use as we may see in the following passage:—

"Ellen trembled; she feared this coarse villain, in spite of her protector.

"'I have told you again and again, Hugh Rowley, I never can be yours,' she said, in a low voice. 'Why renew such a discussion now?'

"'Because the case is different,' he cried, savagely.

"'Nothing is altered. I hate you as much as ever,' returned Ellen.

"'S'death! girl, don't provoke,' he exclaimed, seizing her by the wrist, and looking into her face menacingly. 'I tell you the case is different. When I asked you before, my wife lived; she is dead now.'

"Ellen shuddered as the cold-blooded villain uttered these words, with a tone of savage joy.

"'Yes, dead,' he continued; 'and I can prove it. She no longer stands in the way. Besides, I have you now in my power.'

“‘How?’

“‘If you resist me, your lover dies,’ he muttered in her ear.”

To vary these scenes there should have been a murder committed at some stage or other of the story, or, at the very least, a fair prospect of one must always be held out. Nothing can be finer than the way in which a trifle of this kind is worked up in a story before us:—

“He lay a moment, stiff and motionless with horror, conscious of a faint, quivering motion in the bed above, and a faint, trickling noise, which might have been the dead man’s blood slowly creeping through the saturated bedding, and dropping on to the floor. It was the horrible fancy that he felt the sickening fluid hot upon his back that aroused him from his torpor, and scrambling to his feet, he rushed to the window and looked out.”

Looked out upon “to be continued next week,” which here falls in very appositely. It rather adds to the enjoyment of the reader to be disappointed in this way. Not long ago, it happened that a writer of a sanguine turn, and filled with high aspirations, began a story of a tamer kind, and the publication in which it appeared suffered rather severely. Thereupon (after a respectful but earnest deputation), a convict was despatched on a roving commission through the tale, always seeming to be on the eve of slaying a prominent character. The story was successful almost immediately.

The art of concluding each number with a special “sensation” is perhaps the most difficult, but at the same time the most necessary of all, in writing popular fictions. There have been many burlesques of these stories, but none of them are half so amusing as the originals. From half a dozen before us we may select fair examples of the kind of termination that is looked for to each week’s part. In the following, taken from the “Poor Girl,” the wife is speaking to her husband:—

“‘My lord, you have your secrets.’

“‘He was almost suffocated in the attempt to ejaculate. He tried to appear calm and cold. He waved his hand, as though he considered the proposition puerile.

“‘Well!’ he exclaimed.

“‘And you have one in this house,’ she continued, with a very peculiar and pointed emphasis.

“‘He gazed at her searchingly, wonderingly, but his lips moved mechanically, and he ejaculated,—

“‘Well, madam!’

“‘We stand, then, my lord, for the present, on the same ground,’ she rejoined, in a voice which thrilled him. ‘I have *my* secrets. I, TOO, HAVE ONE IN THIS HOUSE!’

“‘As she uttered those words, with a shrillness that seemed to pierce his brain as though each word was a heated barb, she glided from the room, leaving him transfixed with bewildering, torturing amazement.”

The physical effect upon the nerves of a sudden shock is ordinarily very astounding. Thus, above, we have the marquis almost suffocated, and with the feeling as of a heated barb in his brain—which, though hard to imagine, must doubtless be a very terrible sensation. Immediately before, however, we are told that “his blood almost froze in his veins,” so that the heated barb might have worked nothing more than an agreeable change of temperature. Afterwards, we behold him tossing on the ground with all the wildness and frenzy of a maniac. Then, again, we find him thus:—

“‘At length, maddened by the thoughts which whirled successively through his brain, scorching and blistering it with the images they conveyed, he turned round, and advanced upon her with glaring eyes, and foaming at the mouth like a tiger.

“‘Woman!’ he said, as the white froth bubbled on his lips; ‘when I first saw you, I believed that your—that your—past history—’

“‘She turned upon him like lightning, and, with her finger pointed menacingly at him, she exclaimed, in a clear, firm, determined voice—”

“‘To be continued next week,” or something to the same effect. Here is another good ending to a number:—

“‘But they had not done with him yet.

“‘There was a flash, a loud report, a cry of pain, and then again all was as silent as the grave.”

Thus the reader is left for a whole week to conjecture which of the characters is disposed of. Take another example:—

“‘Human nature could bear these taunting words no longer.

“‘Perish, then!’ cried George Robertson, as he drew a pistol from his belt and fired at the hag,—‘perish, witch! and, ill-

omened 'witch that you are, never more shall your screech-owl voice vex mortal ear!'

"With a scream that mingled with the report of the pistol, she fell backwards from the rock."

Sometimes a good "sentiment" answers as well as the tragic element, as in the following passage from the "Factory Girl":—

"Presently Lady Olympia's alabaster arms fell loosely from Dora's neck. The emotion had been too powerful for her, and she had fainted.

"'Dear me, how unfortunate!' cried the Countess of Luxborough, as she hurried to her niece's assistance. 'This is one of the results of my poor sister's foolish whims. What a disgraceful scene, to be sure! and how unlucky that Olympia should insist upon keeping up such a low acquaintance!'

"'Pardon me, Lady Luxborough,' said John Faversham, advancing from amidst a group of factory people, 'pardon me, if I venture to contradict your ladyship. The acquaintance of Dora Morton can never bring any disgrace to your niece. If Lady Olympia were the Queen of England, the friendship of a pure and virtuous girl would bring no discredit upon her.'"

Occasionally the writers introduce reflections which are not quite so impressive as the love and murder scenes. One gentleman calls his reader's attention to the following facts:—

"In honest minds a sparkling glass of good wine, or even spirits, will, warming the heart, produce cheerfulness and excite genial thoughts; the most pious divines have felt its pleasant influence, while even an excess of liquor will scarcely ever impel a man of mind or native goodness to any very glaring act. The weak it makes weaker and more foolish; but its fearful influence is chiefly seen upon the naturally wicked."

Another observes in a more pathetic vein:—

"We live in a very wicked world, everybody knows that, and all we can hope is, that when it is broken up, things may be mended."

As a touch of description take the following, by the author of the reflection just quoted:—

"Roll went the thunder until the ruins shook, threatening to bury them in bricks and mortar every moment. Flash upon flash of lightning lit up the whole interior of the place, and the terrified upturned faces of the doctor and his fair friend, both of them with spectacles on, which must have given them

a very comical appearance to the Spirit of the Storm, as it rode on a thunderbolt over their heads."

These extracts, taken from stories now in course of publication, are sufficient to show that an ill-educated man, of somewhat coarse tastes, and with the wildest possible notions of the life and manners of persons above him in station, has peculiar qualifications for pleasing the readers of cheap miscellanies. The chief thing to satisfy is the natural craving of the uneducated for exaggerated representations of "high life," and their almost barbaric taste for tragical incidents. They like to be taken amid scenes which are wholly different from those which they encounter in their own daily experience. The poor factory girl likes to withdraw in her dinner hour to the saloons of the great, as they are supposed to be by persons whose acquaintance does not reach higher than the footman, and to read of ladies who habitually make their purchases on the following principle:—

"She sent one of the waiters out for a trifling article, and gave him a five-pound note to pay for it."

There is something fascinating to her in the notion that lords occasionally go round workshops and mills to pick out a wife, laden with jewels and gold to bestow on the object of their choice. Even when their own class is delineated, they expect something different to the men and women whom they actually meet. The authoress of the "Woman in Black" understands this, as we shall see in the following passage:—

"Suddenly to this corner came a man, who was hurrying along, singing 'Sally in our Alley,' when, perceiving the outline of a form leaning against a tree, he raised his lantern, which threw a strong light on the face of Belinda, and crying out,—

"'Oh, Gor!—oh, my! The Woman in Black!—my lady's ghost! Lord have mercy upon me!'

"He turned round, took to his heels, and never once stopped to look behind him till he found himself at the door of his mother's cottage, and heard, in answer to his terrified and reiterated knocks,—

"'I'm a comin'!—I'm a comin'! Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Stephen, to get your poor mother out of her warm bed at this time o'night to let you in, when you've been coorting that minx of a Kitty Scrubb?'

"'O mother, let me in, for mercy's sake!'

cried Stephen. "I've seen a ghost!—I've seen the Woman in Black! I've seen my lady's spirit, and for all I know, she be a'ter me this blessed moment to do me a mischief." "

All this is supremely childish ; but so are the tastes which the writers seek to gratify. They write down to the level of the understandings of their readers, and there is this excuse for them, that if they must write at all, there is no other course open to them. Their works are, at least, free from a demoralizing tendency. The worst of them contrast advantageously with the popular order of French fiction, and it may be found that practically, the readers not being in the habit of reflecting on what they read, no abiding impression is produced on their minds by romantic and grotesque representations of love and marriage, and of human life in all its forms. It would, perhaps, be hard to deny

hard-working men and women the pleasure they derive in their leisure hours from reading stories which are too highly flavored to suit a cultivated taste, but which contain nothing destructive of morals. They at least furnish amusement to thousands of the working classes, and serve to divert their minds from the deadening influences of monotonous toil ; in short, they find there the exact kind of recreation they seek. The poor will enjoy themselves in their own way. We should be glad to see these stories assume a higher standard—we could wish that the working classes would read "Orley Farm" and the "New-comers," instead of the "Blood-stained Hand," or, the "Threefold Murder ;" but we are afraid that it would be impossible to force them into a relish for the dainties which are the delights of finer palates. At any rate, it requires a man of very rare ability to attempt the work of reforming their tastes.

It has long been an object with scientific inquirers to reduce the weight of the philosophical instruments which they have to employ. Especially is this the case with magnetical and astronomical instruments used in the triangulation of a country for a survey, or the highly important operation of measuring an arc of the meridian. Aluminum bronze supplies the long-sought desideratum. This metal is produced from a mixture of ten per cent. of aluminum with pure copper ; and a most remarkable metal it is. Good gun-metal will break with a strain of 35,000 lbs. to the square inch ; aluminum bronze requires 73,000 lbs. to the square inch to break it. It resists compression equally well ; it is malleable when heated ; can be easily cast, and behaves well under the file. "It does not clog the file," says Colonel Strange, in a communication to the Astronomical Society ; "and in the lathe and planing-machine, the tool removes long elastic shavings, leaving a fine bright smooth surface." Moreover, "it can be worked with much less difficulty than steel ; and we should think that screws made of it would—notwithstanding the original great cost of the metal—prove in the end less expensive than screws made of steel." There are still other advantages ; aluminum bronze oxidizes in a very slight degree, and it is less affected by changes of temperature than either gun metal or brass. This latter quality is especially important in instruments used for surveying in the tropics, as expansion by heat would very much impair their accuracy. We understand that a theodolite of aluminum bronze is about to be constructed for use in the great survey of India ; and although fittings and appliances, not

hitherto used, are to be added, it will be lighter in weight than any other instrument of the kind as yet employed. Excellence of quality is, however, only to be insured by using the purest of copper. The best is that deposited by electricity ; the next best is the copper brought from Lake Superior. Aluminum bronze composed of ninety per cent. of copper and ten per cent. of aluminum, is at present worth six shillings and sixpence the pound. The only place in England where aluminum is extracted, or manufactured, is at the works of Messrs. Bell, Brothers, Newcastle-on-Tyne.—*Chambers's Journal*.

"FONTAINE and Chaucer, dying, wished unwrote
The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought,
Does lucre, then,
The sacred thirst for gold, betray your pen?"
—YOUNG, *Epistles*.

Or I will take, perhaps, a better motto, from the same author's tragedy of the *Revenge* :—

"To wade through ways obscene, my honor
bend,
And shock my nature to obtain my end."

A clever man, who makes his intellect unworthily pander to the animal, for the sake of the market, reminds us of the Maori women, whom Marie Giovanni describes in her travels as suckling young swine, because pigs pay better than babies.—*Temple Bar*.

From The Athenæum.

Yedo and Peking: a Narrative of a Journey to the Capitals of Japan and China. With Notices of the Natural Productions, Agriculture, Horticulture, and Trade of those Countries, and other Things met with by the Way. By Robert Fortune. Map and Illustrations. Murray.

MR. ROBERT FORTUNE's travels in the flowery land of the far East are known wherever tea is relished and gardens are cultivated. On these wanderings he has written more than one popular and pleasant book. Unlike the common tourist, Mr. Fortune has a speciality of object and of knowledge. He goes to China, to Japan, to India, in search of plants and flowers; he takes along with him a perfect knowledge of what has been done already in the line of his inquiries; and he has for purpose, not only to report on what he may find, but to bring it away with him in evidence. Thus, his labors have a practical, as well as a scientific end. They are undertaken in the cause of commerce and of domestic use. When he succeeds in his search, science is enriched, and our landscapes are beautified. To give only one example out of hundreds—should you hear of a new oak tree (*Quercus Sinensis*) being found on the slopes of the mountain range beyond Peking, a valuable tree, of which the acorns yield a dye, you hear at the same time that many acorns from this oak have been brought home, and are now growing very well in Mr. Standish's nursery-ground at Bagshot.

Mr. Fortune is, perhaps, the best-known Englishman in the Eastern world. For eighteen years he has lived in China, India, and Japan; speaking the languages of the people, visiting them in their homes, and entering into their peculiarities of character. More, perhaps, than any other, he has helped to make the name of Englishmen respected in those regions. Nor is this the only service he has done. To him, almost exclusively, belongs the credit of successfully introducing the tea-plant into the gardens of the Himalayas,—a change which promises to do for the cool provinces of Upper India what tobacco has done for Virginia and cotton for Louisiana. To the exertions which he has made in behalf of our home gardens and landscapes there are in this country thousands of witnesses, and we need not dwell upon them. It is not strange to hear that this useful ser-

vant of science has met from our public officers abroad with every attention and every sympathy, and most of all, from those gentlemen who stand highest in the service and in the public regard. But there has been one ridiculous and mortifying exception, to which, in the cause of science, we are bound to draw attention.

Mr. Fortune made his first visit to Yedo in company with Sir Rutherford Alcock, whose admirable book on the "Capital of the Tycoon" we recently reviewed. In the minister's company all went well: Mr. Fortune made his little social sketches; poked about in the tiny gardens; saw the tubs of Salamanders for sale; examined the Japanese principle of dwarfing plants; expressed an opinion on the comparative moralities of a Yedo bath and an English ball-room; and made a collection of such novelties as could be found in that climate in the wintry months. Mr. Fortune then left Yedo for a while, to explore some other parts of the coast; but when the spring came round he was anxious to return and complete his collections. By an article of the treaty no foreigner was allowed to proceed to Yedo except on the invitation of his minister at the court of the Tycoon; and Sir Rutherford Alcock had gone to Europe. What was to be done? Mr. Fortune did not like to ask a permit from the person left in charge, because he thought that person would be unable to comply and unwilling to refuse. So, to save inconvenience and delay, he accepted an hospitable invitation from Mr. Harris, the American Minister at Yedo. Mr. Harris was perfectly well aware of the importance of Mr. Fortune's labors, not only to England but to the whole civilized world, and he was proud to give our countryman help. We venture to thank the American Minister for having acted in this matter like a gentleman; we know no higher praise, or we would give it.

We undertake to say that our readers will be as much surprised as Mr. Harris was, when one day, as they sat at dinner, his guest received the following note from the person whom Sir Rutherford had unhappily left in charge of our affairs at Yedo:—

"As no British subject can visit Yedo without an invitation from, or the sanction of, Her Britannic Majesty's Minister, or, in his absence, the officer in charge of Her Majesty's Legation, from neither of whom you have

received such invitation or sanction, I have to request you will take your departure from Yedo without delay.—I have, etc.,

“F. G. MYBURGH.”

To this formal request for his instant departure, Mr. Fortune replied,—

“I had the honor to receive your letter of yesterday’s date, upon which I beg to make the following observations. I returned to Japan a short time ago for the purpose of examining the natural productions of the country during the spring months, hoping to make some discoveries which might prove useful at home. For this purpose it was of great importance that I should be able to visit the gardens about Yedo. Unfortunately on my arrival at Kanagawa I found Her Majesty’s Minister absent from Yedo, and I was given to understand that I could not obtain permission from the officer in charge of the Legation to visit the city. His Excellency, Mr. Alcock, has always shown every disposition to forward my views, and had he been here I have no doubt he would willingly have granted the permission I required. Under the circumstances I wrote to His Excellency, the American Minister, and asked him to grant me that permission which I am sure I would have received from her majesty’s representative had he been in Yedo. Mr. Harris, in the kindest manner, invited me to his house as his guest, in order to enable me to accomplish the objects I had in view. With this explanation I trust you will not insist on my leaving Yedo for a few days, as it might be a matter of public regret should I be prevented from adding to our home collection some new trees or other plants of much interest.”

But the party in office, neither calmed by the moderate tone of Mr. Fortune’s note, nor warned by any nimble sense of the ludicrousness of his position, insisted on his immediate departure. If *Mr. Punch* were quizzing some irate official in the East, no doubt the master of polite mocking would be able to dramatically “write him down an ass.” But could the profound satirist conjure up a more grotesque picture of a Jack-in-office than that suggested by the following words, actually written by the man whose signature they bear?—

“I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of to-day, and regret that you have placed me under the necessity of again writing to you. I care not to be informed now for what object you have come to Japan, or that Her Majesty’s Minister would have granted you permission to visit Yedo had he

been here—I only know that you are a private individual in a private capacity in this country, and that you have not asked for nor received the requisite sanction from the British authority here to come up to Yedo. It is of no consequence to me now what you were given to understand at Kanagawa; but you must have been well aware that the American Minister has not the power to grant you, or any other British subject, permission to visit Yedo. It was your duty to have communicated with me on the subject, but this you had not the common courtesy to do; and you actually came up to Yedo without even my knowledge. I think I have said enough to show you that you have acted in a very improper manner. Whether it would be a matter of public regret or not your being unable to accomplish your private ends, is not a question for me to consider. I am only performing my public duty when I call upon you a second time to quit Yedo at once. To allow you to remain would be to establish a dangerous precedent.—I have, etc.,

“F. G. MYBURGH.”

For an instant this polite and sensible person was the wielder of her majesty’s authority at Yeddo; and the man of science, for not having kissed the said person’s shoe, was compelled to quit the scene of his honorable and useful toil, his task but half accomplished! It is not for us to apply the only comment proper to such an act.

“We have referred to Mr. Fortune’s studies at Yeddo, both social and botanical. Every reader of Sir Rutherford Alcock’s book will remember the illustrations of the Japanese bath, and the opinion of our minister on the indecency of that institution. Mr. Fortune takes a rather more favorable view of it, though he is not blind to its licentious side:—

“In one of the villages through which we passed we observed what appeared to be a family bathing-room. The baths at the time were full of persons of both sexes, old and young, apparently of three or four generations, and all were perfectly naked. This was a curious exhibition to a foreigner, but the reader must remember we are now in Japan. Bathing-houses or rooms, both public and private, are found in all parts of the Japanese Empire—in the midst of crowded cities, or, as we here see, in country villages. The bath is one of the institutions of the country; it is as indispensable to a Japanese as tea is to a Chinaman. In the afternoon, in the evening, and up to a late hour at night, the bath is in full operation. Those

who can afford it have baths in their own houses for the use of themselves and their families; the poorer classes, for a very small sum, can enjoy themselves at the public baths. After coming in from a long journey, or when tired with the labors of the day, the Japanese consider a bath to be particularly refreshing and enjoyable; and it is probably on this account, as well as for cleanliness, that it is so universally employed. The stern moralist of Western countries will no doubt condemn the system of promiscuous bathing, as it is contrary to all his ideas of decency; on the other hand, there are those who tell us that the custom only shows simplicity and innocence such as that which existed in the Garden of Eden before the fall of man. All I can say is, that it is the custom of the country to bathe in this way; and that, if appealed to on the subject, the Japanese would probably tell us that many of the customs amongst ourselves—such, for example, as our mode of dressing and dancing—are much more likely to lead to immorality than bathing, and are not so useful nor so healthy; at any rate, the practice cannot be attributed to habits of primitive innocence in this case, as no people in the world are more licentious in their behavior than the Japanese.”

On the art of dwarfing plants—an art which is beginning to find much favor in our own greenhouses—he is a more confident and competent authority. Many readers will like to learn the lesson from the original source—the more so as they can do so in a passage variously suggestive:—

“The art of dwarfing trees, as commonly practised both in China and Japan, is in reality very simple and easily understood. It is based upon one of the commonest principles of vegetable physiology. Anything which has a tendency to check or retard the flow of the sap in trees, also prevents, to a certain extent, the formation of wood and leaves. This may be done by grafting, by confining the roots in a small space, by withholding water, by bending the branches, and in a hundred other ways, which all proceed upon the same principle. This principle is perfectly understood by the Japanese, and they take advantage of it to make nature subservient to this particular whim of theirs. They are said to select the smallest seeds from the smallest

plants, which I think is not at all unlikely. I have frequently seen Chinese gardeners selecting suckers for this purpose from the plants of their gardens. Stunted varieties were generally chosen, particularly if they had the branches opposite or regular, for much depends upon this: a one-sided dwarf-tree is of no value in the eyes of the Chinese or Japanese. The main stem was then, in most cases, twisted in a zigzag form, which process checked the flow of the sap, and at the same time encouraged the production of side-branches at those parts of the stem where they were most desired. The pots in which they were planted were narrow and shallow, so that they held but a small quantity of soil compared with the wants of the plants, and no more water was given than was actually necessary to keep them alive. When new branches were in the act of formation they were tied down and twisted in various ways; the points of the leaders and strong-growing ones were generally nipped out, and every means were taken to discourage the production of young shoots possessing any degree of vigor. Nature generally struggles against this treatment for a while, until her powers seem to be in a great measure exhausted, when she quietly yields to the power of Art. The artist, however, must be ever on the watch; for should the roots of his plants get through the pots into the ground, or happen to receive a liberal supply of moisture, or should the young shoots be allowed to grow in their natural position for a time, the vigor of the plant, which has so long been lost, will be restored, and the fairest specimens of Oriental dwarfing destroyed. It is a curious fact that when plants, from any cause, become stunted or unhealthy, they almost invariably produce flowers and fruit, and thus endeavor to propagate and perpetuate their kind. This principle is of great value in dwarfing trees. Flowering trees—such, for example, as peaches and plums—produce their blossoms most profusely under the treatment I have described; and as they expend their energies in this way, they have little inclination to make vigorous growth.”

The book is full of gossip about trees, plants, and flowers, and which gossip is interspersed, as we have seen, with remarks on the social and moral condition of those who cultivate them. It is a thoroughly useful and pleasant volume.

From The London Review.

ALUMINIUM GOODS.

In a compound and secret form aluminium has constituted the basis of that material which, for receptacle and domestic vessels, man has chiefly used from the earliest periods to the present hour—clay. But it was left for modern science to eliminate from its earthy condition the wondrous and beautiful metal itself, which in its pure metallic state has never been displayed to human eyes except by the skilful art of man. Slow and difficult are the steps by which the inventor wrests from Nature the results he seeks; in doubt and difficulty often he labors, perhaps to end his days without the attainment of that object which has been his life's desire, and only to leave an easy road for a follower in the field to crown himself with fame. Nearly forty years have elapsed since Wohler, of Goettingen, discovered the metallic base of clay, and nearly ten since Deville carried to a practical condition its commercial extraction.

On former occasions we have recorded from time to time the progress made in the mercantile manufacture of aluminium, noticing its extensive production by Mr. Bell, of Newcastle, the various suggestions for its practical applications, and its qualities and properties. In the Great Exhibition there were many specimens of manufactured articles, both of aluminium itself and aluminium-bronze—a most valuable compound—as well as of both combined; the beautiful appearance of which articles attracted crowds of admirers. A great manufacture is not, however, rapidly established; and aluminium, although it possesses remarkably valuable properties, has been hitherto known rather as a curiosity than as commercially in the world's market. Our attention has been drawn afresh to the subject by an invitation to a private view of an exhibition of aluminium goods by Messrs. Mappin, Brothers, of Regent Street, who have commenced a commercial manufacture of them at their plate and cutlery works at Sheffield. Aluminium is thus practically introduced into one distinct and important department of trade, and brought forward as a competitor with silver and electro-plate. Messrs. Mappin's exhibition contains flower and fruit-stands, butter-coolers, spoons, forks, dessert-knives, napkin-rings, sugar-basins and tongs, caddy-spoons,

card-cases, inkstands, dressing-case fittings, and communion services, tankards, clock-cases; ornamental, taper, and chamber candlesticks; figure groups; in short, all the articles usually made in silver, silver-gilt, or electro-plate, over each of which aluminium has advantages in durability, freedom from tarnish, and certainly in some instances, at the least, appearance. The cost of the aluminium articles is but one-half that of silver, and about equal to that of ordinary electro-plate. The freedom from tarnish is a quality which gives them an especial and high value. Aluminium itself, indeed, *never* tarnishes; aluminium-bronze but very slightly; and this tarnish is rubbed off by the slightest application of wetted rouge by wash-leather. Finger-marks and dirt will wash off with soap and water from the aluminium, and the article appears as bright and new as ever. How little aluminium-bronze even can be injured by any article of ordinary food we have witnessed in an interesting experiment. An aluminium-bronze spoon was immersed in vinegar—the most corrosive of gastronomic materials—for two hours, and subsequently left to the full action of the atmosphere. A mere film of tarnish only was produced, which gave way before the slightest application of wash-leather and rouge. The cleaning of silver or electro-plate, after such a test, would, we need not say, have been a tedious operation. The exemption of aluminium from tarnish has led to its being substituted for glass in some articles, such as butter-coolers and fruit-stands. Its specific gravity being about the same as glass, dishes or pans made of it are lighter, by reason of the metal being worked much thinner than glass could be.

Silver pans, although not in common use, are sometimes made for gourmands, and for these the specimens of aluminium stew-pans must be formidable rivals. Nothing can be purer for culinary purposes than this metal, and cost alone could prevent its introduction into daily use. At present, however, there are no mines of aluminium, no natural processes at work producing it for mankind; its elimination is as much due to the metallurgist's art as the production of mauve and magenta is to the chemist's skill.

The contrast in appearance of the golden aluminium-bronze with the whiter than silver clay-metal itself, is extremely pleasing and

effective. While silver-gilt articles turning black and changing color have, if water-gilt, to be passed through fire to restore their freshness, or, if electro-plated, have to be recoated with fresh metal, those of aluminium and aluminium-bronze remain undimmed.

This absence of tarnishing has suggested the application of aluminium also for shako ornaments and military accoutrements. Aluminium-bronze affords a fine material for engraving writing, and linear ornamentation, as is displayed, in Messrs. Mappin's exhibition, in a trowel made for laying the foundation-stone of Mr. Bell's new seat at Rushpool, and in a very chaste offertory basin.

Another valuable property of this metal is that it can be cast and turned by the lathe. The same is the case with the bronze; the tools, however, require special hardening and tempering.

For chain-ornaments—such as the pendant chains of candelabra and chandeliers—aluminium is especially invaluable. Such chains in silver, or gilt, there is no possibility of cleaning. But perhaps the most attractive object in the Mappin exhibition may be, at this time, the simplest. A mere round disk of metal, as light as a plaster-medallion, impressed with the likenesses of the Prince and Princess of Wales—a marriage-medal executed by Mr. Browne, of the Crystal Palace—sharp, clear, and with an exquisite uniformity of surface has the aluminium taken the impress of the die, but the pale white-grey color of the metal surpasses anything we have seen produced in gold, silver, or bronze. Ten or twelve shillings will purchase one of these beautiful works of art and science.

We have alluded to the undeviating employment throughout human history of clay for domestic and other pottery. The potter's art during the long past has not stood still; while other arts and manufactures have progressed, so has his, and our shops display the loveliest biscuit figures, most beautiful objects in gilt, painted and ornamental porcelain, and elegant articles even in commonest Wedgewood and "stone" wares. Few, however, but would be surprised to learn that the "chinaman" was a competitor with the silversmith. Yet to some extent he is. Five and twenty years ago, when silver-plate was in high fashion, it would have been difficult

to lay out in any household establishment £1,000 in British "china." It would be easy to do so now, and the result shows itself practically in the silversmith's trade when the comparison is drawn by customers between the price of a silver article and the cost of a similar one in clay—clay it may be of the finest sort, but the article made of which, like that of silver, acquires value from the expenditure of human skill and thought, and not from intrinsic worth of the material. Not a little strange will it be if aluminium, fostering the taste for precious metals, should become a rival of its grosser oxide, as well as of the "precious metals" and their imitations.

From The London Review.

MAGNETIC STORMS.

THE Friday lecture at the Royal Institution was by Mr. Balfour Stuart, "On the greater Magnetic Disturbances or Magnetic Storms." Besides the ordinary changes on removal to different geographical regions, and the usual diurnal and other periodical changes, the suspended magnetic needle is subjected, at irregular intervals, to sudden and abrupt disturbances, known as "magnetic storms," but here the likeness to ordinary atmospheric storms ceases, for an atmospheric storm may be very severe in Europe and yet may not happen in America, while a magnetic storm is felt all over the world. The theory of magnetic storms as laid down by Mr. Stuart is that they occur simultaneously all over the earth; that they have a daily period not depending on the heat of the sun; that they have the same ten-yearly periods as the sun-spots; that they are associated with auroras and earth-currents, which latter appear to be induced currents due to those sudden and abrupt changes of the earth's magnetism which magnetic storms denote; and that they are of two kinds taking place simultaneously, the effects on the needle being the combined result of both. On Sept. 1st, 1859, it is thought the sun was caught in the very act of creating a disturbance. Mr. Carrington was observing a spot when a bright spark of light was seen to move over its disk. He subsequently obtained the photographic records of the variations of the magnet made at all the principal observatories, and found a magnetic disturbance or storm had taken place coinci-

dently with this occurrence on the surface of the sun. Earth-currents are currents of electricity supposed to be traversing the earth, and are caught up by the railway telegraph wires, at times interfering altogether with their manipulation. In America, at the date in September referred to, they were so strong that the telegraph could be worked without any batteries. The maximum number of solar spots occurred in 1828, 225; 1837, 333; 1846, 330; 1839, 205 spots. These were also years of great magnetic storms.

In the production of auroras the earth must be looked upon as the iron core of a Rumkorff coil, the lower strata of the atmosphere as insulants, the upper strata as the secondary wires. When a sudden and abrupt change takes place in the electrical condition, a discharge follows;—if from excess of electricity, in one direction; if from a diminution, in another.

If the sun can produce auroras on the earth, why are they not possible on the solar atmosphere? Mr. Stuart thought the "red flames" observed during the late total eclipse by Warren de la Rue, Airey, himself, and others, might be auroras. The height of those red flames, 170,000 miles, was so great that he was not disposed, considering how vastly the gravitation of the sun must exceed that of the earth,

to admit such a volume for the sun's atmosphere. Terrestrial auroras were often estimated as occurring at an elevation of a hundred miles; and as they possess an actinic power, carefully-taken photographs may lead to the ascertaining the height of our own atmosphere. For, as Cassiot has shown that no electrical discharge will take place in a perfect vacuum, the height of the atmosphere and, perhaps, the nature of its components in those elevated regions, may be made out by examination of the auroral light. But these latter remarks of Mr. Stuart seem to us to negative his conclusions respecting the solar red flame, or at least, those relating to the thickness of the solar atmosphere; for as no electric discharge can take place *in vacuo*, therefore the solar red flames, if auroræ, must take place *within* the solar atmosphere; and if so, then the solar atmosphere must be 170,000 miles thick. Mr. Stuart concluded his lecture by notifying that 1868 would be a year of maximum solar spots and magnetic disturbances, expressing a hope that our own and foreign governments, as well as meteorologists and electricians generally, would be provided with instruments, and would undertake the labors of observation at various stations to gather conclusive evidence, if possible, on the interesting question of the relationship of the solar influence to our magnetic phenomena.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON. — Can any of the readers of *Notes and Queries* give authentic information as to the origin of the sobriquet of this now famous general? I have heard several anecdotes upon the subject, but am at a loss to know how far any of them are true. The historical celebrity of this officer would justify a record of the circumstances in the pages of *Notes and Queries*.

JOHN MACLEAN.

Hammersmith.

[Our correspondent's Query has received an answer in *The Times* of the 30th Dec. Their "Special Correspondent," writing from Richmond, after giving an interesting sketch of the great Southern general, proceeds to say: "As there are many conflicting reports about the origin of the name *Stonewall*, it may be interesting to repeat the true circumstances under which it was given. In the first battle of Manassas, on July 21, 1861, General Lee of South Carolina (himself subsequently killed in the same action), observing his men flinching and wavering, called out to them to stand firm, exclaiming: 'Look at Jackson's men, they stand like a stone-wall!'

In his official report of the battle, General Beauregard employed the same expression in connection with General Jackson's command, and the name has clung to General Jackson ever since."]—*Notes and Queries*.

"I LOVE not mine own parallel."

—BARRY CORNWALL.

"The proud are always most provoked by pride."

—YOUNG, *Satires*.

It has been said that our faults like the company of their fellows. This is scarcely true of most of the selfish ones. Avarice hates avarice; obstinacy, obstinacy; pride, pride,—because they are constantly hunting on the same ground for the same game. Perhaps every such vice has, like the heir of a noble house, a pleasure and an interest in the title's being spread as widely as possible, provided he keeps tight hold of the estate.

"Des actions d'autrui, teintes de leurs couleurs, Ils pensent dans le monde autoriser les leurs."

—MOLIERE, *Tartuffe*.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

SOME miners were sinking a shaft in Wales
 (I know not where ; but the facts have filled
 A chink in my brain, while other tales

Have been swept away, as when pearls are spilled,
 One pearl rolls into a chink in the floor)—
 Somewhere, then, where God's light is killed,

And men tear, in the dark, at the earth's heart-
 core,

These men were at work, when their axes
 knocked
 A hole in a passage, closed years before.

A slip in the earth, I suppose, had blocked
 This gallery suddenly up, with a heap
 Of rubble, as safe as a chest is locked,

Till these men picked it ; and 'gan to creep
 In on all-fours. Then a loud shout ran
 Round the black roof, "Here's a man asleep!"

They all pushed forward ; and scarce a span
 From the mouth of the passage, in sooth, the
 lamp
 Fell on the upturned face of a man !

No taint of death, no decaying damp
 Had touched that fair young brow, whereon
 Courage had set its glorious stamp.

Calm as a monarch upon his throne,
 Lips hard-clenched,—no shadow of fear,—
 He sat there, taking his rest alone.

He must have been there for many a year.
 The spirit had fled ; but there was its shrine,
 In clothes of a century old, or near !

The dry and embalming air of the mine
 Had arrested the natural hand of decay ;
 Nor faded the flesh, nor dimmed a line.

Who was he then ? . . . No man might say
 When the passage had suddenly fallen in.
 Its memory, even, was past away !

In their great rough arms, begrimed with coal,
 They took him up, as a tender lass
 Will carry a babe, from that darksome hole,

To the outer world of the short warm grass.
 Then up spake one, "Let us send for Bess,—
 She is seventy-nine, come Martinmas ;

"Older than any one here, I guess !
 Belike, she may mind when the wall fell there,
 And remember the lad, by his comeliness." . . .

So they brought old Bess, with her silver hair,
 To the side of the hill, where the dead man lay,
 Ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air.

And the crowd around him all gave way,
 As with tottering steps old Bess drew nigh,
 And bent o'er the face of the unchanged clay.

Then suddenly rang a sharp low cry ! . . .
 Bess sank on her knees and wildly tossed
 Her withered arms in the summer sky.

"O Willie ! Willie ! My lad ! My lost ! . . .
 The Lord be praised ! After sixty years
 I see ye again ! . . . The tears ye cost,

"O Willie darlin' ! were bitter tears . . .
 They never looked for ye under ground !
 They told me a tale to mock my fears !

"They said ye were over the sea . . . ye'd found
 A lass ye loved better nor me,—to explain
 How ye'd a-vanished fro' sight and sound !

"O darlin' ! . . . A long, long night o' pain
 I ha' lived since then !—and now I'm old,
 Seems a'most as if youth was come back again,—

"Seeing ye there, wi' your locks o' gold,
 And limbs so straight as ashen beams,—
 I a'most forget how the years ha' rolled

"Between us ! . . . O Willie ! how strange it
 seems
 To see ye here, as I've seen ye oft,
 Over and over again—in dreams !" . . .

In broken words like these, with soft
 Low wails, she rocked herself. And none
 Of the rough men around her scoffed.

For surely a sight like this, the sun
 Had rarely looked upon. Face to face,
 The old dead love, and the living one !

The dead, with its undimmed fleshly grace,
 At the end of threescore years ; the quick,
 Puckered and withered, without a trace

Of its warm girl-beauty ;—a wizard's trick,
 Bringing the love and the youth that were,
 Back to the eyes of the old and sick.

Those bodies were just of one age ! yet there
 Death, clad in youth ; had been standing still,
 While Life had been fretting itself threadbare !

But the moment was come, as a moment will
 To all who have loved, and been parted here,
 And have toiled alone up the thorny hill ;

When, at the top, as their eyes see clear,
 Over the mists in this vale below,
 Mere specks their trials and toils appear,

Beside the eternal rest they know !
 —Death came to old Bess that night, and
 gave
 The welcome summons that she should go.

And now, though the rains and winds may rave,
 Nothing can part them. Deep and wide,
 The miners, that evening, dug one grave.

So at last, while the summers and winters glide,
 Old Bess and young Willie sleep side by side.
 —All the Year Round.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 987.—2 May, 1863.

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NEW BOOKS.

Part 29 of THE REBELLION RECORD: a Diary of American Events. Edited by Frank Moore, author of "Diary of the American Revolution." New York: G. P. Putnam. This part contains portraits of Generals Robert H. Milroy and W. S. Hancock.

A MANUAL OF DEVOTION FOR CONFIRMATION, New York: H. B. Durand.

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APRIL.

SEQUEL TO "MARCH."

Now wakes fair Tellus from the dreary spell
That bound so late her beauty, and once more
Nature flings off her sombre winter mask
Of violet gloom, and with a loving smile
Lifts her bright face for kisses to the sun.

From the red clusters of the hawthorn-bush—
His little kingdom holding his dear nest—
Warbles the wedded thrush beside his mate
His sweet thanksgiving, and with mellow voice
Pours from his swelling throat his whole glad soul.
Flutters the silver birch, a fragile belle,
Her pale-green tresses pendent in the wind
'Neath Zephyr's wooing love-breath : she retreats
Wearing a well-feigned shyness,—true coquette !
To lure her vassal back to loyalty—
Where the first cowslips show their amber bells,
In the rain-freshened grass-lands of the vale,
The wandering cuckoo utters her refrain,
Low-voiced, murmuring, in monotone,
Unceasing welcome to the flower-queen.

Thick 'neath the underwood unveiled gleam
Pale yellow primroses ; on hedgerow bank
Moss-carpeted the purple arums rise,
Bright-coated regiment of Flora's guards,
Their feathery helms uprearing to the sun.

Glitter the raindrops in an opal sea
Of pearl and pink and ruby, sapphire-tipped,
And tinged with amethyst and emerald,
All tremulous in beauty, and anon
Fadeth the rainbow, and in burst of gold
Shines out the glorious sunlight o'er the earth !

What reck we of these fleeting April showers
That bring so much of bliss ? The night but
adds

Fresh beauty to the day ; and if a tear
Must fall erewhile upon the face of earth,
That tear but dearer makes the following smile.
See yon white butterfly—the first of Spring !
She dreams not yet of Winter, nor of winds
Whose bitter breath shall blight the buds of May
And chill the warmth of April ; wiser far,
Content she takes the sum of present good
And leaves to God the appointment of the morn !
Shall we, less wise than an ephemeral thing,
Look ever on the darker side of life,
Nor seize the present moments Heaven has sent
To be enjoyed—*wisely*—yet still *enjoyed* ?
No ! But the rather gratefully accept—
Taught by the birds, the flowers, the whole glad
earth—

The real joys of living, spurning ill,
But husbanding the good. Thus shall we sow
The seeds of harvest for eternal Spring !
White show the daisies on the smooth-rolled lawn
Where the cock blackbird seeks his early meal
With yellow bill ; a loving caterer
For little mouths, whose hungry clamor shrill
Falls from yon thorn upon the father-ear.
The apricots upon the sunny wall
Unfold their pale pink blossoms ; promise fair
Of luscious fruit whose mellow autumn growth
To April's aid shall owe the harvest of the year.

*April ! O well-named month ! for in thy reign
Nature herself her boundless wealth unfolds
Of her best treasures, prodigal of life
And love and joy and beauty ; scattering down
Her troops of blushing flowers at thy feet,
And with a burst of homage glad and true,
Hails thee crowned empress of the opened Spring.*

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE CHAPLAIN'S WIFE.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. E. O. K.

BY JULIA GILL.

He kissed me good-by and was off to the wars,
"For the sake of Christ," he said :
I could not reply, and the symbol stars
Went floating over his head.

"Oh, many for glory and gain and might,
Are buckling the good old steel ;
There are some who fight for their honor bright,
And some for their country's weal.

"But who for Christ and the thousand years ?
For the unseen kingdom's sake ?
Stay thou for the drying of mourner's tears,
And the binding of hearts that break.

"But I must go, for His sake, sweet wife ;
There's a Cross to bear away ;—
For Christ, who hath loved us more than life,
I am off to the wars to-day.

"For the sake of Christ and the souls of men,
With a blade for an unseen foe,
The flock is away in the panther's den,
Where else should the shepherd go ?"

Had he said, "For glory, or wealth, or place,"
'Twere easy to bid him stay :
Had he spoken e'en of the "flag's disgrace,"
I still could have answered Nay.

But dearer far was the Name he spake
Than country or friend can be ;
So I too take, for the Master's sake,
A cross that is heavy for me.

—*Congregationalist.*

THE CUCKOO.

WHEN a warm and scented steam
Rises from the flowering earth ;
When the green leaves are all still,
And the song-birds cease their mirth ;
In the silence before rain,
Comes the cuckoo back again.

When the spring is all but gone—
Tearful April, laughing May—
When a hush comes on the woods,
And the sunbeams cease to play ;
In the silence before rain,
Comes the cuckoo's voice again.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WRITING IN THE BOOK.

MARY FLAGGS felt such anxiety and torture of mind, lest her Cousin Mat might find means of injuring Arthur Hopton, that it brought on a feverish attack, which obliged her to remain in bed for some time. During her illness, Mrs. Drover treated her with much attention, and even went so far as to let her be removed from her garret-chamber to a large room containing some old-fashioned costly furniture, seldom used except when any guest of superior rank stopped at the inn. One day, Mary happened to espy from her bed, a bookcase standing in one corner of this apartment, and feeling weary of lying there without anything to divert her mind, she requested her grandmother to permit her to see some of the books contained in the case.

"I'm going to sell them off to the man that keeps the bookstall at Tilby," said Mrs. Drover, bringing over a number of volumes, some very old looking, with torn covers. "They're all old useless things," she added, tossing them on the bed, "but there's one that seems not so bad—maybe it's a pretty story."

"But, grandmother, this isn't a printed book, it is all writing from beginning to end," said Mary, looking through the volume pointed out to her notice.

"Well, maybe it's a story for all that; don't you say that all stories are written just with common pens and ink before they're printed? If you don't like it, can't you get another? But don't tire yourself: I'm going away now for a little while, and you can look over the other books."

The volume which had attracted the attention of Mary and her grandmother, was of somewhat small size, covered by a brown leather cover, in outward appearance much like an ordinary book, except that it had been tied together by a piece of faded green ribbon passed round the outside. O hand that last tied together that ribbon and formed that knot, did your owner ever dream of when and where and by whom it would be untied next!

The writing of the book was extremely clear, though small, almost like print. It commenced in these words:—

"October 17th, 18—.—I have often thought of setting down my thoughts on paper, as I

have no other outlet for them at present. There is no person near me in whom I can dare to confide, not a soul to sympathize with me. Sometimes it occurs to me that I might write to my old governess at H—, but I dare not do so. It is frightful to be in possession of a secret like mine, fearful of betraying it or being in some way betrayed by others. And, then, bound by an oath that I must not break! Never, in my whole life, have I before felt what it is to be an orphan, without a friend or relative in the wide world. I feel like something guilty as I wander to and fro, shrinking from the fixed gaze of any eye. Often I think of running away altogether, but where can I fly to? I have no money beyond a few sovereigns, and every day I am disappointed by not getting a line from O—. I cannot read or sit still at my work. As soon as my schoolroom duties are over, I rush out of doors to remote parts of the demesne, and walk—walk for hours. And yet Mr. L— and my pupils are all that I could wish or expect them to be. I suppose few people in my position were ever better treated than I am. When dear little M— flung her arms round my neck this morning, and asked me why I looked so melancholy, I could hardly help bursting into tears. Sweet child! How differently fate has cast her lot and mine! She, surrounded by all care, all luxury; I, at her age, a poor waif thrown upon charity; but it is only of late these things came into my mind. Formerly I never dreamed of uttering word of complaint. To-day, Mr. L— was at T—, looking over the almshouse. I dare say the inmates there are happy enough, shut out from the cares of the world.

"October 18th.—I passed a most restless night, sleeping little and thinking much, and then, when morning dawned, I fell into a doze from which the housemaid startled me abruptly, not from any feeling of unkindness, I am sure, but from thoughtlessness. I must say that the servants here treat me very respectfully, and I should be sorry to forget their esteem. The housekeeper, too, is friendly towards me, supplying me often with little dainties for supper, now when she fancies I look thin. Sometimes I feel so ashamed of myself for being such a deceiver! Again no letter for me in the post; as usual, I walked out early to meet the postboy. I have directed that my letters may not be put in the family post-bag, for fear handwritings might betray me. Once or twice I have fancied that the postmaster in the village might on this account suspect something, and take advantage of the order to open my letters. Perhaps it was a foolish thing for me to give it. Now, however, it cannot be helped; I am always doing simple things,

and then sorry for them afterwards. I have taken the precaution to write these jottings in a common-looking book, which I bought last week at T——, so that it may not attract particular notice if I ever happen to leave it lying about carelessly, which I hope may never be the case. What would become of me if it fell into the hands of an enemy! I got through my duties to-day very creditably. My little pupils are very affectionate, especially the elder one. They walked out with me in the afternoon, while their mother drove to T——. I hardly like to go anywhere beyond the Park. When I feel so miserable and full of terror, what must be the feelings of other unfortunate creatures placed in a position somewhat akin to mine, but with no alleviation, no prospect of redress? I often think of that. I may have much cause for mortification and uneasiness of mind; yet I am by no means hopeless. I read a good deal to-day, and I have an idea that the post may bring me something to-morrow.

“October 19th. — Oh, disappointment again!—No letter. This is Sunday, and I was obliged to go to church, though scarcely able to move. I slept all through poor old Mr. W——’s sermon. Mrs. L—— said, after the service: ‘You seemed very fatigued to-day; Miss ——, are you not well?’ I felt rebuked, though the words were spoken kindly, and I know I colored fearfully. It might have been fancy, but it seemed to me that at dinner to-day, when Mrs. L—— spoke of how odd it was not hearing from O——, she glanced at me; I felt ready to sink under the table. Could she suspect anything?

“October 20th.—Again, no letter. When the post-boy made me aware of this fact to-day, I felt as if my head spun round. Could it be possible that I am deserted at this trying time? Oh, no! I will not for an instant entertain such an opinion. There may be false play of others intercepting my letters—illness, anything but treachery from him.

“‘Has any news come from Mr. O——?’ asked the lady’s-maid to-day, when she left a pair of lace sleeves, which she had made up for me on my dressing-table. My guilty conscience makes me tremble at a shadow; yet, it did seem as if the girl had more meaning in her question than she wished me to see through. If I had courage to trust anybody with even a part of my secret. I feel the most helpless of beings—consumed by a wish to throw myself on the mercy of somebody. I never was made to stand alone. Perhaps this girl might become my friend if I took her partly into my confidence. The worst of it is, how despicable I should seem by revealing everything short of the whole

truth! I have no person to direct or advise me in the smallest matter, and I am perfectly aware of how inexperienced I am; other people, younger than I am, appear to me so shrewd and sharp, that I feel very humble. I know how possible it is for me to go wrong, yet I cannot comprehend the best course to take; all is confusion and perplexity. I may have hurried myself into a labyrinth, from which it will be hard to get back. Well, there is death always at hand to rid me of my sufferings. God grant that I may never be tempted to terminate my own life; yet I feel as if any sudden blow would soon lay me prostrate. What I dread most of anything at present, is the bare idea of being abandoned to my own resources, fettered and bound as I am.

“November 1st.—I wrote nothing for many days, having suffered too much mental and bodily pain to think of noting my feelings down on paper. All the time I endeavored to rise early as usual, and teach my pupils, but the effort was a severe one, after passing sleepless nights of great torture. Already I fancy I hear Mrs. L—— say that she fears my health will not permit me to continue the arduous task of instructing her daughters, politely hinting that I should resign in favor of some more efficient teacher. I have now abandoned all hope of hearing from O——. If cast out from this house, where shall I go? I have just seven pounds in my possession, and a few articles of jewelry, which being gifts—the only gifts that any one ever gave me—I should be sorry to part with. There is one thing certain, I must make up my mind to go away before anything is suspected, and I am desired to leave the house as one who has brought disgrace upon my employers. Every day I feel more and more the necessity of forming some plan of action, and yet it seems that I grow only more powerless and weak as time passes.

“November 12th.—Last night I walked out for an hour in the moonlight. It was a still, bright night. I dare say it was imprudent to remain so long in the open air at so late an hour, yet it soothed me to do so. I paused sometimes to look up at the clear sky, dotted with innumerable stars, and a feeling of awe crept over me as I watched them brightening and fading—seeming to vanish, and then shine out again clearer than ever, as I gazed. O mighty universe! what a mere speck am I—smaller even than a speck on your surface! I thought of the insignificance of human beings and their petty cares. In the excitement of the moment I called out ‘O my God! look down upon me in thy great mercy, and teach me how to act!’ And then I thought—suppose God’s ears were deaf to my cry; that I was one of the many

creatures doomed to some terrific fate. Have I not read of hundreds of victims who have fallen under chastisement too hard to bear? The soft breath of the night wind stirred the bare branches of the trees; in its murmurs I seemed to recognize a voice that said, 'You are indeed one of the doomed ones of the earth.' I know the excited state of my feelings at present leads me to imagine many strange things, which I might take for presentiments of coming evil, but I must endeavor to banish such foolish fancies. When I returned to the house, after my late walk, Mrs. G—— came to say she had a nice piece of pigeon-pie and a custard for my supper. Good woman! I could not eat a morsel of either; but for fear of disappointing her, I hid some of both away in a cupboard, and I suppose they will fall to the share of the cats. Mrs. G—— is the most starched and particular of women; her ideas of female propriety are of extreme rigidity, yet I see beneath her external coating much humanity. Somehow she has always treated me with peculiar indulgence. I think, generally speaking, I have met with less rigor during my lonely life than might have been expected. One reads in many tales accounts of the ill-treatment of governesses by employers and their servants, yet surely nothing of that sort has fallen to my lot. I never ask a domestic to do anything for me that he or she hesitates to execute the order, and both Mr. and Mrs. L—— treat me most kindly. How have I repaid them?

"November 4th.—I have not ceased to hope yet. If O—— were dead, surely somebody would write and say so. Even if ill, he would get an attendant to acquaint his friends of it. Mr. and Mrs. L—— do not seem to take the matter very seriously, and that supports me a little. To-day things seem to look brighter. I feel almost buoyant; the air is clear and bracing; there is bright sunshine and gossamer spreading over all outward things. Perhaps all my despair may vanish quickly. Oh, if a letter would come by to-morrow's post, explaining away my fears!

"November 5th.—I got up early this morning, and hurried out to meet the post-boy. Alas! he had no letter for me. However, I must endeavor to keep up for a little time longer. I find a great relief in writing down my feelings. I wonder it never came into my head to keep a journal before. Perhaps some day I shall be showing this to O——. Nothing particular occurred to-day. My little pupils learned their lessons well, and we all drove out in the pony phaeton.

"November 20th. Great agony! It is certain that I am suspected! What is to become of me I cannot tell. That I should

leave this place as soon as possible seems evident. Even with the little money I possess I might be able to get to London, and remain there till some tidings are heard of O——. I wrote to him yesterday, directing my letter to the Club that he generally goes to in town, so that if he calls there he may get it. I intend also to direct one to him at the —— Hotel, which is the one he always puts up at. Mrs. G—— has just sent a servant to beg that I will go to her. What can she want at this hour? My heart fails me but I must obey the summons."

Mary Flaggs had read thus far when some curious thoughts began to flit through her mind, and she laid down the book to reflect, determining, however, to look over it again at some other time; and then she lay quiet till her grandmother came back to her, when she put the manuscript volume under her pillow without mentioning a word of its contents.

CHAPTER XXI.

A LETTER. LORD DULHEADIE.

MISS LIPWELL remained in her room for a very long time after reading the letter which had so unexpectedly reached her. It was not merely once that she read it, but many times; and whether the feelings that it awoke were those of anxiety or gladness, she could scarcely determine. That she was powerfully agitated by it could not be doubted. The reader probably has already surmised from whom it came, and would like perhaps to read a copy of it in full. Thus it ran:—

"MY DEAR MISS LIPWELL,—After many struggles; I have come to the determination that I *must* write to you to explain fully why I have thus, in spite of your entreaties, quitted my post at Larch Grove, just as I was beginning to be of some use there. I cannot permit you to consider me capricious or ungrateful. Weak, silly, mad I may have been, but never unmindful of your good opinion, or regardless of the interests of your family. There is no use in trying to soften my confession either to you or myself by much of prelude. It is with extreme pain I attempt to make known the sentiments that have dwelt longer in my heart than I was perhaps aware of. I do so without any of the suspense that agitates most men in my position, for I feel perfectly sure that I have not the smallest reason to hope. I expect no answer to this letter; neither do I wish for one; and on this account will withhold my address. We shall in all probability never meet again in this life, and it is far better for me that we

should not. In plain terms, Miss Lipwell; I must explain that for some time I have loved you most distractedly and most hopelessly. In vain I endeavored to struggle with my feelings. Day by day, week after week, I was only growing more and more wretched. Never had I believed that it would be possible to feel so utterly crushed from such a cause; but gradually I became enervated and listless; my duties in the parish weighed heavily on me; at length I found that I was only performing them mechanically. My heart was not in them. I feared that in time I would sink into such a state as would make me neglect them altogether. Was I justified then in keeping up a show of work that I was only doing by halves? My conscience answered in the negative. I knew well that as long as I remained in the neighborhood of Larch Grove I would only become more deeply plunged in misery. By keeping aloof from the Manor I hoped to lay my mind to my duties, and for a time did feel some benefit by it; but latterly my attendance there was frequently required, and it was impossible for me to refuse to go, without appearing very extraordinary. My own sense told me the only thing to do was to leave the spot altogether. The resolution was terrible and painful; but like some poor wretch who consents to lose a limb rather than sacrifice his life, I determined to put it into execution. Careless as to whither I went; broken in heart and spirit; unable to undertake any further clerical duties—at least for a time—I thus quitted a place that, in spite of my misery, had grown most dear to me. The old Parsonage had long been invested, in my eyes, with a peculiar charm, which extended over the grounds of Larch Grove. Were I to live a hundred years I could never cease to remember with feelings of the deepest interest, every spot of that demesne where I have so often walked at all hours, in all seasons. I know not if you can now call to mind a walk that you took with me one early summer morning, more than two years ago. We had both happened to visit poor old Mrs. Webster together; and in leaving her cottage I accompanied you to the Manor. On the way there we encountered Mrs. Juggs, who was in a very excited state. She let fall some expressions that struck a dagger into my soul. I feared they offended you, for I saw that they gave you much agitation. From that morning I understood more of my own feelings than I had done before. I was startled, dismayed, wretched. I fancied many miserable things—that you wished to avoid me; that my presence was perplexing to you, though I knew well the gentleness of your disposition and manners would not allow you to betray these feelings palpably. I may have been

altogether mistaken. It is probable that you never thought twice of the matter; but for months I experienced great unhappiness. I know that there are women who resent admiration or love from any man that they cannot in return regard with preference; and on the other hand, that there are women who, from a spirit of coquetry, rejoice in winning a heart, though it be broken by their triumph; but to neither of these classes do you belong, unless I am indeed most wonderfully deceived. I feel sure you will not scorn or condemn me; yet it is most painful to me to make this confession of sentiments so long carefully concealed. Only that I cannot bear you to judge me too harshly, I would never have done so at all.

“And now I must say adieu, thanking you for all your former kindness, and trusting that it may never be your lot to suffer as I suffer now. Believe me,

“Your sincere friend,
“GEORGE RAYNOR.”

The letter, as the writer intimated, contained no note of the place from whence it was written; it bore the London postmark, and that was all the clue that could be obtained as to where it came from. Maria's heart beat with many different feelings as she thought over it. She was loved, and that was great happiness to her; but if she never answered Mr. Raynor, how would he ever know that this was the case; in his diffidence and utter hopelessness he had not dared to ask for a reply to his letter, or even to leave it in Miss Lipwell's power to send him one if she wished. Perhaps this little *trait*, so expressive of modesty and distrust, touched the young girl more than anything else connected with the letter.

“It is because I am an heiress,” she thought, a little sadly, “that he will not venture to ask for any answer. He fears that wealth must have wealth—that the rich and the poor cannot be matched together.”

That letter was very precious to her; preserved as a treasure of great worth, and read, day after day, many times over. The idea that she might yet meet him again never abandoned her entirely. Even if he did not dare to seek her any more of himself, chance might yet throw them together at some future period. Maria was very sanguine, and built her *Chateaux en Espagne* in all imaginable forms. Yet, among all their varied shapes, she never hit upon anything resembling the reality in store for her. Poor short-sighted

mortals that we are! we rarely anticipate the truth. Mrs. Lipwell was anxious to get her elder daughter married. Maria had never been a favorite, or even a tolerably beloved child; yet still, it would reflect credit on the mother if the daughter found a good alliance. It was highly provoking, then, that the young lady would not make herself agreeable enough to attract wealthy, high-born suitors. Nobody suspected that her heart was already given to an obscure individual. Yet she did not escape annoyance: and at length, feeling that something must be done to forward her matrimonial plans, Mrs. Lipwell, not being able to bring her daughters to London, determined to invite two distant relatives of her own to spend some time at Larch Grove. These people were Lady Mary Dowton, a widow, and her brother, Lord Dulheadie, a somewhat elderly bachelor peer, of small income, and greatly out at elbows. He had long been on the lookout for a rich wife, and during Maria's first seasons in London had paid her some attention. He was likewise connected with families in the Lipwells' county, and had latterly met her at quiet dinner parties in the neighborhood of Larch Grove. It would be well for Maria to be a countess, even though her husband might be in embarrassed circumstances, thought the mother. Rank was a great consideration, and her own large fortune could supply deficiencies on the other side. So now, to the great distress of the poor girl, Lord Dulheadie and his sister came to the Manor, and she was expected to receive his attentions complacently. He was a stupid, uninteresting man, unlikely to attract any woman; but in her own house Maria could not treat him with indifference. Her only moments of happiness were when he was out shooting with Arthur Hopton, who was good-natured enough to entertain him to the best of his ability. Lady Mary was a shrewd, clever woman, very anxious to catch Miss Lipwell for her brother's wife; so that the poor girl was distressed upon all sides, and quite unequal to contend against all the manœuvring of her mother, and her suitor's sister. He was always beside her in the walks, rides, and drives through the country, which were planned for the visitors' amusement; and at dinner, Mrs. Lipwell always contrived that he should sit next to her. Soon it was spread all through Tilby and the neighborhood that

Miss Lipwell was going to marry Lord Dulheadie.

CHAPTER XXII.

DAVID WYNNE GETS INTO DISGRACE.

DURING all this time David Wynne and his wife held the posts of master and matron of the Tilby Almshouse. Many of the inmates of sixteen years ago were now gone to their long homes. The maniac, the idiot, the poor cripple, had passed away, and were succeeded by others, who shouted, laughed with idiotic laugh, or hobbled along on crutches just as their predecessors had done. We have the poor forever among us indeed. No fear that the almshouse would ever be deserted. Yet Sukey Sparrow lived on still, now bordering on eighty, past all labor, unfit even to nurse a pauper infant, eating the bread of charity and never stirring without the walls of the great almshouse yard. She still possessed all her mental faculties, and her memory of the past never deserted her. David Wynne's daughters were now grown up young women, very dashing, fashionably dressed girls, thinking of little except vanity, though their father somehow was not thriving. He and his wife, we regret to say, had become habitual drunkards—one leading on the other to vice. Thus the business of the almshouse was neglected, the paupers were more harshly treated than ever; and as Mr. Lipwell seldom, indeed never, latterly attended the board days, David met with frequent reprimands and warnings from the gentlemen of the committee, who cared not for hurting his feelings as his kind patron might have done. Indeed some of them disliked Wynne very much, and would have been glad to wrest the wand of office from him entirely. Reports reached Mrs. Lipwell of the unworthy conduct of her husband's favorite. She had never liked David, and she was ready enough to believe his behavior reprehensible. Sir Thomas Combely, who was a particular friend of Lord Dulheadie, represented to her that if things went on at the almshouse as they existed at present, all order would be destroyed. The paupers were neglected, the accounts of the establishment all confused, the expenses far too great. In short, affairs called loudly for amendment. Under these circumstances Mrs. Lipwell herself proceeded to visit the almshouse, accompanied thither by Lord Dulheadie and Lady Mary Dowton, the latter of

whom, to use a vulgar expression, liked having "a finger in every pie," and was glad to have an opportunity of examining into whatever was wrong anywhere. At this time Wynne had become a bloated, red-faced man, gray-haired, but stout-looking enough, and still active in brain, in spite of his dissipated habits. He received Mrs. Lipwell and her companions with much pomp and respect at first; but, on finding out that they were all come there to inspect and find fault, he grew surly by degrees, making short answers, and dropping all respectful titles, such as "my lord," "my lady," as he replied to the comments of the trio.

"Are you happy here, and do you get enough to eat?" inquired Lady Mary of a poor creature just released from the punishment of the shower-bath, awarded for some trifling offence.

"No, I aint," she replied; "nobody could be. We all hate David Wynne, for he's the cruellest, wickedest man on God's earth. Didn't he flog little Joe Tadly last week so hard when he was drunk, that he killed him dead?"

"What!" said her ladyship, in horror. "Mr. Wynne, what does she mean?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Wynne, coolly. "She's a raving, crabbed old thing."

"Ay, raving, of course; but let the ladies ask about Joe, and they'll know maybe if I'm right." And thus set upon the scent of a most foul act of Wynne's, Mrs. Lipwell, by much cross-questioning and shrewd inquiry, actually discovered that David, in a fit of drunken rage, had flogged a poor deformed boy so severely that he died two days after in one of the cells of the almshouse, and was forthwith buried without having received medical treatment, or having excited any attention, except among a few of the almshouse inmates who dared not bring the matter into public notice. Lord Dulheadie even was roused from his usual apathetic state by hearing of this dreadful inhumanity, and expressed much indignation in presence of the wretched culprit.

"The boy didn't die of the beating," said Wynne, doggedly; "he was subject to sudden attacks, and he got one of them in the cell. No boy of his age could have been injured by the few strokes I gave him."

"If he was a delicate child, so much the

worse for you to have beaten him," said Lord Dulheadie, getting quite bright-witted in his indignation.

"Folks have no right to come here prying about when the humor takes them," at length exclaimed Wynne, who may not have been quite sober; "it's Mr. Lipwell's business, and no one else's, to look after this almshouse!"

This speech caused Mrs. Lipwell's eyes to flash fire. She said nothing more to Wynne; but from that hour he detested her and Lord Dulheadie. They had brought him into open disgrace among the paupers, after all his years of pomp and tyranny over them. Perhaps they might be the means of removing him altogether from his high post.

"Then, as I stand here a living man," he vowed in the secret recesses of his heart, "I'll make them repent their prying this day. If ever I have it in my power, I'll bring Mrs. Lipwell low to the ground."

CHAPTER XXIII.

MARY FLAGGS CONTINUES HER READING.

As soon as her grandmother left her again, Mary Flaggs began reading over the book which she had concealed under her pillow; and her interest being roused, she passed from page to page without ceasing. The next passage that she arrived at was this:—

"December 1st.—All is over now. I cannot bring myself to write down all that has transpired of late. The humiliation and misery I have suffered—the indifference I was obliged to assume—the tears I suppressed while in the presence of others—and the oceans I shed in secret. Let it pass forever from my mind. Possessed of a hundred sovereigns I was sent from the house by order of Mr. and Mrs. L—. And I left it this morning under the escort of a coarse-looking man, who is fortunately too hardened to think very deeply about me or my affairs. It is the middle of the night now; and by a subterfuge I have persuaded W— to postpone any further travelling till to-morrow. I feigned illness, which I am glad I do not really feel. I am wonderfully strong this night after all I have gone through. The hostess of the inn where I am now stopping seems a hearty, good-natured soul; I have ventured to confide partly in her; and have promised her ten pounds if she will get me secretly from this place before my escort is awake in the morning. She thinks she understands my position, and I cannot deceive her; but she evidently pities me, and

has agreed to let me travel in the wagon, which is to set off long before dawn to-morrow. In a very few hours I will be on my way to London instead of Liverpool, as was intended. Once there I shall be safe, and I shall try to earn my bread in whatever way I can. Mrs. D——, the innkeeper's wife, says she will write a line on my behalf to her daughter, who keeps a lodging-house in London, and through her means I may get employment in any way, however humble. Perhaps I was imprudent to confide so much in Mrs. D——. I told her what money I had with me, and now I think I was wrong to do so; but I am very nervous and full of forebodings. It is impossible for me to sleep this night, so I write on from having nothing else to do. How I long for the approach of the wagon that is to convey me to town! Long before W—— is awake I shall be far out of the reach of this hamlet. Will the time ever come when I shall be in prosperity and happiness—an honored and respected being? Thank God, though others may despise me, I need not despise myself. Even this last subterfuge practised against Mr. L—— and his *employé* may yet be explained and pardoned. How could any one expect that a person in my position would banish herself to a far-off land? And if I had openly refused to go to America I might have starved. Mr. L—— will get rid of me as effectually—at least for a time—as if I had left England. The clock has struck three. In an hour I shall be off. Somebody has just gone down-stairs. What a fearful thing it would be if W—— had heard my conference with Mrs. D——, and was on the watch to prevent my escape in the wagon! The very idea makes me freeze! I believe I fell asleep for some time over the paper, for now the clock has struck four. I must stop for the present. The rain pours fearfully, and there is a wild storm of wind. I hear the wagon wheels grating underneath. Now for liberty!

“December 3d.—Late at night the slow-going vehicle arrived in London. I am now in the lodging-house belonging to Mrs. D——'s daughter and son-in-law. It is a very old, dismal-looking house, standing in an obscure street of the city, and can only be resorted to by very low people; yet the young woman seems a kind creature, and she is very civil to me. I wonder what that horrid man, W——, thought when he found I had disappeared. I trust Mr. L—— will not blame him for my delinquency. I got off as safely as possible from the inn. It was pitch dark, and still blowing terribly when I entered the great covered wagon in which I sat among various packages, glad of any place to stow myself. I gave Mrs. D—— the ten pounds I

promised, and she in return handed me the letter to her daughter here. I left my trunk at the inn, thinking it best not to hamper myself with it. I took care that it should contain nothing I cared for. However, all the way to London I felt nervous and fearful of pursuit; the slow journey was very trying and wearisome; and when, in the depth of night, I arrived at this lodging-house, I felt faint with fatigue. The young woman of the house was still up. I found her with a baby in her arms sitting alone at the kitchen fire. She seemed to have been weeping, but when I gave her the letter from her mother she brightened up a little. From what I have since observed, I think she has a bad husband. Indeed, Mrs. D—— spoke to me something of this. He is a surly, savage-looking creature, who seems to treat her as a slave; and she is almost as submissive as one. The baby is a pretty little thing, very small and fragile, and seems the only thing the poor broken-hearted mother has to make her life happy.

“December 12th.—I am still here, and though I have written often to O——, have got no reply to any letter. The fearful idea seizes me that he has abandoned me altogether; if so, I must only try to bear with his desertion. In this house I am treated most kindly by the poor woman who acts as mistress. The husband is only occasionally at home. The more I see of him, the more I dislike him; in fact, I feel an unaccountable dread of him. I generally go down in the evening to sit in the parlor below stairs with my hostess, and her husband is, of course, sometimes there. The pretty little child, Mary, is an amusement to me. She has already learned to smile when I approach; and I often nurse it to relieve the poor mother of the burden. There is only one servant in the house, a wretched-looking old woman, scarcely able to hobble from one room to another, yet expected to do much work. At present, I am the only lodger here; and I think my host and hostess are rather badly off, or else the former spends all the money on himself, for the poor woman is ill-clad, and seems in great poverty. She borrowed a sovereign of me this morning, though I do not yet owe half that sum; but I gave it willingly. My own misfortunes make me pity those of others far more than formerly. What a mine of wealth those hundred bright sovereigns seem to my eyes! I often count them over. Indeed, I was foolishly doing so last evening up in my room when old Peg, the servant, suddenly entered, and there was the great golden pile lying on the table before me, distinctly revealed by the candle-light. I hastily threw them back into the bag, but they made a great jingle, and I

thought the old woman looked over at me while I was picking them up by threes and fours. She has a wicked, wonderful eye—that old Peg; I wonder what her history is. She must have seen much of life, in a certain degree, during her long existence.

“December 13th.—My poor hostess and her husband had a great quarrel last evening. I heard them disputing from my own room. I heard her say in a tone of great excitement that she would leave him, and take her child along with her, to beg through the world rather than remain under that roof. He declared she durst not attempt such a thing. The child was his; the law gave it entirely to him, and she was his property also! How strange it is that the law protects the strong rather than the weak; and how equally strange that the most brutal, ignorant man is aware of the power the law gives him over his wife and children—the children that she has borne in agony at the peril of her own life! It seems to me that man and woman have not equal rights at all in this world. This idea has possessed me of late; but then I am a poor, simple creature. Wiser heads than mine have probably framed our laws. Women are, at all events, not quite in such slavery now as they were in the times of the old Romans, when a man had power to kill wife or child if he liked. Our laws are not *quite* so cruel as those of the olden time. Eighteen hundred years hence—how much farther will civilization and enlightenment have advanced? I was too nervous to go down to sit with the people below last night. I dreaded to remain in the room with that fearful man, who could use such brutal language to his wife. I think I will leave this lodging as soon as possible. All night in bed I lay awake, fancying I heard people going about the house, and even approaching my own door, which unfortunately has no bolt or lock. At last I got up and walked about the room, feeling as if suffocated. To-day my hostess seemed a little sullen and dogged even towards me. She asked me actually for fifteen shillings; and when I replied that I feared I had not change to that amount, she said, ‘Oh, then, I dare say you have plenty of gold; it’s easy to change a sovereign.’ So feeling a sort of dread of refusing her, I went up-stairs and brought down a sovereign on the spot. But I must go away from this. I shall die if I remain here.

“December 15th.—I was very ill all yesterday, and in the evening, when the woman asked me to go down-stairs for company, I felt actually afraid not to comply with the request. Her husband was at home, and they seemed to have forgotten their late quarrel. There was a good supper on the table;

and what struck me with a curious, creeping feeling of horror, was the appearance of a large peculiar-looking knife lying amongst the eatables. It seemed like a butcher’s knife—so large, strong, and sharp-looking; I dare say the woman saw my eyes fixed upon the formidable-looking weapon, for she made an observation respecting it, saying it was a knife used for cutting up meat, and had belonged to her husband’s father, who had been a butcher. In a short time after it was removed from the table; but, somehow, it made an extraordinary impression on my mind.

“January 3d.—A long while has elapsed since I last wrote in my journal, and now I have seized the opportunity, while Mrs. Cumber is out of the room, to write a few lines. Much has happened to me since the last day’s events were recorded. I am the mother of a living, breathing human being—a little creature, tiny as a doll. Mrs. Cumber—I will write her name plainly, since I no longer care whether my journal is read or not—was most kind to me for the last fortnight; she is delighted with the baby, and puts it to sleep in the daytime in the cradle beside her own. How sweet the two pretty little things look together! To my great relief, Stephen Cumber has been away for ten days, and I think his wife rather rejoices at his absence also. I have bought some nice clothes for my little daughter, and have made a few trifling presents to Mrs. Cumber for hers. May the dreadful ‘Steve,’ as his wife calls him, stay away till I can leave this!”

And now Mary Flagg threw the book aside once more, with a spasmodic movement, murmuring half aloud the words “Steve Cumber!” A sort of cold dew gathered upon her pale forehead; a feeling of nervous horror oppressed her for many minutes before she could compose herself to continue reading the journal. But it was impossible for her to relinquish the perusal of it altogether, agitated though she was. It was thus continued:—

“January 10th.—I am still very weak, and Mrs. Cumber is so kind to me I cannot bring myself to leave her, especially now, when her husband is away. She says he often remains from home for months at a time, and then comes back and takes whatever money there is in the house, and goes off again. The poor creature has begun to confide her cares to me; she says she eloped with Stephen Cumber, who was employed as an ostler at her father’s inn, and that for a long while her parents would hold no communication with her. Almost from the first week of their marriage

her husband treated her cruelly. 'At first I had good spirit,' she said, 'but gradually I hadn't a bit left. It wasn't because he beat me or ill-used me that I got so downhearted-like, but because I couldn't get away from him. People said, a married women should bear all her husband's wilfulness and wickedness, no matter how bad he was, when once she had tied herself to him; and I knew that if I did run off from him, nobody would employ me in any respectable way, unless I could get a character, and say who I was, and all about my husband's behavior to me. So I felt like a prisoner in chains, and three beautiful children all died off, one after another; and now I've only this little puny girl, that may die, too; and though it would break my heart to see her dead, yet I know it would be well for her to be taken out of this world, that's such a sorrowful place for so many women. There's a comfortable almshouse near where you came from, ma'am, that I often wish my little Mary was safe in; I know it well, for I was apprenticed to a dressmaker in the town, and I used to go sometimes to see the people living there. If ever I'd escape from my husband—that is, if he got worse than he's now, I would just try to drop my child in that almshouse; and then I'd strive to work for my living the best way I could, till I'd have enough to get Mary back to me.' Poor wretched woman! I cannot help feeling deeply for her; she seems so utterly broken-spirited.

"February 20th.—I am so occupied with my baby, that I do not care for writing down my thoughts, as formerly. Indeed, there is nothing to say of a particular kind. Mrs. Cumber and I get on well together; she understands all about my anxiety to get letters, and often walks to O——'s club and hotel to inquire for them, but, alas! in vain. I think he must be dead. How coolly I can write the words! We never know how much we can bear till the trial comes. My child was christened by the name of Sarah—after myself; she is so delicate I fear she cannot live, but still she seems quite as strong as little Mary Cumber.

"February 28th.—Mrs. Cumber tells me that it is only of late her family have begun to take any notice of her, though they are not cordial yet. She says her father's circumstances are not near so good as they were; and from some hints she drops occasionally, I glean that he is not nearly so honest as her mother, who, at the same time, was very much more enraged at her marriage than he was. To my surprise, she told me her father and husband were coming to her early next week.

"March 6th.—I would have tried to suit myself in other lodgings upon hearing that Cumber was to be home so soon, only I felt

too ill all the week to go out, and he came back yesterday with his father-in-law, who looks worse dressed and more shabby than he did three months ago. Cumber himself is just the same wretched-looking man as before. When I came up to my room unexpectedly this morning, I found old Peg standing very near the drawer where I keep my money, and I had forgotten the key in it! I really am a very silly creature. Mrs. Cumber's father is going to stay for some time here; as he is come to London upon business. Baby was so ill last night, I thought it was dying, but Mrs. Cumber, who understands infantine ailments, administered a rapid cure.

"March 11th.—I am now very much prostrated. My hostess has requested me, in a very extraordinary wild manner, to leave her lodgings, as she wants to let them to some one else; but she requests me not to say anything of my leaving them to any other person in the house. 'But I cannot go to-day,' I said in surprise, 'I could not pack up my clothes so hastily; besides, I am very weak and ill.' 'No matter for that,' said she, in that sullen, dogged way she sometimes assumes, especially when her husband is at home; 'go when I ask you, if you please; I have been kind enough to you, and you might oblige me.' I felt mortified, and said I would certainly take my departure that evening; and I have begun to pack up my few clothes and books. I dare say I shall be ready to depart in two hours. It is a wild, stormy day; oh, so bleak and fearful? And must I leave the house in all this storm of wind and snow? Thank Goodness, no. Mrs. Cumber has just come to say that I may wait till to-morrow. She has given me no reason for this respite; and so now I will shut up my journal for the present, and go down-stairs, for my hostess says, her father and husband have gone away for a day or two. Mrs. Cumber is not so wild looking as in the morning, but still rather tremulous and excited; sometimes I have feared that Stephen Cumber might try to get rid of his miserable wife by some shocking means, and that she had a dread of this herself also. Hers is a terrible fate."

CHAPTER XXIV.

DISTRESS OF MIND.

HERE the journal ended abruptly. Mary Flaggs turned over page after page of blank paper, in a state of much excitement.

"I know who all these people were!" she exclaimed, sinking back on her pillow, while the dusk of the winter afternoon already stole over all objects. "I am the child of Stephen and Mary Cumber! The man who is staying under this roof, hiding his real name, is my

father!" The young girl shed no tears upon making this fearful discovery; her emotion was too deep for any outburst of weeping, but every fibre of her frame shook with a powerful agitation. Her first impulse was to shut up the journal and tie it round, as before, with the faded ribbon, and then to hide it away, where her grandmother or aunt might never see it. But later in the evening, when Mrs. Drover came to sit with her, bringing her knitting and a light to the bedside, Mary thought she would ask her a few questions.

"Grandmother," said she, "did you ever hear of the governess that was at Larch Grove about seventeen years ago, called Price?"

"Why? What of her, of all people? To be sure I heard of her; everybody about here did."

"Mrs. Grubly was telling me of her some time ago. It was a great pity of her, wasn't it?"

"Well, it was, I suppose. It is always a pity of people that go wrong."

"Where did she go to when she was sent away from Larch Grove?"

"How can I tell? She was sent to America, you know. David Wynne brought her as far as our inn at Coyle, and she ran off in the night to whatever place she liked."

"Do you think she went to London?"

"London? Of course she may have gone there. I didn't trouble my head much about her."

"Do you think she is alive yet anywhere?"

"God knows," said Mrs. Drover in a husky voice, bending over her knitting.

After a long pause, Mary continued in a tone slightly tremulous,

"Grandmother, what became of my mother? Where did she die?"

All at once the needles dropped out of the old woman's hand, a dark light beamed in her eyes. "Why do you ask about your unfortunate mother!" she exclaimed in emotion. "How dare you mention her before me? Don't you know I never allow her name to be heard in my presence? Let the dead rest till the judgment-day!"

"Oh, it is hard not to know what happened to one's own mother!" cried Mary, in some excitement. "You needn't be afraid to trust me. If she lived and died a miserable woman, can't you let her child know it, and mourn for her!"

"Who has been putting these things into

your head?" asked Mrs. Drover, sternly. "Your mother is no more to any one on earth; never utter her name again in my hearing!"

And so forbidden to speak of her mother any more, Mary could only brood upon her own fancies in future. One idea became fixed in her mind, and that was that Stephen Cumber, the man whom she dreaded, perhaps most of any one in the world, was her own unworthy father. More than ever was she now determined to see Arthur Hopton no more. She blushed at her folly for having permitted herself to listen to his professions of love. When recovered enough to leave her bed, she sent him the following note, by post, instead of trusting any messenger direct with it to himself:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you very much for all your kindness to me, and the good opinion you have expressed of me, but I now think it is best that we should never meet again. I am only a poor girl, quite unfit to be the companion of gentlefolk. Even if you made me your wife, you would soon feel ashamed of me; and I never could bear to be sunk in my own eyes, as I should be, if I permitted myself to see you any more. I am lower in birth than you may think. I am, indeed, the lowest of the low, and you must soon understand that you will be well rid of me. As this is my first letter to you, so it will be my last.

"Your faithful servant,

"MARY FLAGGS."

It puzzled Mary very much to know how it was that she had been left at the Tilby Alms-house. Had her mother at last escaped from her father, and hidden her in the pauper asylum? Was it her hands that had left her in the great workhouse hall that soft summer night, that Suky Sparrow had so often told her of? O mother! mother! from the far-off land canst thou see or hear thy daughter's face or words? Does thy spirit ever hover near her in this lower world?

Arthur Hopton felt very much surprised and chagrined at the receipt of Mary's note; he understood quickly enough that some one had succeeded in warning her against him, and he hoped to see her somewhere, day after day, to assure her that he loved her with a most respectful, constant affection; but it was in vain to try and meet her, for Mary, even when quite well, would not go to the Manor any more. She gave up all her work there, and remained closely at home,

rarely stirring out of doors. It had caused her heart many a pang to be obliged thus to give up her lover, but for his sake as well as her own it must be done. Perhaps she had all the time been only standing on the brink of a precipice, and it was well she had stepped back in time. Had she not learned enough from the sad story of the poor governess, Miss Price? She felt that she had. So Arthur sought her in vain. Taking his gun with him as an excuse for being out, he passed day after day wandering through the woods adjoining the Halting Place Farm, hoping to see her going to or from the village, but without success. When nearly a fortnight had passed thus, he determined to write to her, and after due consideration, despatched a letter explaining all that he felt. But by the time it arrived at the Halting Place, Mary Flaggs was no longer there. Margaret Drover got the letter, and having read it, hid it away where no one else might find it.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ESCAPE.

OUR heroine had fled from her grandfather's house, a wanderer upon the world. Soon after her recovery from her recent illness, she was informed with some solemnity, that Mat Drover was willing to become her husband, and that she was expected to accept him as such. Drover and his wife, as well as Mat, were anxious for the marriage, and all three seemed to consider it as a matter of course that it must take place. At this time, Steve Cumber, *alias* James Selfe, was not staying at the Halting Place; he had taken his departure during Mary's illness, greatly to the young girl's relief of mind. On learning the intentions of her relatives, with regard to the disposal of her hand in marriage, Mary firmly expressed her own wishes on the subject. She did not like her cousin well enough to become his wife, nor could she ever alter her mind. Nothing would induce her to marry him. Mat was wrathful; his uncle and aunt almost equally so. No one took the poor girl's part but her Aunt Margaret, who having for years entertained a preference for Mat herself, trembled at the idea of his marriage with any one else. While Mary was weeping bitterly in her own room, ignorant of how she could possibly escape the fearful doom awaiting her, her aunt joined her,

shutting and locking the door carefully, before she addressed her.

"You don't love Mat, you say," she observed, in a husky, hurried tone; "then you had best try to get away from this, for you'll be forced to marry him if you stay here."

"But how can I go anywhere else? I have no money, and unless I went to the almshouse, I wouldn't be received in any place that I know of," said Mary, hopelessly.

"The almshouse wouldn't do, for you'd be found out there at once, and brought back, even if David Wynne would let you in, which I don't believe he would;" returned Margaret, "but I have money of my own that I saved, and I'll give you a few sovereigns to take you to London, and I know a respectable woman called Godsell, that will get you a place as nursery-maid or kitchen-maid, or whatever you're fit for; she's living at No. 3 Mud Court, and keeps a huckster's shop; but you must change your name, and take care not to go out much for fear of Mat following you."

"I'll call myself any name you like," said Mary, hurriedly; "but wont it be very lonely and desolate in London?"

"Then if you like to stay here, do so," returned Margaret, sharply. "I was only trying to serve you. It's nothing to me whether you go or not."

"Oh, I'll go, aunt, I'll go!" exclaimed the girl, "I wouldn't stay for the world!"

Thus it was settled that she should leave the Halting Place, secretly. Margaret planned her flight, giving her five sovereigns. It was arranged that she should go out to walk very early next morning, taking the road that led towards London, and when the coach passed, she was to hail it and take her seat for the city. This plan succeeded well; no one knew where she was going to but Margaret, when she left the house in the morning; and she had arrived safely in London, at Mrs. Godsell's, before she was missed by her relatives at the Halting Place. Mrs. Godsell was a fat, pleasant woman, who happened to be in want of a servant herself, and she was glad to get one from the country. According to Margaret's advice, Mary had taken the name of Brooks, as a disguise; and Mrs. Godsell was quite unaware that she was any relative of the Drovers, which made her speak more freely of them and their affairs than she might have done, if she had sus-

pected that the girl was connected with them by birth.

"Did you hear anything of Richard Drover's married daughter, Mary Cumber?" asked Mrs. Godsell, who had a considerable turn for gossip, when she and Mary were sitting one night together.

"No," said the girl, starting and coloring; "I hardly ever heard her name mentioned."

"She lived at one time in the big house at the corner of the next street; but that's many a year ago, upwards of sixteen, I'd say. She wasn't a proper reared woman at all, for she first ran away from her parents to marry Stephen Cumber; and then, I believe, she ran away from him. She was his ruin, though I only say it in confidence. After she left him, he turned out dreadful! dreadful! He was tried over and over again for robberies, and he spent no end of time in the gaol, besides being transported for several years. It's well if he isn't hung yet!"

Mary could not repress a heavy sigh, bordering upon a groan.

"Ay, indeed, it's awful to think of such doings. I creep all over sometimes when I look at the old house at the corner, where they might have lived respectable folk, if it hadn't been for the wife's fault. Women should stand by their husbands through thick and thin, and not go forsaking them for every little trifle."

"Perhaps nobody knows how much my—how much Mrs. Cumber suffered from her husband," said Mary, in a faint tone.

"That's nothing," continued Mrs. Godsell, whose own husband was the meekest, most submissive of men, entirely under the control of the good woman. "Wives are to submit to everything."

Mary thought she would like to have a look at the corner house where her mother had resided; and having received a minute de-

scription of it, she went out next evening when her work was partly over, to see the old lodging house, formerly kept by Stephen Cumber. She rarely left Mrs. Godsell's house, except when obliged to do so on errands, and whenever thus going through the city, she always felt afraid lest some one from the Halting Place might meet and recognize her. It was with a hurried step that she ran across Mud Court, in the direction of the street where the old house stood, and soon she arrived before it. It was a high, dark building, with windows, long bereft of glass, staring out desolately from the walls; no one lived in it, and the door was fastened up.

"That's a haunted house," said a young woman, who was passing by. "I wouldn't like to stay near it after nightfall."

"Why is it haunted?" asked Mary.

"I don't know; old Peg Tibbins used to say so; she was a woman that lived a servant there in old times; nobody would take the house; so it's all going to ruin;" and the young woman passed on.

"I would like to go through it," thought Mary, peeping through one of the gaping lower windows. She leaned her hands on the window-sill outside, and strove to penetrate the darkness of the interior. "O mother, you had many a heart-trial there!" she murmured half aloud. "And it was in that dreary house that I first opened my eyes upon the world!"

The February evening was dark and chill. A slight shower of sleet began to fall, and the passengers through the street became fewer and fewer. Still, Mary, forgetting everything, except that she was gazing at a spot where the first days of her infancy were passed, continued to stand at the window, till she felt her arm suddenly grasped by a strong hand, and turning hastily round, she uttered a shriek of terror and surprise.

"How brave lives he who keeps a fool,

Although the rate be deeper!

But he that is his own fool, sir,

Does live a great deal cheaper."

—*Song in Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Very few people have any occasion to keep an *extra fool*; indeed, the wisest are the most fully aware of this fact in their own case. As to the comparative cheapness of the two plans, there

may be reasonable doubt about it. A dozen paid fools would not cost some men so much for their entertainment as the *one unpaid one* does. You may stoutly deny this if you have never alienated, perhaps forever, a friend for the sake of a jest, or by the ungracious statement of a dogma; nor wasted your breath in bubbles; nor "watered the desert" with your affections; nor, nor—perhaps you can go on with the catalogue.

From The Exchange.

THE DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS OF THE COTTON TRADE.

BY THOMAS BAZLEY, ESQ., M.P.

WHEN the greatest manufacturing industry which ever has been established is paralyzed and profitless; when the fixed capital invested in it is largely depreciated; when its floating capital is subjected to alarming diminution; and when the labor usually employed in it depends almost wholly upon eleemosynary support, not having the means of daily toil nor its rewards, difficulties are indicated under which the stoutest hearts may quail. The state of the cotton trade of Great Britain may be thus portrayed. Within a period of little more than three-quarters of a century, the spinning and manufacturing of cotton by mechanical power and agencies have been introduced into the United Kingdom, but the scenes of energetic enterprise and vast extension in this comparatively new industry are chiefly identical with the northern counties of Lancashire and Cheshire. Rural occupations have been displaced; new labor in aid of increasing manufactures has been invited to partake of the advantages which new discoveries, inventions, and applications in the rising industry afforded; thus leading by immigration to a congregation of artisans and of population in districts without precedent. The land and minerals of these counties become most valuable. Manufactories filled the valleys, and residences and cottages covered the hills. Up to the close of the year 1860, prosperity was the chief feature of the cotton trade. It had withstood the shocks of war. The long struggle with France left it unimpaired; and neither the American War, with its embarrassments and the orders in council, nor the Berlin decrees of the First Napoleon, interrupted the progress and advancement which it was destined to attain. In a fratricidal war, however, with which Great Britain has no belligerent concern, this industry is now imperilled. Peace, the greatest and best ally of commerce, being undisturbed between the States of America and this country, few have been the seers who foresaw that a foreign domestic convulsion would strand a great and distant industry, and that the cotton trade of the United Kingdom and Europe, if not doomed to extinction, was destined to encounter deprivations and sufferings never previously experienced by the sons of honest toil

and labor. Prudent men had warned this trade of the improvidence of its supply of the first elements of its necessity being the production of slavery, and of more than eighty per cent. of that supply being derived from one source, and the production of one country.

The last year of full occupation for the cotton trade being 1860, the extent of trade and of its resources may be referred to as indicative of the importance which it had assumed. Factories had been built with astonishing rapidity, and filled with the greatest celerity with the most improved spinning and weaving machinery, and the power of consuming cotton and of converting it into manufactures seemed almost to have attained its culminating extent. Approximately, the spinning spindles existing in the trade were 32,000,000. Looms had relatively increased. Bleach-works, print-works, dye-works, engineering, and machine-making establishments, had been vastly extended. Hamlets and villages had become small towns, and manufacturing plants were in their most enlarged and productive state. These fixed investments, including land and water-rights, might amount in value to not less than £60,000,000 sterling, and to work all these concerns and their ramifications, 20,000,000 more would be needed, making the mere productive capital 80,000,000; to which must be added, the value of mercantile and consumers' stocks in home and foreign markets, of cotton, of all auxiliary materials, and of bankers' capitals devoted to this manufacturing and mercantile business, showing a further necessary capital of 120,000,000—making the whole gross capital employed in it £200,000,000 sterling. Depending upon the industry associated with this large capital, including, with the workers in power factories, the hand-loom weavers, the printers, the bleachers, the dyers, the engineers, and machine-makers, the working builders of mills and of dwellings, the card-makers, the lace-makers, the hosiers, and the tradesmen supplying their wants, a population of about five millions of men, women, and children may be reckoned for the whole of these classes in Great Britain and Ireland. The danger of this dependence upon chiefly one source of supply for cotton has been lamentably verified, and now multitudes of laboring people, innocent of the fatal cause of their present mis-

ery, have become the victims of negligence of which their superiors are not guiltless. In the year 1860 the total weekly consumption of cotton in the United Kingdom was 2,523,200 bags consisting of,—

41,094 bags	American, or	85 per cent.
3,968 “	Egypt and Brazil,	8 “
3,461 “	East and West Indies,	7 “

48,523 “ consumed through the year ;

and the value of the whole was £33,520,919, but of which the Indian cottons, from their great inferiority, would be little more than £1,520,919, whilst for American and the other foreign cottons the cost was £32,000,000. Thus Great Britain then afforded a profitable market to the extent of £32,000,000 sterling for the article of cotton alone of of foreign production, and paid for it under adverse tariffs, whilst possessing at the same time a monopoly of the best land in the world for the growth of cotton, but which tamely offered to the parent country less than two millions towards the thirty-three and a half millions value consumed. This ruinous dependence has prostrated the cotton trade. At the end of the year 1860 commenced that mighty convulsion in the States of America, which is attended with horrors more appalling than the history of the world records. Agricultural industry in cotton in the Southern States has been essentially suspended, and by an increased protective tariff, in the Northern States legitimate commerce has been alarmingly diminished. Not only has this country been deprived of the supplies of cotton previously obtained, but large markets for manufactures have been lost. When the blockade of the Southern ports was effected, the cotton stock was retained by the Confederate States to coerce Europe into their recognition ; whilst, at the same time, the Federals, by their blockading vessels, tried to prevent any casual shipments being made—hence both contending parties, from different motives, have intercepted the natural supplies of a most important raw material, which otherwise would have benefited neutral nations. A portion of the crop of 1860 remained impounded. The crop of 1861 was of diminished extent, and suffered by the fire and devastations of a home war ; and the effect has been further to lessen, in a most serious degree, the growth of cotton in the present year ; but with this last crop, and the remnants of

previous crops, there may be now a dormant and secluded supply of four millions of bales of cotton in the Southern States. During the year 1861, the consumption of cotton in Great Britain was largely maintained by supplies of the previous year's growth and by working out of old stocks, the total number of bags used being 2,363,600, against the 2,523,200 bags used in the year before ; and a most important change in the sources whence the cotton came which was consumed in 1861 was effected. There were consumed weekly of cotton grown in the

States of America,	34,792 bags, or 77 per ct.
Egypt and Brazil,	3,726 “ 8 “
E. and W. Indies,	6,946 “ 15 “

45,454 in the average of the year.

Though this diminution in the quantity of cotton used took place, yet, from its augmented value, the trade paid more for this smaller quantity than for the larger quantity consumed in the previous year. The year 1862 has, however, been the period of trial, of suffering, and of severe loss. Its average weekly consumption will probably be, of

American,	4,500 bags, or 21 per cent.
Egyptian, etc.,	4,800 “ 22 “
E. Indian, etc.,	12,550 “ 57 “

21,850 or in the year 1,092,500

In the commencement of the year the consumption of cotton was not seriously diminished, but at its close the consumption is probably only

1,000 bags weekly	American.
4,000 “	Egypt, etc.
10,000 “	E. Indies, etc.

15,000 “

the whole trade of this country, no doubt, having the power to consume more than 50,000 bags per week. No indication of the activity of the cotton trade affords so correct an estimate of its prosperous or profitless condition as the consumption of the raw material ; and when less than one-third of the raw material which it ought to use is only consumed, less is earned by labor than two days' wages per week, and capital, both fixed and floating, becomes a diminishing instead of an increasing sum. The distresses of the laboring classes, however, can scarcely be measured by financial statements. Family ties are severed.

By published returns under the Poor Law Board, and those obtained by the committees of extraneous relief, the numbers out of work in *all* the cotton manufacturing districts cannot be fewer than half a million persons; but for each worker must be added children, nurses, the old and infirm, and the auxiliaries of cottage establishments, besides small tradesmen who are suffering the loss of their little capitals and accumulations, whilst their business occupations have vanished—to the extent of three others, making the actual sufferers in the United Kingdom into nearly two million individuals, of all classes and ages, who have been chiefly, directly and indirectly sustained in the cotton trade. Upon a moderate calculation, these persons are deprived of earnings amounting at the present time to a million sterling per month, or at the rate of twelve millions per annum. To prove the importance and extent of the cotton trade, as well as its advantage to the laboring community, a few facts illustrative of its extent and value, in the last year of its industry being fully exercised, may be acceptable. 1860 saw the whole industry in unwonted activity, and, generally, in a remunerative condition; but even then there were symptoms that extensions had exceeded the bounds of pru-

dence, and the barrier to a consumption as extended as had become the trade was visible. Engineers and machine-makers had been called upon to construct new concerns; the additional investments in fixed capital were enormous; labor became scarce and dear; coals, oils, tallow, leather, and all the requisites of the trade were in constantly increasing demand, and at very high rates, some of these having attained augmented values of full fifty per cent. Cotton was, fortunately, not unreasonable in price, but altogether the prime cost of yarns and cloth became considerably enhanced. Merchants had the sagacity to observe that, with a constantly increasing production of manufactures, all the elements of cost, including labor, cotton, and every material, must advance in value; and in full confidence that, under these circumstances, the prices of cotton products could not be depreciated, they extended their purchases of those products which were freely exported to every foreign market, and established a demand more delusive than real for cotton manufactures.

The following compilation from the Board of Trade Returns will show the fleeting prosperity of the cotton trade:—

	1860.	1861.	1862. Computed.
Exports of manufactures, yarns, and two-thirds of apparel, millinery, etc.,	£56,119,653	£50,554,792	£37,354,867
Value of home consumption,	£28,880,347	£27,445,208	£24,645,133
Value of total production,	£85,000,000	£78,000,000	£62,000,000
Deduct value of cotton, dyes, and oils used,	36,195,562	37,805,552	37,000,000
Left for wages and profit,	£48,804,438	£40,194,448	£25,000,000
Share for laborers' wages,	£26,804,438	£22,194,448	£14,500,000
“ capitalists' do.,	22,000,000	18,000,000	10,500,000

Merchants and the warehouse classes obtained considerable profits, not legitimately derived from their business, but obtained by the market augmented values of stocks held. These profits will, though, be liable to annihilation when the period for depreciation arrives. Now, whilst the national importance of the cotton trade is here proved, a more melancholy downward tendency in its prosperity cannot be presented than these facts. That the laborers in this trade did ob-

tain in wages in 1860 the sum of nearly twenty-seven millions cannot reasonably be questioned; and as at the present time not one-third of the quantity of cotton is being consumed which ought to be, two-thirds of the spinning and manufacturing concerns are unproductive—consequently, to estimate the loss of wages now at the sum of twelve millions per annum is not an unfair computation. Multitudes of respectable workmen and their families are plunged into the deep-

est distress and suffering, and, from having been independent and productive members of the community, are existing upon the poor's rates and upon the generous bounty provided by the benevolent of the United Kingdom. Generally, the employing classes have largely contributed to relieve the necessities of their workpeople; and from every class, and from every part of the empire, generous aid and sympathy have been tendered. By the loss of capital and of profit, the master manufacturer is an equal sufferer with his workers, both having unprecedented difficulties to contend with, and both, in truth, depending upon the supply of raw material, without which neither can enjoy profit or plenty. In the midst of these calamities and sufferings, the excellent conduct of the laboring classes deserves, as it obtains, the highest praise; and the patient endurance of the employing classes, and their liberal contributions from impaired property will command for them universal respect.

Another phase of distress in the cotton branch of industry will become apparent unless relief, which is yet invisible, be afforded. From the commencement of the mechanical structure of this industry, there have been constant and progressive investments in mills, in machinery, and in stores in aid of manufactured productions, and in the erection of dwellings alike for the employed and employers. Retrogression and not advancement being the certain position at this juncture of everything connected with the cotton trade, these investments must cease. Hitherto the investing career of the trade has been attended with immense profit to engineers, machinists, builders, and artisans of every class, whose gains are not estimated in the general results of manufacturing operations; but if, unhappily, the present prostration should continue, then these skilled and energetic men will be absorbed in the same destructive vortex. As if further to embarrass the British spinner and manufacturer, the course which the engineers and machinists have of late years pursued, and to which their right is unassailable, is proving most injurious to the interests of the former. Much of the mechanical improvement which has been effected in the manufacturing processes of this trade has arisen from the acquired knowledge of the mechanic being freely imparted, by newly constructed machinery for some particular

concern to other and possibly rival concerns; and by the interchange of inventions and of improvements through the agency of the engineer and machinist, immense perfection has been attained. But the manufacturing reputation of this country has not been restricted to its sea-girt limits, and the reports of fabulous profits have been spread over Europe and States of America, leading to a foreign contemporaneous extension of the cotton trade which now increases the difficulties of the British manufacturer, and threatens to prolong the danger with which he is contending.

Skilled engineers have been enabled to offer plans for the erection of the most splendid manufactories, arranged to contain the most perfect cotton spinning and weaving machinery which can be constructed for being worked with economy and profit; and as these professional and mechanical services have been chiefly of late exercised in foreign countries, a competition founded on the most recent improvements of the trade must arise between the British and Continental manufacturers, the latter thus being able to commence his career in the cotton industry where the former has completed that upward course of immatured invention till the perfection is attained with which his rival begins the race. Immense has been the extension of the cotton trade of late, both at home and abroad; and even in the midst of over-production and of the loss of cotton supplies, machine-makers and engineers have been calling into existence possibly even a new large average sized concern per week. Common prudence will suggest that in all contemplated extensions of manufacturing industry, raw materials and essentials should be viewed in secure prospect, and that a reasonable hope should exist that markets can be found in which to vend increased productions. Recently cotton yarn has been received in Manchester for sale from Russia, where it is now largely produced. Swiss and other foreign yarns and goods are sold also in British markets. To those countries British cotton manufactures were formerly extensively exported, but "a change has come o'er the spirit of the dream!" The difficulties of the trade, therefore, seem to be increasing when they can be least sustained.

An opinion prevails that there has been an undue extension of the cotton manufacturing industry; and whether its increase has been

accompanied by the previous scrutiny which sound discretion would suggest deserves a passing inquiry. A natural increase in the production of any manufactured article arises primarily from an extending demand for consumption, supported by the means of obtaining the capital, materials, and labor wherewith to enlarge its supply. Markets are, however, frequently created for increased quantities of the comforts of life by a corresponding diminution of price, which always vastly enlarges the field of consumption, alike in calico and corn; so that when either or both can be afforded at very low rates, the demand will be proportionately extended. Whether the extensions of the cotton have, during recent years, been conducted by the guide of wise economical laws, shall therefore have a moment's consideration. At the prices at which cotton manufactures were sold in 1860, their production was certainly in excess of all legitimate demand, and yet vast arrangements for their almost unlimited extension were entered into, and have continued almost unrestrained. With the great demand for steam-engines, mill-gearing, and machinery, the market value of these fixed implements had become very high, and could only be obtained at constantly increasing rates. The price of cotton had advanced and had an upward tendency. Coals, oils, leather, and other essentials were not sufficiently supplied, and their prices consequently advanced; and labor being in increased demand also, as already stated, increased in value, and the elements of cost were therefore considerably enhanced. Now, with the undue extension of the trade and with the high values attained by the component parts of yarns and cloth, the operation of advancing prices for all those essentials evidently became the only alternative for procuring them in sufficient quantity. These vast extensions indicated vastly increased manufactured productions; and as the law of increase in quantity leads to a diminution in the price, the dilemma arises, that with an unavoidable increase in the cost of production, there is involved the necessity of a great diminution in the selling price of those enlarged quantities of manufactures, and which need not be proclaimed as a position incompatible and ruinous. A great consumption of any manufactured commodity cannot be maintained at high prices; and if

the people of this or any other country are to be well fed and clothed, the necessities of life must be afforded at moderate rates. Cotton-manufactured products have become the ministering comforts of mankind; and unless they can be offered for consumption upon easy terms, diminishing quantities of them only can be sold and used. Essentially the cotton trade has risen upon cheapness, comfort, and convenience; and from its introduction to the time of the present American convulsion, it has constantly increased upon lowering or cheaper prices—cheapness always being identified with plenty, and dearth with scarcity. To have relied upon one adverse source of supply for the raw material of the great cotton industry of this country, is now proved to have been an almost fatal policy; and to have depended upon one country for this foreign product has been as unwise as was the protectionist regulations which attempted to limit the supply of food for the people of this country to the growth of their own home fields. The vast resources of the British East Indies and of the colonies have been undeveloped and neglected. Advantages have been offered by land grants, and by every possible facility, to induce our ever-increasing population to emigrate to the States of America; but difficulties in obtaining land in British possessions, and the restrictive regulations which have been enforced, have deterred the spirited emigrant and adventurer from settling in English colonies. The land tenure in India, the want of roads and communication there, and of a common and practical contract law, have not allowed English energy and capital to penetrate that vast dependency. Latterly many beneficial changes have been effected, and hopes are now entertained that obstacles to the advancement of our foreign possessions, and to their offering valuable support to the commerce of the parent country, will be removed. Of the amazing capabilities of Australia to supply Europe abundantly with every class of cotton there is no doubt, provided a generous system for the introduction of emigrants were adopted, and land grants made on tempting terms. Queensland and New South Wales might in a very short time be rendered capable of supplying the American deficiency to this country. British possessions in Africa and the West Indies only require to have their advantages placed within the grasp of

the energetic and enterprising. In the dominions of Turkey and of the Emperor of the French, inducements which rival those held out by Great Britain are now offered to encourage the growth of cotton. Egypt has become a most extensive source of the supply of cotton of superior quality; and the successor of Mehemet Ali, the present enlightened Pasha, is wisely imparting an impulse to its increased cultivation in that country which cannot fail to be useful as well as profitable. To the East Indies we may direct our efforts with every prospect of success. This dependency has dormant powers which, if half developed, would supply the whole world with most acceptable cotton. From the Dharwar district cotton is now obtained of a quality quite equal to middling American, and which yields satisfactory profit to its cultivator; and for this boon a great debt of gratitude is due to Mr. Shaw, who caused the average yield of it to be quadrupled, and its market worth per pound to be doubled—thereby affording an eightfold benefit to the ryots, who now declare that their cotton culture is their gold gathering, their whole crop being now about 200,000 bales. If every part of India where cotton is grown were rendered equally productive, the entire crop would be four times the extent of the present yield; and the market price of the superior produce being double that of the inferior, we should have the eightfold advantage extended over the whole dominion; and in place of a yearly production of 4,000,000 bales, for which the ryot has not been paid an average of 2d. per lb., giving some twelve millions sterling for the entire of the present crop, there would be grown 16,000,000 bales, worth ninety-six millions pounds sterling! So much for spirited and scientific agriculture! Tempting as is this picture in prospect, it really only represents half the advantage which would accrue from the improved cultivation of cotton in India; because any large portion of such a crop of cotton coming to this country would only be paid for by the extended export chiefly of cotton manufactures. Still, merely to change the dependence of this trade upon one single source of supply to another single source, would be unwise. Political convulsions have been suppressed; but possibly another mutiny may succeed, and then would arise the repetition

of difficulties and the foreboding of further dangers. Let the trade, therefore, emancipate itself from any chief or sole dependence for its supply of cotton, especially as there are more than twenty fields, of immense extent, whence excellent cotton can be obtained by exertion and cultivation. Hitherto extravagant prices for cotton have not *directly* or importantly stimulated its extended cultivation, and the twenty millions sterling already paid for the advance alone which has been effected in its price have been impounded by the successful speculators. So eager, indeed, have been the mere cotton operators in the ports of India to secure the immediate benefit of high prices, that the ryot has been stimulated to gather his crop before it had attained maturity, and to send it to market without being sufficiently cleaned and prepared. This improvidence is further damaging the already sufficiently low reputation of Indian cotton. The ryot is not generally rewarded for the production of a high class of cotton, and therefore it is not his interest to grow it and carefully clean it. If the cotton-spinner and the cotton-grower could dispense with a few of the intermediates in India who keep them asunder, the benefits to both would be palpable. In the States of America, the cotton-planter has been followed to his plantations by the agents of the European spinners; and the stimulant of the price paid for the article, according to its quality, being obtained by the planter, has promoted the growth of the best classes of cotton, and has vastly extended their cultivation. How gratifying would it be to the free laborer of Britain to know that the toil of the slave ministered not to his necessities, and that the free only served the free! To correct an erroneous impression, it may be well to repeat the fact that cotton, with all its guilt, has employed fewer slaves than sugar, tobacco, and other products; and therefore our generous sympathy should be extended to the many as well as to the few oppressed negroes. If, instead of spending a million sterling per annum in endeavoring to capture slaves, and at the same time inflicting miseries and cruelties in the service, one-third of that sum had been expended, under judicious inspection, in encouraging the growth of the ordinary products of slavery by free labor, then it is probable the death-blow to the inhuman traffic

would have long ago been given, and our own calamities, and those of the States of America, might have been spared.

Unfortunately, attempts and suggestions have been made to divert well-directed efforts from the cultivation of cotton to other costly vegetable materials to supersede cotton; but nothing can so easily, cheaply, harmlessly, and securely be obtained as cotton itself; hence such efforts are injurious and useless, terminating in repeated disappointments.

With all the charity which has been dispensed, and all the benevolence which honors our age, the cause of the existing evil is unremedied. Nothing less than an abundant supply of good and cheap cotton will afford the relief still needed. Charity, benevolence, and all the virtues, cannot permanently displace and compensate for honest labor; consequently the root of the evil should be attacked. Government should remove every impediment to the employment of labor and capital in India and the colonies. Free labor is more efficient than that of the slave, and is less costly. Cotton-growing, judiciously conducted, has been, is, and will be profitable. The trade or public opinion should enforce higher cultivation of cotton in India, and induce the extended cultivation of the Dharwar class to compete with American. Some of the late supplies of cotton from India are so poor in staple, short and irregular in fibre, and dirty in condition, that amendment is imperatively called to prevent the abandonment of the use of Indian cotton when American supplies are again offered. With the evidence that India can produce excellent cotton, it will be a national disgrace if, after pleading for large supplies from her, and when she seems to be yielding to our entreaties, we should be compelled, by inferior, dirty, and faulty cotton, to be obliged again to desert her produce. It is, indeed, as much the interest of India to give, as it is the interest of Great Britain to receive, good cotton. Europe, besides this country, has to be

supplied with cotton; and now the opportunity is afforded for the productions of British foreign possessions which has never previously been, and may never more be, presented. Inferior Indian cotton is opposed to the true interest of the work-people and of their employers; the former can only earn upon it low and unsatisfactory wages, and the latter has the mortification of obtaining a diminished production of yarn and cloth, which must be disposed of under great disadvantages in the market, from their flagrant imperfections.

The economical aspect of this question will make the discreet shudder. Labor is pining in want, and capital is wasting, and the losses of both, added to the charitable contributions of the benevolent, and to the expenditure in increasing poors' rates, will, before the termination of the struggle, supposing it to continue to midsummer next, involve a total cost and loss of fifty million pounds sterling! To have originated a new cotton-producing industry in Queensland and New South Wales to an extent which would have compensated at the present moment for the loss of the American supply of cotton, might have been effected by the discreet investment of five million pounds sterling!

Will the Government hold out no saving hand to rescue the endangered interests of the most industrious people which ever enriched their country? Will the capitalist classes neither help themselves nor those who have contributed to their wealth, by efforts commensurate with the necessity to procure abundant supplies of their first element of employment and of commerce? Shall the greatest textile manufacture which the world has known expire of inanity? Shall the free recur to the support of the slave, still craving the imperial weed, sugar, cotton, and other products? May impending evils be averted, and the lesson of duty which has been taught learned equally by the rulers and the ruled of this great country!

From The British Quarterly Review.

A Memoir of Sir Philip Sidney. By H. R. Fox Bourne. Chapman & Hall.

Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sidney. 1829.

The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia: a Pastorale Romance. By Sir Philip Sidney. Folio, 1633. (Eighth edition.)

AMONG the great men of the days of Elizabeth, amid that galaxy of illustrious names which have made her reign far shining beyond any other in our annals, there is "one bright particular star" upon which the eyes of succeeding generations have ever lovingly dwelt. We need scarcely write the name, for even the little child spelling out his first lesson in English history would reply, "Sir Philip Sidney." And from that sorrowful day when, followed by weeping thousands, he was borne to old St. Paul's, even now, Philip Sidney—with those rare endowments both of mind and body, the "beautiful soul" enshrined in a face of almost feminine beauty; with his many accomplishments, his lofty, chivalrous spirit, his stainless life, his heroic and most Christian death—has appeared to us rather as some beautiful creation of the poet, the ideal exemplar of the "veray parfaite gentil knight," than as an actual historical personage. No wonder that a character so attractive should have no lack of biographers, from the day when Fulke Greville sat down in his old age so lovingly to trace the progress of his life-long friend from his schoolboy days to his death-bed, presenting us with a life which, notwithstanding its fond garrulity, we would not exchange for another, down to the present time, when Mr. Bourne devotes the portly volume before us to the same subject.

It is singularly unfortunate, in respect to Sir Philip Sidney, that although the intimate friend of so many, we have scarcely one of his private letters. These, valuable beyond all other documents to the biographer, are plentiful enough in the case of many statesmen and courtiers, his contemporaries. We can mark the vanity and self-importance of Sir Christopher Hatton in his letters; we can trace the minutest domestic details in those of Lord Burghley, ruefully casting up his expenses at Theobalds, or lamenting "little Anne" suffering with her teeth; and we could almost compile a life of the gallant and unfortunate Essex from his private let-

ters alone, while of Philip Sidney, we have only the scantiest notices, often mere indirect references in official letters. We therefore especially thank Mr. Bourne for the pains he has taken, while making use of the larger memoirs and collections of Collins and Zouch, to seek after original documents, especially in that invaluable depository, the State Paper Office; and although we had hoped a more abundant harvest would have rewarded his labors, still his exertions have thrown additional light on several important points; and with this additional light we will endeavor to trace Sir Philip Sidney's career.

Few readers are aware how closely related Philip Sidney was to many of the leading characters of that day. On his father's side, of an ancient though not noble family, his grandfather was knighted on Flodden Field, and received the manor of Penshurst in reward for his prowess. Subsequently, as "tutor, chamberlain, and steward," to the young Prince Edward, he became a person of no small importance at court, and Henry, his son, was therefore introduced to the palace at only eight years of age, where, as "henchman to the king," as these little pages were called, he was honored to stand in cloth-of-gold livery, adorned with the Tudor red dragon, close beside his royal master on state occasions, ready to pick up the broided glove, or reverently to hold the perfumed handkerchief, or perhaps even the jewelled "pouncet box," filled with "swete powderes of marvellous virtues." The whole family of the Sidneys of Penshurst, seem indeed from this time to have taken up their residence at court; for, as Sir Henry Sidney relates, in a most interesting piece of autobiography addressed to Walsingham, and for which we are indebted to those invaluable stores so long hidden in the State Paper Office:—

"I was put by that most famous king to his sweet son, Prince Edward, my most dear master, prince, and sovereign; my near kinswoman being his only nurse, my father being his chamberlain, my mother his governess, my aunt in such place as among meaner personages is called a dry nurse. . . . And as the prince grew in years and discretion, so grew I in favor and liking of him."

On Edward's accession Henry Sidney became one of the chief gentlemen of the bed-chamber, was knighted, and soon after re-

ceived the office of chief Cup-bearer to the King. It was doubtless the young man's high standing at court, and Edward's well-known attachment to him, that led the Duke of Northumberland, that bold, bad man, while seeking to ally his other children to the highest nobility, to choose a mere knight, not even possessed of broad lands, as husband for his daughter Mary. The marriage took place in 1552; and in the grant, dated only two months before the king's death, giving license to Sir Henry Sidney "to put into livery, as retainers, fifty gentlemen and yeomen," we can well perceive how anxious Northumberland, now the highest subject in the realm, was, that his daughter, if she could not take the high standing of her brothers and sister, should at least have the state she had been accustomed to in her father's house. A fitting title and large estate, would doubtless have been added; but Edward, whose failing health had begun to awaken Northumberland's ambitious hopes, died in July. Sir Henry Sidney was in close attendance on him during his last illness, and it was in Sidney's arms that he died.

We have no account of Sir Henry Sidney or of his wife during the short time Northumberland played out his reckless and fatal game of ambition. The poor pageant-queen, Jane Grey, does not appear to have been attended by her sister-in-law, but the young couple probably retired to Penshurst, where Sir William Sidney, the father, resided, and where, soon after, he died in a good old age, while Northumberland laid his head on the block, leaving four sons in the Tower expecting the same fate. Thus there was deep sorrow at Penshurst ere the birth of Philip. Six months after the execution of her father, Lady Mary Sidney had to mourn the execution of her brother, Guilford Dudley, and his blameless and gifted wife Lady Jane; and then, when at length the three remaining brothers were dismissed titleless and landless from the Tower, happy that they had escaped with their lives, the eldest, John, reached Penshurst only to die there three days after. But while the Dudleys met such severe treatment, a singular measure of favor seems to have been extended to the young knight so closely allied to them. Although, as he naively wrote many years after, "neither liking nor liked, as I had been," not only did he pass through these troublous

times without even fine or forfeiture, but on the 8th of November, 1554, he received a charter confirming all his former honors and offices. On the 29th, Philip, their eldest child, was born, and we can almost pardon the gratitude of the parents that bestowed on their first-born the hated name of Philip of Spain.

In contemplating these troublous times, we find it difficult to comprehend how men, who during the following reign stood forth so sternly as Protestants, could have passed unscathed through the fires of persecution that were blazing so fiercely around them. On the part of some there was doubtless much unworthy, though, when the dangers of the times are considered, almost pardonable, compliance; but others seem to have been strangely protected, although well-known adherents to the reformed faith; and among this class Sir Henry Sidney and Lady Mary may be placed. The first two years after Philip's birth Sir Henry spent apparently in close retirement at Penshurst; and then, having been appointed to a subordinate office, he accompanied Lord Fitz-Walter, the new Lord Deputy, to Ireland, where he continued until the accession of Elizabeth, having been meanwhile raised to the office of Lord Chief Justice. During these years young Philip, with his sister Mary, his junior only by a twelvemonth, continued at Penshurst, under the care of an excellent mother, who, to the talents of the Dudleys, added the high moral and religious principle to which few indeed of that gifted but unprincipled family could lay claim. There, wandering about the pleasant grounds, the two beautiful children, almost twins in age and similarity of feature, laid the foundation of that devoted attachment which has been celebrated in so much sweet verse. We have no account of Philip's earliest education. Probably he and his sister spelt out their horn-book at their mother's knee, and probably learned their Latin primer from her teaching; but, happily, the age of Elizabeth, though an age of profound scholarship, was no age for the encouragement of precocious talent, and thus the two beautiful and gifted children were allowed to wander at will until the age of seven years, when their education, according to the strict rule of that day, commenced in right earnest.

Meanwhile Sir Henry Sidney had received

the appointment of Lord President of Wales, and now kept almost regal state at Ludlow Castle—that castle, the very ruins of which are hallowed ground to the lover of English poetry, to the lover of Milton and his exquisite “Comus.” The vicinity of Ludlow to Shrewsbury, and yet more, his friendship for the master, who had been a fellow-collegian, doubtless induced Sir Henry to send his son, in his tenth year, to Shrewsbury grammar-school, and place him under the care of Master Thomas Ashton. Here, by a singular good fortune, Philip had for schoolfellow Fulke Greville, his life-long friend and affectionate biographer, who tells us how rarely endowed he was, even from childhood: “His talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind, so as even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn above that which they had usually read or taught. Which eminence by nature and industry made his worthy father style Sir Philip in my hearing, though I was unseen, *Lumen familie sue*.”

It was sad for the father, so justly proud of his gifted son, to be deprived of opportunity of constantly watching over his progress; but in 1565 Sir Henry was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland, and thither he proceeded, at the close of the year, with his wife and younger children, leaving Philip under the care of his “discreet master,” as he calls him in that delightful letter, most probably addressed about this time to “my little Philip,” and which, although so long, we think Mr. Bourne has done wisely to give entire. Two years after, Sir Henry returned to England, and then entered his son a student at Christ Church, Oxford. Here, in addition to the society of Fulke Greville, who accompanied him from Shrewsbury school, he formed that equally lasting friendship with Edward Dyer. Although nephew to the powerful Earl of Leicester—undoubtedly as to influence the first subject of the realm—neither Philip nor his father seemed hitherto to have received much benefit from him. Cecil, however, appears to have been greatly interested in the son, and alludes to him, in more than one letter, as even at that early age giving promise of very superior abilities.

Soon after, a proposal of marriage, between his son, although only fourteen years of age, and Cecil's eldest daughter, Anne, about a year younger, was made by Sir Henry Sid-

ney; but “cautious Cecil,” who even then seems to have had an eye upon the young nobleman who eventually became his son-in-law—the Earl of Oxford—replied to the offer in a very characteristic letter, acknowledging the courtesy, but hinting, though with much hesitation, his doubts of the extent of the poor Lord Deputy's purse. In this emergency application seems to have been made to the powerful Uncle Leicester, who arranged the marriage settlement with Cecil, and apparently with great liberality; but for some cause, now impossible to discover, though probably political, the alliance was broken off. That Philip felt any disappointment at this, as Mr. Bourne hints, is simply to apply the standard of the nineteenth century to the sixteenth. It is not unlikely that the children never heard of the plan until after it had been both arranged and broken off; but we think we can perceive that from this time the Earl of Leicester patronized more openly than heretofore his gifted nephew, and Cecil, although still most courteous, became far less friendly. Philip's stay at Christ Church was not long; indeed, he quitted Oxford, as was the usual custom then, at an age earlier than students in the present day enter, being only sixteen. Nor, although afterwards celebrated for classical knowledge as well as other attainments, did he take any degree, or, as far as we can ascertain, distinguish himself in any way. The story that he finished his studies at Cambridge rests upon no valid foundation, and it is most probable that on leaving Oxford he joined his family, Sir Henry Sidney, sick in mind and sick in body, having returned from Ireland in the spring of 1571.

The case of the poor Lord Deputy at this time was especially trying. After having expended large sums of money, and almost ruined his health in the diligent discharge of his onerous duties, the reward which the queen proposed was to raise him to the peerage. Cecil had been thus rewarded the year before; and thus it seems to have been a politic arrangement on the part of the queen, not only to honor an old and trustworthy servant, but to gratify Leicester by placing on an equality with the “Lincolnshire Knight” and his wife the daughter of her brother's schoolmaster, Sidney, in whose arms that brother had breathed his last, and the Lady Mary Dudley, whose father, with

kingly power, had maintained an almost kingly state. But alas! while rich in good fame and the blessings of those over whom he had ruled so mildly and so well that his name as "the good Lord Deputy" was a household word in Ireland, even down to the days of Strafford, Sir Henry Sidney was now a far poorer man than when he quitted pleasant Penshurst; almost too poor, indeed, to sustain even the humble estate of knight. From letters extant, application seems to have been made for some addition to his income, or at least for the payment of debts incurred in the discharge of his official duties; but as neither, it appears, could be obtained, the only alternative was to endeavor humbly to decline the royal offer. There is a very touching letter, among the domestic correspondence in the State Paper Office, from Lady Mary Sidney, which Mr. Bourne has given at length; and sad it is to see how anxiously and importunately, even as though asking a boon rather than refusing a peerage, the poor lady entreats Burghley on behalf of her husband, "who truly do I find greatly dismayed with the hard choice that is offered him, either to be a baron, now called in the number of many far more able than himself to maintain it withal, or else by refusing it to incur her highness's displeasure;" and therefore the daughter of Northumberland, the sister-in-law of "Queen Jane," humbly prays the fortunate statesman who in earlier days had humbly waited in her father's presence, "that it may please you of your great goodness only to stay the motion of this new title being any further offered him."

The appeal was successful, and Sir Henry was allowed to remain in the obscurity which his honorable poverty compelled him to seek. These revelations of the hard fate of his parents become extremely interesting when viewed in connection with their gifted son. Among the favorable influences upon his yet unformed but blameless character, these severe troubles, that bitter *res angusti domi*, must be placed; and many a beautiful passage in his writings, and, more important still, that gentle sympathy with all suffering which formed the crowning grace of his life, had perhaps been wanting but for the keen pressure of early trial.

It was his father's desire that Philip should be educated for a statesman; and therefore, doubtless with a pleasure that in some meas-

ure counterbalanced his recent troubles, it was that Sir Henry, just after declining the peerage, saw his son set forth with the Earl of Lincoln, ambassador extraordinary to the court of France, in the spring of 1572. It is probable that Philip owed this appointment, and the means of defraying its expenses, to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. The queen's license permits him to "go beyond the seas, with three servants and four horses, and to remain for two years, for his attaining the knowledge of foreign languages." To this Leicester added a letter of introduction to Walsingham, rather remarkable for the cool way in which he refers to him. "He is young and raw, and no doubt shall find those countries and the demeanors of the people somewhat strange unto him; in which respect your good advice and counsel shall greatly behove him for his better directions."

Paris was in the heyday of festival and merriment when young Philip arrived. The court was pleased with the special embassy, which it was hoped, would advance the projected marriage of Elizabeth with Alençon, and the populace were eagerly looking forward to the shows and largesse which would accompany the marriage of the young King of Navarre to the king's sister. Even Catholic and Huguenot had met in amity, all forgetful, it seemed, of their former bitter feuds. So here, during the summer, the young traveller stayed, under the friendly guardianship of Walsingham, receiving marked attention from the king and his mother—an attention we are rather inclined to believe he owed to his relationship to Leicester than to his own graceful manners, especially as we find the king bestowing upon him, a stranger, the singular though highly honorable office of "gentleman in ordinary of his bed-chamber." The time, doubtless, passed pleasantly away, for there were many learned men in Paris to whom Philip was introduced. Probably Henry Stephens was among the number—that illustrious scholar and printer with whom, in the cities of Germany, Sidney afterwards had much intercourse, and who held the young scholar in such high estimation that he dedicated one of his Greek publications to him. There was, indeed, much in Paris at that time far more attractive to Sidney than the festivities of a licentious court. The great leaders of the Huguenot party were all there: Coligny, the Prince of Condé, La

Rochefoucauld, Du Plessis, Mornay. With all these he associated; while his loving biographer tells us that Henry of Navarre himself treated him even as a friend and equal. But all was changed ere long, and in the atrocious massacre of St. Bartholomew Philip Sidney witnessed horrors which he never forgot, but which bound him henceforward with a life-long devotion to the Protestant cause. It is a strong proof, we think, of the awe which Protestant England, unsupported as she was, inspired, when we find that not only Walsingham, but even the meanest Englishman under his roof, was safe as in the king's own palace; while it affords even stronger proof of the perfect organization of that deadly plot. How well must the whole plan have been arranged, and how powerful must that unseen hand have been that held the bloodhounds in leash until the very moment the tocsin sounded, and then kept them off from the haughty Englishmen, who boasted Protestantism as their birthright, while they hunted down the trembling Huguenots, who held the same faith upon mere sufferance.

A few days after, Sidney quitted Paris, and took his way to Germany, visiting various cities, and after some months arriving at Frankfort, where he lodged for some time at Wechel's a celebrated printer of Greek and Hebrew books. It was here he met with one of his most valued friends, Hubert Languet, a learned man, and at this time one of the leaders of continental Protestantism. Although a solitary student, and far more than double the age of the young traveller, a strong attachment toward him seems from the first to have sprung up in Languet's mind—an attachment resembling that of a devoted father toward a highly gifted son. This attachment was warmly reciprocated by Sidney, and the youth of eighteen to whom everything was bright and new, and the civilian of fifty-four well experienced in the wiles of European politics, became linked together in a life-long friendship, which to us, in this colder age, seems strangely romantic. From Languet, however, Sidney, as he repeatedly acknowledges, received much valuable instruction: indeed, from some lines in a poem in his "*Arcadia*," we think he was greatly indebted to him for more serious views of religion:—

"Languet the shepherd best swift Ister knew
For clerkly rede, and hating what is naught,

For faithful heart, clean hands, and mouth as true.

With his sweet skill my skilless youth he drew
To have a feeling sense of him who sits
Beyond the heaven, far more beyond our wits."

In company with his new friend, Sidney, after some stay at Frankfort, proceeded to Vienna, and from thence went alone into Hungary, and then returning to Vienna, set forth for Italy. Would that, instead of these "*epistole*," in which in choice Latin we can just discover some meagre notices of his travels, we could lay our hands on the letters which Sidney doubtless addressed to that beloved sister, always foremost in his affections, however numerous his friends might be—letters, doubtless, carefully preserved and read over—telling, in that delightful style which distinguishes Sidney's prose, and not without those pretty quaintnesses which makes his "*Arcadia*" such pleasant reading, "how he did scale—

"The craggy rocks of the Alps and Apennine," and visited the chief Italian cities, studying rules of grammar, learning astronomy, "getting a notion of music," making acquaintance with Tintoret and Paul Veronese at Venice, and sitting to the latter for his portrait at Languet's earnest request. What a precious possession must that picture have been—what a prize for our National Gallery?

Sidney, naturally enough, wished to visit Southern Italy, but Languet, who occasionally seems to have exercised somewhat of parental authority over him, peremptorily forbade his approaching that especial seat of iniquity, Rome. We should have thought that Venice, then rising into the discreditable fame of being the great Vanity Fair of all Europe, would have been the more dangerous place of sojourn to the young man of nineteen, beautiful, accomplished, and, by the resistless fascinations of his manners, as likely to attract those Venetian syrens as they to allure him. But the solitary old man seems to have dreamt of no danger save from the pope and the Spaniard, and thus, while he prohibited his journey to Rome, he expressed himself anxiously even about a short visit Sidney made to Genoa: "For Genoa is so bound up with Spain that you cannot possibly be safe there." At length Sidney returned to Vienna, to make glad the heart of the old man, who had just before written, "If any mischance befall you I

should be the most wretched man in the world, for nothing gives me pleasure save our friendship and the hope I have of your manhood." Thus early, doubtless, old Languet perceived the statesman-like qualities of his gifted young friend.

After a visit to Poland, and another rather long stay at Vienna, where he took lessons in "the noble art of horsemanship," in which he afterwards became unrivalled, Sidney returned by a very circuitous route to England, in June, 1575, having been absent just three years. He found his parents in affliction at the recent loss of a younger daughter, and still annoyed by straitened circumstances, though residing in vice-regal pomp at Ludlow Castle. It was to him, therefore—the hope of the house, the *lumen familiæ suæ*, as the father had so fondly termed him ten years before—that his parents now looked to repair the losses and advance the honor of an ancient family; and when they saw the young man of twenty, so rich in personal attractions, so graceful in manners, so accomplished beyond the ordinary standard of courtiers, most naturally they anticipated a brilliant career for him, and perhaps trusted that, high as the uncle stood in the queen's favor, the nephew might advance even higher.

It was rather a favorable time for young Sidney's introduction at court. The more important affairs of state were laid aside for the queen to enjoy her usual summer progress. Those progresses,—so much abused, because so much misunderstood by superficial writers, but which did more to diffuse knowledge and civilization throughout the remote parts of our land than twenty "commissions on education," and which, more important still, bound monarch and people together by the tie of mutual acquaintanceship and reciprocal courtesies, until, in the "Armada year," each depending on the well-tryed faith and love of the other, flung back stern defiance to united Catholic Europe. This year the queen's progress was more extended than usual; and it commenced with her visit to Kenilworth, where Leicester provided those "princely pleasures" which have been so often celebrated. Sir Henry Sidney and his wife, with their son and daughter, were of course there; but we do not find the uncle distinguishing his nephew by any particular marks of favor. Philip, however, seems to have been considered as belonging to the

court, for he accompanied the queen to Chartley, and throughout her long series of visits, which ended at Woodstock. Meanwhile Sir Henry had once more returned to Ireland, to assist his friend, the Earl of Essex; while his wife and daughter, who soon after became Lady Pembroke, continued at court. Still the all-powerful Earl seems rather to have stood aloof from his gifted nephew, who about this time became very intimate with the Earl of Essex, now under a cloud at court.

And here the romance, though a mournful one, of Sidney's life, was to begin. The beautiful eldest daughter of Essex, Penelope Devereux, although a mere girl, made thus early an impression on his heart which was never to be effaced, and the father, who seems to have regarded Sidney with the warmest love, openly expressed his wish for their future marriage: indeed, from some allusions, it would seem as though a contract had been entered into, although not completed. Meanwhile Essex returned to Ireland, ruined in fortune and sick at heart, and there died, after scarcely three months' sojourn, eagerly watching for Philip's arrival, and exclaiming, "O that good gentleman! tell him I sent him nothing, but I wish him so well, that if God do move their hearts, I wish he might match with my daughter. I call him son—he is so wise, virtuous, and godly." It was beside the lifeless body of Essex that Philip Sidney listened to this touching message. Is it strange that he never forgot it?

The orphan family of Essex awakened much commiseration. Even Leicester, who had never been friendly with the father, afforded liberal aid to the children, and apparently gave a hearty assent to the project of his nephew's marriage with Penelope Devereux. "All the English lords do expect what will become of the treaty between Mr. Philip and my Lady Penelope," writes Waterhouse to Sir Henry Sidney: "truly, my lord, I must say as I have said to my Lord of Leicester and Mr. Philip, the breaking off from their match, if the default be on your part, will turn to more dishonor than can be repaired with any other marriage in England." Surely, then, Philip Sidney was justified in claiming Penelope Devereux as his own lady-love, although, with his present prospects, the marriage might for some time be deferred. Eventually Penelope became ward of the Earl of Huntingdon, uncle by marriage to Philip,

and thus there seemed little doubt but that the dying wish of Essex would be fulfilled.

Philip about this time seems to have been more patronized by Leicester than heretofore. Although only twenty-two, he was sent on an embassy of congratulation to Rodolph II., and on his return, to William the Silent. To this last great man Sidney became strongly attached, and William on a subsequent occasion waxed even eloquent in praise of the young ambassador. And high praise did he receive on his return; and although we cannot find out what particular office he held at court, he seems to have been in constant attendance and high in favor. There was much, indeed, to interest him just now. The old Norseman spirit of maritime discovery had been awakened, and dreams of far-off lands, lovelier than the fabled Islands of the Blest, more gorgeous than the gem-strewn East, now possessed every mind. Frobisher, too, was about to set forth on his second voyage, not only to discover, if possible, that nearer passage to Cathay, but to bring home stores of gold! What wonder that the imaginative young man, poet as he ere long was to prove himself, entered eagerly into plans that had so much of adventure and mystery? He wrote to Languet an enthusiastic account of Frobisher's discoveries, but received in return a freezing sermon on the "cursed hunger for gold," and the pride which increase of territory might bring. The stern, matter-of-fact Huguenot could not comprehend that noble, religious spirit in which our early mariners set forth, taking possession of the new-found country on their knees, "chiefly," as Frobisher says, "to thank God for our safe arrival; secondly, to beseech his Divine Majesty long to continue our queen, for whom we took possession of the country; and thirdly, that by our Christian study and endeavor, these barbarous peoples might be reduced to the knowledge of true religion, and the hope of salvation through Christ the Redeemer." Grand old discoverers! noble leaders of the gallant company who have planted the flag of England on the uttermost shores of the earth, were these men. It is not surprising that Sidney, even to the last year of his life, felt a strong interest in maritime discovery! and on more than one occasion desired to take part in it. At present, however, his advancing favor at court made it important,

both for his father's sake and his own, that he should continue there.

About this time, we think, his acquaintance with Spenser began, and to some of the sonnets in his "*Astrophel and Stella*" we should be inclined to assign as early a date. That he had already displayed poetical skill is evident from his being employed by his uncle to compose a masque, against the queen's visit to him at Wanstead. This is entitled "*The Lady of the May*," and is in great measure what a masque should never be—a kind of burlesque. That it is altogether a failure may be well imagined, when we remember how essentially undramatic was the muse of Sidney, and how utterly unsuited to the character of his mind were rough jokes and clumsy ridicule; although the intention was creditable enough, for it was to satirize the affectation of a preposterous phraseology then fashionable. Sidney's muse was wholly lyrical; and it is among his songs and sonnets that some of the sweetest specimens of our early poetry will be found. Very pleasant was the circle of friends that now surrounded Sidney; Edward Dyer, Edmund Spenser, Gabriel Harvey, a pleasant companion, albeit on occasions a bitter satirist, Fulke Greville, his earliest friend, all devoted to literature, all young and accomplished: no wonder that his letters to Languet were scarcely so frequent as heretofore. Sidney, however, did not forget his old friend, nor indeed his other illustrious correspondents, though we doubt whether the most laudatory letter from Henry Stephens, or even the high honor of one from William the Silent, afforded him half the pleasure as did that little book, "imprinted at the signe of the Gylded Tunne, in Creed Lane," which early in 1579 offered itself,—

"As child whose parent is unkent
To him that is the President
Of noblenesse and chivalrie:
And if that envy barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succour flee
Under the shadow of his wing."

Truly, to be the earliest patron of Spenser, to have the "*Shepherd's Kalendar*" dedicated to him, was more joy to Sidney than the choicest laudations of scholars. And yet Sidney had no wealth to bestow. At this very time his father was complaining of straitened means and unpaid debts, and his own stand-

ing at court was but precarious ; but he had taken his place both as patron of poets and a poet himself, and from henceforth he claims a name, and no mean one, in our literary history.

It was well that his quarrel with the Earl of Oxford, and the offence he gave to the queen by his spirited letter addressed to her on "the French match," exiled him during the summer of 1580 to the more congenial privacy of Wilton, and the more loving society of his sister Mary, the sharer of all his joys and sorrows, and, poet herself, the encourager of all his literary projects. It was here, in this pleasant retreat, that the "Arcadia" was now planned, and probably begun. Here, too, were doubtless written those bitter poetical "dispraises" of court life and courtiers ; and here, doubtless, many of the sonnets now comprised in the collection entitled "Astrophel and Stella." As the notice of these, while important as specimens—the most important, we think—of Sidney's poetical genius, involves also the question, never, we think, satisfactorily explained, of the true character of Sidney's attachment to "Stella," we will anticipate a year or two of his life, and endeavor to place the whole details before the reader.

We have seen how, when the Earl of Essex, in 1576, lay broken-hearted on his death-bed, he recognized Philip Sidney as his son-in-law, and died with his blessing on his lips. We have seen, too, how Waterhouse, Sir Henry Sidney's chief secretary, considered the engagement between Philip and Lady Penelope so binding that "the breaking off from their match would turn to more dishonor than can be repaired with any other match in England." Subsequently, Penelope became ward of the Earl of Huntingdon, uncle by marriage to Philip ; and under his guardianship she remained until, some time in 1580, Lord Huntingdon, in a letter to Burghley, recommended Lord Rich as "a proper gentleman, and one in years very fit for my Lady Penelope Devereux, if, with the favor and liking of her majesty, the matter might be brought to pass." For the guardian to have the sole disposal of his ward was law, as it then stood : it is questionable, therefore, whether this letter was more than a simple notification. However, the marriage took place ; the poor girl, now about eighteen years of age, unavailingly protesting

against it, and, as recorded in the proceedings on her divorce five-and-twenty years later, "protesting at the very solemnity, and ever after." Lord Huntingdon's seat was in the north of England, and it seems that Sidney knew nothing respecting the marriage until it was announced. The anger and grief of the young lover may be well imagined, and the sympathy of his friends ; but it certainly does appear strange at first sight, that, instead of fleeing from the woman who had become wife of another, he went back to court in the autumn of the same year, avowed himself still her lover, and for more than two years after addressed to her some of the sweetest and most graceful poems he ever wrote. To account for this some of his greatly puzzled biographers have imagined that the difference of morals in the courts of Elizabeth and Victoria was the cause, apparently forgetting that the seventh commandment was just as well understood then as now ; while others, and Mr. Bourne among them, attribute it to a wild outburst of youthful passion, which, disgraceful while it lasted, yet, bitterly repented of in after years, produced most beneficial results.

But what shall be said when we find that by Sidney's friends and relations this attachment was viewed as no disgrace—that there is not the slightest evidence that Sidney himself ever repented ; while after his death his nearest relations seem to have been actually anxious that the story of "Astrophel and Stella" should be brought before the world ! The case really is, that during the whole of this supposed *liaison*, Sidney's uncle, Leicester, treated him with marked favor, although, Lady Rich being his step-daughter, he must have felt keenly the disgrace, if disgrace there had been ; his sister, Lady Pembroke, was as affectionate as ever ; and during its continuance he was not only at Wilton going on with his "Arcadia," but engaged in their joint metrical version of the Psalms ; while his father was setting him forth as a lofty pattern to his younger son Robert. "*Perge, perge*, my Robin, in the filial fear of God, and the loving direction of your most loving brother. Imitate his virtues, exercises, studies, and actions. He is a rare ornament of this age. In truth—I speak without flattery of him or of myself—he hath the most virtues that ever I found in any man." And this high praise, which we may fairly attribute to the par-

donable weakness of a fond father, we find echoed by others; while the most Puritan of all Elizabeth's minister—Walsingham—eagerly sought the lover of Lady Rich as the husband of his only daughter. Surely, then, Sidney's conduct could not have appeared to those best qualified to judge, so censurable as it does to his biographers. Nor did Sidney ever express himself, so far as we have record, in the language of repentance. "All my life has been vain, vain, vain," was his remark on his death-bed; and this most natural lament was the extent of his expressed remorse for his past life. It was then that he requested the manuscript of his blameless "Arcadia" should be burnt—a strange, morbid feeling this. But there were the manuscript songs and sonnets, his "Astrophel and Stella," but not a word did the dying man breathe about these. All this is strange; but strangest of all is the conduct of the Sidneys after his death. Hitherto none of his works had been printed; but a year or two after, not only the "Arcadia," but the "Astrophel and Stella" poems, were published, the latter actually first. Some time after this Spenser published his monody, "Astrophel," which he dedicated to Sidney's widow. In it he perfectly ignored the wife, while he celebrated Stella as the one "for whom alone he cared,"

"His life's desire, and his dear love's delight."

And that this publication was sanctioned by Sidney's family, we have proof in the beautiful poem written by Lady Pembroke, "The Doleful Lay of Clorinda," in which, with such loving regret, she mourns her loss, and which is introduced into the monody as its chief ornament.

Now, what explanation can be given of these strange anomalies, save the one which we think will meet every objection? that Sidney believed the contract with Penelope Devereux to be still binding, and therefore determined to assert his right, and set aside the pretended marriage. Viewed in this light, we think every difficulty will disappear. That a contract had been entered into we have seen, and also that it was viewed as so binding that it could not be broken off without greatest disgrace. Now, although our forefathers held divorces almost in abhorrence, the setting aside of marriage on the plea of precontract was of very frequent occurrence. Indeed, there was right royal authority in the

case of the queen's father and Anne of Cleves, while there were few noble families in that age of early contracts which could not point to similar cases. Why, therefore, should "all-accomplished Sidney," so admired at court, the nephew, and actually heir-presumptive, of the powerful Earl of Leicester, calmly and meanly see his lady-love wrested from him? No; rather, like one of his own knights, he would publicly claim her, and do battle for her in the mimic tourney, and wear her colors, and fling down his glove in defiance of the "rich fool" who by force and fraud had snatched her from him.

In this light much of Sidney's poetry acquires a new interest. There are some verses of much quaint sweetness, entitled "A Dirge," among his miscellaneous works. It begins,—

"Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be spread,

For Love is dead!

All love is dead, infected

With plague of deep disdain;

Worth, as naught worth rejected,

And fair Faith scorn doth gain."

But after lamenting his crushed hopes in two other verses, he suddenly exclaims,—

"Alas! I lie; rage hath this error bred!

Love is not dead!

Love is not dead but sleepeth

In her unmatched mind,

Where she his counsel keepeth

Till due deserts she finds."

Do not these two verses vividly paint Sidney's deep disappointment when first made acquainted with Stella's marriage, and then the fulness of his joy when he discovered that it had been compulsory? The following sonnet was evidently written during the visit of the French embassy in the spring of 1581, when, as we learn from many sources, Sidney was foremost both in planning and taking part in all the gorgeous court festivals:—

"Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance,
Guided so well that I obtained the prize,

Both by the judgment of the English eyes

And of some sent by that sweet enemy France,

Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance,

Townfolk my strength; a daintier judge applies

His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise;

Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;

Others, because of both sides I do take

My blood from them who did excel in this,

Think Nature me a man of arms did make.

How far they shoot away ! The true cause is,
Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race."

This is probably later :—

"Stella, think not that I by verse seek fame,
Who seek, who hope, who love, who live but
thee ;

Thine eyes my pride, thy lips my history ;
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.

Not so ambitious am I as to frame

A nest for my young praise in laurel tree ;

In truth I swear, I wish not there should be
Graved in my epitaph a poet's name ;
Nor, if I would, could I just title make

That any land to me thereof should grow,
Without my plumes from other wings I take,

For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,
Since all my words thy beauty doth indite,
And Love doth hold my hand, and makes me
write."

We have given these two sonnets rather
as illustrative of Sidney's feelings in regard
to Stella than as adequate illustrations—
graceful as they both are—of his poetic ex-
cellence. The reader will doubtless remember
that beautiful sonnet, with its exquisite first
two lines,—

"With how sad steps, O moon ! thou climb'st
the skies !

How silently, and with how wan a face ! "

and that introductory one, where the muse
bids him "Look in thy heart and write." But
both these are too generally known to need
insertion.

Like all the poets of the sixteenth century,
Sidney is very unequal. Sometimes his verse
will flow on with a delicious simplicity, and
then the strangest conceits, the most labored
phraseology, will succeed, so that we can
scarcely believe the same writer composed
the whole. This is frequently the case in his
sonnets ; but we must remember that the
same faults may be charged upon Spenser,
upon even Shakespeare himself. But for short
passages of exceeding beauty, for graceful
thoughts clothed in a diction of unmatched
felicity, Sidney may stand the test with any
of our poets. Our space will not allow it, or
we could prove this by many quotations, and
show too, little as it is known, how many
passages from his writings have become
"household words" among us. Sidney's
songs and lighter pieces, especially those in
the seven syllable metre, are exquisite for the
melody of the rhythm as well as for the
graceful fancies they display. They are less

disfigured, too, by the *conceitti*, which, likely
enough, from his close adherence to the Ital-
ian type, mar the beauty of so many of his
sonnets.

But Sidney was a writer of prose too, and,
as the author of two works, widely different,
although both extensively popular—the "*Arcadia*,"
and his "*Defense of Poesie*"—de-
serves notice. We may as well take a short
view of both ere we return to our narrative
of Sidney's life.

Who reads the "*Arcadia*" now-a-days—
that work written at the express request of
Sidney's loving sister, watched over by her
with such interest from its earliest commence-
ment, and dedicated to her, because "You
desired me to do it, and your desire to my
heart is an absolute commandment ?" But,
neglected as it is now, and has been for the
last hundred years, during the greater part
of the seventeenth century it was the store-
house of noble thoughts and lofty aspirations,
no less than of pleasant tales and bright fan-
cies to the young and imaginative. Only be-
tween its first appearance in 1593 and 1643
it passed through ten editions ; and be it re-
membered, that the "*Arcadia*" is no slight
tale, scantily filling three volumes small oc-
tavo, but it fills a ponderous folio. Possibly
the size scared the critics, and so they judged
it haphazard ; but certain is it that very few
once popular works have received so scant a
measure of justice as this once all-admired
romance. Misled by its title, they evi-
dently believed it to be some silly pastoral,
where Damons courted Phillises, and Cory-
dons bewailed Mopsas, after the mawkish
fashion of the French "*précieuses* ;" and even
Horace Walpole, who ought to have known
better, dismisses it with cool contempt as a
tedious and lachrymose narrative. Now a
pastoral, in strict parlance, the "*Arcadia*"
is not ; for the two young heroes are valiant
knights, going about from country to coun-
try redressing wrongs, and their ladies are
stately and graceful beauties, whose dwelling
is not beside the sheepfolds, but in their fa-
thers' palaces, while the scene is laid, not in
pastoral Arcadia, but in some far-off land,
apparently in Greece, and classical in noth-
ing save the name. But, whatever his blun-
dering critics might say, Sidney, as Professor
Mason admirably remarks,—

"Perfectly knew what he was doing. The
pastoral was but the voluntary and avowed

transference of the poet himself into the kind of existence which, as being one of few and elementary conditions, was therefore best suited for certain varieties of that exercise of pure phantasy in which the poet delights. The shepherds were not shepherds, were never intended to be shepherds; and so, when the heroic was blended with the Arcadian, Sidney, as a prose poet, acted deliberately in rejecting the historical and representing men as they never were; and he would have smiled with contempt at the modern criticism that objected to him the vagueness of his 'Arcadia' as to time and place, the unreality of his shepherds, and the ideal perfection of his heroes."

The source from whence the story and the plan of the "Arcadia" have been taken, has been frequently canvassed. From the name, many — and Mr. Bourne is among them — have pointed to the "Arcadia" of Sannazzaro, published some eighty years before. But Sidney's "Arcadia" has its only resemblance in the name; for Sannazzaro's work consists wholly of prose eclogues, exclusively devoted to pastoral life and not bound together by any consecutive story. The "Diana" of Montemayor advances a better claim, inasmuch as it is a tale, and we know it was so admired by Sidney that he had translated some portions; but still the resemblance is so very slight, that to his own invention we may justly refer both the plot and the characters. To readers accustomed to the stirring modern novel, this old-world tale, over which so many a maiden in past times hung spell-bound, will seem wearisome reading; while to the admirers of the "sensation novel," especially those of French manufacture, it will seem the silliest child's tale — mere milk and honey, loathsome to their coarser digestions. Indeed, we can scarcely imagine a disgust greater than Sidney would have felt on looking over "Les Misérables," save that of Victor Hugo if the "Arcadia" ever came under his notice. But the reader accustomed to the pleasant fancies of our older poets, who has lingered with Miranda in her enchanted island, or who has followed Spenser through his witching fairy land, will find the "stately Arcadia" a pleasant book for quiet reading on some sweet summer's day.

The tale has two heroes, Musidorus and Pyrocles, the nephew and the son of Euarchus, King of Macedon. These young men, who have received a true knightly education,

after various adventures meet each his appropriate lady-love, the daughters of the King of Arcadia; Pamela, the statelier beauty, being beloved by Musidorus, while Philoclea, the gentler, is beloved by the younger Pyrocles. In the progress of the story there is no lack of incident; and "fierce wars and faithful loves," together with unlooked-for dangers and unlooked-for escapes, keep up an interest, notwithstanding the very long colloquies in which the heroes sometimes indulge. Much of the descriptive part has a pleasant quaintness. The picture of Arcadian landscape: the hills, "their proud heights garnished with stately trees; humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; the sheep feeding, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dam's comfort; here a shepherd's boy, piping as though he never should be old; there a young shepherdess, knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music;" or "sweet-minded Philoclea," as she sat in the shade,—

"Such as a good painter would bestow upon Venus, when under the trees she bewailed the murder of Adonis, with a demeanor where, in the book of beauty, there was nothing to be read but sorrow, for kindness was blotted out, and anger was never there; her tears dropping down like rain in sunshine, and hung upon her cheek and lips as upon cherries which the dropping tree bedeweth;"

or Pyrocles in danger of death: "His head up, full of unmoved majesty, he held a sword aloft with his fair arm, which often he waved above his crown, as though he would threaten the world in that extremity."

Of noble thoughts there are abundance, and it is remarkable how finely and tersely these are expressed. Indeed, it is very suggestive to observe how under the influence of earnest feeling, all ingenious turns of phraseology, all graceful quaintnesses, vanish, and how condensed and forcible Sidney's style becomes. How fine is Pamela's prayer — so well known from its insertion in the "Eikon Basilike" as a prayer of Charles I. — Oh, All-seeing Light and Eternal Life of all things, to whom nothing is either so great that it may resist, or so small that it is contemned;" and how powerful is the picture of the strife between natural affection and stern justice, when King Euarchus learns that the criminals

he has doomed to death are his only son and his nephew.

"But Euarchus staid a good while upon himself, and at length, with a gravity as was near to sorrow, he thus uttered his mind: 'I take witness of the immortal gods,' said he, 'O Arcadians, that what this day I have said hath been out of my assured persuasion what justice itself and your just laws require. Though strangers then to me, I had no desire to hurt them, but leaving all considerations of the persons, I weighed the matter with my most impartial and farthest reach of reason, and thereon have condemned them to lose their lives. Now, contrary to all expectations, I find them to be my only son and nephew, such, upon whom you see what gifts nature hath bestowed, such, who have so to the wonder of the world heretofore behaved themselves as might give just cause to the greatest hopes. Lastly, in few words, such in whom I placed all my mortal joys, and thought myself, now near my grave, to recover a new life. But, alas! shall justice halt? or shall she wink in one man's cause that had lynx's eyes in another's? Or rather, shall all private respects give place to that holy name? Be it so, be it so, let my gray hairs be laid in the dust with sorrow, let the small remnant of my life be to me an inward and outward desolation, and to the world a gazing-stock of wretched misery; but never, never let sacred rightfulness fall; it is immortal, and immortally ought to be preserved. If rightly I have judged, then rightly have I judged my own children, unless the name of child should have force to change the never-changing justice. No, no, Pyrocles and Musidorus, I prefer you much before my life, but I prefer justice as far before you. . . . Do you, therefore, O Philanax, and you, my other lords, see the judgment rightly performed.' With that, although he would have refrained them, a man might perceive the tears drop down his long white beard."

Shall we be surprised at the high principles maintained by our Puritan forefathers, when noble sentiments like these were expressed even in a book of amusement? For the benefit of the reader who may not have the "Arcadia" at hand, we are gratified to tell him, that the young princes are not put to death, but, their innocence being triumphantly established, each obtains his fair lady-love, and, in nursery phrase, "lives happily ever after."

Very different in style, as it is in character, is Sidney's "Defence of Poesie." The style is remarkably modern, and probably on this

account it has gained far more favor with critics than the quaint and gorgeous "Arcadia." Many passages might pass for the composition of some modern writer, while there is in this a frequent display of that quality which in his "Arcadia" he is certainly deficient in—humor. It is curiously suggestive, however, to remark the scanty list of English poets he gives us, and especially to notice the contempt he expresses for dramatic poetry, making only a single exception in favor of "Gorboduc," when we remember the band of unrivalled dramatists, Peele, Lilly, Green, Marlow, all, within a few years, to make the English drama foremost in European literature*—dramatists, to be thrown into shade only by the surpassing brightness of Shakspeare. There is great felicity of expression in many parts of this essay. The pretended philosophers, "coming towards me with a sullen gravity, as though they could not abide vice by daylight, sophistically speaking against subtlety, and angry with any man in whom they see the foul fault of anger; and the historian, laden with old mouse-eaten records;" while the poet "cometh unto you with words set in delightful proportion for the will-enchanting skill of music, and with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney-corner." His hearty appreciation, too, of the older ballad of "Chevy-Chase"—"I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet"—is pleasant. His conclusion is remarkably good. After assuring the reader that, if he be a lover of poets, "they will make you immortal by their verses, you shall dwell in superlatives, and your soul be placed with Dante's Beatrice, or Virgil's Anchises," he finally warns him,—

*We cannot but think there has been a mistake in placing this work among the latest of Sidney's writings. In the year 1584, the date assigned to it, Lilly's pleasant "Alexander and Campaspe," with its two exquisite songs, had been presented before the queen by "the children of the chapel;" while his "Arraignment of Paris" was performed during the Christmas of the preceding year. These Sidney must have seen; while even on the ruder stage, which he so scornfully ridicules, internal evidence would place quite as early some of Peele's and Green's earlier plays. That very fine, though extravagant drama, in which both tragedy and comedy of no inferior kind may be found, "The Looking-glass for London," the joint production of Lodge and Green, was certainly performed as early; and Peele's "Old Fortunatus" too.

"But, if you be born so near the dull-making cataract of *Nilus* that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry, if you have so earth-creeping a mind that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry, then though I will not wish you the ass's ears of *Midas*, nor to be driven by a poet's verses as *Bubonax* was, to hang yourself, nor to be rhymed to death as is said to be done in Ireland, yet this much curse I must send you, in behalf of all the poets—that while you live, you live in love, and never get favor for lacking skill of a sonnet, and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph."

Surely it was in the sunshine of court favor, and while still writing those graceful sonnets to Stella, that this playful "Defence of Poesie" was written.

The summer and autumn of 1581 appears to have been spent pleasantly, probably at Wilton, and during the winter we find Sidney at court. The court at this time, although magnificent, was not "idle and pleasure-loving," as Mr. Bourne imagines. Far better for Sidney had it been so; for then his father might have received some portion of the large arrears of the debt he had incurred in Ireland, and his son, the admired of all, might have obtained some place at court more worthy of his transcendent gifts. But unfortunately, Elizabeth's courtiers just then were far from idle; for the beginning of 1582 saw the commencement of that bitter feud between Leicester and Burghley which for more than two years divided their followers into two hostile parties, each pledged to the overthrow of the other. We think we may trace Sidney's long and profitless attendance at court to this feud; for to oppose Leicester's nephew, and presumptive heir, would of course be a part of wily Burghley's policy; and if the solution which we have offered of Sidney's attachment to Stella be accepted, we shall find the reason of his still openly claiming her as his own lady-love evident enough. Burghley had, as we have seen, been consulted about the marriage. It had doubtless therefore taken place with his consent; consequently, under *any* circumstances he would have given but a reluctant assent to its dissolution; but now, what better trial of strength could Burghley wish, than to oppose Leicester's nephew in the object nearest to his heart? And that nephew, attached of course to his uncle's party, proud, as he has

told us, of the name of Dudley, surely, he had an additional motive for pursuing his claim, for in his own triumph his uncle's powerful rival would suffer defeat.

Notwithstanding these feuds, the new year of 1582 witnessed a brilliant season. The Duke of Anjou was at court, paying, as it proved, his last visit; and when he took his leave, Burghley must have seen with vexation that Leicester was appointed to conduct him to Antwerp, and that with him were Sidney and his two bosom friends, Fulke Greville and Edward Dyer, together with a large company. From the shows and feasting at Antwerp, Sidney returned in March, and during the whole of the ensuing summer he was in close attendance, and evidently in high favor with the queen. Probably this was the most pleasant summer of his life; and perhaps the autumn closed with dreams of happiness which in this world he was never to enjoy. The Burghley party, however, during this time, were gathering strength, and the recall of Lord Grey from Ireland—"Sir Artegal, the champion of the right," of the "*Faery Queen*"—on the plea of having exercised undue severities in the case of the Spanish garrison at Smerwick, was viewed by them as a triumph. With Lord Grey, Spenser returned; and pleasant must have been the meeting between the gifted men, whose very poetry exhibits so much of a kindred spirit. And with a kindred spirit of bitterness, too, must they have regarded Burghley; and there is little doubt that some time during 1583, as we remarked in the article on Spenser, the bitter satire, "*Mother Hubbard's Tale*," was written. Very delightfully does Spenser here paint Sidney as—

"The brave courtier in whose beauteous thought
Regard of honor harbors more than aught,"

and, characteristically enough, Burghley's grasping policy:—

"All offices, all leases by him leapt,
And of them all, whate'er he liked he kept."

The recall of Lord Grey was followed by the proposed appointment of Sir Henry Sidney, for the fourth time to the vacant office. On this occasion, however, he requested that his son might be associated with him, and, together with other advantages, that he should now bear the title of Lord Lieutenant. This was probably a suggestion of Lei-

cester; but the request was not pursued, and Sir Henry returned to Ireland unable to obtain even repayment of his debts, while his son, still unable to find a suitable office at court, had now to fear a counter-influence in Leicester's family working against him, and perhaps his most cherished hopes too, in the great partiality which his uncle openly displayed for his step-son, the Earl of Essex, now a handsome, accomplished, but most haughty youth of seventeen. Brought up under the guardianship of Burghley, young Essex was brought up of course to hate the powerful earl, who was said to have broken his father's heart, and then with such indecent haste privately married his mother; and so, with a feeling natural enough, he expressed "stiff aversation" of his step-father. But the heir of a family with sixteen quarterings in their shield, and who on his mother's side was actually kinsman to the queen, was too important a piece in the game which Leicester and Burghley were so keenly playing, to be neglected. His studies at Cambridge being finished, the young earl was at length persuaded by his mother to be presented at court; and once arrived there, Leicester "so dealt with him," himself presenting him to the queen, that the Cecils and their followers were compelled to acknowledge themselves completely out-manœuvred. From henceforth young Essex was a constant guest of his step-father, treated with especial kindness by the queen, and even thus early marked out as the undoubted successor of Leicester in the royal favor.

Now, all this must have been sadly disheartening to Sidney, while, with respect to Stella, it would place him in a far less favorable position. What if her marriage with Lord Rich were set aside, Rich was very wealthy, Sidney poor as his father; and the whole family of the Devereux, all were poor, Essex himself "not having lands to maintain the poorest earl in England;" how much better, then, that the "rich fool," who might perhaps have wrongfully married the sister, should be suffered to hold his prize quietly, than another trial of strength be entered into with Burghley? Such would be the feeling of the needy, extravagant, and certainly selfish young earl who had already taken Sidney's place in Leicester's affection, and who, with his mother, exercised great influence over him. It is in this part of Sidney's his-

tory that we so greatly miss his private letters. Had Languet been alive, we might have had some dim allusion to his circumstances at this time; but the old man died in the autumn of the preceding year. In a letter to Leicester, just before Christmas, 1582, there is an humble request that he may absent himself from the court, as "some occasions both of health and otherwise do make me much desire it," but still, "beseeching your lordship to know your discretion, which I will willingly follow, not only in those duties I am tied to, but in anything." Might not Sidney feel himself disinherited, and therefore have no heart for court favor? His request, however, was not complied with; for, on New Year's Day, 1583, he was at court, and presented the queen "a golden flower-pot, garnished with diamonds," as a New Year's gift. On the 8th, Sidney received knighthood, as "Sir Philip Sydney, Knight of Penshurst," and on the 13th, he acted as proxy for Prince Casimir, who was then made Knight of the Garter. Still he was anxiously seeking for a place, and had written to Burghley repeatedly, but without success. It is irritating to observe the style in which these letters are written; but in that day even a demand for right was offered in the form of an humble petition. A strange gift, however, was about this time bestowed on one of the most accomplished scholars of the day—one who had just received knighthood! This was license "to discover, search, find out, view, and inhabit certain parts of America not yet discovered!" and "thirty hundred thousand acres of ground and wood" of this *terra incognita* was gravely assigned to him. Mr. Bourne discovered this document in the State Paper Office, and he thinks it was granted on Sir Philip's petition. But although Sidney had ever expressed much interest in maritime discoveries, and had accepted Hakluyt's dedication of his first volume of voyages to him just before, he was least of any fitted for the exploration of unknown lands—for the stern rule of rude men sent forth to reclaim a wilderness. The only solution appears to us to be, that in the eager expectation of untold wealth from these sources, grants like this had a certain money value, though perhaps but small, and therefore might have been given in lieu of a more suitable grant. We think this was the case, for we find, in July of the same year, Sidney

transferred "all the royalties, rights," etc., of this unknown possession, to Sir George Peckham and his associates."

The reason for this transfer Mr. Bourne finds in Sidney's "recent marriage" with Walsingham's daughter. This, however, could not possibly have taken place so early, for in the eighty-third sonnet of "Astrophel and Stella" we find him speaking of himself as "Sir Philip," and as still her lover, thus making the date certainly later than the spring of this year. Mr. Bourne's chief reason for so early a date, is Sir Henry Sidney's curious autobiographical letter which bears date March 1st, 1583. But it seems to us that this letter must certainly be placed a year later. On the 13th of January, 1583, Sir Henry, as Knight of the Garter, took part in the investiture of his son, who was proxy for Prince Casimir. Festivals succeeded, and scarcely before the end of the month, could he have set out for Ireland. The journey both by land and sea was long, often two or three weeks; he could scarcely, therefore, have had time to prepare—even if already written—that very long document which is dated the 1st of March. But a more important objection remains; in this letter Sir Henry Sidney expressly says, "I am fifty-four years of age;" now, on the 1st of March, 1583, he had not completed his fifty-fourth year.* In a mere gossiping letter a man within three weeks of completing that age might say so; but a Lord Deputy putting forth claims to compensation for long service, to a Secretary of State, would never have dared to make so illegal a statement although only twenty days were deficient. We think, therefore, the letter was written in March, 1584, and thus, according to legal usage, would be dated 1583.

It is unfortunate that of the events of both 1583 and '84 we have scarcely a single record; for it was certainly during these years that Sidney's engagement to Lady Rich was broken off, and his marriage took place. That it was not without great struggle and suffering Sidney gave up his lady-love, we have proof in many sonnets contained in his works; but we cannot consider that any of these speak the language of remorse. That sonnet which tells "Desire"—

"I have too dearly bought,
With price of mangled mind, thy worthless ware,"

* He was born March 21st, 1529.

breathes the language of stoicism rather than repentance, and might have been written after some bitter lovers' quarrel; while that very beautiful one, "Leave me, O love," is no farewell to an unworthy mistress, but a turning from earthly enjoyments to heavenly:—

"Oh, take fast hold! let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death;

And think how evil becometh him to chide,
Who seeketh heaven and comes of heavenly breath.

Then farewell world, thine uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me."

But if the reader would see Sidney's desolation painted by his own hand, let him read this "cry of a broken heart":—

"Oft have I mused, but now at length I find,
Why those that die, men say 'they do depart.'
Depart! a word so gentle to my mind,

Weakly did seem to paint Death's ugly dart.
But now the stars with their strange course do bind

Me one to leave, with whom I leave my heart.
I hear a cry of spirits, faint and blind,

That, parting thus, my chiefest part I part.

Part of my life, the loathed part to me,

Lives to impart my wearied clay some breath;

But that good part, wherein all comforts be

Now dead, doth show departure is a death;

Yea, worse than death: death parts both woe and joy;

From joy I part, still living in annoy."

Of the circumstances which led to the failure of Sidney's hopes, as well as those which led to his marriage—and this part of his history we agree with Mr. Craik is very extraordinary—we are in total ignorance. From July, 1583, when he executed the transfer of the lands to July, 1584, when he set out as ambassador to France, we have not a single record, except what we can gather from Sir Henry Sidney's letter of March 1st to Walsingham. In this he gives a sorrowful detail of his troubles. "I am now fifty-four years of age, toothless and trembling, being £5,000 in debt, yea, and £30,000 worse than I was at the death of my dear king and master Edward VI. I have not from the crown so much land as I can cover with my foot. All my fees amount not to a hundred marks a year." Still, although so poor, "in the matter of the marriage of our children, I joy in the alliance with all my heart. As I know, sir, that it is for the virtue which is, or which you suppose is, in my son, that you made choice of him for your daughter, refus-

ing, haply, far greater and far richer matches than he, so was my confidence great, *that by your good means I might have obtained some small reasonable suit of her majesty*; and therefore I nothing regarded my present gain, for if I had *I might have received a great sum of money for my good-will of my son's marriage*, greatly to the relief of my present biting necessities." What a complete "bargain and sale" this seems to have been! Sir Henry then details at length all his services to the crown, and finally concludes, "And now, dear sir and brother, an end to this tragical treatise; tragical I may well term it, for it began with the joyful love and great liking, with likelihood of matrimonial match, between our dear and sweet children, and endeth with declaration of my unfortunate and bad estate." Mr. Bourne seems to accept this mere complimentary phrase—meaning just as much as "happy couple"—as proof that "all-accomplished Sidney," who until so lately had been the lover of Lady Rich, had now enshrined in her place the mere girl who had scarcely completed her sampler. Frances Walsingham could not be much more than fourteen; she was probably not deficient in personal beauty, but none of Sidney's biographers think it worth while to mention aught about her.*

The date of Sidney's marriage cannot be ascertained, nor where the remainder of the year was spent; but Fulke Greville tells us that his mind was now wholly set on devising some scheme that should curb the power of Spain; "for this wakeful patriot saw that this immense power did cast a more particu-

lar aspect of danger upon his native country," and therefore he was earnest in his endeavors to urge "a general league among free princes." This was Walsingham's great wish, and on this subject he and his son-in-law seem to have labored hard. We think it very likely that Walsingham was influenced by political motives in seeking Sidney for his son-in-law. Although not ostensibly of either party, Walsingham's leanings were always toward Leicester: now, by alliance with his nephew—one so well known and respected among continental Protestants—how greatly might that foreign policy which he, in opposition to Burghley, had always maintained, be strengthened. And may we not believe that Sidney himself, when his last hope left him, might think that by its failure he was sternly driven back to that course which Hubert Languet so long ago had almost pledged himself to—the aid of Protestantism abroad? Perhaps he felt his life would be short, and therefore bent all his powers to its fulfilment. Certain is it that, during these last two years, to humble the power of Spain was his sole thought. Still there seemed no opening for him on the Continent; and then we find him and his constant friend, Fulke Greville joining with Drake in planning an expedition to the New World. The scheme was unknown to Walsingham until the vessels were about to sail—sure proof that the attachment of father and son-in-law was far from cordial—and then a special messenger was sent to restrain Sidney and Greville from sailing. But Sidney continued at Plymouth, determined to proceed "Westward ho!" until a second message, and from the queen, was sent, commanding him instantly to return, but promising him employment in the Low Countries. So Drake, with his fleet of twenty vessels, set sail from Plymouth on 14th September, and Sidney was compelled to return. About this time his only child was born, on whom the queen bestowed her name as sponsor, and on the 16th of November Sidney quitted England forever to become Governor of Flushing.

Mr. Bourne supplies us with many interesting letters written by Sidney during his stay, all complaining of delay in sending stores, of want of men and of ammunition; and the earnest, almost prayerful desires for victory over the Spaniards, which nearly all his letters display, prove that to live and die the champion of the reformed faith was the

* No lady of Elizabeth's court seems to have been so insignificant as Frances Walsingham. On the death of Sidney she returned to her father's house, from whence, during his last illness, she eloped to form a private marriage with the Earl of Essex. The queen on hearing this, threatened Essex, and Frances was taken back to the safe keeping of her mother until the time she was permitted publicly to assume the title of Countess. During Essex's brilliant career we have no notice of her, and during his disgrace we merely find, that when prisoner in the Tower she was with him. In the efforts to procure his pardon, in which Lady Rich, now her sister-in-law, was unceasing, she seems to have taken no part; but after his execution she quickly found solace in a third marriage with Lord Clanricarde, while, forgetful of her Puritan education, and the Puritan tendencies of both her former husbands, she became at his desire a Roman Catholic. Ere passing from this subject we may remark, that although Lady Rich eventually lost her place among "honorable women," no suspicion of her conduct seems to have arisen until many years after Sidney's death.

great object which that most accomplished Englishman now exclusively set before him.

But many were the trials even of the last few months of his life. His uncle became jealous of his greater military skill; his earnest uprightness made him many enemies at home; and in a letter to Walsingham he assures him that only the hope of the "great work in hand" enables him to bear up. "I had before cast my count of danger, want, and disgrace; and before God, sir, it is true in my heart, the love of the cause doth so far overbalance them all, that with God's grace, they shall never make me weary of my resolution." Thus wrote Philip Sidney in March. The end is well known: the gallant fight of Zutphen, Sidney's chivalrous charge, his deadly wound, his Christian sympathy with the dying soldier. No wonder, when his uncle's barge conveyed him to Arnheim, even the rudest men-at-arms wept bitterly.

But the end was not yet to be. For twenty-five days Sidney lay a severe but patient sufferer at Arnheim, astonishing his medical attendants by his calm endurance, and the preachers who gathered round him by his Christian resignation. For sixteen days his recovery was confidently looked for by his anxious friends; but that Sidney had from the first that premonition of approaching death which we so often observe in the death-doomed, there is little doubt. Even on the battle-field he had whispered thanks to God, who had not taken him suddenly away, but granted him some time for preparation; and in all his conferences with his favorite preacher and friend Master George Gifford, his references to approaching death were constant. A very minute and touching account of Sidney's last days was prepared by him, and from this, and Fulke Greville's narrative, Mr. Bourne quotes largely in his excellent epitome. On the 8th of October the hopes of his anxious friends were crushed, for mortification had begun. Sidney alone was unmoved. "I have bound my life to God," said he "and if the Lord cut me off, and suffer me to live no longer, then I shall glorify him and give up myself to his service."

Yet he was afraid that the pangs might be so grievous that he might lose his mental vigor before life was gone. But he knew how to relieve himself from this and every other trouble. He summoned into his pres-

ence all the ministers in attendance, and before them, as Fulke Greville relates, "he made such a confession of the faith as no book but the heart can feelingly disclose." Then he asked them to accompany him in prayer, and, to the surprise of many, desired their leave that he should himself conduct it, seeing, he said, that the secret sins of his heart were best known to himself, and that no one was so able as he was to draw down the blessings of which he stood in greatest need. And he did pray, with words so earnest and eloquent that the whole company was moved. Sighs and tears interrupted them, yet could no man judge whether the rack of heavenly agony whereupon they all stood were forced by sorrow for him or admiration of him." During these last days his talk was more than ever of celestial things; "not that he wanted instruction or assurance, but because this fixing of a lover's thoughts upon those eternal beauties was not only a cheering up of his decaying spirits, but, as it were, a taking possession of that immortal inheritance which was given unto him by his brotherhood in Christ. . . . Soon it was plain to every one that he must quickly die. He steadfastly declared himself ready, and very anxious, since thus his earthly pains would be over, and his heavenly joys would be commenced.

On Sunday, the 16th, he wrote that touching little summons to his friend Wierus, the physician, "*Mi Wiere, veni, veni. De vitâ periclitor et te cupio.*" But, alas! the faithful friend could not arrive on the morrow. Sidney was then rapidly sinking, but his hope was firm; and after long conference with Gifford, lifting up his hands and eyes, he exclaimed, "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world!" He then called for his will and added a codicil; and when some admiring friends reminded him of the comfort which godly men were wont to feel at the hour of their death, from recalling those passages of their lives in which God had helped them to work most purely and most to the enlargement of his glory, the reply was, "I have no comfort that way: all things of my former life have been vain, vain, vain." It was, doubtless, during this temporary depression that, according to a biographer who has not given his name, but who was probably Edward Molyneux, he gave directions that the manuscript of his "Arca-

dia" should be burned. Well was it for the youth of succeeding generations that this morbid wish was unfulfilled. But as death drew nigher, Sidney recovered his calm confidence; he bade a loving farewell to his broken-hearted brother Robert, to whom his last words were addressed, clasping his hand: "Love my memory; cherish my friends—their faith to me may assure you they are honest—but, above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator, in me beholding the end of the world and its vanities." He then sank down almost lifeless, and his friends watched anxiously for some last sign.

"Sir," said Gifford, "if you hear what I say, if you have still your inward joy and consolation in God, hold up your hand." Immediately the hand which they thought powerless was lifted up, and held out for a little while at full length, a circumstance we are told which caused the beholders to cry out with delight. About two in the afternoon his friends asked him for a fresh token of his mental power and spiritual confidence. Could

he show them that he was still leaning in prayerful trust upon God's mercy? He could not speak, he could not open his eyes; but straightway he raised both his hands, and set them together on his breast, and held them with joined palms, and fingers pointing upwards, after the manner of those who make humble, earnest petition to the Most High. But he had not strength if he had the will to remove them. The watchers saw that they were becoming chill and stiff in death, so they gently placed them by his side. A few minutes more and he had ceased to breathe."

Thus holily and happily, ere he had completed his thirty-second year, Sir Philip Sidney passed away; not too early for himself or for his fame, but too early for his loving friends and for the whole nation, which mourned his loss with a deep sorrow—a sorrow never equalled, save perhaps at this season last year, when our joy was turned into mourning by the death of one who, in his rare endowments, mental and moral, bore a strong resemblance to "all-accomplished Sidney."

THE Russian Government has purchased, for the sum of 100,000 silver roubles, the celebrated collection of Caraitic manuscripts of the learned collector, Abraham Firkowitch. After the collection had been duly examined by different *savants*, and pronounced to be highly important for the criticism of the text of the Holy Scriptures, for palaeography and chronology in general, and for the history of Southern Russia in particular, it was delivered as property to the public Imperial Library. The Caraitic scholar, Abraham Firkowitch, has devoted, we hear, thirty years of his life to the acquisition of these rare manuscripts. As early as 1830, during his stay in Constantinople, he succeeded in finding some valuable Hebrew codices. This seems to have given him the impulse for his untiring exertions in this field. He sacrificed his fortune in the search for rare and old manuscripts; bore without murmuring long separation from his family; subjected himself to all sorts of privations, and often endangered his life. Mr. Firkowitch has travelled through, and explored, the Crimea and the Caucasus in all directions; he has lived for months in churchyards and burial-places to study and copy old inscriptions; he has penetrated into synagogues and other likely places, where the Jews used to hide books on sudden attacks or invasions from the enemy; he never wearied of the struggle with fanaticism and barbarity. Thus he succeeded in collecting 124 Hebrew original copies of the Old Testaments, which are older than all other Hebrew codices in any of the libraries of Europe. Twenty-

five of the manuscripts in Mr. Firkowitch's collection were written before the ninth, and twenty before the tenth century. Five of the manuscripts on leather are maintained to be the oldest of all documents on the Scriptures hitherto discovered. The whole collection consists of 47 rolls of the Pentateuch, on leather and parchment; 77 codices of the Holy Scriptures; 33 translations in different languages; 272 works of Caraitic authors; 523 works of Rabbinist authors; 250 miscellaneous letters and articles; 722 inscriptions, 300 documents regarding the history of the Caraim in Western Russia, and 300 old plans of different Russian towns.

"RAISED by Fortune to a ridiculous visibility."
GRATTAN, in *Barataria*.

"Where Fortune
Advanceth vile minds to states great and noble,
She much the more exposeth them to shame."
CHAPMAN, *Byron's Conspiracy*.

"Casting a cruel sunshine on a fool."
ARMSTRONG.

A strong sunshine not only shows real specks but discharges artificial colors; and that not only in clothes, but in characters: as wealth is a good external illumination for a fool, so learning (without judgment) is a capital internal one lighting him up much after the fashion of a transparency.

THE LATE MR. PETIGRU.

[The *Charleston Courier*, 11 March contained the following sketch of this honorable man. The writer says nothing, dare say nothing, of the most noble act of his life—that by which he will be most distinguished—his public adherence to duty to his country, when the reign of terror broke out. In this loyalty he died. His memory is blessed.]

We have been called upon to announce a great public calamity—the death of James L. Petigru. After an illness of a fortnight, borne with exemplary patience and fortitude, surrounded by devoted friends, amid the anxious inquiries of the whole community, the great, the brave, the noble spirit has passed away from the field of his usefulness and honors, and gone to Him who gave it. He died, on the 9th inst., at three o'clock, and has left no equal at the Bar—no superior in society—no citizen more devoted to civic duties—no intellect so quick and keen to discern the limits and distinctions of moral right—no heart more prompt or warm in acknowledging its highest obligations.

His judgment was unerring in seeing the most shadowy deviation from the purest standard of truth and honor; his moral courage never wavered when duty required him to denounce such deviations in any quarter, and yet none was so ready to yield commiseration and support to the deserted and unhappy, whom the world may have proscribed for their offences. He never forgot that the erring brother was a brother still. The decayed gentleman—the improvident, who had lost everything—the unfortunate politician, even of another creed—the luckless of every class, found nowhere such ready assistance as with him. To be abandoned by friends and acquaintances formed always a sufficient claim on a benevolence that nothing could exhaust. If we apply to him what is said to have been the dying declaration of one who had bestowed large gifts during his life—“What I gave, I have”—our departed friend, at his death, had very large possessions; his bounties were numberless.

He was excellent in all the relations of life. No one was more affectionate, more indulgent, more generous and devoted. He spared no effort, he was diligent and indefatigable, to advance the fortunes, to secure the happiness, to promote the enjoyments of all who

had claims upon his love. He was never weary in any kind of well-doing, and least of all in this. Those who lived nearest to him saw most clearly that no selfish pulses ever beat in his bosom.

His friendships were warm, steadfast, and enduring. The intimate friends of half a century, who lived near him and saw him every day, look back on their unbroken attachment to him, and linger over the scenes of their long intercourse, with no memories but those of increasing affection and esteem. His legal acquirements, his zealous personal aid in every form, without reserve, on every emergency, were always ready to counsel, advance, or defend them. In prosperous or adverse fortune he was always the same. To hint at compensation for professional advice or service was to offend his generous nature.

Very few men had a deeper reverence for religious truth. He was the ardent lover of law, order, subordination, and due obedience to authority. Of that authority which is the mightiest of all—of those highest sanctions which all men bow to with submission—he could not be unobservant. It would have been a violation of his nature. If his modes of manifesting his feelings on the most important subject were not always like those of other men, his feelings were not on that account any the less profound or sincere. He was in nothing like ordinary men; yet, when near his end, he listened with deep attention to the prayers that were repeated at his bedside, and met their close with a devout and repeated “Amen.”

We will not attempt to speak of his great acquirements as a lawyer—of his eloquence as an advocate—of the wit which often served better than argument to vindicate truth—or of the vigorous intellectual power that sounded all the depths of that profound and mighty science, of which a great writer says, “Nothing is so minute as to escape its care, and nothing so great as to be beyond its control.” We leave this topic to the Bar, who can best do justice to their illustrious departed chief.

He was not a lawyer only. His mind was thoroughly cultivated. He indulged in no idle reading. His habitual conversation was with the great minds of ancient and modern times. He had a singular faculty for seizing on the sense of a book or the point of an ar-

gument, in tearing out the vital part of a volume and catching the fitting idea of an abstruse author. His laborious life at the Bar prevented him from engaging much in merely literary pursuits, but few minds were better fitted to excel in them. If he had betaken himself to the professor's chair, and the lecture-room, as he once thought of doing, he would have thrown around them charms unsurpassed anywhere for brilliant wit and subtle intellectual power.

Mr. Petigru was born in Abbeville, in May, 1789, near what is called the Calhoun Settlement. He was descended from a Huguenot family. His grandfather had been pastor of a Huguenot church, and had established a French colony at New Bordeaux. The descendants of these families are now numerous in the district. His father was a brave soldier in the Revolution, and lived to seventy-nine. After such tuition as the son was able to obtain near home, he was sent to Dr. Waddle's Academy, at Wilmington, a school of high reputation in the State. There he made great progress, and, in a few years, his master, became anxious to secure him as an assistant in his school. But the scholar was ambitious of another career. He went to Columbia and was admitted into the Sophomore Class of the South Carolina College. While there he supported himself by teaching in the Columbia Academy. He was graduated in 1809, taking the first honor of his class.

He resolved, after receiving his degree, to pursue the profession of law, and was induced by his friends to try his fortune in St. Luke's Parish, Beaufort District. There he studied law for future advancement, and kept a school for present support. He was soon elected assistant of the Beaufort College, and amongst his pupils were R. W. Barnwell, R. Barnwell Rhett, and W. F. Colcock. He was admitted to the Bar at Charleston in 1812. By the zealous support of such friends as Daniel E. Huger and James R. Pringle—by the ardor, as he himself expressed it, of the one, and the energy of the other—he was elected, while yet unknown to the people, to the office of Solicitor in the south-eastern district. His practice was increasing at Coosawatchie, when he was induced, in 1819, to transfer his fortunes to the wider field afforded by Charleston. There, by the aid of the same friends who had before supported

him, and still more by the rising reputation which had made his name known in the State, he became, in 1822, attorney-general, succeeding Robert Y. Hayne in that important office. He rapidly rose to great success, to large emoluments and high distinction. He had been for many years regarded as the head of the South Carolina Bar, and could readily, at any time, have found his way to the bench.

The pursuits of the politicians never had any charms for him. He was a bad courtier of the people. Yet the ardor of his friendship drew him into an active participation in the contentions of party. In all these contentions—and some of them were full of acrimony—he forfeited no confidence and lost no friend. His generous nature stood above the scene of angry dispute, and even the foes who opposed were compelled to admire and esteem him.

Nor was this the result ever of any compliance such as feeblenesses are prone to yield. He yielded nothing. No force of popular opinion, no consideration of fortune, influence, or office, ever induced him to swerve from his fixed sense of the right and the true. The late course of events has illustrated this strong point in his character. If any mortal ever lived to whom the magnificent amplification of the Roman poet is applicable—if ever man was so tenacious of honorable and upright purposes, that a crumbling world would fail to shake his firmness, it was he. He has always been unmoved by what he considered the "*civium ardor prava juventium*," and yet the people and the State honored and revered his firmness and virtues.

He was, indeed, an extraordinary man, original in character as in intellect; and wife and children, sisters and kindred, friends and people, may well mourn, with no measured sorrow, for one whose loss no time, for them, can ever repair.

From The New York Evening Post.

At the great meeting of the Loyal National League, held in this city, a series of resolutions was adopted relating to the loss which the country and the world have suffered by the death of so shining an example of integrity, courage, firmness, and steadfast adherence to the right as James Louis Petigru of Charleston. To him and to his fearless de-

nunciations of treason may be applied the noble lines of Milton:—

“So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he.
Among innumerable false unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified;
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth or change his steadfast
mind.”

These lines would constitute a fitting epitaph for this illustrious man, whose name will live as long as the history of the Great Rebellion shall be read. We give the resolutions below:—

“We, loyal citizens assembled in Union Square, New York, on the 11th April, 1863, have heard with deep sorrow that James Louis Petigru, of Charleston, South Carolina, has departed this life; therefore,—

“*Resolved*, That we will ever cherish the spotless name of this loyal citizen, who has set us a bright example of unwavering fidelity and fortitude in adhering to his country and its sacred cause, with a large mind untainted by narrow state pride, free from sec-

tional prejudice, and proof against the errors peculiar to his native portion of the country.

“*Resolved*, That born and educated in South Carolina; gifted with talents which entitled him to the highest positions coveted by ambition; acknowledged by all to be the greatest jurist and counsellor in his whole State—of a genial as well as an inspiring temper, fitted to enjoy the amenities of friendship and inspiring popularity; aware that his interests were not lying on the side he had chosen; conscious that he wanted but a sphere of action to be a statesman; he nevertheless preferred to give up every advantage and tie, and to remain a patriot of devoted rectitude and political simplicity.

“*Resolved*, That in the unhappy period of nullification James Louis Petigru was the acknowledged leader of the Union men in Charleston; and now, in the dire period of civil war, when his impassioned State pronounced herself, by an overwhelming declaration, against the country, he alone of all prominent citizens, remained faithful to the last moment of his life, as a lonely rock in the midst of an angry sea is lashed in vain by the frenzied turmoil of storm and wave.”

THE GENEALOGY OF PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.—So much discussion has arisen as to the lineage of the Princess Alexandra that we think it may be interesting to our readers to see the exact pedigree, which we accordingly give.

ALEXANDRA, born Dec. 1, 1844.

CHRISTIAN, Prince of Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, born 1818, fourth son of

WILLIAM, Duke of Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg (changed from Holstein-Sonderburg-Beck, by patent of July, 1825), born 1785, died 1831, eldest son of

FREDERICK CHARLES, Duke of Holstein-Sonderburg-Beck, born 1757, died 1816; third son of

PETER AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, Duke of Holstein-Sonderburg-Beck, born 1696, died 1775; fifth son of

LUDWIG FREDERICK, Duke of Holstein-Sonderburg-Beck, born 1654, died 1728; second son of

AUGUSTUS PHILIP, first duke and founder of the line of Holstein-Sonderburg-Beck, born 1612, died 1675; fourth son of

ALEXANDER, Duke of Holstein-Sonderburg, born 1573, died 1627; the third of eleven sons—and twenty-three children—of

JOHANN THE YOUNGER, first Duke of Holstein-Sonderburg, born 1545, died 1622; youngest son of

CHRISTIAN III., King in Denmark and Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, born 1504, died 1559; eldest son of

FREDERICK I., Duke of Schleswig-Holstein,

1481, and King in Denmark, 1523; born 1471, died 1533; second son of

CHRISTIAN I., Count of Oldenburg, born 1425; elected King in Denmark, 1448; elected King of Norway, 1450; elected King of Sweden, 1457; Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, 1459, died 1481; eldest son of

THEODORE, surnamed FORTUNATUS, Count of Oldenburg, born 1389, died 1440.—*Spectator*.

“A LIVING machine.” So Aristotle calls a servant. Man being better than a mere machine, if you are determined only to treat him like a machine, you will find him infinitely worse than one.

I would add that one way of treating servants like machines is *never* to thank them at the time for any individual act of service,—a rule copied out of “Feudal Hints for Etiquette” into some modern twopenny-halfpenny “Precept-books of Gentility:” codes in which learning by heart saves the trouble of feeling by it. And one way of treating a servant even *more* negligently than a machine, is not even to take the trouble of winding it up and setting it off rightly at first. There are some excellent and feeling remarks on the treatment of servants by epicurean and *non-chalant* masters and mistresses in the upper circles in a published essay by Mr. Taylor, the author of *Philip von Artevelde*. See, too, some noble lines near the beginning of the ninth book of Wordsworth’s *Excursion*.

From The Economist, 21 March.

THE CONFEDERATE LOAN AND THE PRICE OF COTTON.

THE Confederate States of North America have at length issued their definite proposals for the long-talked-of European loan. The loan is attracting much attention, and it is certain that it will be readily placed. It may appear somewhat startling that the Confederates should be able to borrow money in Europe while the Federal Government has been unable to obtain a shilling from that usually liberal and enterprising quarter. But the terms of the loan are peculiar, and at first look attractive, as proposals involving a gambling element often do; and they merit full consideration.

The loan is for a moderate amount only, viz., £3,000,000 sterling. It is to bear interest at seven per cent., but as it is issued at ninety and a certain discount is allowed, it may virtually be regarded as an eight per cent. transaction. The principal is to be paid off at par in twenty years. But in the mean time any bondholder may, if he prefer it, receive at any time, on giving sixty days' notice, the value of his bond in cotton at 6d per pound for "middling Orleans." If he asks for his cotton while the war continues, it will be delivered to him in the interior of America, within ten miles of a railway or navigable river. If not demanded till after the re-establishment of "peace" (when six months will be allowed for the option), it will be delivered to him free of all charges at one of the principal cotton ports of the South.

The first question relates to the probable ability of the Confederate States to fulfil their optional offer of paying in cotton: and as to this we think there need be no misgivings. The quantity of cotton now remaining in the Gulf States may have been greatly reduced, and the organization of labor to which we must look for the production of more may have been extensively disturbed; but even if all the holders were to take their repayment in cotton, and to demand this repayment early, there would still be enough available to meet the demand. Taking the average weight of a bale of Orleans at four hundred and eighty pounds, this at 6d per pound would be worth £12. At this rate the whole loan of three millions would only amount to 250,000 bales, or about *one-tenth* of the quantity sent to Great Britain in a prosperous

year, and only about *one-twentieth* of a full crop.

The second question concerns the prospects of those who might wish to demand payment in cotton soon and during the continuance of the war. They might by the terms of the loan receive the cotton at 6d per pound at some accessible point in the interior of the Southern States; and they might, at present prices, realize for it 20d per pound in Liverpool. But what would be the chances of ever getting it across the Atlantic, or what would be the premium paid to insurance brokers to meet the risk of captors,—are points on which we can offer and need offer no opinion. The transaction would be a gambling one, like all war risks;—and gamblers, or speculators who approximate to gamblers, must calculate chances for themselves.

But what will be the prospects of those who accept these Confederate bonds with the notion of taking payment in cotton at 6d per pound *on the termination of the war*? In the *first* place, they risk the possibility of never being paid at all, in case the South should be subdued and re-annexed. This danger, however, as our readers know, we should be inclined to estimate very lightly. It is so slight that, of itself, it need not deter any man from sharing in an eight per cent loan. In the *second* place, there is the risk of the South repudiating their debt, and evading payment, even though well able to pay, on the establishment of their independence. But, notwithstanding some unpleasant experiences in the past, we should not think even this danger worth much consideration. No young State, with a character to make and a position to confirm, would commence its national existence by such a shallow and dishonoring blunder as want of integrity, especially towards European capitalists, and especially for so trifling a sum as £3,000,000. The question that then remains for the consideration of speculative bondholders is—"What will be the probable price of 'middling Orleans' two or three months after the termination of the war? It is to be delivered at New Orleans at 6d:—what will it fetch in Liverpool?"

The answer to this question must, of course, be in the main conjectural; but two or three points in the matter may be relied upon with considerable confidence. The first of these is that, since the average price in

Liverpool from 1849 to 1860 was 61-4d per pound, and since it only ranged below 6d in three years out of the twelve, we may feel pretty confident that it will not again fall below the price at which the Confederate States offer to supply it;—at least not for an indefinite length of time. The second point is, that we may look for a *general* tendency downward in future—for several years at all events. The present price of middling Orleans is 20d per pound. The present price of middling Surat is 14d. Both have ranged higher during a few weeks of panic; but it may, we think, be now considered as conclusively proved that, at existing prices, the cotton manufacture cannot maintain itself to even its present extent as a profitable branch of industry. That is to say, if cotton is to continue in use, cotton *must* fall—though to what extent we cannot yet pretend to prophesy. At the same time, since present prices leave a large profit on the growth of the raw material, they will stimulate that growth in many quarters of the world, and as our supply increases cotton *will* fall. The extent of the fresh supply thus brought forward, and the degree, therefore, to which prices may be expected to recede before the termination of the American War, will, it is obvious, depend in a great measure on the length of time which that war may continue. If the war were to terminate to-morrow, the fall in the price of cotton from its present value would be measured by the quantity of *American* cotton which was, or was expected to be, poured into our markets. If the war were to terminate three years hence, the fall from present prices would be measured by the influx of *American* cotton set free *plus* the extra growth called into existence in other parts of the world by the continuance for three years longer of famine prices. In other words, the sooner the American ports are opened, the higher will they find the price of *American* cotton in Europe, and the larger, therefore, will be the gain to those bondholders who take payment in cotton. It must of course be borne in mind that, as soon as peace is declared, the probable effect of the opening of the ports will be *discounted* (to use a technical phrase) by Liverpool merchants and Manchester manufacturers, so that though the price immediately before that event might be 12d or 15d per pound, the importers who receive their cotton at Charleston two or

three months afterwards will not be able to obtain that price in England, but only the price at which public opinion may deem that cotton will ultimately range. Still, as we said before, we can scarcely imagine any combination of circumstances under which middling Orleans shall fall as low as 6d or even 7d per pound for several years to come.

The legality of this loan has been questioned, but we apprehend without reason. During the Greek Revolution the Corporation of London subscribed out of their municipal funds in aid of the Greek insurgents, and Mr. Canning justified their doing so in answer to a complaint from Turkey. If the greatest Corporation in England may subscribe in aid of rebellion, unquestionably mere individuals may be so bold as to lend to rebels.

Some persons have fancied that the negotiation of this loan would have an unfavorable effect upon the money market of this country, and would tend to withdraw bullion from it. But it is probable that most of the loan will be spent here in paying outstanding debts, and in purchasing new warlike stores and arms for the Confederate States, and therefore there will be very little, if any, demand upon us for the precious metals in consequence of its success.

From The Spectator, 4 April.

THE ALABAMA AND PETERHOFF DEBATE.

WE read the debate of yesterday week on the *Alabama* question with profound humiliation. It is not that we sympathize with the Federal Government in the weak wailings with which it appears to regard the depredations of one or two cleverly managed Confederate ships. That it should never yet have produced a ship, a crew, and a commander equal to putting a stop to those depredations in the proper way, is, we think, a far fitter subject for its lamentations than the actual losses it has suffered. It is not that we have the smallest doubt as to the Solicitor-General's able exposition of the international law of the subject, which undoubtedly has no more to say against the right of supplying ships of war to either or both of the belligerents than it has to say against the right of supplying ammunitions of war to either or both. No one who has looked carefully into the subject can doubt for a moment that the illegality of

what we have done or permitted in the case of the *Alabama* rests solely on the Foreign Enlistment Act, i.e., on a municipal act of the English nation, not on the general principles of international law. But for that act the *Alabama*, if sailing under the British flag for sale or delivery to the Confederate navy would simply have been an article contraband of war, which the Federals might fairly have caught and confiscated, if they could, in the attempt to run the blockade, but the transmission of which would have in no way threatened our international relation. It is, therefore, as we conceive, quite true, that under international law the Federal Government has no right of complaint; but it has fair reason to ask and expect that we will put in force our own laws, deliberately made for our own purposes, in all cases in which their enforcement can be of any advantage to another Government, or any guarantee of that rigid neutrality which we so earnestly profess.

But though, strictly speaking, the rigid or lax Administration of our own municipal laws is a matter between us and our own Government, and cannot be made the formal ground of an international complaint, it is practically both a scandal and a grievance when there is remissness in giving any Government not hostile to us the full advantage of those laws. Nay, it is more than a scandal and a grievance, it is a grave reason for imputing partiality, where the remissness which injures the one Government, practically advantages the other Government with which the former is at war. The debate of yesterday week sustains this scandal, inflicts this grievance, justifies this imputation of partiality, before the eyes of the whole world. No man who spoke in that debate, certainly not Lord Palmerston, least of all the Solicitor-General, really believed that we had done in the matter of the *Alabama* all that we ought to have done. Yet they condescended to a prevarication which will tarnish the British honor before all Europe, rather than admit candidly what every one who knows the case is perfectly well aware of, that there was a very gross and unnecessary delay in stopping the *Alabama*,—that thoroughly sufficient evidence of what she was intended for, and proof that the purpose for which she was intended was a flagrant breach of our Foreign Enlistment Act, was in the hands of the Foreign Secretary a full week before her departure.

With that evidence came also the most ample warning that the ship was "ready for sea, and might leave any hour she pleases," the Liverpool collector of customs even requesting *telegraphic* instructions on the subject, so sensible was he of the imminence of the critical moment. All this was known by Lord Russell as early as the 22d July, on the Solicitor-General's own showing; and yet it was not till the 29th, when she was, of course, just gone, that the order came to arrest her. To talk of this as "acting with reasonable promptitude and despatch" is simply a mockery of language. The Solicitor-General knew that he was using language in the most unjustifiable, and, we will say, discreditable latitude, when he made such an assertion. He tried to confuse the dates by reckoning, at least in one part of his speech, from the 26th instead of the 22d of July. But he himself elsewhere admitted that all the material evidence had been in the hands of the Foreign Secretary on the 22d. A whole week is allowed to elapse *after* this evidence has been received,—the ship being ready to start at any moment,—without even an order for her provisional detention; and when at length the order comes, it comes a few minutes too late. And this, say Lord Palmerston and Sir Roundell Palmer, is all that could in common reason have been expected from the British Government; in other words, it was simply unreasonable to expect that the Government would exercise its legal option of stopping such a vessel at all. The Foreign Enlistment Act must henceforward be regarded as the one English statute which is not binding, but simply optional. If the Board of Customs, or other administrators of the law, do not like the way it is likely to operate, they will evade it; if they do, they will enforce it. British justice is to become for the first time a respecter of persons!

All this was as evident to the House of Commons as it is to our readers, and yet they cheered and cheered again the statements of the prime minister and Sir Roundell Palmer. As if to remove all doubt of the temper of the House, Mr. Laird M.P. for Birkenhead, the father of the contractor for the *Alabama*, got up in his place and was not ashamed to justify his infraction of the provisions of the English statute-book. He pleaded, whether truly or not we cannot say, that the Federals were quite as anxious to tempt him to in-

fringe the law as the Confederates;—a very good reason, if it be a true one, for withholding our pity from the Federals, but a statement which had no bearing whatever on the real question at issue, namely, whether it is becoming or unbecoming to the dignity of the English Government, and the boasted impartiality of English justice, that an act deliberately passed and recently recited by the queen in the proclamation of her order that all her subjects should remain neutral and observe the provisions laid down by law to secure neutrality—that such an act should be intentionally set at naught by the great English shipbuilders, and virtually cancelled by the administering officials. The cheers with which Mr. Laird's unblushing justification of his son's deliberate disobedience was greeted, were a new and almost astounding phenomenon in the House of Commons. Probably never before did a member of that assembly virtually boast of having set the Legislature at defiance, and find his boast received with acclamations of delight. What interpretation of such a fact is even possible in America, except that the English Legislature was glad to see even its own work undone, and its own dignity mocked, in a case in which the effect happened to be injurious to the Federal Government?

The aspect of the whole affair is made worse, rather than better, by the kindred discussion which occupied the House on the same evening. Another apparently flagrant infraction of English rights has been committed by the order of Admiral Wilkes of the *Trent* case. The *Peterhoff*, an English vessel, conveying English mails to Matamoros, in Mexico, sailing from a neutral port to a neutral port, and therefore in no way liable to be seized by a Federal cruiser, was overhauled just before entering the Danish port of St. Thomas's by a Federal cruiser, her papers found all right, and allowed to proceed. On leaving the port on the 25th February, she was again stopped by order of Admiral Wilkes, and this time actually seized and taken into the Federal prize court

at Key West. There does not seem to be a shadow of excuse for this fresh aggression of Admiral Wilkes on British rights, and everything said on the subject in the House would, if the facts as given prove correct, be heartily endorsed in ordinary circumstances by every Englishman. But we confess that the action of the House of Commons in the *Alabama* case renders our action in such cases as this a much more delicate affair,—one on which it is far less easy than it ought to be to take the high-handed tone of a sincere and honest neutral. We are aware that the Federal Government have, in the latter case,—if it be correctly reported,—infringed recognized international law,—while we have only shirked the due administration of a municipal law. Still our hands are not clean. We cannot affect to say that the Government has either done what the Federal Administration had a fair right to expect, or that the country has evinced any regret for that neglect of duty. On the contrary, the negligence in enforcing the law—and the man who is most responsible for the breach of the law—were both marked by the emphatic approval of the English representative assembly. How is it possible after this to feel the same pride and dignity as a nation in asserting our own rights, that we might have displayed had we been equally eager to enforce the rights of others? If irritation arise, if we find the Federal Government unwilling to trust us in future, eager to push to the utmost every advantage against us—we have ourselves mainly to blame. In the *Trent* affair we had an unsullied case, a clear national conscience, a calm assurance of our own rectitude. We have sacrificed—needlessly, recklessly; culpably sacrificed—that proud position. And if we are now dragged into a war, a large minority, if not a majority, of the nation will never cease to remember with bitter self-reproach that the seeds of that war were sown in the negligence or partiality of our executive, the dissimulation of our ministers, and the open partisanship of the House of Commons.

From The Spectator, 4 April.
POLAND AND ROME.

THE emperor hesitates still. That strange indecision which has attacked him in all great crises of his career, and which is the result of a conflict between his intellect and his imagination, rather than of any weakness of will, seems to have seized him now. On Sunday Prince Napoleon thinks he has persuaded him that the hour for action has arrived, on Wednesday M. Magne is dismissed from the Cabinet for impertinence to the minister who represents in Paris the cause of financial thrift. To-day it is understood that France must be content with an amnesty which will simply compel the Russians to invent civil charges against leading Poles instead of punishing directly for treason, and to-morrow all Germany rings with a story of the revival of "Leuchtenberg Poland," i.e., of the erection of the Duchy of Warsaw into a kingdom with the Russian Beauharnais for king. That idea pleases, it is said, everybody except the Poles, who are not dying that they may secure a Belgium on the Vistula, too weak to exist except by the sufferance of Russia or the burdensome aid of France. They have still a strong vote in the matter, for in spite of manufactured telegrams and dissensions among the leaders, deliberately exaggerated in order to diminish the sympathies of Europe, the imperial troops make little way towards the conquest which their chiefs would describe as peace. The Central Committee still levies an income tax under the eyes of the Archduke Constantine. The rebellion "suppressed" in Radom is "increasing rapidly" in Lublin; Poles have crossed the Bug into Volhynia; Podolia is in open insurrection, and all reports from St. Petersburg represent the czar as inclined to "certain" concessions, defined recently as autonomy without a national army. Arms, as we know from authentic sources, are entering the country, and the revolt of Warsaw itself is only a question of the most expedient hour. The Poles, who originally promised to hold out for two months, now say they can resist till harvest, and from every corner of Europe, from Paris as from Thessaly—the latter a regular depot of Poles—the gallant exiles are swarming home. Englishmen wonder at the break-down of the continental obstructive machinery; but the pompous people in uniform who call themselves a police are not

of much avail against men who carry in one pocket their commissions from the insurgents, and in the other *bonâ fide* passports signed by the Archduke Constantine.

It is difficult in the cloud of dust raised by the chancelleries, which are alive with excitement, and as noisy as rooks when a storm is at hand, to detect the signs which usually indicate the true position of affairs. The balance of evidence inclines, however, to some such statement as this. The event turns on the decision of the man who is telling lads in Scotland to study Latin and Greek. The Austrian Government professes its readiness to act if England joins in the French request; Napoleon's plea, honest or subtle, is that France cannot safely move till England has been conciliated. The British ministry, willing to do for Poland all that can be done by diplomacy, agrees to an "identical note" counselling Russians to moderation, but perceives, with a strong shade of annoyance, that France is pressing towards results more logical than a Romanoff's promise. An outburst of opinion in England, strong enough to justify Earl Russell in giving way to his own sympathy for freedom, would, in all probability, terminate the dilemma and free Poland—and Rome.

Unfortunately, the governing class is not decided at all. It has always sympathized with Poland, and there is no tradition, as in the case of Italy, to be patiently overcome. But it dreads France with a dread which every year seems to increase. Will not Poland, it asks, even if free, be still a dependency of France? Even should that result not occur, and the undoubted genius of the Poles for battle make the nation suddenly strong, will not another war, undertaken to liberate a nation, immensely increase French *prestige*, and make Napoleon the centre and idol of the nationalities which, in the South-East, need only a hope to plunge all Europe in war? If France chooses in a generous fit to incur the unimaginable risks involved in a European contest, let her; but why should England be taxed to support a project which may end in results which Englishmen do not desire, and must produce consequences which Englishmen, being human, have not the power to foresee? A generous effort for a great end is conceivable, and may even be right; but what mortal can see the ends to which a European war might lead? Victory might make

Napoleon as powerful on the Continent as his uncle, which is not the interest of freedom, and defeat might weaken France till the Western alliance—the best security for the world while it passes through the present cycle of enthusiasms—would be finally broken up.

There is force in all those objections, more particularly when they display the vastness and, therefore, the indefiniteness of the suggested enterprise. But those who urge them forget,—in the case of the Ultramontanes willfully forget,—that England has a cause to befriend dearer to Liberals even than that of Poland. If Poland is to receive more than a Russian promise—that political expression of the mathematical zero,—English aid is indispensable to give Austria confidence and France security from attack, and she might justifiably ask her price. If Napoleon advances alone, let him advance, with the good wishes of all who sigh for the permanent peace which cannot arrive while millions are under foreign dominion; but, if England is asked to assist, let Napoleon evacuate Rome. There is no doubt he could do it, if he were marching with the sympathies of France at his back on an enterprise which, if successful, would seat his dynasty. There is no doubt either, that Italy, if Rome were once released, would become in the war a firm though independent ally. Those two facts ought to suffice for the sovereign who declares that he only remains at Rome under compulsion; while, to England, the advantage would be almost incalculable, would justify the war in the eyes of every class. For three long years the first object of our policy has been the construction of an independent and powerful kingdom within the Mediterranean, and it is useless to conceal that that policy may still fail. The Neapolitans cannot reconcile themselves heartily to government from Turin. They admit the headship of Rome, but they still feel intensely that, till seated at Rome, the Government of Victor Emmanuel must be a Piedmontese government.

There are factions within the kingdom who would still welcome any pretender whom they could trust to remain in alliance with Northern Italy, and the ablest friends of unity feel that for their cause the possession of Rome is becoming matter of life and death. Yet a united Italy only could balance the new power France will acquire from the diminished weight of the czars, the new force of her vote in the councils of Constantinople. There would be a logic in the act, which the French mind would appreciate, for why free one nationality while still repressing another? or why, with a European war to commence, decline the alliance of a power, which amidst all its difficulties retains an army of three hundred thousand men. Napoleon will not go to Poland unless the pressure of opinion is almost irresistible, and let it be once but known that this is the one condition of English adherence, and he must accede, or break once for all with the new Revolution. The nationalities will never again trust the man who, having the power of freeing two at a stroke, suffers both to perish rather than relax his grasp on the throat of one. The Catholic world might rave, but with France excited, the power of the Catholic world is a measurable quantity, and Austria, even if mortified, dared not oppose England and France; and Italy and Poland all combined. England, so often accused of selfishness, but which alone among nations *surrenders* a province to fulfil an idea, would then have the glory of freeing one great and historic race, while sanctioning by its support the enfranchisement of another. The freedom of Poland may not seem to English aristocrats worth the expense of a fleet in the Baltic; but what of the freedom of Rome? Russia pushed back from Europe; the French alliance secure; the Eastern question reduced to a negotiation between England and France; and Italy free and strong—are not these results, Mr. Gladstone, worth half that treasured surplus of yours?

THE LIVING AGE.

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HYMN FOR THE NATIONAL FAST, 30TH
APRIL, 1863.

BY THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

"Is it such a fast that I have chosen—a day for a man to afflict his soul; to bow down his head like a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? Is not *this* the fast that I have chosen; to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"—Isaiah vii. : 5, 6.

In deep humility,
Worshipping only Thee,
Prostrate we fall,
And while Thy name we bless,
And own Thy righteousness,
Lord, in our sore distress,
On Thee we call.

Our great sin we bemoan—
Our fathers' and our own;
We cloak no more
The hundred years of wrong
We've nursed and made so strong;
The sin we've loved so long
We now deplore.

As sovereign, on Thy throne
Vengeance sits not alone
To scourge our land:
Mercy comes nearer Thee,
And, on her bended knee
Holds back, with her strong plea
Thy chastening hand.

Beneath the tempest's tread
The bulrush bows its head;
But when the blast
That humbled it is o'er,
It lifts itself once more
As proudly as before
The storm o'erpassed.

So be it not with us!
But, while we bow down thus
Beneath Thy frown,
Let us, with penance meet,
Lie lowly at Thy feet,
And ne'er the sin repeat
That brought us down.

—Chronicle.

Washington, D. C., April 5, 1863.

A PRINCESS TO AN HEIR APPARENT.

"Jungantur capræ lupis!"

THE prize you offer, Prince, is bright,
Is what the world must matchless deem;
And far above the modest height
Of a poor Danish maiden's dream.

To hear and grant the trembling prayer
Of tribes and nations lowly bent;
The crown of Catharine to bear;
The Empress of a continent;

To reign from ice-bound fields of gloom,
To where the sunlit waters roll;
To sit by him whose word is doom
To Fin and Tartar, Russ and Pole;—

And Pole—ah! then a jarring string—
That mars the music all too soon;
As if when loud the joy-bells ring,
A funeral knell should break the tune!

You frown? But hear. I have been late
A partner in a sister's joy,
Welcomed to share a fairer fate.
A crown without such sad alloy.

And passing many a mile along
Through streets with flowers bedecked and
strewn,
Around us, in a shouting throng,
A free and faithful people stood.

But I have heard, and I have read,
Of other sights and sounds than those;
Of crowds that met to mourn the dead,
And knelt to pray, and never rose.

For, as the city knelt in woe,
There came a flash to light the gloom;—
And Warsaw's wives and mothers know
What hopes it lighted to the tomb.

Mothers and wives? Not they alone;
In every Polish heart that deed
Deep in the patriot soil is sown:
Beware the bursting of the seed.

And see! the blood-red letters glare,
On memory's page a later line;—
And shall I not the lots compare—
My sister's, and what might be mine?

Here, breaks from all one hailing shout,
On the free air in gladness flung;
There, on the night the cry rings out,
Of Rachel mourning for her young.

—Examiner.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

PLAINLY to read the written doom
Traced on the wall of that dear room,
Yet smile, to check infecting gloom.

From night to night, and day to day,
To keep determined Death at bay,
Our best, our only hope—delay.

To sink with every sinking sun,
On wearied knees, and one by one,
Apart to sob: "Thy will be done,"

To gasp, from lips of dumb despair:
"O God! who knowest all, forbear
To mark the mockery of our prayer."

All this was seen, and done, and prayed,
The while our hearts felt half betrayed
By Him who thus withheld His aid.

O Ruler of the passion-blast!
Pity, forgive, and bless the past,
And reunite us all at last.

The buried sun from night shall rise,
His reflex steals along the skies,
And day's full dawn behind it lies.

—Chambers's Journal.

PART II.—CHAPTER VI.
THE RESULT.

WHEN the newly married people returned home, after an absence of about two months, the new rule soon but gradually made itself felt at Fontanel. Though Mr. Summerhayes had for a long time been the inspiring influence there, there was still all the difference between his will as interpreted by Mrs. Clifford and his will as accomplished by himself. Of the two, it must be allowed that the retainers of the family preferred the cordial, kind, inconsistent sway of poor Mary to the firm and steady government of her new husband; and then everybody had acknowledged her right to rule, which came by nature, while every soul secretly rebelled against his, which was a kind of contradiction to nature. Mr. Summerhayes's path was not strewn with roses when he came back to Fontanel; then, for the first time, he had the worst of it. After she was fairly married, and everything concluded beyond the possibility of change, Mary, like a true woman, had found it quite possible to forget all her previous doubts and difficulties, and to conclude, with that simple philosophy which carries women of her class through so many troubles, that now everything must come right. It was no embarrassing new affection now, but acknowledged duty, that bound her to her husband, and she would not contemplate the possibility of this duty clashing with her former duties. So she came home, having fully regained the composure of her mind, very happy to see her children again, and utterly forgetting that they had not yet become accustomed, as she had, to look upon "Cousin Tom" as the head of the house. But it was now that gentleman's turn to suffer the pains and penalties of the new position which he had taken upon himself. He was fully conscious of all the troubled, sidelong glances out of Loo's brown eyes; and when Charley burst into the house in schoolboy exuberance at Easter, for his few days of holiday, Mr. Summerhayes noted the gulp in the throat of the Etonian, when he found it necessary to ask the new master of the house about something hitherto settled between himself and the old groom, with perhaps a reference to the indulgent mother, who could never bear to deprive her boy of any pleasure. Mr. Summerhayes let Charley have his will with the best grace in the world, but still saw and remarked that

knot of discontent in the boy's throat—that apple of Adam, which Charley swallowed, consciously, yet, as he himself thought, unobserved by any man. The younger children were perhaps still more difficult to deal with; for it was hard to teach them that Mr. Summerhayes was no longer Cousin Tom, to be romped with, but that it was necessary to be quiet and good, and not to disturb the meditations of the head of the house. True, it fell to Mary's lot to impress this fact upon the rebellious consciousness of Harry and little Alf; but Mr. Summerhayes, who at that particular period of his life was all eyes and ears, and missed nothing, did not fail to have the benefit. Then some of the servants were petulant—some were insolent, presuming on their old favor with their mistress—some resigned altogether when they knew "how things was a-going to be;" the most part sneaked and gave in, with secret reflections, every one of which was guessed and aggravated by the new master. It is easy to see that his position had its difficulties and disagreeables; but, to do Mr. Summerhayes justice, he behaved with great temper and forbearance in this troublesome crisis. He made it apparent to everybody that he was not to be trifled with; but, at the same time, pretended not to see the little petulances which were in reality so distinctly apparent to him, and which galled him so much. He swallowed many a mortification just then more bitter and stinging than Charley's soon-forgotten gulp of boyish pride; and steadily and gradually, without any one knowing much about it, the new master of Fontanel won the day.

He was a man whose previous life had, to a considerable extent, belied his real character. He had lived idly and without any apparent ambition during these forty years, contenting himself apparently, for the last ten, with his dreary old manor-house and spare income. But this was not because he was of a light and easy temper, or satisfied with his lot. He was active enough in reality, now that he had affairs in his hands of sufficient magnitude to occupy him—and thoughtful enough to keep his purposes locked in his own heart, from which they came forth in act and deed, only when full fledged and ready for the gaze of the world. The house of Fontanel gradually recognized the hand of the master. Without any visi-

ble coercion upon Mary, the open, liberal, hospitable house came by imperceptible degrees under that stern *régime* which had made life possible at the manor-house upon the much-diminished means of the Summerhayes. The process was like nothing so much as the change of a ship's course in a stormy sea. The vessel wavered, reeled for a moment as the helm went round in a new direction, but next minute had righted herself, and was ploughing steadily on in her new course, leaving the ignorant passengers below in total unconsciousness of anything that had happened, except that momentary stagger and uncertainty which it was so easy to account for. Mary was not cut down, either in her hospitalities or charities—or at least, if she was, did not know it; but before a year had elapsed, the expenditure in Fontanel house was smaller, and the expenditure on Fontanel estate greater than it had ever been in the memory of man. Mr. Summerhayes was an enterprising and enlightened landlord. He took up the Home Farm with such energy that every tenant-farmer within twenty miles learned or ought to have learned, the salutary lesson; and he gave loans and bonuses upon improvement, such as suggested to the unimproving sundry sarcasms as to the facility with which men parted with other people's money. If it had been his own, instead of belonging to his wife and her children, it would have made a difference, people said; but then it was only the unprogressive, whom Mr. Summerhayes decidedly snubbed and disapproved of, who made that ill-natured remark. To tell the truth, however, when he set out upon this active career, which was so unlike his former life, Mr. Summerhayes of Fontanel became much less popular in the county than the poor squire at the manor had been in old days. Perhaps in the change from poverty to wealth, he carried things with too high a hand. Perhaps he failed to recognize his own position as an interloper, and acted the master too completely to please the popular fancy. At all events, nobody was satisfied—not even his sisters in the old house, which they had all to themselves; certainly not the little community in his present home, which obeyed and feared and suspected him—perhaps not even his wife.

Mary had a woman's usual experience before she married her second husband and

made this complication of affairs. She knew as a certainty, what all the younger brides have to learn by hard personal training, that the husband must be different from the lover; that the habits of ordinary life will return after a while; and that the wife's happiness must be of a different kind, if she is happy at all, from that of the bride, to whose pleasure, for the moment, everything defers by a tender fallacy and sophism of nature. But somehow, in its own case, the heart is always incredulous. To marry him had, after all, cost this soft woman a great many natural pangs, and it was hard to find so soon all the affectionate conferences and consultations, by means of which he had at first won her, ceasing altogether, and to feel that the affairs which she had managed so long were now in inexorable hands, and ruled by plans which were only communicated to her when they were ready for execution, if even then. Then poor Mary, who had always been looked on with indulgent eyes, began to feel herself under a sterner regard, and to see that her acts and words were judged solely on their own merits, and not with any softening glamour of love, making everything beautiful because it was she. It is impossible to describe how nervous and unsteady this consciousness made her, and how much more ready she was to make mistakes, from knowing that her mistakes would not be excused, or looked upon affectionately as wisdom in disguise. Poor soul! he was very kind to her at the same time; but his eye was on her when she caressed her children; his quick ear somehow caught the little secrets they whispered to her in that sacred twilight hour in her dressing-room before dinner, where Mr. Summerhayes had now acquired the habit of coming in to talk with his wife, and finding the children in the way. When they were all sent off on such occasions, it was well for Loo that she generally headed the retreat, before the new master lighted his wife's candles, and threw an intrusive glare into the sacred atmosphere. Loo was a heroine, but she had a temper. But as for poor Mary, to see her disappointed children trooping away, and to guess with quick instinct the thoughts that were already rising in their little angry hearts, and to lose that sweet moment in which her soul was *retrempé* and made strong, was very bitter even to her yielding temper and loving heart. She could

have cried but for fear of her husband ; and many a time had bitter drops in her eyes, which had to be crushed back somehow, and re-absorbed into her breast, when those tell-tale candles flashed their unwelcome light upon her. Yet, notwithstanding all this, she had no right nor wish to call herself an unhappy wife. He *was* very kind to her—seemed as though he loved her, which makes up to a woman for a great many things ; but still a sense of having overturned the world somehow, and disturbed the course of nature—of having introduced bewilderment and confusion she could not tell how, and a false state of affairs—combined, with a certain ache of disappointment, of wounded pride, and unappreciated confidence, to make poor Mary's musings weary and troubled, and to plant thorns in her pillow.

Thus it happened that nobody was pleased with the change which had taken place at Fontanel, except, perhaps, Mr. Summerhayes himself, who seemed sufficiently contented with all that he had done and was doing. Certainly he devoted himself to the improvement of the estate. Such crops had never been dreamt of in the county as those that began to be usual upon the well-tilled acres of the Home Farm ; and, when leases fell in, the lumbering old tenants had no chance against the thriving agriculturists whom the King-Consort brought in over their heads at advancing rents, to the benefit of the rent-roll and the country, though not without some individual misery at the same time to lessen the advantage. Some old people emigrated, and got their death by it ; some hopeful farmer-families dispersed and were broken up, and found but a checkered fortune awaiting them in the cold world, outside of those familiar fields which they had believed themselves born to cultivate, and almost thought their own ; and Mrs. Summerhayes had red eyes after these occurrences, and took to headaches, which were most unusual to her ; but it was unquestionably the most enlightened policy—it was very good for the land and the country and things in general ; and, in particular, there could not be any doubt it was good for the rent-roll of Fontanel.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEXT EVENT IN THE FAMILY.

"I WONDER whether Charley Clifford's coming of age will be kept as it ought to be,"

said Miss Amelia Harwood, meditatively. It was more than five years since the marriage, but there was still going to be a bazaar at Summerhayes ; and still a large basket stood on the drawing-room table at Woodbine Cottage, full of embroidered cushions, babies' socks, children's pinafores, and needle-books and pen-wipers without number, upon which Miss Amelia was stitching little tickets which told the price. "To give him all his honors will be ticklish work for Tom Summerhayes, and to withhold them wont answer with a boy of spirit like Charley. I am fond of that boy. He behaves very well to his mother : though really, when a woman makes a fool of herself, I don't wonder if her children get disgusted. I should like to know what she thinks of her exploit now. I always foresaw she would see her folly as the children grew up."

"Oh, hush, Amelia," said her elder sister ; "don't be hard upon poor, dear Mary now. I was surprised at the time—but of course she must have been in love with him ; and it was hard, you know, to be left all alone at her time of life. She is quite a young woman now."

"She is——" said Miss Amelia, pausing, with inexorable memory and a host of dates at her finger-ends, "either forty-two or forty-three. I don't quite recollect whether she was born in '14 or in '15. Now that I think, it was '14, for it was before the Waterloo year, which we had all such good cause to remember ; and as for being left all alone, she had her children, and I always said she ought to have had the sense to know when she was well off. However, that is not the question. I want to know whether they will make any ado over Charley's coming of age."

"Poor boy !—it is sad for him having no father to advise him at such an important time of his life," said gentle Miss Harwood, with a sigh.

"Oh, stuff ! " said Miss Amelia. "Harry Clifford, poor fellow, never was wise enough to direct himself, and how could he have guided his son ? I dare say Tom Summerhayes would be a better adviser, if you come to that. But I am sorry for Charley just the same : he's the heir, and yet somehow he doesn't seem the heir. His mother after all, is still a young woman, as you say, and Tom Summerhayes seems to have got everything so secure in his hands that one can't help feeling something is sure to happen to make

the estate his in the end. It can't be, I suppose; they said the deeds were irrevocable, and that Mary couldn't alter them if she wished, which I don't suppose she does;—she loves her children, I must say that for her. Still one never feels sure with a man like Tom Summerhayes; and poor Charley has no more to do with his own affairs than if he were a little plowboy on Mr. Summerhayes's estate."

"Hush, my dear," said Miss Harwood, who was in her summer chair, which commanded, through the openings of the green blind, a view of the village green and the road before the door,—“here are Laura and Lydia coming to call—and out of breath, too; so they must have some news or something particular to say.”

"About Charley's coming of age, of course," said Miss Amelia. "I dare say Mary and Tom have had a fight over it, and he's judged it as well for once to let Mary have her way. He always had a great deal of sense, had Tom Summerhayes."

"Oh, I declare, to see how far the Miss Harwoods are on with their things!" cried Miss Laura Summerhayes, almost before she had entered the room; "but you are always in such good time, Miss Amelia. As for us, we have such a great deal to think about just now, it drives the bazaar out of our heads; almost as bad as if we had a family ourselves," said Miss Lydia, with a breathless outburst. "I dare say you have heard the news—you who always hear everything from Fontanel."

"About Charley's birthday?" said Miss Amelia.

"Well, upon my word, you are a witch of Endor, or something," said Miss Lydia, whose turn it was to begin the duet; "for dear Tom rode down to tell us only this morning. He is so considerate, dear Tom; and I am sure there never was such a stepfather,—to think of all he means to do, just as if Charley was his own son and heir," cried Miss Laura, who was scarcely able to keep in time for want of breath.

"His own son and heir, if he had one, need not to make so much commotion, my dears," said Miss Amelia, administering with great good-will a friendly snub; "there is a difference, you know, between Fontanel and the manor-house. I suppose there will be a dinner of the tenantry, and all that. There

couldn't you know, much as your family is respected in the county, be much of that sort of thing at Summerhayes."

"My dear, you know Amelia always speaks her mind," said Miss Harwood; "you don't mind what she says? I am sure I hope poor Charley will have a good day for his *fête*, and that everything will go off well. I dare say they will feel strange on such a day, to think of all the changes that have happened. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the day he was born; and oh, how happy poor Mary was!"

"I am sure she ought to be a great deal happier now," said Miss Laura, with a toss of her head, "if she were sensible enough to see her advantages. Dear Tom makes himself a slave to her, and spends all his strength upon the estate; and then never to get any thanks for it. I declare to hear how you speak is enough to make one hate the world," said Miss Lydia, with the usual joint disregard of punctuation. "But Miss Harwood, you always take Mary's side."

"I didn't know we were come so far as to take sides," said Miss Amelia, dryly; "Mary never takes her own side, that's clear. She tries to please everybody, poor soul; to make her husband happy by letting him suppose himself the master of Fontanel,—and to make her son happy by making believe he's all right and in his natural place; and what's to come of it all after Charley comes of age is more than I can tell; for Charley's a boy of spirit, though he's devoted to his mother, and it's hard never to have anything to say in one's own affairs. A woman may submit to it, perhaps, but a young man is very different," said Miss Amelia, with great gravity, breaking off with an emphatic jerk the last end of her thread.

Both the sisters were in tears before this speech was finished. "I am sure it is very hard," sobbed the elder, as soon as she could speak, "to be in dear Tom's position, and to have to manage everything, and always to hear it brought up against him that he has nothing to do with the estate, and it belongs to his wife. I wonder how he ever puts up with it," cried the other, "dear Tom, that is the head of one of the oldest families in the county—far better blood than the Cliffords', whose great-grandfather was in trade; and they would all have been ruined but for dear Tom," concluded Miss Laura: "he has

given himself up to their interests—and this is his reward ! ”

“ Hush, now,” said Miss Harwood, “ I am sure nothing was said that could make you cry ; and I see poor, dear Mary herself in the pony-carriage, driving down by the green. I dare say she will call here. She will be quite surprised if she sees you have been crying. Shouldn’t you like to run upstairs and set your bonnets straight ? ”

“ I dare say she’ll come in looking as bright as possible,” said Miss Amelia, “ and could not understand, if we were to tell her, why we should quarrel and cry over her affairs. After all, it’s a shame she shouldn’t be happy, poor soul ; she always makes the best of everything. There she is, kissing her hand to us already. How d’ye do, my dear ? And I am sure I think she’s as pretty now as when she was twenty, whatever the men may say.”

“ Oh dear, that’s just what the men say,” cried Miss Laura, with indignation, unable even at this crisis to resist the temptation ; “ for she always was a gentleman’s beauty,” added Miss Lydia, half under her breath. They were not in the least malignant, and both of them secretly liked Mary in their hearts ; but they could not resist the opportunity of throwing a little javelin at her, which certainly did her no harm.

Mary did not reach the door until her sisters-in-law had put themselves in order by the help of the mirror in the back drawing-room. All this time Miss Amelia stood by the window making her comments. “ Of course there is a basket to be taken out of the pony-carriage,” said that mollified observer, who was nodding and smiling all the time to the new arrivals, “ with a quantity of forced things in it, no doubt ; for there’s nothing else to be had at this time of the year. I think I can see strawberries through the lid, which, considering it is only March, is flying in the face of nature, I think. And here is Loo. Well, I am not sure that poor Loo is not as much forced as the strawberries ; she looks a long way older than her mother, it appears to me. Poor thing ! perhaps it’s not wonderful under the circumstances ; and I think Loo would be pretty if she was free in her mind, or had time for anything but brooding over affairs. She is, let me see, eighteen at her next birthday—”

“ Hush, Amelia ! My dear Mary, it makes

me very happy to see you,” said old Miss Harwood, rising from her comfortable chair, with the slow motion of an old woman, to meet the kiss of the mistress of Fontanel. Perhaps it was the contrast of true old age which made Mary, though convicted of having been born in the year ’14, appear then, in ’57, so blooming and fresh and youthful. She had lived, on the whole, a quiet life. She had little in her constitution of that rabid selfishness which people call a sensitive temperament. She bore her troubles meekly, and got over them ; and even the anxieties and uneasiness of recent years had added but few wrinkles to the fair face of a woman who always believed that everything would turn out well, and heartily hoped for the best. She came in, well dressed, well conditioned, sweet to look at and to listen to, in easy, matronly fulness and expansion, into the pretty but strait and limited room where the two old sisters lived their life ; and when she had kissed them, kissed also the two younger maidens, who were, however, of Mary’s own standing—no younger than herself. They all looked gray, and relapsed into the shade in presence of her sweet looks and natural graciousness. Even Loo, who stood behind her mother’s chair—a tall girl, still with great brown eyes, which counted for twice as much as their real size in her pale face—looked, as Miss Amelia said, old beside Mrs. Summerhayes. Hers were the bright but softened tints, the round outlines, the affectionate, tender, unimpassioned heart which confers perpetual youth.

“ How nice it is to see you looking so well ! ” said Mary. “ I don’t think you have grown a bit older, dear Miss Harwood, for twenty years. Loo and I have come down on purpose to ask you to come to Fontanel for Charley’s birthday. He comes of age, dear fellow, next month, you know ; and as it is a very, very great occasion, we thought a three weeks’ invitation was not too much. You must come to us the day before—the carriage will come for you—and stay at least till the day after, so that you may not be the least fatigued. We are going to have all sorts of pleasures and rejoicing ; and I am sure, though I am a foolish old mother to say so,” said the smiling, blooming woman, in whom light and sunshine seemed to have entered Miss Harwood’s drawing-room, “ that nobody has more reason to rejoice over a son

than I—than we have,—he has always been such a dear boy; he has never given me any anxiety all his life.”

“Well, he’s only just beginning his life,” said Miss Amelia. “What anxiety could he give you, except about the measles and so forth? To be sure he might have been plucked at the university, or rusticated, or something dreadful; but I allow he’s a good boy, and not too good a boy either—which is a great comfort. I am glad you are not going to stint him at his *fête*; an eldest son has a right to that, I suppose; but I hope you mean to let him have something to do, my dear, after he comes of age.”

“To do? Oh, I dare say he will find quite enough to do for a few years, amusing himself,” said Mary, perceptibly growing paler for the moment. “Of course I am calculating upon both of you, Laura and Liddy,” she said, turning round with an air of making her escape. “To ask such near friends formally would be nonsense, you know; but you must not forget the twenty-fifth; and I hope you will come early, too, and see the preparations, and the tenants’ dinner, and all that is to go on out of doors.”

“Oh, we have got an invitation already,” said Miss Laura. “Not that we would have come unless you had asked us besides, dear Mary,” chimed in Miss Lydia; “but dear Tom called this morning to tell us it was all decided upon,” they both ran on together. “Such a comfort to our minds; for I am sure Liddy and I cannot bear to hear you ever have any difference of opinion,” cried Miss Laura, as her solo broke upon the course of the duet. “And dear Tom is always so glad to do what will please you, dear Mary,” chimed Miss Lydia, as it came to her turn.

Mary turned red and then turned pale in spite of herself. Most people have some specially sensitive spot about them, and this was Mary’s; she could not endure to think that her husband consulted his sisters about things that occurred at Fontanel.

“I was not aware we had any difference of opinion,” she said, with dignity; “things always have to be discussed, and Mr. Summerhayes likes to consider everything well before he takes it in hand; but, of course, we can have but one mind about Charley, who really is the owner of the estate, or at least will be after the twenty-fifth. He is so popular already,” continued the mother, re-

turning to the Miss Harwoods. The tears came to Mary’s eyes, notwithstanding all her efforts. She felt that they were all watching her, and that to do justice both to her son and her husband was all but impossible; and besides, at that moment she was under the influence of a little irritation. Mr. Summerhayes did not *consult* his sisters, for whose judgment he had a much greater contempt than it had ever entered into the mind of Mary to entertain for any one in the world; but when he was annoyed or irritated he occasionally took the benefit of their unreasoning sympathy and partizanship, as he had done this morning—and there was nothing in all the business which so galled and exasperated his wife.

“He always was a dear boy,” said kind old Miss Harwood; “and such a sweet baby as he was, my dear. I remember when he was born as if it were yesterday. I was just saying so before you came in. I never saw any people so happy as you, and—hem—it seems foolish, to be sure, talking of what he was as a baby now he’s a man,” she concluded, hurriedly stumbling over that unlucky allusion. Mary again grew a little pale, poor soul. She could not escape from her troubles anyhow—they hemmed her in on every side.

“And so all those things are for the bazaar,” she said, by way of making a diversion. “Loo was to have worked you something, Miss Amelia, but Loo’s fingers are not so useful as they might be. She is a great deal too fond of dreaming; but I don’t think I was very fond of work myself when I was her age; and, of course, she has something in hand for Charley. A birthday would not be a birthday if the girls had not worked something for their brother; though men are such bears, as I sometimes tell Loo,” said poor Mary, beaming brightly out again from behind her cloud, “I don’t think they ever look twice at the purses and slippers we do for them. I suppose the great pleasure is in the doing, as it is with most other things.”

“But I am sure you never found it so with dear Tom,” said Miss Laura; “he was always, from a boy, so pleased with what we made for him. Oh, do you remember those old braces, Laura?” cried Miss Lydia; “he always appreciates what is done for him—always,” and both the sisters chimed in in a breath.

"I was not speaking of Mr. Summerhayes," said Mary, returning into the cloud; "I was speaking of—men in general. I have never had any perfect people to deal with in my experience," said the mistress of Fontanel with a sidelong, female blow, which she could not resist giving. "And now we must say good-by, dear Miss Harwood; it is so pleasant to see you, and to come into this sheltered place where nothing ever seems to change."

"It is very odd," said Miss Amelia, as she rose to shake hands with her visitors, "you people who are living and going through all sorts of changes, you like to come back to look at us old folks, and to say it is pleasant to see us immovable. I suppose it has all the effect of a calm background and bit of still life, as the painters say. Perhaps we don't enjoy it so much as you do; we like to have something happen now and then for a little variety; we are often sadly at a loss if you did but know it, for an event."

"Come back soon, my dear; that will be an event for us," said Miss Harwood, whose soft old kiss was balm to Mary's cheek, which had flushed and paled so often. Miss Laura and Miss Lydia went out to the door with their sister-in-law, where they took leave of her. "We meant to have driven on to the manor-house," said Mary; "but we need not go now, since we have seen you; and there is no room in this stupid little carriage, or I would set you down anywhere. Good-by! don't forget the twenty-fifth!" and so she drove her ponies away. The sisters went off upon their usual round of calls, discussing her, while Mrs. Summerhayes drove through the village. They were not exactly spiteful women, and they *did* like poor Mary in their hearts; if she had been in trouble they would have rallied to her with all their little might; but they could not help being a little hard upon her now.

"Did you hear what she said about Charley being the true owner of the estate?" said Miss Laura. "After all dear Tom has done!" said Miss Lydia. "Oh, how strangely things do turn out!" cried the elder sister. "He might have done so much better; and to get himself into all this trouble and nobody even grateful to him," said the younger. "Poor dear Tom!" they both cried together, "he deserved such a different wife."

Such was the aspect of affairs on the other side; and though it is natural to take part

with poor Mary rather than with her subtle and skilful husband, perhaps his sisters were not altogether wrong. If they had not, all of them, got somehow into conflict with nature, things might have happened very differently. As it was, a perpetual false position created mischief on every side.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EVE OF THE BIRTHDAY.

"I HAVE asked old Gateshead to bring over the deeds you executed before our marriage, Mary," said Mr. Summerhayes, a few days before Charley came of age; "I want to look over them again."

"Yes!" said Mary, stopping suddenly in what she was doing, and giving one furtive glance at him. She asked no farther question, but waited with an anxious intensity of interest which almost stopped the breath on her lips.

"I want to look over them again—there are some words in the duplicates up-stairs I don't feel quite sure about," said Mr. Summerhayes.

"But, Tom, you told me they were irrevocable, and never could be meddled with," said Mary, with a sudden flush of burning color, which passed away immediately, leaving her very pale. It had been all her comfort for many a day to think that those deeds were beyond her power—or his—to change. She could not help trembling in this sudden terror. She had no confidence in her own power to resist him—and, alas, but a wavering, uncertain confidence in him, that he would be able to resist the temptation of securing, if a change were possible, a stronger title to all the authority and power he at present, in her right, possessed.

"Do you imagine I want them meddled with?" said Mr. Summerhayes. "I don't think women understand what honesty or honor means," he added, in his harshest tone. "I suppose you believe I am ready to perjure myself, or break my word, or do anything that's base, for a bit of your estate."

"Indeed, Tom, I never thought anything of the kind," said poor Mary, faltering; but she had thought something of the kind, though her thoughts were incapable of such decided expression, and the tremor in her voice betrayed her.

"That's how it always is," said Mr. Summerhayes, without any passion, but with a

concentrated sneer in his voice; "a woman who has anything always suspects her husband of an intention to rob her. Though she may have lived with him for years, and known his thoughts and shared his plans, and thought him good enough to be her companion and protector, the moment she recurs to her money he becomes a robber, and nothing is too base for him to do. No," he went on, breathing out a long breath of indignation apparently, and offended virtue; "I don't want to alter the deeds—but I want to read over one clause with Gateshead, to make sure it's all right. You would not like your children to go to law about it after you are dead?"

"No," said Mary, with a slight shiver; her fears and her imagination were roused. She, of course, knew nothing about the law, except a general impression that it was never safe to have anything to do with it. She had, however, an unreasoning faith in the efficacy of anything solemnly signed and witnessed, which, notwithstanding, if anybody threw the least doubt upon that document, changed instantly into a total scepticism and unbelief of any value in it at all. She jumped at conclusions, as is the habit of women; and from the most perfect confidence in the security of Fontanel, instantly plunged into the wildest uneasiness about it, and already saw herself compelled to alienate the inheritance from her children;—and all this because Mr. Summerhayes had remarked some expression in one clause which struck him as of doubtful meaning,—at least that was all the actual foundation upon which Mary could build her fears.

So it was with feelings of an extremely mingled and doubtful character that she proceeded with her arrangements for the birthday *fête*, which, to tell the truth, Mr. Summerhayes had strongly opposed—he could not very well have told why. Charley was the heir of the estate—as indisputable as if his father had been still its master; yet there was a great difference; and perhaps the stepfather did not feel himself quite equal to the necessary speeches, nor to the cordiality which would be required of him on such a day. Mr. Summerhayes had managed everything so completely in his own way—he had felt the house so entirely his own these five years, which yet was not his own, nor vested in him by any natural right—that the idea

of acknowledging as much virtually, if not in distinct words, by this public recognition of the heir, galled him strangely. He would rather have gone out of the way; but as he could not go out of the way, he adopted, half unconsciously, the only mode that remained of making himself disagreeable—he found out that possible flaw in the deed. Probably nothing further was in his thoughts than to express the discontent in his mind, and throw a little shadow of insecurity upon the festivities which were sacred to the too-confident heir. Like an ill-tempered father keeping up his power by a vague threat of altering his will, Mr. Summerhayes waved his threatening flag over the heads of the family of Fontanel by this faint cloud of suspicion thrown upon the invincible certainty of the deed. He meant nothing more; but evil thoughts are suggestive, and have a wonderful power of cumulation. Perhaps he did mean something more before old Gateshead, whom, on other occasions, he did not hesitate to call an old foggy, was disembarked from his old-fashioned chaise at the door, two days before Charley's birthday. The firm was Gateshead and Gateshead—but Europe and Asia are not more unlike than were its two members. The elder was, as Mr. Summerhayes succinctly expressed it, an old foggy—the other, an acute and tolerably accomplished young man of the world. Mr. Courtenay Gateshead, in ordinary cases, was Mr. Summerhayes's favorite, and was honored with his confidence; but on this special occasion old Mr. Gateshead—whose acuteness was somewhat blunted by age—who was a wonderful gossip and genealogist, and who had the most profound respect for the superior legal knowledge of the master of Fontanel, who had once been of the Inner Temple—was, as an old friend of the family, the selected guest.

Mr. Gateshead arrived with a big portmanteau and a little tin box. He was rather nervous about this little tin box. He carried it into the drawing-room with him, where he went on his arrival, being a great deal too early for dinner, as old fogies, who are not much wanted in drawing-rooms, generally are. But Mary was very glad to see him, as an old friend, and looked at him with a kind of half-conscious appeal in her eyes, of which Mr. Gateshead was totally unaware, and which he would have been com-

pletely bewildered by could he have seen it. He made some absurd mistakes, to be sure. He called her Mrs. Clifford, even in Mr. Summerhayes's presence; and then, instead of prudently ignoring his mistake, begged her pardon, and laughed and talked of his bad memory. But the tin box was a heavy burden on the old man's mind. Every ten minutes or so, he paused in his talk, which was voluminous, to say, "Bless my soul! where is that box?" and to shift it from the table or chair on which he had placed it, to a chair or table nearer. The box oppressed him even in the midst of the gossip in which his soul delighted. He took it up to his room with him, but hesitated, not seeing how he could leave it by itself when he came down to dinner; and at last gratefully accepted Mr. Summerhayes's offer to put it in his own study, where all his own papers were, and which nobody dared go into. It seemed safe under the secure shelter of Mr. Summerhayes, whose absolute monarchy was indisputable, and with whose personalities nobody in Fontanel ventured to interfere. There, accordingly, the tin box was deposited, and there, after dinner, somewhat reluctantly on the part of old Gateshead, who was fond of the society of ladies, and of Mrs. Summerhayes's in particular, the two gentlemen adjourned, to talk over that flaw, or possibility of a flaw, in the deeds which were the safeguard of the young Cliffords. They sat late discussing that and other affairs,—so late, that it seemed quite the middle of the night to Mary when her husband awoke her with a cheerful face, to say that Gateshead was of opinion, and he agreed with him, after the close examination they had given it—that the deed was quite unassailable, so that she might have a perfectly easy mind on the subject. "I thought I might run the risk of a cross look for breaking your sleep, Mary, when this was what I had to say. I am very glad myself, for it might have been awkward, as no power was reserved to you under our settlement of will-making, or that sort of think," said Mr. Summerhayes. "However, it's all right. I left that old foggy pottering over his tin box in my study. I hope he'll not set himself on fire before he gets to bed. He's getting old very fast, Mary. Young Courtenay will soon have everything his own way." Poor Mary was so pleased, so delighted, so thankful, that it was a long time

before she could get to sleep again. She lay half dreaming and dozing, with an exquisite compunction and renewal of love in her heart. Had she perhaps suspected this good husband, who came so joyfully to tell her that all was safe? She made it up to him by the fullest, most lavish restoration of confidence, as was natural to a generous woman; and in the happiest state of mind, though with an odd, half-dreaming fancy that old Gateshead had set fire to himself, and that she smelt his night-cap smouldering into slow destruction, fell finally, when it was almost dawn, into a sound sleep.

But Mary could not believe that she had been more than a few minutes asleep when she was awoke by the horrible clangor of the alarm-bell, and by the rushing and screaming of all the servants. Could it be old Gateshead's night-cap that caused that terrible significant sniff of burning that pervaded the entire atmosphere? Before she could wake her husband, who lay in a profound sleep, Charley had rushed in at the door with the alarming cry of fire. "Fire! get up, mother, make haste, but don't flarry yourself; put something on; it's in the west wing. There's time to escape," cried Charley. "I'll get out the children, and come back for you," he said, as he rushed off again.

"Fire!" cried Mr. Summerhayes, springing up. "Good Heavens! It's that old fool, old Gateshead. How could I be so mad as to trust him by himself?" and almost before Mary knew he was awake, he too had rushed out of the room, drawing on his dressing-gown as he flew out at the door.

"O Tom, see to the children; don't leave me!" cried Mary, in her fright, and she too wrapped herself hastily in the first garment she could find, and rushed to the door.

She could see nothing but a thick volume of smoke pouring from the west wing through the entire house, into which her husband's figure disappeared, while every soul in the place seemed emerging out of it in different varieties of fright and undress.

"We've sent off for the fire-engines; and don't be alarmed, mother, it's entirely in the west wing," cried Charley, who came towards her with Alf in one arm and little Mary in the other. Harry and Loo came crouching close to the big brother behind—all silent, all ready to cry, all staring with

wide open, suddenly awakened eyes, and frightened out of their very lives.

"O Charley, Mr. Summerhayes will be killed! Where is he going? Is it to look for Mr. Gateshead?" cried Mary, who, when she saw her children safe, fell into a panic about her husband. He had rushed into the very depths of that black volume of smoke, in spite of many warning voices. He came staggering back after a few minutes, half suffocated, to the staircase, where he sat down to recover himself. "O Tom, Mr. Gateshead is safe!" cried Mary, who was shivering in her shawl with cold and terror, and who would not leave her husband, though the smoke came nearer and nearer.

"D—n Mr. Gateshead!" cried the excited master of the house. "Charley, fly to the other side—to the window—my study—the tin box! I'll take care of your mother!" he shouted, as Charley appeared coming back. When he had placed Mary in safety, Mr. Summerhayes himself hurried to the same spot. It was he alone who mounted the ladder, though everybody else said it was madness. But it would have been as sane a proceeding to walk into a furnace as into that room which was the very centre of the fire. He came down again deadly pale, and almost fainting, with a hurt on his head from a falling beam, and half suffocated with the fiery smoke. The tin box was beyond the possibility of redemption.

But the fire, curiously enough, scarcely penetrated beyond the west wing, which was an unimportant part of the house—a recent addition, where nobody slept, and which, indeed, contained little that was important except Mr. Summerhayes's study, which had been built after his own design, and contained all his pet and personal belongings. Mary and the children watched from the gardener's cottage the working of the fire-engines; and in the excitement of seeing how the fire was got under, and how little damage, after all, was done to Fontanel, forgot the misery of the morning and their comfortless circumstances. Even Loo felt that her stepfather was to be regarded as a hero, when he came, pale, black, and begrimed—after it became apparent that the work of destruction was stopped—to the cottage to have his head bound up, and to see that his wife and her children were safe. And perhaps Loo was still better disposed towards him when she

found that he did not take upon himself any heroic airs, but was in a most savage temper, cursing old Gateshead as nobody had ever before heard Mr. Summerhayes curse any man. "I was rash not to see him safe to bed," cried the master of the burning house; and Mary did all she could, in her generous way, to deprecate and excuse "the poor old man." "Nobody is to blame; it must have been an accident—only an accident," said Mary; and Mr. Summerhayes, in his rage and vexation, had not even the grace to be civil to her, but still muttered curses upon old Gateshead.

While, for his part, Mr. Gateshead went round and round what had been the west wing, wringing his hands. "Burned!—lost!—my tin box. I will never dare look Courtenay in the face again; and, good Lord! what's to become of the children?" cried the poor old lawyer. He could not help hearing some of Mr. Summerhayes's passionate exclamations, and perceived, by the way everybody hustled past him, that he was blamed for the sudden calamity. Though he was an old foggy, he was as sensitive as any man to a personal grievance. Very soon he began to think about this mysterious business. "Good Lord, the deed! the poor, dear children!" said the old lawyer to himself. He, too, grew angry and pale with indignation, but he kept silence and his own counsel. This was the strange and ill-omened event which happened at Fontanel the day before Charley's coming of age.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE idea of a fire—of a fire in one's own house, darkly raging in the silence of the night, threatening death to helpless sleepers in their beds—is too overwhelming at first to allow the minds of the startled sufferers in ordinary circumstances to enter into details. Mary, for her part, found so many things to be grateful for,—first, she was so thankful that all were safe—second, so glad to find that even the house was not injured to any serious degree;—and, third, so proud of the energy and zeal of her husband,—that the real loss was a long time in becoming fairly visible to her. Before it dawned upon his mother, Charley, worn out as he was by his exertions, had realized what it was; and had felt, with a strange momentary thrill and shock through his whole frame, that the

foundations of the world were crumbling under his feet, and that he dared no longer boast of the morrow. Loo, too, who had been almost enthusiastic about her step-father in that first hour of his heroism, had fallen back again, and was paler than ever, and looked more wistfully out of her background with those great brown eyes. But still Mary continued to kiss little Alf, who, was rather impatient of the process, and rejoiced over her children. "If it had broken out anywhere else," she said, "we might all have been burned in our beds. Was it not a wonderful interposition of Providence, Tom, when there was to be a fire, to think it should be there? We had not even any associations with the west wing—except you, dear,—I am sure I beg your pardon—but you rather enjoyed building the study, and you must make another one. I shall think it a special Providence the fire was there."

"You don't know what you're saying, Mary," said her husband; "it was not Providence, it was that confounded old—O Mr. Gateshead! are you in the least aware how this happened? Did you drop your candle, or a match, or anything? or were you burning any of your papers? It is a horrible misfortune to have happened just now."

"But really, Tom, the house is so little injured it won't matter for to-morrow," said Mary; "things can go on just as before."

"Oh!" said her husband, with a little groan, "don't talk so lightly; you don't know what's happened. Gateshead, why on earth didn't you go at once to bed?"

"Mr. Summerhayes, I'll thank you to leave off that sort of thing," said the old lawyer, divided between fear and indignation. "I am not stupid, sir, as you try to make people believe, though I am older than you are. It's a very strange circumstance, but if Providence has not done it, as you say, neither have I. But I'll tell you what is your duty, Mr. Summerhayes. Before I leave here, which shall be to-day, I'll draw out a draught-deed to correspond with this one that is unfortunately burned——"

"What deed do you mean? burnt?" cried Mary, in dismay; "not *that* deed——"

"Yes, Mrs. Clifford—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Summerhayes—exactly *that* deed," said the solicitor; "and you should not lose a moment in executing it over again—not a

moment, especially considering that Charley is just of age."

"*That* deed!" cried Mary; "O Tom!" She turned to him in simple distress and lamentation; but he met her eyes with such a strange defiance, and the color rose so perceptibly in his cheek, that Mary stopped short petrified. What did it mean? She turned round alarmed, and met the curious eyes of old Gateshead, who was studying her looks, with something like confusion. For the moment her heart, as she thought, stopped beating in poor Mary's troubled breast.

"You should not lose a moment—it ought to be done over again," said the old man, "while I am here, to prevent informality. It ought at once to be done over again."

"Mrs. Summerhayes unfortunately has no power to do anything," said her husband. "No such unfortunate chance was calculated upon at our marriage. No right was reserved to her of making any settlement. You know that well enough, Gateshead."

"That can be obviated by your joining with her," said the lawyer. "You could do that, at least, till there's time to take advice on the subject; for burning only revokes where there's an intention of revoking, as you're aware, Mr. Summerhayes—and so long as we can prove what was the general purport——"

"In that case, there's no need for doing anything further," said the master of Fontanel.

"But the matter is too important to be left on a chance," said the old lawyer, anxiously; "nobody can ever tell what may happen. For Charley's sake, you ought not to lose an hour. I'll draw up a draft——"

"O Tom, listen to Mr. Gateshead!" cried poor Mary, trying to smile, though her heart felt as if it were breaking, as she laid a timid, beseeching hand on his arm.

Her husband threw her hand lightly off, and turned away. "There is no reason in the world why we should rush into fresh documents," he said. "Stuff! we are not going to die to-day; and if we did die to-day, why, Mary, your heirs are as safe as ever they were. I'll think it over, Gateshead, and see Courtenay about it. There is no hurry; and, upon my word, whatever you may think on the subject, I have had about enough of excitement for one day."

"Does your head ache, Tom?" said Mrs. Summerhayes.

"Abominably; and look here," said her husband, exhibiting his hands, which were considerably burned, "if I am to be made fit for presentation to-morrow, you'll have to nurse me, Mary. Come along, I've a great deal to talk to you about. I beg your pardon, Gateshead, but now that everything is safe, considering what I have before me to-morrow, I must get a little rest."

"Then I am to understand that you refuse to do anything in place of the deed that has been burned?" said the old lawyer.

"Refuse? certainly not; I'll think of it, and see Courtenay about it. We can talk it over at dinner," said Mr. Summerhayes, walking away calmly towards the house with his wife.

This conversation had taken place at the gardener's cottage, within hearing of Loo, who had all this time been standing at the window. When Mary and her husband went away, the old lawyer uttered a furious and profane exclamation. "He'll speak to Courtenay. I'm not to be trusted, I suppose: confound the upstart!" cried old Gateshead; "but I sha'n't stay here to be insulted by Tom Summerhayes. Lord bless us! what's the matter, my dear?"

This question was addressed to Loo, who came suddenly up to him, overwhelming the old man with the gaze of her great brown eyes. "Tell me only one thing—is Charley disinherited?" said Loo, grasping with her slight but firm fingers the lawyer's arm.

"My dear, you don't understand it," said Mr. Gateshead.

"I understand it perfectly; is Charley disinherited?" asked the anxious girl.

"Well, my dear, it depends on circumstances," said the lawyer; "don't look at me so fiercely, it is not my doing. The deeds are destroyed—that's all. I dare say it won't make any difference. We can prove — Don't cry, my dear child; I'll stand by you if he tries to do anything—and you can tell your brother so. It sha'n't make any difference if I can help it—don't cry."

"I don't mean to cry," said Loo, with indignation; "is this why the fire was?" The words seemed to drop from her lips before she was aware; then a violent blush rushed over poor Loo's pale face; she shrank back, and took her hand from his arm, and

turned her face away. "I did not mean to say that; I meant to say—I understand," said Loo, slowly. It was a very woe-begone, despairing face that she turned upon him when she looked round again. The old man, who had known her all her life, patted her on the head as if she had been still a child.

"Don't be afraid, my dear, things will come straight; though your step-father has been rude to me, I will not go away for your sakes," said Mr. Gateshead; but such a conversation as this could not be carried on. The lawyer returned to the house to be present at the investigation into the cause of the fire which Mr. Summerhayes was already making; and Loo, for her part, sick at heart, and in a state of the profoundest despair, went out to seek her brother. It was just as well for both that they did not meet that morning; for neither of the two in their hearts had any doubt upon the subject. As for their mother, she kept by her husband's side, in a state of mind not to be described; taking hope by times; listening with eager anxiety to hear any explanation that could be offered; trying to believe that he only hesitated to replace the destroyed deed because he had no confidence in old Gateshead, and preferred to consult Courtenay; but in her heart feeling, like Charley, that total shipwreck had happened, and that the foundations of the earth were giving way.

CHAPTER X.

A VERY SURPRISING OCCURRENCE.

THE ruins of the west wing were clearly visible from the great wooden building erected by Mr. Summerhayes in the park where the tenants were to dine. It was too cold in March for a tent; and there was no room in Fontanel large enough for these festivities, except the great double suite of drawing-rooms where the doors had been removed, and where there was to be a ball at night. Much was the talk about the alarming event of the previous day, which had shaken half the country with personal terrors, much warmer than are generally awakened by the intelligence of a fire at a friend's house. On hearing of it, every soul within twenty miles had sighed with resignation or cried out with impatience, giving up all hopes of the festivities to which everybody had been looking forward; but Mr. Summerhayes's messengers with the intimation that all was going on as

before, came about as soon as the news of the calamity. Mr. Summerhayes himself was more gracious, more cordial, than anybody had ever known him. He spoke of "our dear boy" in his speech to the farmers, and described Charley in such terms, that the heart of Charley's mother was altogether melted, and she felt ready to commit the fate of her children a dozen times over into her husband's hands. Nothing could be more manly, more honorable, more affectionate, than the way in which Mr. Summerhayes spoke of his own position. He was, he said, his wife's steward and his son's guardian; such a position might have been painful to some men—but love made everything sweet; and he was happy in having always had the entire confidence of his beloved clients. He even referred to the honored husband of the queen, as in something of a similar position to his own, and brought down storms of applause. Charley made his little speech with great difficulty after his step-father. The poor boy looked ghastly, and could scarcely get the words out; but his pleased retainers, who believed him overwhelmed by his feelings, applauded all the same. When he had done what was required of him, Charley managed to steal away unperceived by anybody except Loo, who went wistfully after her brother. She overtook him by the time he had got to the woods which skirted the park, and put her arm softly within his without saying anything. The two young creatures wandered under the bristling budded trees in silence, with unspeakable sadness in their hearts. They had nothing to say to console each other—or rather Loo, whose very heart wept over her brother, could think of nothing to say to him. At last, caressing his arm with her tender, timid, little hand, Loo ventured upon one suggestion; "O Charley, poor mamma!" said the girl, in her heart-breaking young voice. "Yes—poor mamma!" said Charley, with a groan. "Poor Mary! it was all her doing, yet her children cast no reproach upon her. She, after all, would be the greatest sufferer."

"But, Loo, I can't stop here after what has happened," said Charley, when they had both recovered a little; "he may be going to do everything that's right for anything we can tell. Don't let us talk as if it were anybody's fault; but I can't stop here, you know, about Fontanel, doing nothing, as if

— Don't cry, Loo. You would not like, anyhow, to have an idle fellow for a brother. Harry is the clever one; but I dare say my godfather, the old general, could get me a commission; and I could live on my pay," said Charley, with a slight quiver in his upper lip, "and perhaps get on. I don't think I should make a bad soldier—only that there's the examinations, and all that. It's very hard, Loo, to have lost all this time."

"O Charley, Charley dear! I can't bear it—it's too hard to put up with," cried poor little passionate Loo.

"Now don't you go and take away what little strength a fellow has," remonstrated Charley; "it must be put up with, and what's the use of talking? Now look here, Loo; if you make a fuss, it will do no good in the world, but only vex mamma; she can't mend it, you know. I mean to put the best face on it, and say I want to see the world, and that sort of thing; and believe exactly as if—as if the fire had never happened," said Charley, with a dark, momentary cloud upon his face. "I can make my mother believe me; and it will be a comfort to her to have me out of the way," said the heroic lad, with something like a suppressed sob, "and to think I don't suspect anything. It is hard—I don't say anything else; but, Loo, we must bear it all the same."

And so they went wandering through the bare woods, poor Loo stooping now and then unawares to gather some violets according to her girlish habits, and Charley, even in the depths of his distress, following with his eye the startled squirrel running along a branch. They were profoundly, forlornly, exquisitely sad, but they could not ignore the alleviations of their youth. Amid all the sudden shock of this disinheritance—in which there mingled so cruel a sense of wrong, so warm an indignation and resentment—Charley still thought, with a rising thrill of courage and pride, that he might carve out for himself a better fortune; while Loo, her brother's sole confidante and supporter, was herself supported by that exquisite consciousness of being able to console and encourage him, which almost atones to a girl's heart for every misfortune. They could hear the distant echoes of the cheers and laughter and loud cordial talk of the guests, while they strayed along silent, with hearts too full to speak. Very different anticipations had the two entertained of this

famous day so long looked forward to. They were to be the first in all the rejoicings undertaken in their honor—for the glory of the heir-apparent could not fail to be shared by the Princess Royal, the eldest daughter of Fontanel; they had pictured to themselves a brilliant momentary escape out of the embarrassments and restraints which they could not but be conscious of at home, and Charley had even been prepared to feel magnanimous to Mr. Summerhayes, who, after all, was but a temporary interloper, and had no right to that inheritance of which the young Clifford was heir indisputable.

Now the sound of the merry-making went to Charley's heart with acute blows of anguish. It was an aggravation of the sudden misery, cold-blooded and odious; what were they rejoicing about? Because a poor boy had come to the coveted years of manhood, to learn bitterly on the eve of what should have been his triumph, that he was an absolute dependant, a beggar, at the mercy of a step-father. No wonder he could not speak; no wonder he put up his hands to his ears, and uttered a groan of rage and wretchedness when that burst of cheering came upon the wind, and Loo, speechless, could but cry and clench her little hands in the bitterness of her heart. This was between the tenants' dinner and the ball in the evening, which was to be the gayest ever known in the county. Poor Charley would gladly have faced a tiger, or led a forlorn hope, could he have had such an alternative, instead of arraying himself in sumptuous raiment and appearing at that ball, where his presence would be indispensable. He seized poor Loo's little hands harshly in his own, and pressed them till she could have screamed for pain. "Don't cry; your eyes will be red at the ball—your first ball, Loo!" cried her brother, with a kind of savage tenderness; and Loo, half afraid of this strange new development of the man out of the boy, was fain to dry her poor eyes and cling to his arm, and coax him to go in and prepare for the greater trial of the night.

While these two forlorn young creatures were thus engaged, another conversation was taking place at a distance from the scene of the festivities, in the park of Fontanel. Mr. Courtenay Gateshead had come down to be present at the tenants' dinner in his capacity as legal adviser to Mr. Summerhayes; but

the young lawyer looked on with a pre-occupied air, sometimes casting a keen look of inspection at the master of the feast. When the party from the great house left the humble revellers, Courtenay, instead of joining Mr. Summerhayes, beckoned aside his uncle and partner. Old Gateshead had stayed for the children's sake, but had found it totally impossible to change Mr. Summerhayes's first determination. He would not consent to read, much less to sign the document hastily prepared by the anxious old lawyer. He would think it over, he repeated, and see Courtenay, with an implied slight upon the powers and skill of Courtenay's uncle, which galled the old man to the last degree. The young lawyer found his relative exceedingly sulky and out of temper.

"I have something particular to consult you about," Courtenay said, who did not yet know anything about the destruction of the deed; and Mr. Gateshead, who had that disclosure to make, followed him with no very pleasant feelings to the verge of the wood, not very far from where Charley and Loo were wandering in the despair of their hearts. But the old lawyer was much taken by surprise by the question which his nephew did not put to him till they were quite alone, and sheltered from all eavesdroppers by the broad expanse of the park.

"Uncle, you have a wonderful memory. I suppose you remember John Clifford, this boy's grandfather—he who broke the entail," said Courtenay, in rather a hurried voice.

"John Clifford—what on earth has he got to do with it?" cried old Gateshead, whose memory was wonderful, but whose powers of comprehension were not equally vivid.

"Oh, nothing, I dare say," said his nephew. "I want to know what you recollect about him, that's all—he who joined his father in breaking the entail——"

"A very silly thing to do, Courtenay—a fatal thing to do. Good Lord, only think what a different position these poor children might have been in!" cried old Gateshead.

"Yes, yes—to be sure; but do you recollect anything about John?" said the young man.

"I recollect everything about him," said the uncle. "Though he was Harry Clifford's father, and they are both dead ages ago, he was no older than I am. I think we were born in the same year——"

"The same year? and you are seventy; that must have been '87. Was it '87, uncle? how can we make sure?" said young Courtenay. "I must hunt up the register of baptisms to-morrow."

"Ah! I remember some talk about that," said the old lawyer. "The parish books were burned once, and the entry couldn't be found. There was some talk about it at the time, Burned!—I suppose you don't know what's happened in this fire? Oh! you'll hear, you'll hear quite soon enough. But what has John Clifford's name come up about now?"

"It's something rather important for Summerhayes—he looks in wonderful force to-day," said Courtenay; "but if this should turn out true he will soon sing small enough. I may as well tell you at once, uncle, for I am almost sure about it. My impression is, that the entail was never legally broken; and, consequently, that Mr. Clifford had no more right than I have to leave the property to his wife."

Old Gateshead looked at his nephew with a stupefied air. "The entail was never broken?" he repeated vacantly, looking in the other's face.

"No—the entail was never legally broken," said Courtenay, with the impatience of an acute and rapid intelligence. "The thing caught my attention some time ago, but I would not speak of it till I had worked it out. John Clifford—listen, uncle—executed the papers with his father in the year 1806; and, if I am correct, he was then an infant, and incapable of doing anything of the sort. I don't believe he came of age till 1807. By Jove! what's the matter? the old man's mad!"

"No, Courtenay, the old man's not mad," said his uncle. "Hurrah! God save the Queen! Hurrah! why don't you help them to shout, you cold-blooded young prig? I tell you the boy's saved. Hurrah, and long life to him!" said old Gateshead, waving his hat frantically, and echoing with the wildest shrill enthusiasm the distant cheers from the tent. "I declare to you these cheers choked me an hour ago," cried the old lawyer "there's things a man can't do even when he's an attorney. Courtenay, I say, shake hands. You're a disgusting young prig, and you're a deal too clever for my practice; but if you make it out, I'll give in to you all my

life. Good Lord, that's news! tell me about it. We've got a sharp one to deal with; we'll have to make very sure, very sure. Let's hear every step how you came to find it out."

Which Courtenay accordingly did, and made it perfectly clear to the anxious listener. Charley's grandfather had been in the unpleasant predicament of having no public legal record of his age; but fifty years after the occurrence of that fortunate mistake, scraps of documents had turned up in the hands of the family solicitor, depositaries for generations of the family secrets and difficulties, which made it easy to establish, not by one distinct statement, but by many concurring scraps of evidence, the exact date of John Clifford's birth; and to prove, as the young lawyer was now prepared to do, that the entail had never been legally broken; that all the acts of the last two reigns were founded on a mistake; that, consequently, Squire Henry's will, in so far as it related to the estate of Fontanel, was null and void, and Charley was no longer heir but *bonâ fide* proprietor of the lands of the Cliffords. Wonderful news—more than ever wonderful that day.

When Mr. Courtenay Gateshead sought Mr. Summerhayes to break to him this startling intelligence, the elder lawyer went to find the mistress of Fontanel, who was reposing in her dressing-room, to prepare for the exertions of the evening. Poor Mary was in a very doubtful state of mind that day. She had wept for delight and gratitude when she heard her husband's speech to the farmers; but when she came to be by herself again, that enthusiastic impression wore off, and the fact came back to her, striking chill to her heart—the fact that her children were now at the step-father's mercy, and that poor Charley, the heir, was no longer the heir unless another man pleased. Alas! poor Mary knew now, to the bottom of her heart, that it was another man—a man who, though she was his wife did not, and could not, look on Charley Clifford as his son. She knew nothing about law, nor that the deed, though destroyed, might yet in its ashes form foundation enough for any amount of lawsuits. It *was* destroyed, and she had no longer any power, and everything was in Mr. Summerhayes's hands—that was enough to quench the light out of the very skies to the poor mother. She dared not say to herself what she feared, nor what

she thought he would do ; she only felt that he had the power, and that Charley was at his mercy—and behind all, bitterest of all, that it was her fault. She was sitting resting, in a kind of heavy gloom and stupor, with her head buried in her hands, feeling to her heart that she was avoided by her children, and that this day of triumph was to them a day of mockery, when Mr. Gateshead's message was brought her. He was a very old friend, and her first thought was that he had at last prevailed on Mr. Summerhayes to consent to the new deed. She got up in eager haste, and sent her maid to bring him upstairs. She received the old man there, in that room where her children no longer came as of old. The result was, not very long after, a hurried ringing of bells, and messengers running everywhere for Miss Loo, who was just then coming in, dark and pale, from the woods, a very woe-begone little figure in her holiday dress. Poor Mary, overcome by a hundred emotions which she did not dare to tell, had fainted almost in old Gateshead's arms, to the great dismay of the old lawyer. It was deliverance to her boy, but it was utter humiliation and downfall to her husband. In the struggle of sudden joy, confusion, and pain, her senses and her mind gave way for the moment. Loo rushed in, vaguely aware that something had happened which was well for Charley, believing for the moment, in an overwhelming revulsion of remorse and repentance, that all was henceforward to be ill forever, and that her mother was dead. But Mary was not dead. She recovered to appear at the ball—very gracious and sweet, as was her wont, but paler than anybody had ever seen her before, as was remarked everywhere. It was a pretty ball, everybody allowed ; but the family looked more *distrained* and strange than any family, even under such an infliction, had ever been seen to look. Charley, who had most command of himself after his mother, was doing everything a young man could do to keep his partners amused and the crowd occupied ; but even Charley now and then grew abstracted, and forgot himself for a moment. As for Loo, though it was her first ball, and her brown eyes were splendid in the changeable light that quivered in their depths, she kept behind her mother with a look of fright and timidity, at which many a more experienced young lady sneered openly ; while Mrs. Summer-

hayes, moving about among her guests with all her usual sweetness, in her mature beauty, could be seen sometimes to give strange, wistful looks aside to where her husband stood, mostly in company with Courtenay Gateshead. Mary was pale, but Mr. Summerhayes was flushed and strange to look upon. He said, in his gentlemanly way, that the ball was his wife's business and that he did not pretend to be able to help Mrs. Summerhayes. He kept aloof from her and from her children, clinging, as it seemed, to young Gateshead. There had been a fire to be sure, but a fire only in the west wing, where nothing particular could have happened. What could it be ? for the county people were all quick to perceive that something unusual was in the air—at least the ladies did, and did not fail to communicate their suspicions. There must have been a family quarrel, the more acute imagined ; and Miss Laura and Miss Lydia Summerhayes, whom their brother dismissed summarily when they attempted sisterly investigations, were fain to make forlorn attempts to discover from Loo what it was. The master of the house had never been seen to speak or look at any of the family all the evening, till the principal guests were in the supper-room, all wondering, as they discussed the good things there, what could be the matter. Charley had got in debt at the university—Charley had formed some unsuitable connection—and his step-father was hard upon him. Thus the company speculated, but the company held its breath when Mr. Summerhayes laid his hand on Charley's shoulder, and solved the wonder of the evening in the strangest, most unexpected manner—to nobody so unexpected as to his bewildered wife.

"My friends," said Mr. Summerhayes, in his gentlemanly way (and it must be allowed that, whatever were his faults, Tom Summerhayes always was a gentleman), "we drank this boy's health to-day as the heir of Fontanel ; but since then something has happened which has excited us all considerably, as I dare say you will have perceived and I have to tell you that Charley is not only the heir, but the master of this house. I am sure," continued Mr. Summerhayes, leaning his arm more heavily upon the shoulder of the astonished youth, "there never was a more hopeful or promising beginning than he will make, and I know he will have all your good wishes. The fact is that the property became my

wife's under a mistake: the entail was supposed to have been broken, which turns out not to have been the case; and it is an additional pleasure to us," said Mary's husband, turning round with a smile to meet her look, which was fixed upon him, and then leisurely surveying the amazed assembly—"it is a great additional pleasure to us," continued Mr. Summerhayes, "to find ourselves entitled, on a day every way so happy, to give up our laborious stewardship, and put our boy in possession of his own. I ask you over again, my excellent friends and neighbors, to drink the health of Charles Clifford of Fontanel."

It was thus that Mr. Summerhayes extricated himself from his false position. The cheers which disturbed all the loiterers in the ball-room, and brought them in a crowd to see what it was, were more for the retiring monarch than the new sovereign. Charley himself, in a warm revulsion of his generous heart, had seized both his step-father's hands, and wrung them with strenuous gratitude. "I will never forget your generosity," cried the eager boy, who would have made over Fontanel there and then had Summerhayes pleased, into his keeping again. Charley knew nothing of the stormy scene with Courtenay—the silent rage and mortification which had thrown off Mary's attempts at consolation before necessity and his better genius warned Mr. Summerhayes of this opportunity left him for a graceful retreat. Charley did not know, nor the world—and the few who did know had no wish to remember. The whole party was in a flutter of admiration; and poor Miss Laura and Miss Lydia did all but go into hysterics between horror at the catastrophe and pride in their brother. Never before had Mr. Summerhayes of the Manor taken so high a position before the county as that night when he gave up possession of Fontanel.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. SUMMERHAYES.

"It is not to be expected she can like it much; but she is a good little woman—she always was a dear little woman," said the rector; "and Mary's jointure will make a great deal of difference in the manor-house, and smooth things down considerably. She has been doing all kinds of upholstery there already."

"By Jove, I knew how it would be!" said

Major Aldborough; "I told you all how it would be. I said they'd kill him. He may think he's got off very easily, in my opinion—cure him of meddling with other people's children as long as he lives. What the deuce did he want at Fontanel? a great deal better to make himself snug, as I suppose he means to do now, at Summerhayes."

"Mary will drive down looking just as bright as ever," said Miss Amelia Harwood. "I always said she deserved to be happy, poor soul—she always makes the best of everything. Her heart was breaking that night of Charley's birthday. I heard for a certain fact that she fainted just before the ball—a thing I never heard of Mary doing before. Heaven knows what all she was afraid of; there was something very mysterious about that fire; but now, you know, she has recovered her spirits and her color, and looks just as she used to look. I shouldn't wonder a bit if she began life over again, and was quite happy in the manor-house now Tom Summerhayes is coming home."

"And so she ought to be, Amelia," said good Miss Harwood. "I am sure she has many a poor woman's prayers."

All these good people were walking on the Fontanel road. It was a lovely evening in the early summer, more than a year after Charley Clifford's birthday. Though it was rather beyond the usual limits of Miss Harwood's walk, she was here leaning on Miss Amelia's arm to enjoy the air, and to look for somebody who was expected. The rector had strolled out on the same errand; and that, or something similar, had also drawn Major Aldborough from his after-dinner repose. The old-fashioned gates of the manor-house were open, and some expectation was visible within. Miss Laura and Miss Lydia, in very summery muslin dresses, were to be seen promenading before the house, and hastened out, when they saw the Miss Harwoods, to join their friends.

"It is very trying for us," said Miss Laura. "O Miss Harwood, it is a very trying occasion; not that our new house is not very nice and everything very comfortable; but it is very trying to us," said Miss Lydia, joining in; "and oh, on dear Tom's part, such an unexpected change."

"Your brother is expected home to-morrow, Miss Laura?" said the rector.

"Yes, to-morrow," answered Miss Lydia, whose turn it was. "Poor dear Tom is so fond of travelling on the Continent, it is so good for his health; and Mrs. Summerhayes wishes to be at home to receive him. Lydia and I are so glad, and yet we are sorry," chimed in Miss Laura; "it will be such a change for dear Tom."

"Not nearly so great a change as for poor Mary," said Miss Amelia, "leaving her children, poor soul; but I dare say she won't complain, and it must be better for all parties to have it settled. And so you like your new house? I am told that Mary did all the furnishing herself."

"Oh, yes, she is very kind," said Miss Laura; "she has made everything very nice; you must come and see it. Indeed, if it were not for thinking what a change it is for dear Tom," cried the sisters both together, with an evident impression that their brother had been defrauded of something he had a right to, "we should all be very happy; for dear Mary," said Miss Lydia, with a little sob, "is very kind—and look, here she comes."

She came driving the pony-carriage, as she had appeared so often at Summerhayes. Poor Mary! if she had been a wiser woman, would she have been loved as well? She came, all beaming, with the smile on her lip and the tear in her eye—courageous, affectionate, sweet as ever. Charley and Loo had ridden down with her till they came in sight of Summerhayes, and then had taken leave of their mother. Mary, with little Mary by her side in the pony-carriage, drove on to her separate fate alone. She was going to take possession of the old manor-house, no longer the mistress of Fontanel, but Tom Summerhayes's wife, to receive him when he came home from his travels, and to make life bright, if he were capable of seeing it, to that imperfect and not very worthy man. The agitation in her face was only enough to heighten a little her sweet color and brighten her tearful eyes. On the whole, had she not great reason to be happy? She had forgotten everything but her husband's virtues while he had been absent, and her children were safe and prosperous and close at hand. She smothered the little pang in her heart at parting, and said to little Mary, with a smile, that she would have had to part with them all the same when they were married. So the mother and the daughter drove down

through the soft twilight and the dew to the Manor, not without brightness and good hope; while Charley and Loo rode away towards the darkening east, with a deeper shadow on their young faces, not quite sure how their home would look when their mother was away.

Mary stopped her ponies when she saw the little procession which had come out to meet her; the tears came into her bright eyes again. "It is so kind of you all," she said, kissing her hand to good Miss Harwood, "and it is so pleasant to think I can see you oftener now." "God bless you, my dear!" said the two old ladies who had come for love. And Mary said "Amen, and the children too;" and so drove her ponies cheerfully, with smiles and tears, in through the open gates, where, however, we will not follow Mrs. Summerhayes.

Things had turned out a great deal better than could have been expected. Mr. Summerhayes was a man of the world, and knew how to make a virtue of necessity. He had given in gracefully and at once, and gained reputation thereby, nobody knowing what his private feelings were when Courtenay Gateshead's discovery came first upon his own widely different plans. The fire in the west wing never was explained—nobody, indeed, inquired very deeply into it—and Mary, for her part, forgot it, or associated it only with old Gateshead's nightcap, to which, she remained firmly convinced, the old man had set fire on his way to bed. The fire at Fontanel was indeed associated with old Mr. Gateshead throughout the county, as was indeed a natural and perhaps correct supposition. Anyhow, nothing but the destruction of the west wing had resulted from it, and that was rather an improvement than otherwise to the old place, in which Loo, till they were both married, was to keep house for her brother. Little Mary who, was easy in her temper and happy as the day was long, went with Mrs. Summerhayes to the Manor—and Alf and Harry were to have two homes for their holidays. When Tom Summerhayes came home next day, he thought some fairy change had come over the manor-house, and forgave his wife with magnanimity for all the trouble she had brought upon him. Mary accepted the pardon with gratitude, and Miss Laura and Miss Lydia thought Tom a hero; and so, with a tolerable amount of content on all sides, life began over again for the reunited couple. Mary had her own troubles still, like most people; but perhaps had not been much more happy as Mrs. Clifford than she was as Mrs. Summerhayes.

From The Edinburgh Review.

The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake. Vols. I. and II. Edinburgh: 1863.

THIS History is the most remarkable book which has of late come before us; but it is also the book which most calls for exact and searching criticism. It has the freshness of an unwritten page of history, yet it awakens the remembrance of events which deeply stirred the heart of the nation. It records the greatest political transactions and the greatest military enterprise in which the men of our time have engaged. It exhibits the actors in these occurrences stripped of all disguise, for the author has not thought himself restrained by duty or discretion from dissecting to the quick the characters and motives of his own contemporaries. He has, therefore, thrown the passion of political life into this historical narrative, and he flavors it with the peremptory assertion, the biting sarcasm, the irritable sensitiveness, the lively retort of a man struggling to make a reputation in contentious debate. The result may be extremely flattering to Mr. Kinglake's literary pretensions. He has rendered the uninviting narrative of dead diplomatic negotiations attractive to fascination, by a vivid delineation of individual character and by a nice analysis of the wheelwork of affairs; and he has contrived to throw a romantic glow over the patrons and the clients for whose exaltation this history has, we presume, been chiefly written.

Apparently to heighten this effect, Mr. Kinglake has not been slow to cast upon the objects of his disfavor every reproach and every insult of a pen strong in the power of invective; and these persons are, for the most part, not the enemies of our country, against whom this war was carried on, but the allies who joined us in the quarrel, who stood by us in battle and in suffering, and who powerfully contributed to the glorious termination of the enterprise. It is so repugnant to manly and generous feeling, thus to speak of the comrades who lately shared our perils and our success, that Mr. Kinglake must have endured all the pangs of wounded delicacy and outraged fellowship, before he could bring himself to write as he has done of those who formed and who maintained, with courage and good faith, the alliance of the French army with the army of Britain. Yet if he had undertaken this work for no other purpose than to inveigh against our French allies, the result would not be very different from that which is now before us. When an attempt was made by a French

writer, M. de Bazancourt, to palm upon the world a hasty narrative of the Crimean War, in which the exploits of the English army were understated or omitted, we smiled at the folly of the book and the malignity of the narrator; but when we find an English historian—boasting of official information—producing a work of no hasty growth, but of a seven years' incubation—who, nevertheless, appears to have employed a misplaced ingenuity to do the greatest possible amount of injustice to every motive and every act of our principal ally, the impression we receive is more serious and more painful.

Therefore, at the very outset of these remarks, we are irresistibly led to disclaim all participation in that febrile vanity and feminine irritability which presumes to vindicate the national pretensions of one nation at the expense of another. Mr. Kinglake appears to think that some incidents, which arose out of the alliance of the two countries, were derogatory to England. We are not aware of it, and we shall dispute the assertion. But we are confident that in the whole of these transactions nothing has taken place which we so much regret as this fact, that an English history of the war should bear on every page of it the taint of malignant aversion to the Emperor of the French, of coarse insult to most of the chiefs of the French Government and army, and of studied unfairness—sometime of poisonous inuendo—against the French troops. These are feelings which Englishmen not only do not share, but do not comprehend. We doubt not that they will destroy the permanent value of Mr. Kinglake's book, and the respect which might otherwise be due to his literary gifts. The sense of justice and the spirit of generosity, which Mr. Kinglake ascribes to the nobler members of the English race, will never endure that we should seek or accept the aid and alliance of a powerful and high-spirited nation in war, that we should triumph by our combined efforts,—those of both countries being equally essential to the result,—and then that seven years afterwards, the hand of a slow-writing scribe should be employed to gibbet the leaders of one people in infamy, whilst those of the other are promoted to great and perhaps unmerited fame by the concealment of their errors and the exaggeration of their virtues. Was it necessary to rake up all the scandal and the shame attached to the earlier life of Marshal St. Arnaud in order to make a hero of Sir Richard Airey? Did the pure and noble reputation

* Sir Richard Airey, when he was arraigned before the Chelsea Board of Enquiry for the maladministration of his department, with excellent judgment secured the services of the author of this history, who, it is well known, wrote his defence; a

of Lord Raglan require to be set off by a biography of the French emperor, stained and distorted by the mean insinuations of personal virulence and party hatred? We wish that before Mr. Kinglake had given these chapters to the public he had paused to ask himself one question. He professes the highest veneration for the memory of Lord Raglan. He has been chosen (and it is no slight honor) to examine his private and public papers, and to relate his achievements. Does Mr. Kinglake believe that Lord Raglan, if he were alive, would have sanctioned this publication? Would he not have condemned it as an intemperate production—discourteous to his gallant companions in arms, and injurious to the good relations between two great nations? We are content to leave the work to the verdict of the public on this issue.

Throughout these volumes the alliance of the French Government with that of the Queen of England is described as an alliance of knaves and dupes. Every step taken by the united powers is the result of some diabolical artifice, concocted in the Tuileries, to draw the unsuspecting British Cabinet into war, to sever us from our natural allies, to place us in humiliating dependence on France. So that if Mr. Kinglake's version of these events is to pass for history, a cabinet of English statesmen, consisting of all the foremost men of the country, and comprising several shades of opinion, was a mere tool in the hands of those whom he describes as "the conspirators of December," and our boasted freedom served us so little that the despotism of a foreign power prompted and determined our policy. A supposition more cynical and more unfounded was never put forward by our worst enemies. Throughout these transactions we shall show, though Mr. Kinglake affects to deny the fact, that the policy of England had its full share in guiding the course of events, and that her policy was directed by a lofty conception of her own duties and of the public interests. It is true, and it would be ungenerous to conceal it, that England had not the military power to give effect to that policy without the aid of France. We could not alone have sent an English army to meet the Russians on the Danube. We could not alone have invaded the Crimea. We could not have met the vast hosts of Russia on equal terms. We could not have taken Sebastopol. These things were done by the alliance. They could not have been done without it. Would Mr. Kinglake have preferred to see the "conspirators of December" leagued with the czar, and lending themselves striking example of confidence on one side and of courage on the other. A sense of the mutual obligation pervades even these volumes.

to the partition of Turkey? That, indeed, is what they might well have done, if they had been animated by no motives but the abject selfishness imputed to them in this history. Louis Napoleon took the opposite course. He took the course most congenial to the policy of England, and he used the whole strength of France, which the revolution had placed in his hands, to support that policy. He renounced, at our suggestion, all territorial aggrandisement in this war. He combated and overcame the anti-English prejudices of the army and the people of France,—that army and that people which had just raised him to power. Is it then for an English writer to forget these things—to traduce every motive of an allied sovereign—to calumniate his own government in his blind desire to outrage France—and thus to make this record of a joint war a cause of irritation and offence, injurious, as far as its influence extends, to the union of the two most powerful nations of the world, whose happiness and safety lie in their mutual esteem and good-will?

Not such, in our judgment, not such is the spirit in which the historian of the Crimean War ought to have entered upon his task. The writer who undertook this great national theme, and to whom important materials were confidentially intrusted, contracted an obligation of no common weight. His work has in it something of a public character. His voice ought to have had in it something of the voice of England—some tenderness to the faults of others, some modesty in remembering our own. This book may be read by posterity and by foreign nations (if it be read by them at all), as a record of the deliberate judgment of the country. It ought to have been just, generous, and conciliatory towards France. But no such sense of obligation has checked or embarrassed Mr. Kinglake's sportive and sarcastic pen. The book is throughout composed of his own impressions; he has made it the vehicle of his personal animosities and predilections;—he has not risen to the great objective conception of a memorable war, affecting the destinies of the world. A bombastic expression, a quaint picture, a pungent or humorous turn of phrase, a gust of vindictive passion or a mere fit of peevishness, suffice to conceal from him the most important incidents in the transaction he is relating. The very defects of the book make it entertaining in a rare degree, and have given it the run of the circulating libraries: but we shall not do Mr. Kinglake the injustice to suppose that he aspires only to gratify the prevalent taste for strong and smart writing. We shall endeavor to judge of the merit of his performance by a higher standard.

Before, however, we proceed to notice in

detail the more salient points of his political narrative, the style in which the work is written claims attention. To say that it is written with art would be an inadequate term. It is composed with a degree of skill and study amounting to artifice. The language, for the most part of a sturdy Saxon root, aims sometimes at rusticity; but even in this dress Mr. Kinglake reminds us of a man of fashion disguised as a countryman on the stage. Sometimes it is archaic, and even biblical, as if the Eastern rambles of its author had left upon his lips some lingering veneration for the most ancient records of our race. Sometimes it is lyrical, and Mr. Kinglake is not afraid to brave that ripple of derision which is apt in these times to follow a piece of the finest writing. In every page we find the same incessant labor and the same exquisite finish; but these qualities reach their climax in the keen, rapier-like thrusts with which Mr. Kinglake assails the reputation of most of his contemporaries. The characters he has traced of Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Marshal St. Arnaud, and many others, are not unworthy the touch of Mephistopheles. They are inimitably like—but it is the likeness of caricature—likeness which is rendered more intense by as much as it exceeds truth. This tendency to exaggeration is heightened by the introduction of personal details, borrowed from the labored portraiture of the old-fashioned romances—Lord Stratford is always “pinching his thin, tight, merciless lips, or displaying the sea-blue depth of his eyes under the shadow of the Canning brow”—the Emperor Napoleon is drawn in colors which we decline to copy—Lord Raglan is generally presented in what the tailors call a “regimental undress,” and may be known from afar by the loss of his arm—even General Airey displays “keen, salient, sharp-edged features” on the field of Alma, “with an eager, swooping crest (it was always strained forward and intent).” These touches are what, if they were used by another man, Mr. Kinglake would probably describe as ornithological. He delights, moreover, to animate his personages with furious passions. They are all very “fierce”—many of them are “tortured” by anger and resentment. Even Lord Aberdeen has a “passionate hatred of war.” To judge from this history, the motive power of modern politics is to be always in a passion. We have too much real respect for Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and for the memory of Lord Aberdeen and of Lord Raglan, to recognize them at all in these histrionic attitudes.

Mr. Kinglake never writes without wit, not often without refinement, we therefore the more regret that he should have stooped

to the vulgarity of nicknames, and to tricks of vituperation unworthy of his pen. Nature and simplicity it would be vain to ask of him, for in the efforts he makes to be natural and simple every trace of these qualities departs. He is most at his ease either in launching a sarcasm elaborately concise, or in describing in large bursts of eloquence the pomp and circumstance of war. His love and sympathy for arms we take to be genuine, though, by his reckless remarks on others, he appears to want the delicate sense of military honor. Yet no doubt he may have been cast in an heroic mould, and it is possible that literature and law have deprived England of a great warrior. These gifts are more than sufficient to command readers and to excite attention. The introductory volume may here and there be rather tedious, but it is enlivened by a vein of the keenest satire; a narrative of a battle in three hundred pages may be rather long, but no man can read of the stately march of the Allied Forces from the landing-place to the Alma, or storm the Great Redoubt with Codrington, Lacy, Yea, and the Grenadier Guards, without a thrill of pugnacity. Yet, we fear these ebullitions of martial prose will not stand the test of time. Napier indulged in them sometimes; but though Napier has written the finest military history in the language, these flights are not the parts of it which are most justly admired. Mr. Kinglake would have a more indisputable right to lasting fame in English historical literature, if he had condescended to write with more sobriety. The extreme vivacity of his diction offends good taste; in his constant efforts to be impressive, graphic, and original, he is sometimes extravagant, sometimes unintelligible. The vitality of books depends on more simple conditions. In the long run the world despises all these tricks of rhetoric. A political pamphlet is the most spirited of compositions, but it is most ephemeral. The real test of the value of a history is accuracy of narrative, true insight into character and motives, and a just estimate of the causes and results of each link in a chain of events. It remains to be seen how far the “Invasion of the Crimea” fulfils these conditions.

It would have been well for his readers, and for his own reputation, if Mr. Kinglake had been content to execute the purpose denoted by the title of his history, and confined himself to a military narrative of the Crimean expedition. But the whole of his first volume consists of political speculations, and a satirical analysis of the causes of the war, in which he is constantly out of his depth, often inaccurate, and sometimes under the influence of savage and unreasonable passion. Lord Raglan does not appear in the whole

volume. No original matter or information is to be found in it, except here and there a ludicrous anecdote, or a random assertion of doubtful authority. This part of the work appears to be made up by a sedulous, but not accurate, study of the "Eastern Papers" presented to Parliament at the time. It is evident that Mr. Kinglake has not had access to any other portion of the political correspondence—indeed, we believe that access was refused to him by the Foreign Office. He therefore knows just what the public knew before, and much less than those persons (not few in number) who were actively engaged in these negotiations. From these materials Mr. Kinglake has attempted to extract a general theory of the causes of the war, and of the motives which regulated the successive movements of all the Cabinets in Europe. His conclusions may fairly be stated in the following terms, in which we have endeavored to condense the whole substance of the book:—

That the war originated in the interference of France in the question of the Holy Places, and was fomented, and at last rendered inevitable, by the skill with which the French Government, to serve its own ends, continued to exasperate Russia and entangle England in the quarrel.

That Russia, not having intended to do any act leading to war, and least of all to war with England, was deceived by the language of Lord Aberdeen and the Peace Party, and subsequently irritated to such a degree in her religious sentiments, by the naval measures of the Maritime Powers, that she threw herself headlong into a career of deceit and violence.

That the Turks showed themselves warlike, wise, "highly skilled in so much of the diplomatic art as was needed for them in this temporal world," men of faith and religious enthusiasm, "who kept their arms bright," and who, "except in the possible event of their being overwhelmed with some panic, were *not* liable to be speedily crushed by an army forcing the Danube and the Balkan."

That France having fallen by the *coup-d'état* of the 2d December, 1851, into the hands of a gang of scoundrels and cut-throats, was driven into the war by them solely to efface the impression produced on the nation by their crimes, and to reward by high military commands the men who had recently betrayed the liberties of their country.

That France, deeming the alliance of England advantageous to the personal interests of her new rulers, detached England from joint action with the German Powers, whereby the war might have been prevented, and, by inducing England to take successive steps as a maritime power, engaged her in the de-

fence of Turkey, and so provoked Russia as to render the war inevitable.

That the English Government fell into this snare, and, whilst it regarded the French alliance as the best means of preserving peace in Europe, was unconsciously the tool of the warlike schemes of France; and that Lord Palmerston alone understood this trick, and was a party to the fraud upon his colleagues.

That Austria would in the end have compelled Russia to evacuate the Principalities without hostilities, if the Western Powers had consented to follow the lead of the Cabinet of Vienna and its German allies.

That although the whole war might have been avoided by firm adherence to the German Powers, yet the highest honor is due to the English ambassador who caused the rejection of the Vienna Note, and thereby led to the separate action of the Western and the German States; moreover, that although the enterprise against the Crimea was rash, and ought not to have been ordered by the English Cabinet, yet that the highest honor is due to those military officers who, against their own judgment, undertook to conduct it.

These are the leading charges made by Mr. Kinglake against the British Government and its allies. These are the leading propositions he seeks throughout these volumes to establish; for in the grand style of historical composition the theory comes first and the facts are introduced to support it. We undertake to assert, and we hope to prove, that not one of these propositions is consistent with the truth of history; and that, in his whole treatment of the "Transactions which brought on the War," Mr. Kinglake is continually attacking phantoms of his own creation, which had no real influence on the event; and that he not unfrequently overlooks altogether the true causes which were in operation.

The origin of a quarrel is proverbially obscure. Even the cause of the great Irish faction-fights of the "three-year-olds" and the "four-year-olds" is hidden in mystery, though it is believed to have something to do with the age of a bull. In like manner, the dispute of the Greek and Latin Churches, under their Russian and French patrons, is supposed to have led to the Crimean War. Mr. Kinglake holds the balance with no even hand between the parties in this contest—on the one side, "pilgrims from the brave, pious people of the North;" on the other, "a mere French tourist, with a journal and a theory, and a plan of writing a book"—exactly such a book as that which first made known Mr. Kinglake's literary powers. Accordingly, M. de Lavalette is described as continuing to press his demands upon the Porte in violent lan-

guage and with offensive threats, whilst the Russian envoy, better versed in affairs, "used wiser but hardly less cogent words."

It is unnecessary to follow Mr. Kinglake into the question of the Grotto, the Silver Star, or the Key of the Church of Bethlehem. These, or any other puerilities, may suffice for monks or diplomatists to quarrel about, but they are not of a nature to lead necessarily or naturally to serious results. Serious results ensue when hidden causes of a far more powerful efficacy are also at work. In this instance, France had long endeavored to obtain for the Latin Church in Palestine the best conditions she could, and to enforce claims already conceded by former treaties. Russia had no such treaty. The struggle was not religious, it was not sentimental; it was one of those contentions for national ascendancy in which French agents are apt to indulge.

It should, however, be remarked, which Mr. Kinglake has failed to do, that after a careful examination of the documents and treaties relating to the Holy Places, Fuad Effendi and his colleagues declared, voluntarily, to Colonel Rose that the claim of France was just, and that if her rights under the treaty of 1740 were examined "d'une manière juridique," she might claim many more sanctuaries than those given her by the note of the 9th February. The Grand Vizier was of the same opinion. As these are Turks, perhaps Mr. Kinglake may attach some weight to their declaration. The truth is that France obtained no more than she was strictly entitled to, though she had been indiscreet in the mode of claiming her rights. Russia made this the pretext for claiming that to which she had no title whatever.

The first direct representation on the subject of the Sanctuaries was made to the Porte by France, as early as May, 1850. It was disputed by Russia. The Porte stood perplexed between the two powers, and had, in fact, given incompatible promises to each of them. In December, 1852, the Latin Patriarch placed the glittering Star in the Sanctuary of Bethlehem, and obtained possession of the Great Key. But Mr. Kinglake omits to state that, in the same month, the Russians proceeded to unmask far more serious pretensions. M. d'Ozeroff, at Constantinople, formally declared to M. de Lavalette that Russia claimed a protectorate of the orthodox Church in Turkey by virtue of the Treaty of Kainardji; to which M. de Lavalette replied that France had no similar pretensions on behalf of the Latin Christian subjects of the Porte*. Here, then, was the real starting-point of the quarrel; not when France and Russia were disputing with each other for privileges, to which they might or might not

be entitled, but when Russia began to attempt to wring from the Porte a protectorate over a large number of its subjects. From this moment the conduct and policy of France became moderate and judicious; indeed, so far were the French Government from seeking to aggravate the dispute, that orders were sent from Paris to end it. M. de Lavalette had been intemperate in the earlier period of the discussion; on the 15th December, 1852, M. de Lavalette was recalled. On the 15th January, 1853, a most conciliatory despatch was addressed by M. Drouyn de Lhuys to the French ambassador at St. Petersburg. But at the very same date the Russian Government sent forth an angry despatch (quoted by Mr. Kinglake, vol. i. p. 52), and the mission of Prince Menschikoff was determined on, whilst an army of 144,000 Russians was ordered to hold itself in readiness to march upon Turkey. It was at this same time, January, 1853, that the French Government proposed to that of England that the two powers should act together for the purpose of preserving the integrity of the Turkish empire, and the British Government fully concurred in this proposal, adding that some such understanding should be arrived at between all the Great Powers.

It will be observed that the greater part of these incidents has been passed over in silence by Mr. Kinglake, and that he therefore connects these formidable preparations of the ambition of the czar "with a crowd of monks quarrelling for a key at the sunny gates of a church in Palestine."

In subsequent parts of his narrative Mr. Kinglake points out clearly enough the wide difference between the original dispute as to the Holy Places, and the claim of the Protectorate, which was the true cause of the war. In point of fact, the dispute of the Holy Places was actually settled, by the advice of Lord Stratford, at the very moment when the greater demand was definitively rejected by the Porte, and Russia prepared to enforce it by arms. Had there been no latent design behind, the Holy Places would have led to no war. It was Russia, not France, which engrafted on the original dispute a demand of a far more serious political character; which despatched Menschikoff to Constantinople to support that demand by threats, and thus envenomed the quarrel. England had carefully and wisely abstained from all interference in the question of the Holy Places; but the moment the other demand was made, she instantly, and of her own accord, took the most prominent place in resisting it. When, therefore, Mr. Kinglake asserts that—

* Colonel Rose's despatch of 5th December, 1852.

"The French president steadily continued

his plan of driving the Porte into a quarrel with the czar, until at length he succeeded in bringing about the event [by the delivery of the key and star to the Latin monks at Bethlehem, in December, 1852], which was followed by the advance of the Russian armies; but the moment the czar was wrought up into a state of anger, which sufficed to make him a disturber of Europe, Prince Louis, now Emperor of the French, sagaciously perceived that it might be possible for him to take violent means of appeasing the very troubles which he had just raised; and to do this by suddenly declaring for a conservative policy in Turkey."—Vol. i. p. 319.

he is evidently led astray by his own subtlety. France had no desire to bring about any war. The moment she saw there was danger of war, she adopted the line of policy most fitted to prevent it, in conjunction with this country; and it is probable that the war would have been prevented by that policy, if Russia had been governed by a man less headstrong, autocratic, and ignorant than the Emperor Nicholas. With singular perversity, and an utter contempt of facts, Mr. Kinglake attempts to fasten the authorship of the war on France, when she was doing all we desired her to do to avert it: and he is half disposed to acquit the Emperor Nicholas of anything more than a fervor of religious enthusiasm which unluckily overpowered his judgment, his reason, and his honor. By one of those contradictions which are not unfrequent in these volumes, after having stated as above that France brought on the war, he asserts in another place (vol. i. p. 453) that "France, being bereaved of political life, *was made to adopt* an Anglo-Turkish policy, and as the price of this concession to the views of our Foreign Office, the venturers of the 2d December were brought under the sanctions of an alliance with the Queen of England." So that he first makes England the dupe of France, and then France the tool of England. The truth is that more than a year elapsed between the *coup-d'état* of December, 1851, and the commencement of the Russian dispute in December, 1852. The Ruler of France had certainly not lost ground in that interval, for it was at the later date that he was raised to the imperial throne, and it is absurd to suppose that war was indispensable to the duration of his power.

If it had suited Mr. Kinglake's purpose to retrace the whole reign of the Emperor Nicholas, as he has retraced the whole career of the Emperor Napoleon III., an impartial historian might, perhaps, have found in the wrongs of Poland and the annals of Siberia some parallel for the most ferocious acts of

despotic power. The two potentates are, however, touched with different tints. The policy of the one is palliated, even when it is tainted with the duplicity of Prince Menschikoff's mission or the brutality of Sinope; the policy of the other is condemned, even when it is compensated by a faithful alliance with our own country. Mr. Kinglake has a convenient theory that at a certain time of life the men of the Romanoff family undergo a "deterioration which shakes the ascendancy of their better nature," and they then "disclose the odd *purposeless* cunning of a gypsy or a savage, who shows by some *sudden and harmless* sign of his wild blood that he is not completely reclaimed." There was nothing purposeless in the czar's conversation with Sir Hamilton Seymour; there was nothing sudden and harmless in the gradual concentration of troops and all the other incidents which led to the war. If ever there was a deliberate political design, it was this; and if the Emperor Nicholas hoped to carry it through without war, it was solely because he had miscalculated the nature of his relations with all the other powers. He expected to bully Turkey or to crush her—she resisted him successfully in council and in arms; he hoped to win over England, or he relied on her known aversion to war—England scorned his bribes and took the field against him; he hoped to cajole Austria and command Prussia—the one opposed him, the other did him no good; he disbelieved in the alliance of France with England, and cared very little for the line the French might take in Eastern affairs; he succeeded, for the first time in European history, in bringing the French and English armies into the field, side by side, against his own troops. On every one of these points he was signally mistaken. But it was because he entertained these delusions, that he entered upon a course of policy so fatal to his own fame and power. Yet Mr. Kinglake affirms that "he did not at this time intend to take any steps which England would regard as an outrage;" although in the very next page he admits that the secret object of Menschikoff's mission was to extort the Protectorate from Turkey, and that the instructions given to that personage "contravened with singular exactness the honorable and generous assurances he had given to Europe." How then were they "honorable and generous"? What was this but to outrage England, first, by deliberately attempting to deceive her, and afterwards by threatening and using violence to a power, feebleness indeed than Russia, but protected by the common interest of Europe? "What he chose to do," says Mr. Kinglake, "that he did." And thus it was that when he rang the bell and ordered the officer in attendance to fling his troops across the Pruth, he did that

for which he bears now and forever the undivided responsibility.* We conclude, therefore, that although Mr. Kinglake's character of the Emperor Nicholas is dashed off freely and without malice, as it only exhibits him as the slave of ignorance and angry passions, yet it is politically untrue, and does not measure the depth or the extent of his political designs. The actual demonstration of these designs was the enormous accumulation of military stores captured or destroyed by the Allies in Sebastopol. Those stories of war meant nothing if they did not mean the subjugation or dismemberment of the Ottoman empire.

On one point Europe certainly shared the misconceptions of the czar. Nobody in the West imagined the Turks capable of making so good a defence. Mr. Kinglake enlarges on their warlike virtues, their religious enthusiasm when they were "called to arms by a truculent course of sermons," their patience and endurance in war; but in reality other considerations were uppermost in the minds of those who knew them best in the spring of 1853, and these points Mr. Kinglake has passed over in complete silence. The Turkish army had recently undergone a total change. Its Asiatic dress, arms, and formation had been abolished. An attempt had been made to convert it, by drill and tight uniforms, into a regular European force. The men were indeed brave and docile; but the officers were grossly ignorant. The cavalry, which had been one of its finest arms, was destroyed by the vain attempt to make the Oriental horsemen ride like troopers. The infantry was feeble. The material of war totally deficient in the fortresses—not abundant in the field. There was not a gun in the forts at the entrance of the Bosphorus from the Black Sea which could throw a shot with precision or effect. It was, therefore, not without reason that "it was commonly believed that Turkey, if left unsupported, would lie completely at the mercy of the czar." Indeed, Mr. Kinglake himself admits in another place (p. 196) that the sultan "was ill-prepared for an immediate encounter." The truth is, that although by the process of these incomplete reforms the Turkish army had lost its old character of the ages of conquest, yet it still had merit and tenacity in the defence of positions, as was

shortly afterwards proved under the skilful command of Omar Pacha—a general who did not expect of his troops more than they could do.

The Ottoman empire was saved during the whole summer and autumn of 1853 by the want of energy on the part of Nicholas, and by the moral prestige of the Western Powers. Mr. Kinglake never seems to have considered what would have happened, if, on the return of Prince Menschikoff, or even on the declaration of war by Turkey, the Sebastopol fleet had sailed into the Bosphorus. Yet that contingency was one which appeared at the time highly probable, and one against which the Allies were bound to provide. Mr. Kinglake has well explained in another place that by occupying Wallachia, and extending a weak line up the Danube, Nicholas, on the contrary, gave the Turks the best chances against himself, by attacking the extremity of his line of operations. By drawing a romantic picture of the military resources of the Turks, and by omitting to notice the imminent danger to which they were at one time exposed, Mr. Kinglake has not represented the real state of the case, and consequently the true nature of the perils which the Allied Powers were anxious to avert. These perils were far more serious than he has any idea of. When Prince Paskiewitsch assumed the command of the Russian army, Mr. Kinglake says that "he promised the czar an invasion of the Ottoman empire." But these words by no means convey the full extent of the plan of Nicholas. His design then was to march on Constantinople, but Prince Paskiewitsch made the fall of Silistria before May 1st the *sine qua non* of this undertaking. This fact has an important bearing on another part of the case, presently to be considered.

The ambition of Russia, the weakness of Turkey, were *not*, then, in the judgment of Mr. Kinglake, the chief causes of this war. The grand discovery on which he prides himself is that the catastrophe was mainly due to the satanic influence of the Ruler of France, who first creates the dispute about the Holy Places; then irritates Russia beyond endurance; then implicates England by a series of violent measures, disguised under the semblance of a desire for peace; and at last, having dissolved the union of the Four Courts, forces an offensive alliance with himself upon the Queen of England: all this was done because Louis Napoleon "needed for his very life's sake to become conspicuous, whether as a disturber or as a pacificator of other nations, that Frenchmen might be brought to look at what he was doing to others, instead of what he had done to them." Upon this theory Mr. Kinglake has based the whole introductory portion of his book; and

* The story of his ringing the bell and giving the order is true. It was not till the next day that the emperor told Count Orloff what he had done. Orloff looked grave, and said, "Sir, this is war! In occupying the Principalities your majesty has thrown down the glove, Europe will take it up." These words made some impression on the czar, and in relating the story, Count Orloff used to add, that if he had been consulted the day before, perhaps the fatal step would not have been taken.

he makes it the pretext of an episode, embracing the whole career of the Emperor Napoleon from the date of his Strasburg adventure, and attacking with a degree of violence and malice, not to be found in any English writer of history, the public and private life of the emperor's chief supporters. We do not propose to follow Mr. Kinglake into these details, which are totally unconnected with the subject really before us; but we regard the publication of this chapter as something worse than an error of judgment. It indicates the existence of passions which are fatal to Mr. Kinglake's character as an impartial narrator of events. And it cannot be forgotten that the men thus rudely assailed are soldiers and statesmen with whom we have been actively and amicably connected for several years in the toils of war, in the business of politics, in the intercourse of private life, and we will add, as to some of them, by personal regard. Mr. Kinglake himself acknowledges the courteous, clear, and abundant assistance he has received from the French commanders. He gives us to understand that he did not himself disdain the hospitality of Colonel Leroy, otherwise called St. Arnaud, when he gave a long vacation to a campaign in Northern Africa. His return for it is, needlessly to rake up every detail which can cast a stigma on their former lives and political conduct. He has stooped to employ all the vocabulary of abuse to charge the emperor with degrading personal meannesses, which no one, even of his honorable opponents, ever ventured to impute to him, and which are in fact ludicrously untrue. On a hundred occasions Louis Napoleon has shown courage of a high order—courage of a higher order than that "fiery quality" which Mr. Kinglake mistakes for it. He has stood unmoved by the assassins who have sought to take away his life with violence, and against the writers who have sought to destroy his name by invective. Fortunately for France and for Europe, his temperament is so cool and collected, that things which would have excited his uncle to frenzy, leave him calm; and his dignified composure has served him so well that not long ago a philosopher, who is certainly no Imperialist, observed in Paris, "Perhaps, after all, it was not the First Napoleon who was Napoleon the Great!" Amongst the injurious epithets heaped upon the emperor by Mr. Kinglake, he twice or thrice repeats that he is a "literary man." We know not what amount of obloquy the expression conveys in Mr. Kinglake's estimation, but we hold it far more useful for a pretender to a throne to wield his pen with excellent skill and judgment, than it is for a man of

letters to figure in the actions of war which he pretends to describe.

With the history of the *coup-d'état* we have in this place nothing whatever to do; but although we have not changed our opinion as to the brutal and illegal mode in which that revolution was effected, we certainly do not accept Mr. Kinglake's version of it as literally correct. No authentic history of those days has yet been published, though more than one such record exists: and we think it needless to make further comments on the tales collected in Parisian salons, or the statements of infuriated refugees.* The practical question here to be considered is, what effect the revolution of the 2d of December, 1851, and the restoration of the empire, produced on the foreign policy of France? Mr. Kinglake asserts that these events led to the Crimean War: we think the reverse.

The return of the Bonapartist dynasty to power caused great alarm in Europe, and even in France. Men asked themselves at home and abroad, whether the heir of the emperor was come back to resume the military policy of his uncle, to avenge his fall, to break up the settlement of 1815, and consequently to wage war with England and the Continental Powers. To this the new-made sovereign at once replied by his declaration at Bordeaux, "*L'Empire, c'est la Paix.*" The imperial policy has on the whole been pacific. But notwithstanding these pacific assurances and intentions, the emperor was not indisposed to use any fair occasion which might arise to show that the armies of France had lost nothing of their prowess and power, and that the navy of France was equally ready to play a distinguished part in war. He was not sorry to take his stand by the side of England in defence of the public law of Europe,—to prove that if the rights of weak nations were threatened, they were threatened by the autocrat at St. Petersburg, and defended by the autocrat at Paris. None

* An examination of the details of this singular episode would lead us too far, but we are certain that Mr. Kinglake has allowed himself to be deceived in many particulars. One must suffice. He adopts M. Granier de Cassagnac's statement, that within the few weeks which followed the 2d December, 26,500 persons were transported. If Mr. Kinglake had applied the arithmetical process to this assertion, he might have conjectured that it was unhistorical. The whole French army which landed at Old Fort hardly reached that number: how many transports did it take to convey them? Again: he considers the testimony of a British officer quite unimpeachable, when he describes the massacre on the Boulevard, from a window, but he flatly contradicts the evidence of the British officers who saw the bodies of the slain after the engagement on the Telegraph Hill at the Alma.

doubted his power, many doubted his forbearance and his fidelity: those, therefore, were the qualities which he sought to vindicate in the prosecution of this war. "Such were the motives which we believe to have actuated the French emperor in these transactions. They are laudable motives: they are motives which brought him into close alliance with this country; yet this is what Mr. Kinglake describes as seeming, in the eyes "of the mistaken world, to give the sanction of the queen's pure name to the acts of the December night, and to the Thursday, the day of blood." A most offensive and untrue remark: as if to act with a man when he is right were, necessarily, to condone everything he may have done wrong.

We might, however, go even further. At the very time when Mr. Kinglake supposes that the Emperor Napoleon was resorting to all the artifices of intrigue to render war inevitable, we may now state, and we do so with certainty, that the French army was very ill-prepared to enter upon so great a contest, and that the emperor knew it. The army had by no means recovered from the shock it had sustained in the revolution of 1848. The cavalry and artillery were ill-horsed. The regiments in France were raw troops: and it was only by sending them to Algeria, and transferring the troops which had served in Africa to the Levant, that a respectable French force could be found to meet the formidable legions of Russia. It is an entire mistake to suppose that France was at that moment well prepared for a great foreign war, or that she would have thrown herself into it, if it could have been avoided. She more than once complained, on the contrary, of the extent and vigor of the British military preparations, which, at first, exceeded her own.

But, says Mr. Kinglake, the artifice of France consisted in this—that being herself desirous of the alliance of England and (secondly) of war, she threw herself into the negotiations for the purpose of frustrating them by precipitate and irritating acts, and so destroyed the salutary combined influence of the Four Powers. A more complete figment never took possession of a man's imagination! It is hardly possible, without multiplying details to an intolerable extent, to show how entirely this theory is at variance with the facts; but we will notice one or two of the points on which Mr. Kinglake especially relies. He complains that England allowed herself to be drawn into a distinct and separate alliance with France, chiefly by consenting to engage in naval movements in which the German Powers had no share. "This was the fatal transaction which substituted a cruel war for the peaceful but irresistible

pressure which was exerted by the Four Powers." Yet it is obvious that the Maritime Powers were alone in a condition to act at all. They alone could approach the Dardanelles or guard the Bosphorus. They alone could protect Constantinople. It is true that the Four Powers were acting in concert, as Lord Clarendon declared on the 12th August, and not the less in concert because Austria and Prussia knew that England had sent her fleet to the Levant. But we have yet to learn that the British Government was called upon to regulate the movements of its naval forces by the doubtful or timorous policy of any Continental Power. The imaginary "compact of Midsummer, 1853," which Mr. Kinglake has chosen to construct, is a mere trick upon the credulity of his readers: * not only was there no such compact "virtually" in existence, but it was utterly opposed to the principles on which the queen's ministers were really acting. They were honestly laboring to obtain, as far as possible, the moral concurrence and active support of the German powers; but a very difficult task it was. Is Mr. Kinglake not aware that during the whole summer and autumn of 1853, the Emperor Nicholas was straining every nerve in the opposite direction, and that he still exerted not only his diplomatic but his personal influence? On the 26th September took place the conference of Olmütz; on the 3d October the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia were at Warsaw; on the 8th October the czar was at Sans Souci; on the 13th October Austria ordered the reduction of her effective army: several of the lesser German courts were actively intriguing on the Russian side: others were afraid to offend that powerful State. This was at the very time when the allied fleets were ordered to enter the Dardanelles. Was the policy and the maritime action of France and England to be suspended until it pleased the plenipotentiaries at Vienna to authorize the advance of their fleets? That indeed would have been to paralyze the Western Powers, and to leave Russia in possession of the field. The truth is, that it was the overbearing policy and attitude of Russia which alone brought France and England into a strict and active alliance.

Mr. Kinglake has misconceived the whole series of causes which led to the successive acts of the British Government. They were steadily determined, not by the importunity

*In three or four places Mr. Kinglake has printed in inverted commas (as if they were extracts), instructions, compacts, or arguments entirely the product of his own brain. But for their extravagance, an inattentive reader might be misled into supposing them to be authentic statements, and this mode of presenting his own views is certainly reprehensible. (See vol. i. p. 142, and again p. 328, for two of these imaginary pieces.)

and example of France, but by the increasing insolence, menace, and aggression of Russia. Thus: on the 1st March 1853, Prince Menschikoff arrived at Constantinople. In compliance with the entreaties of the terrified Divan, Colonel Rose summoned the fleet from Malta, but Admiral Dundas did not comply with the summons; and the British Government, still choosing to rely, or to manifest its reliance, on the solemn assurance of the Emperor Nicholas that Menschikoff's mission had no hostile purport to Turkey, approved the admiral. Indeed, Colonel Rose himself immediately revoked his order. The French Government, on the contrary, sent its fleet to Salamis on the 19th March, without consulting England, a measure for which they afterwards frankly expressed their regret. This indication of a dissension between the Maritime Powers was, of course, rapturously welcomed at St. Petersburg. On the 5th May Prince Menschikoff presented his ultimatum, and on the 22d May he left Constantinople. On the 31st May, these events being known in London, Lord Clarendon placed the fleet at the disposal of Lord Stratford, to repair to such places as he might direct in the event of his considering the presence of such a British force absolutely essential to the safety of the Turkish empire. On the 3d July the Russians crossed the Pruth; on the 13th July the French emperor declared to the English Government the French fleet could not longer remain in Besika Bay, and on the 19th August again pressed the English Government to enter the Dardanelles. So says Mr. Kinglake. He is right for once. But what was the answer of the British Government? On the 6th September Lord Clarendon declared that, although any movement of the fleets which should have the character of a retreat was not to be thought of, yet, as the future course of the Allies must, in a great measure, depend upon that of the Emperor of Russia, and as the negotiation on the basis of the Vienna Note, was not then finally concluded, *England would take no final decision until the answer came from St. Petersburg.* On the 7th September Russia gave her violent interpretation of the Vienna Note, and on the 17th September England and France finally abandoned that plan of adjustment. On the 20th September Austria declared the Vienna Conference at an end. Then first it was, that on the 23d September, Lord Clarendon instructed Lord Stratford to call up the fleet.

Upon this measure Mr. Kinglake has put an erroneous and unwarrantable construction. He asserts that it was needless; that it was dictated as a provocation by the French emperor from a desire to break the treaty of 1841, which closed the Dardanelles in time

of peace; and that by Lord Clarendon's "unlucky" promise to France, and his despatch to Lord Stratford of the same date, the ambassador was deprived of the discretion which had hitherto been used with singular care and wisdom (p. 366). We reply that every one of these charges is not only untrue, but the reverse of the truth. The date of the measure (23d Sept.) of itself demonstrates that it was taken not upon the demand of the French emperor (which had twice before been refused) but because by the act of Russia a further step had been rendered inevitable in the opinion of the British Cabinet. It was also taken at a time when, as has been shown, the German Powers were in separate and intimate communication with the Emperor of Russia. As to the treaty of 1841, England subsequently declared (1st October) that "the Porte had ceased to be at peace from the moment when the first Russian soldier entered the Danubian Principalities, and that from that moment the sultan had a right to invite the British squadron into the Straits, and her majesty's Government had a right to send the British squadron into, and, if necessary, through the Straits."* Mr. Kinglake subsequently applauds the spirit of this declaration. It is not a question of spirit but of law. If, as we maintain, the Porte had "ceased to be at peace" after the invasion of the Principalities, the whole of his argument based on the Russian pretext of a violation of the treaty of 1841 falls to the ground.

And, now, what was Lord Clarendon's instruction of the 23d September, from which Mr. Kinglake extracts *thirteen words*, for the purpose of showing that the discretion of the ambassador was taken away by it?

"Under ordinary circumstances, and as long as the sultan does not declare war against Russia, nor demand the presence of the British fleet, we must scrupulously observe the treaty of 1841, and your excellency's original instructions on this matter remain therefore in full force. But when it appears that the lives and properties of British subjects are exposed to serious danger, and that the Turkish Government declares itself unable to avert that danger, it is clear that the treaty has no longer a binding force upon us, and that urgent necessity supersedes its provisions. Your excellency is therefore instructed to send for the British fleet to Constantinople, and, in conjunction with the admiral, to dispose of it in the manner you deem most expedient for protecting British interests, and the personal safety of the sultan; and her majesty's Government

* Earl of Clarendon's Despatch to Baron Brunow, Oct. 1, 1853.

have no doubt that the Turkish Government will, without hesitation, furnish the necessary firmans for that object."—*Eastern Papers*, part ii., p 116.

It thus distinctly appears, that as long as the sultan did not declare war and demand the fleet, the original instructions remained in force; the further instruction was eventual and limited; it depended on incidents which had not yet occurred, but were likely to occur, and, in fact, afterwards did occur. Then only did the instruction become imperative, and Lord Stratford was armed with full power to act, just at the moment he required it. This Mr. Kinglake calls "rushing into the hostile policy involved in the stringent order to Lord Stratford;" and he founds upon it a whole series of absurd and inaccurate imputations.

We now arrive at one of the strangest and most important of Mr. Kinglake's inaccuracies, on which much of his reasoning is made to rest. He states (without giving the date) that by the advice of a Great Council the Porte determined on war; that a declaration was issued which made the further continuance of peace dependent upon the evacuation of the Principalities within fifteen days; that this demand was not complied with, and that on the 23d October, 1853, "the sultan was placed in a state of war with the Emperor of Russia" (p. 354). Whence Mr. Kinglake argues that all the semi-hostile measures taken before the 23d October must be regarded as lawless provocations to the amicable disposition of the czar.

A simple attention to dates would have avoided this misapprehension, but it would have extinguished Mr. Kinglake's theory. The Great Council of the Turks took place on the 26th September, and on that day war was virtually declared. The Manifesto of the Porte and the actual Declaration of War (two distinct documents) bore date the 4th October. After reciting the unanimous decision of the Great Council, the latter document went on thus:—

"As upon these premises *the state of war is now declared to exist between the two governments (constaté)*, according to custom a written summons is addressed to the Russian commander to demand the evacuation of Moldavia and Wallachia; at the same time an order is sent to his Excellency, Omar Pacha, to begin hostilities if the evacuation has not taken place within fourteen days from the arrival of the summons at its destination."

War was declared on the 4th October; from that day the state of war existed; if prizes had been taken at sea, they would certainly

have been good prizes; but the Turkish general was ordered not to begin hostilities on the Danube, where he was, until after a fourteen days' notice. This is what Mr. Kinglake calls making "the further continuance of peace depend" on the fourteen days' notice; and hence he infers that the state of war commenced on the 23d October, very nearly one month after war had been unanimously decreed by the Great Council. This difference is, of course, of the utmost importance in judging of the policy of the Allies in the interval. The fact is, that on the 23d October, war having been declared on the 4th October, hostilities actually commenced at Isakcha.*

Mr. Kinglake overlooks, or fails to conceive the force of the two motives which had the strongest influence both on the Allied Governments and on their respective representatives at this critical period. Two dangers were seriously apprehended. The first was, that in the excited state of the Mohammedan population, the Christians might be the victims of a fanatical insurrection; and Lord Stratford loudly complained to the Porte of the "disorderly and brutal outrages of Muselman fanaticism, excited by cupidity and hatred against the sultan's Christian subjects." (4th July, 1853.) This apprehension was appeased, as Mr. Kinglake has stated, by the simple measure of calling up to Buyukdéré a couple of steamers. The second danger was even more real, and was considered to be not less imminent. At the time of the Turkish declaration of war, and for three weeks afterwards, Constantinople was defenceless. Three or four ill-manned Turkish line-of-battle ships, moored by Admiral Slade in the fair way of the Bosphoros, were the sole defence of the capital. The Russian fleet, which soon afterwards achieved the exploit of Sinope, could have landed an unopposed army in Beicos Bay, almost as easily as it had done in 1832. Had the blow been struck with secrecy and promptitude, the presence of the Allied fleets off Tenedos would certainly not have prevented the catastrophe; for in the Allied fleets there were at that time but two line-of-battle ships propelled by steam; the squadron, even with the assistance of its towing power, was afterwards nearly a fortnight in

* In assigning a date to the commencement of the war between England and Russia, Mr. Kinglake commits another blunder, but in the opposite direction. He says (vol. i., p. 480) the state of war began on the 19th March, because that was the date on which the notice to Russia expired. But in fact, the British Order of General Reprisals was dated the 29th March, and it was not till that day that the state of war really began. So that he has post-dated the war between Turkey and Russia, and ante-dated the war between Russia and England.

making its way against wind and tide from the Dardanelles to the Bosphorus. Lord Stratford, and the French ambassador, M. de la Cour, and the Austrian internuncio, were quite alive to this danger; and before Lord Clarendon's instruction of the 23d September had reached the hands of him, whom Mr. Kinglake delights to call the "Great Eltchi," that eminent person was convinced that the time to call up the fleet had arrived, and had determined to issue the order under his anterior instructions.

Mr. Kinglake supposes that the czar resolved "to have vengeance at sea while vengeance at sea was still possible," and that orders for active operations were given to the fleet at Sebastopol, when *the hostile resolution of the Western Powers was known to the czar*, a little before the 14th October. But that was, in truth, exactly the time when the decision of the Grand Council and the Turkish declaration of war became known at St. Petersburg. Mr. Kinglake, as we have seen, post-dated these events, and then casts upon the Western Powers what was the direct result of the Turkish declaration. He even asserts that the fleets entered the Dardanelles on the 22d, "the day before war was declared and the treaty of 1841 suspended." But, as we have seen, war had actually been declared just eighteen days before.

The Russian army made no attempt on Constantinople, and even on the Danube the extended line of Russian troops was exposed to attack, without being able to return it, a circumstance which, in fact, threw the assailing party on the defensive, and gave a strange character to the war during the ensuing winter months. But the Russian fleet went out and destroyed the Turkish squadron at Sinope. Mr. Kinglake thinks the attack was justified by the usages of war, in spite of Count Nesselrode's positive declaration of the 31st October, that Russia would remain on the defensive and not take the initiative in hostilities. Mr. Kinglake again reserves his censure for the Governments of France and England, which had been weak enough still to place some reliance on the word of Russia, and had consequently, not instructed their admirals to act. He talks of a chasm in the instructions of the admirals; but in fact they were empowered to act, and some of them thought so. The British Government declared by Lord Clarendon on the 27th December, "that it was not the Turkish squadron alone that was deliberately attacked in the harbor of Sinope. It was an offence against the Western Powers, which they felt themselves compelled to resent." Mr. Kinglake asserts that "the Governments of France and England had omitted to consider the plight in which they would stand, if under

the eyes of their naval commanders, a Russian admiral should come out from Sebastopol and crush a Turkish squadron in the midst of the Black Sea." (Vol. i., p. 375.) Yet only three pages before he had himself quoted Lord Clarendon's positive instructions of the 8th October, that "if the Russian fleet were to come out of Sebastopol, the fleets would then, as a matter of course, pass through the Bosphorus," and a discretionary power was given to the ambassadors and admirals to use them as might be most expedient for the defence of the sultan's territories. The sultan's territories had clearly been attacked at Sinope. When the news of the action of Sinope reached Therapia great was the irritation of the Turks, and great the indignation of their Allies—for the insult was even greater than the injury. A council of the allied diplomatists and admirals was held; and we have reason to believe that it was then and there pointed out by the British officers, that if the allied fleets at once entered the Black Sea and sailed for Sebastopol, they could scarcely fail to intercept and destroy the victorious Russian squadron ere it returned to port. If this bold scheme was not adopted, the forbearance of the Allies was mainly due to the repugnance of the French ambassador to assume the responsibility of an act of war. Had it been executed, and the Russian fleet destroyed as it were *in flagranti delicto* after Sinope, it would have had an incalculable effect on the whole course of events.

Yet Mr. Kinglake represents the British Government to have been constantly drawn or driven along by another power, and therefore to have played a secondary and subservient part. The facts and dates we have given, to which many others might be added, appear to us to demonstrate the reverse. England has no call to throw off the responsibility of the measures taken on any other power. Those measures were taken because they were demanded by her own conception of the duty she had to perform; and by far the largest share of that responsibility rests with this country. We see no reason to deny it; and if the case occurred again, we should see no reason to act with less determination. With singular inconsistency, whilst Mr. Kinglake ascribes to the British Cabinet this mean and unworthy part, he lauds to the skies the wisdom and firmness of the British ambassador. Who sent out Sir Stratford Canning? Who instructed, supported, and approved him? Had the English ministers been disposed to make concessions of principle to peace, it would have been rational to select a more pliant instrument. As it is, the opposite charge was brought against them by Russia and by the

opponents of the war—namely, that they selected the man best fitted and most resolved to oppose the aggressions of the czar. No man ever took upon himself a larger amount of responsibility than Lord Stratford, when he virtually overruled the decision of the four powers, including his own Government, and acquiesced in—not to say caused—the rejection of the Vienna Note by the Porte, after it had been accepted by Russia. The interpretation afterwards put upon that Note by Count Nesselrode showed that he was right; but nevertheless, that was the point on which the question of peace and war turned. We shall not enter into the wearisome detail of the successive diplomatic propositions, because one fatal vice pervaded them all. Russia had formed the design to extort from Turkey, in one form or another, a right of protection over the Christians. She never abandoned that design. She thought she could enforce it. The Western Powers interposed, and the strife began.

Mr. Kinglake lays great stress upon the support which Austria would, in his opinion, have afforded to the Allies. "Her mere orders to her officer in command of her army of observation would necessarily force the czar to withdraw his troops" from the Principalities: and (in February, 1854) Austria had plainly resolved to go to war, if the Principalities should not be relinquished." In support of this view a diagram is inserted to show that the Austrian territory so overlaps Wallachia, that the whole line of Russian operations could be cut by an advance on Jassy. But Mr. Kinglake has taken a very imperfect view of the course of Austria's proceedings. On the 3d of October the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia were at Warsaw. At the same time, just when our fleets were going up the Dardanelles, Austria declared her strict neutrality and reduced her army; Prussia supported the propositions of Olmütz. On the 3d of November Austria proposed to Prussia a joint declaration of neutrality. At every step Russia made in advance, the Western Powers advanced likewise; but the German Powers held back and did not act up to pledges they had given of a complete approval of the policy of England and France. The reason was plain. The Russian kingdom of Poland overlaps Galicia and threatens Moravia to the west, just as much as Transylvania overlaps Little Wallachia to the east. Throughout the war Russia maintained in her western provinces the finest corps of her whole army, the guards and the grenadiers of the first division. Austria felt and believed that if she struck a blow in the East, it would be instantly responded to on her most vulnerable frontier, and unless she

could have obtained the support of all Germany, she declined the chance of that contest. The Western Powers obtained from Austria all the aid she was capable of giving, namely, her moral support, which contributed in some measure to the termination of the war, and a diversion of a powerful portion of the Russian army by her attitude. Austria and Prussia recorded in the quadruple note of the 9th of April, 1854 (after the declaration of war), their deliberate opinion that France and England were in the right, but they repeatedly refused to bind themselves to any joint action with us against Russia. If, then, we are asked whether England could have obtained the deliverance of the Principalities by means taken, with the rest of the Four Powers, and without resorting to the French alliance, we confidently answer *no*: because the Emperor of Russia had good reason to believe the German Powers not to be in earnest, and was able to act upon them partly by influence, partly by fear, to which England and France were not accessible. The facts adduced by Mr. Kinglake to prove that Austria was resolved to force Russia to evacuate the Principalities (vol. i. p. 433) apply to a much later period of the contest, viz., June and July, 1854, three or four months after war had been declared by the Western Powers, and after the siege of Silistria had actually been raised. Russia did evacuate the Principalities, not because the German Powers threatened her, but because she had been signally beaten on the Danube. All this, however, could have nothing whatever to do with the conduct of the Maritime Powers in September and October, 1853—nine months earlier. Could the German Powers give a greater proof of subserviency to Russia than that in December, 1853, their representatives attended the *Te Deum* at St. Petersburg for the victory at Sinope? * It is certainly a novel imputation from the pen of an English writer that "France and England could not bear to wait," until they got the permission of Austria to announce their policy. The ministers of England entertained a loftier conception

* Mr. Kinglake speaks (vol. i. p. 478) of "Count Mensdorf's shameful presence" at the thanksgivings which the czar and his people offered up to the Almighty for the slaughter at Sinope. He is quite mistaken. Count Mensdorf was at that time ill, and absent from his post on leave: it was the charge d'affaires who attended. More shameful and surprising still is the fact (not mentioned by Mr. Kinglake), that, although M. de Castelbajac, the French ambassador at St. Petersburg, did not attend the thanksgiving, he sent his congratulations to the czar, "as a soldier, a minister, and a Christian." M. de Castelbajac received the Grand Cordon of St. Alexander Newski, on leaving the court of Russia in the following spring.

of the rights and duties of the country. But Mr. Kinglake seems to have graduated in some Austrian chancery, and to take his standard of energy from Count Buol. Meanwhile, he accuses the British Cabinet individually and collectively of being too weak—not to act—but to refrain from action: “they had lost their composure:” and were driven like a flock of sheep by the French emperor, and “the strong man who was amongst them without being of them.”

It is not our intention to comment upon the pen-and-ink sketches Mr. Kinglake has thought it right to publish of his contemporaries. They can answer for themselves: they sit opposite to him or near in the House of Commons: they know him as well or better than he knows them; and if they overlook the proceeding we have no reason to complain of it. But with reference to Lord Palmerston, this book contains statements of a more unwarrantable stamp.

Mr. Kinglake describes Lord Palmerston as “the minister who went his own way;” enjoying a paramount power just when he seemed to enjoy none; “subordinated to Lord Aberdeen in foreign affairs,” yet ruling over him; a man well fitted to act with Louis Napoleon, “because he had superseded the Bourbons and suppressed France,” which, considering the opinions expressed by this writer as to the French emperor, is, at least, a doubtful compliment; in short, “the real bridge by which French overtures of the more secret and delicate sort would come from over the Channel.” For these excellent reasons “Lord Palmerston as early as the spring of 1853 was the most puissant member of Lord Aberdeen’s Cabinet,” and at last gained in it “a complete dominion.” “He had the skill to *protrude* Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone, and keep them standing forward” as false ensigns and pledges of peace “in the van of a ministry which was bringing the country into war.” As an example of his skill, we are told that Lord Palmerston resigned in December, 1853 and remained out of office twelve days, in order to bring his colleagues to reason and compel them to adopt the French instructions to the admirals after Sinope.

These statements are as offensive as any that can be made against a minister; but one singularity of Mr. Kinglake’s book is that when he is most offensive he seems to be, like his hero, the great Eltchi, “unconscious” of it. He suggests that Lord Palmerston, having joined a cabinet of honorable men, spent a year in betraying them: that his policy was not that of his colleagues for which he was responsible to Parliament, but that of the Tuileries; and that the Home Secretary was the chosen instrument of a foreign despot to

sacrifice (for Bonapartist purposes) the true interests of this country. Yet Mr. Kinglake relates all this as if it was the most natural transaction in the world. He must permit us to tell him that such conduct would not only destroy a public man, but would deservedly blast a man’s private reputation. And it is the very reverse of the conduct pursued by Lord Palmerston at that period. Having somewhat reluctantly accepted the Home Office under the premiership of Lord Aberdeen, on the especial request of Lord Aberdeen himself and of the Marquis of Landsdowne, Lord Palmerston sought not to take any advice or prominent part in the affairs of any other department. From motives of delicacy he confined himself to the business of his own office; and although his experience was not wanting to his colleagues in foreign transactions, he neither aspired openly, nor conspired in secret, to resume the direction of an office he had ceased to hold. Mr. Kinglake has thought fit to attribute to motives connected with the foreign policy of the country after the attack on Sinope the resignation which was tendered by Lord Palmerston in December, 1853: we say “tendered” because it was not accepted by Lord Aberdeen, it was not laid formally before the queen, and Lord Palmerston did not cease for a single day to hold the seal, and after some days he himself withdrew his resignation. But Mr. Kinglake is entirely misinformed. So little reason was there for resigning on this question that every minister of the crown was ready and eager, on the arrival of the news of the Sinope attack, to adopt the course proposed by the French Government. In reality, the true, and, we believe, the sole, cause of Lord Palmerston’s resignation at that crisis was that some members of the Cabinet were then pressing on a measure of Parliamentary Reform which he thought inopportune, and the office which he then held as Home Secretary of course made him peculiarly responsible for an organic measure of internal legislation. This difficulty was surmounted mainly in consideration of the paramount importance to our foreign relations of maintaining the union of the Government. No minister of this country has ever been more free than Lord Palmerston from the imputation of intriguing against his colleagues or of conspiring to defeat a policy for which he was ostensibly responsible. Mr. Kinglake describes him as the author of a sanguinary war in a cabinet still desirous of peace; and as the close partisan of imperial France at the sacrifice of the interests and independence of England.

“Throwing aside with a laugh some papers which belonged to the Home Office, he gave

his strong shoulder to the levelling work. Under the weight of his touch the barrier fell. Thenceforth the hindrances that met him were but slight. As he from the first had willed it, so moved the two great nations of the West."

These oracular words are, however, alike unjust, unfounded, and absurd. Mr. Kinglake appears to utter them as if he were paying a complimentary tribute to the strength of Lord Palmerston's will: but he pays it at the expense of his honor, his patriotism, his fidelity, and his truth.

We now take leave of Mr. Kinglake's survey of the diplomatic transactions which led to the war. We regret that they should have detained us so long—but he has thought fit to devote to them an entire volume. Much of this space is occupied by episodes or epigrams not essential to the narrative, and, as we have seen, many important incidents are not even noticed. It is singular that he should have devoted one hundred and ten pages to an overwrought description of the French *coup-d'état* of 1851, when he has not found space for so many important occurrences in 1853. But the principal charge against Mr. Kinglake's first volume is, that his theory of the causes of the war is fundamentally untrue, his deductions are fanciful, and his narrative incomplete. Let us now turn to the second volume, which is devoted to military operations; and here we confess that we hoped, at first, to find Mr. Kinglake, not only a highly entertaining, but a trustworthy guide. The papers of Lord Raglan might afford some light on facts not yet known to us; and, at any rate, in the relation of military combinations there is less exercise for the fancy than for the understanding. These hopes have not been altogether fulfilled. A civilian finds more to object to in the first volume—a soldier more in the second. We shall not attempt to enter upon the field of technical military criticism, by which, we doubt not, that this book will also be tried; but there are certain broad military principles, applicable to the political objects of a campaign, which are fairly within reach of men claiming no practical knowledge of the art of war.

But Mr. Kinglake, although he has evidently thought a good deal on military subjects, and is perspicuous in his account of the movements of troops, seems never to have given his attention to the strategical principles which determined the whole course of our operations in this war. At any rate, we nowhere find in these volumes any attempt to describe them; and, as scarcely any allusion is made to their existence, we suppose Mr. Kinglake is unconscious of their impor-

tance. For example: on the 12th January, 1854, the Emperor Nicholas had to submit to the occupation of the Black Sea by the Allied fleets, and Mr. Kinglake expresses himself as if he thought the czar very hardly used. But he entirely fails to perceive the strategical effect of this movement on the campaign then going on upon the Danube. During the Turkish war of 1828 the Black Sea was a Russian lake; Admiral Greig's fleet gave the most useful support to the army which operated against Varna, and every kind of supply was forwarded by water from the arsenal of Sebastopol. This important element of military power was entirely wanting to the Russians in 1854. From the moment the Allied fleets closed the Black Sea, the whole Russian transport service had to be carried on by land. Omar Pacha, on the contrary, had his communications open by sea. Therefore, the maritime occupation of those waters, far from being indifferent to armies contending on the Danube, at once turned the balance in favor of the Turks.* In February, 1854, the Russians changed their whole operations, and began to operate against the line of the Danube; this was precisely the moment when the occupation of the Black Sea began to tell against them. Not an allusion to this point can we discover in Mr. Kinglake's narrative.

But this is by no means the only omission of an important strategical combination. The operations, when the Allies perceived that war was inevitable, were as regularly graduated, and as steadily pursued, as the diplomatic measures had been in the preceding period of negotiation; and it may be convenient at once to lay these successive steps before the reader. Thus, after Sinope, the Allied fleets entered the Black Sea, shut up the Russian ports, and cut off the Russian army on the Danube from its marine communications. The first intention of the Allies had been, as we have already seen, to provide for the defence of Constantinople, on the supposition that it might be approached, or the Bosphorus seized, by the enemy. As early as the 16th February, 1854, Lord Clarendon informed the ambassador

"That a considerable military force was about to be sent to Turkey by England and France, and that it was in contemplation to disembark a portion of these troops in the

* This argument was used by a writer in this journal on the campaign of 1854 (Ed. Rev. vol. c. p. 277); and we beg to refer those of our readers who take an interest in these details to that remarkable paper, for which we were indebted to an officer then comparatively little known, but who has since rendered public services of the first order, and now fills a very high position in her majesty's service in India.

neighborhood of the Dardanelles, with the view of obtaining a sure basis of operations against any Russian force which may hereafter move upon Constantinople, or against any direct attack on that city.

The instructions of the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Raglan, of the 10th April, 1854, pointed out that the first duty of the Allied forces was to prevent by every means in their power the advance of the Russian army on Constantinople; but that, with a view to subsequent operations of an offensive character, it was desirable to collect information as to the means of taking or destroying Sebastopol, as that would be the heaviest blow which could be struck, and a solid guarantee for the maintenance of peace. And here it may be well to remove (though Mr. Kinglake has not done so) the popular misrepresentation that Lord Aberdeen's Government expected to restore peace by a small military demonstration to Malta. No such futile demonstration was ever contemplated by them. Our readers may perhaps be surprised to learn that it was *the French*, and not the British Government, which proposed in the first instance to send out ten thousand French and five thousand British troops. This proposal was declined by England. The moment war was declared, and the resolution taken to send out troops, it was also resolved to send out the whole military force of the country available for foreign service, amounting to about twenty-eight thousand men. Steam transports could only be obtained in the first instance for ten thousand; that number of men was consequently sent on to Malta, where they landed for a few days until means were provided to convey them to the Bosphorus. Whilst this operation was going on the transports returned to England to fetch the remainder. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Kinglake has omitted all details as to the sailing of the expedition, and has never even stated the strength of the army.*

In February, 1854, the Russians adopted a new plan of operations. Prince Paskiewitch took the command. General Lüders crossed the Danube; and when the Allied troops reached Turkey in April and May, it was no longer a question of defending the Chersonesus or Constantinople from attack, but of affording support to the army under Omar Pacha, then gallantly defending Silistria. For this purpose Lord Raglan and Marshal

St. Arnaud consented to move the troops to Bulgaria. At last, on the 21st June, Prince Gortschakoff raised the siege of Silistria, the evacuation of Wallachia began, and, early in August, the Russians recrossed the Pruth. The question then arose which gave an offensive character to the war and took the Allies to the Crimea.

It will hardly be believed, but it is true, that Mr. Kinglake has noticed some of these successive steps in the most cursory manner, and has omitted others altogether, though each of them is an essential link in the history of the war. Thus the whole of the first stage of the operations is dismissed in eight lines—

“Two engineer officers—Colonel Ardent on the part of France, and Sir John Burgoyne on the part of England—were despatched to Turkey with instructions to report upon the best means of aiding the sultan to defend his home dominions; and almost at the same time it was agreed between the two Western Powers, that each of them should prepare to send a small body of troops into the Levant.”

Was it beside the purpose of a military historian to state, as the result of this mission, that entrenchments and strong earth-works were thrown up across the Isthmus from the Dardanelles to the Gulf of Saros? It was to execute these works that the Allied forces first landed at Gallipoli, and, if the aspect of affairs had still been as unpromising as it was when they left England, these lines would have been of the most essential service. They were designed to hold the passage connecting the Sea of Marmora with the Mediterranean by a small force against a powerful enemy. The position was admirably selected for that purpose, and it was impregnable when defended by powers in command of the sea. Had the Russians struck a prompt and decisive blow at Constantinople, these lines of Gallipoli would still have held them in check. That contingency never occurred. If Massena had never invaded Portugal, the world might never have heard of the lines of Torres Vedras. But, considering that the work was not only planned by Sir John Burgoyne, and approved by Marshal Vaillant, but executed in the following spring, we think the fact was entitled to a place in this history.

Upon the arrival of the generals in Turkey in May, the troops were speedily called up to Constantinople and quartered in or about the great Barrack at Scutari, where twenty-two thousand men of British troops were assembled. Mr. Kinglake despises these prosaic details, and he devotes the first chapter of his second volume to some discreditable anecdotes of the detested St. Arnaud and some rhetorical flattery of Lord Raglan. He then proceeds to describe an intrigue for the com-

* The exact number of British troops sent out between February and April, 1854, was 22,680; and in July and August, when the Crimean expedition was in preparation, seven more regiments were added, making 6,431 additional troops. On the 9th December, 1854, the grand total of the troops sent by this country to the Crimea was 53,096 men.

mand of the Allied armies, which Lord Raglan baffled, and that is all. Is Mr. Kinglake unacquainted with the very remarkable circumstances which then determined the movement of the armies, or has he any motive in suppressing them? We cannot tell: but it is certain, although not recorded in this history, that on the 17th May, Lord Raglan in the "Caradoc," Marshal St. Arnaud in the "Berthollet," and two of the Turkish ministers, sailed for Varna to hold a council of war with Omar Pacha. What renders this omission more remarkable is that Mr. Kinglake minutely describes some unimportant occurrences which took place on the 13th May, and others on the 4th June, but he omits what took place in the interval. What took place in the interval was that the Allied generals inspected the Turkish army and its positions; they held council with Omar Pacha: and while they were still there, on the 23d May, Paskiewitsch opened fire on Silistria.

The result of this conference was that, in compliance with the earnest entreaties of Omar Pacha, the Allied generals consented to move their forces to Bulgaria without delay, not for the purpose of advancing to the relief of Silistria, for they were not in a condition to take the field, but for the purpose of showing that even in the event of the fall of that fortress, Russia would have to dispute the line of the Balkan against fifty or sixty thousand of the best troops in Europe.

Mr. Kinglake treats with inexpressible contempt a plan formed by Marshal St. Arnaud on the 4th June, for taking up a position in the rear of the Balkan, for which purpose Bosquet's division was already in march for Adrianople. He appears to be entirely unaware that, in the event of the fall of Silistria and Shumla and the occupation by the enemy of the eastern passes leading to Aidos, the presence of a force entrenched at Adrianople had long before been pointed out by very high military authority, as one of the most effectual modes of stopping an invasion of Turkey. "If," said Marshal Marmont (no mean guide on such a question), "if a French and English fleet were to pass the Straits of the Dardanelles, and arrive at Constantinople, and if at the same time a corps of fifty thousand men of the alliance, Austrians or French, were to take up the position of Adrianople and establish an entrenched camp there, then the Russians would have immense difficulties in dislodging their enemies.* Lord Raglan was right in thinking that the circumstances did not justify this movement, and it was abandoned: but it by no means follows that the proposal was an absurd one. On the 4th June, nobody thought it proba-

ble or even possible, that the Russians should utterly fail before Silistria. It was certain that the Allied armies had not the means of "moving to the front to relieve the place." Therefore Marshal St. Arnaud proposed to take up a very strong position, which even in the event of the fall of the Danubian fortresses, must have stopped the invader. As it was, there the Allies remained, dying by scores of cholera, almost within hearing of the cannonade at Silistria, but incapable of moving forwards, when happily the Russians failed in their final onslaught, and on the 22d June, recrossed the Danube. These facts are barely referred to by Mr. Kinglake, though with a touching sympathy for the prowess of his countrymen, he devotes some pages to the gallant exploits of young Butler and young Nasmyth, the voluntary defenders of Silistria.

At this point, however, the invasion of Turkey by Russia ends. Not long afterwards the Russians evacuated the Principalities. Mr. Kinglake thinks that a mere blockade and the intervention of the German Powers must soon have brought the czar to reason, and he asks, "How came it to happen, that rejecting the peace which seemed to be thus prepared by the mere course of events, the Western Powers determined to undertake the invasion of a Russian province?" In other words, why did we go to the Crimea at all?

It appears that this would be the place to put the reader in possession of the strategical views of Lord Raglan upon the campaign. Mr. Kinglake boasts that he has had the privilege of examining all Lord Raglan's papers and correspondence; but as far as we can perceive, in no one instance have these papers served to throw any fresh light on the conduct of the war. Yet at this time, the British Government must have awaited with extreme interest the reports of the commander, who was already on the spot, acting in concert with the French marshal and the Turkish general. The Russian siege of Silistria had begun; if successful, the army of invasion must ere long have found itself in face of the Allied forces; if defeated, what part remained for the Allied forces to take? This dilemma was so obvious, that Lord Raglan can hardly have failed to consider it; but we are not informed what course he had resolved to adopt in either alternative. On this important question this history is a blank. But it is stated in another place that from the moment Lord Raglan knew that the siege of Silistria had been raised, he never doubted that, for that year at least, the invasion of European Turkey was at an end. And again: "After all, it is hard to say what other disposition of the troops [than the Crimean expedition]

* See again Ed. Rev. vol. c., p. 283.

would have united the advantages of being better and possible." Mr. Kinglake admits, therefore, that the invasion of the Crimea was not only the best disposition of the troops, but the only one—a retreat to Malta being obviously impossible.

The siege of Silistria was raised on the 21st June upon the failure of the final assault of the place. What was now to be done? Mr. Kinglake's opinion is that at that moment "the war ceased to be necessary," and that "it would have been virtually at an end if France had been mistress of herself, or if England had been free from passion and craving for adventure." Upon this view of the case the Crimean invasion was unjustifiable; and accordingly Mr. Kinglake proceeds to account for it, not by any large views of politics or of war, but by paltry personal passions and influences of the most contemptible kind. For the whole theory of this ingenious author reminds us in some degree of the paradox of Mandeville, that the world is really governed by the vices and follies of mankind. But his manner of presenting the facts of the case is marvellously incomplete, and his deductions from them are consequently fallacious.

It is necessary to remind our readers, for no trace of the fact appears in these volumes, that in the months of July and August, when the preparations for the invasion of the Crimea were going on, negotiations with Russia were also carried on by Austria on behalf of herself and the Western Powers. England and France declared by their despatches of the 22d July, that the sacrifices already imposed upon them were too great, and the cause they had taken in hand too important, for them to desist, unless they obtained from Russia adequate securities against the renewal of hostilities. They therefore demanded, 1. That the Protectorate claimed by Russia over the Principalities by virtue of former treaties, now abrogated, should cease. 2. That the navigation of the mouths of the Danube should be free. 3. That the treaty of 13th July, 1841, should be revised in the sense of a restriction of the naval power of Russia in the Black Sea. 4. That no power should claim an official protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Porte. On the 8th August, Austria entirely adopted these principles. Notes were exchanged at Vienna, and on the 10th August, Austria urged Russia to accede to these demands.* Prussia

hereupon withdrew, and refused to take a part in this remonstrance. On the 26th August, Russia *positively rejected these terms*. Had they been accepted, it is needless to add that the Crimean expedition would not have taken place. Here then is the clear and precise ground on which the war assumed an offensive character against Russia, viz., to compel her to submit to terms of peace which England and France held to be necessary to the future safety of Turkey, and which Austria had fully adopted. This is the political explanation of the war; and it was justified, as each preceding step of the Allies had been justified, by a fresh refusal on the part of Russia to agree to the terms proposed by the Allies.

Mr. Kinglake, passing by these negotiations and offers in total silence, proceeds to attribute the war solely to the adventurous and fervent passions of the English people, to the artifices of France, to the influence of the newspaper press in this country, and to the torpor of the British Cabinet at a dinner at Pembroke Lodge. These are absurdities alike unworthy of the historian of this war, and of his subject. The passions of the English people were not so excited that they would not have desisted from the war, if they could then have obtained adequate and lasting guarantees of peace. France had not more to do with those conditions than Austria, which had adopted them. Mr. Kinglake has drawn a fanciful picture of a great English newspaper, under the figure of a "Company" exercising "a great sway over the conduct of the war." We know not whether the *Times* newspaper belongs to a "Company" at all, and we very much question the fact. But if "widows and country gentlemen" have any share in the profits of that journal, it may be presumed that these persons have not more influence over its political direction, than the individual shareholders of a railway company have over the express trains upon the line. It is within our certain knowledge that the articles to which Mr. Kinglake refers were simply the expression of the strong convictions of one or two political writers, who had in view no object but the public interests they had undertaken to defend; and that the paltry motives here ascribed to them had not one particle of influence on the course they took in that great discussion. They have reason to look back

* In the very teeth of these indisputable facts Mr. Kinglake states (vol. ii., p. 128), that "our plan of engaging in a great marine expedition against Crim Tartary would cause Austria and Prussia to despair of all effective support from the West, thus driving them, or tending to drive them, into better relations with Nicholas. Before the 28th

July there were signs that this change was beginning to set Russia free from the straits into which she had been placed by the unanimity of the Four Powers. As far as Austria was concerned the very reverse was the case, as is demonstrated by her note of the 8th August, and by her declaration that she approved the moderation of our conditions.

on that course with unmixed satisfaction; for whatever may have been the subsequent mistakes of those by whom this expedition was carried on, the invasion of the Crimea was demonstrated by the result to be the true grand strategical operation which exhausted the whole power of Russia, and finally led her to abandon all her pretensions and conclude peace.

Nor can it be forgotten that all the reasons which existed in the summer of 1854 for the attack on Sebastopol were augmented a hundred-fold, when it was discovered (as it was in the course of the following year) what enormous stores the czar had accumulated in that arsenal for the subjugation of the East. That fact, coupled with the conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour, the Menschikoff mission, the insults to Turkey, the claim of the Protectorate, and the seizure of the Principalities, conclusively demonstrates the depth and magnitude of the design of Nicholas, and that design was, by the ultimate capture and destruction of Sebastopol, annihilated. The Crimean War could not infuse any real strength into Turkey, but it took from Russia the power of injuring her. In point of fact, long before the public attention had been directed to Sebastopol by any English newspaper, the Duke of Newcastle had distinctly informed Lord Raglan in his despatch of the 10th April, 1854, that Sebastopol was the point against which effective operations, when they commenced, should be directed. To that minister, who had afterwards to bear so much of the obloquy which might more justly have been thrown on others, belongs the merit of having energetically adopted this policy at the outset of the war. We do not believe that he stood alone in it. Indeed, the unanimous decision of the Cabinet is a sufficient answer to that charge; though we may here remark, in answer to Mr. Kinglake's former extravagant estimate of Lord Palmerston's influence, that the Home Secretary was not present at the Cabinet which finally decided on the expedition. At length, when the time for action arrived, the Duke of Newcastle as Minister of War, proceeded of course to communicate to Lord Raglan the views of the Government. He did so in a despatch which was read to the Cabinet after a dinner at Pembroke Lodge, and Mr. Kinglake has here amused his readers with a whimsical anecdote. He relates that all the members of the Cabinet, except a small minority, fell asleep. As the whole despatch consists of about one hundred and fifty lines, and might be read in fifteen minutes, their slumbers cannot have been long. But even if the incident be truly stated, it had no effect on the result. The decision had previously been deliberately

taken in the Cabinet after repeated discussions; the despatch was merely the formal document conveying it to Lord Raglan. Mr. Kinglake assails this despatch with great unfairness and acrimony: he says that "it bristled with sentences tending to provoke objections;" and implies that it would or should have been "mutilated" by an awakened Cabinet. As he publishes, or affects to publish, the despatch itself, readers can judge for themselves. We say, moreover, with the whole despatch before us, that it appears to us to be open to no objections at all. Mr. Kinglake rashly asserts that the cogency of the wording of it placed the English general under compulsion. We find in it direct evidence of the contrary. After referring to the previous instructions of the 10th April, which had pointed to Sebastopol at the very outset of the war, whenever it should assume the shape of offensive hostilities, and after showing that the other contingencies of the campaign were already exhausted, the Duke of Newcastle instructed Lord Raglan "to concert measures for the siege of Sebastopol, *unless*, with the information in your possession, but at present unknown in this country, *you should be decidedly of opinion that it could not be undertaken with a reasonable prospect of success.*" And he added, that "if, upon mature reflection, you should consider the united strength of the two armies is insufficient for this undertaking, *you are not to be precluded from the exercise of the discretion originally vested in you.*" We entirely deny that this was "an absolute order from the Secretary of State." It was exactly such an order as a government must give in the discharge of its duty; it is such an order as strengthens a commander to act, but at the same time it left him to judge in the last resort whether he had the means of obeying it. But there are things yet more singular with reference to this despatch. Mr. Kinglake publishes a portion of it (vol. ii. p. 106) introduced with the words, "so far as it related to the expedition which the Allies undertook, the promised despatch was in these words:" and as the document was headed "Secret," and a portion of it is barred with mysterious asterisks, Mr. Kinglake's readers may perhaps imagine that he is at last breaking the seal of the Raglan papers and introducing them to a secret of state. But this would be a delusion. When, on the 23d April, 1855, the Duke of Newcastle was examined by the Sebastopol Committee of the House of Commons, his grace, by the express desire of the Committee, produced *in their entirety* both the despatch to Lord Raglan of the 10th April, and also that of the 29th June. Both these documents are printed *in extenso* in the Evidence taken before that Committee, Part

ii. p. 116; and it is certainly unaccountable that Mr. Kinglake should not have referred to a source of information which must be familiar to him. But this is not all. The historian of the Crimean War ought to have printed both those despatches, on which the expedition was founded, fully and completely in his Appendix. Instead of that he has inserted a mutilated copy of one of them in his text. We say mutilated, because the omissions are by no means unimportant. They relate to the design for seizing the Isthmus of Perikop to prevent the Russians from throwing troops into the Crimea, and also to operations in Georgia in the event of the delay being inevitable in undertaking the expedition against Sebastopol. An alternative was, therefore, presented to Lord Raglan in the very despatch which Mr. Kinglake represents as an absolute command.

Mr. Kinglake's account of the manner in which Lord Raglan received this despatch is still more extraordinary. He tells us that the general believed that the enterprise was one of a very hazardous kind, and was not warranted by any "safe information concerning the state of the enemy's forces." Nevertheless, he resolved not to exercise his discretion, but to obey it. Not that Lord Raglan thought that the order was simply imperative, for he took Sir George Brown's opinion on the subject. These two gallant officers asked themselves "how the Great Duke would have acted and decided under such circumstances." Sir George Brown thought "that great man *would not* have accepted the responsibility of undertaking such an enterprise;" but he added, "if you decline it, they will send some one else out to command the army." After this military council, Lord Raglan decided, as we are told by his historiographer, in direct opposition to his own judgment; and we feel bound to add, that having so decided, it was mainly to his firmness and courage that the landing of the expedition was due. We heartily rejoice that the wording of the despatch was sufficiently clear to produce this result.

Mr. Kinglake repeatedly asserts that the expedition was undertaken without sufficient knowledge of the difficulties attending it, and of the strength of the enemy in the Crimea. But, although it is true that very little information had been obtained by the generals in the East, yet the British Government had exerted itself to the utmost to ascertain the true state of things in the Crimea, and had succeeded to such an extent that the strength and distribution of the Russian forces in the peninsula was accurately known to them, as the result afterwards proved, and Mr. Kinglake admits. The whole of this information was transmitted to Lord Raglan before he

was called upon to take the final determination. It is true that this information was all obtained in England, and none of it was collected by Lord Stratford and Lord Raglan. Whose fault was that? The motive assigned by Mr. Kinglake for this surprising omission is thus expressed:—

"The duty of gathering knowledge by clandestine means is one so repulsive to the feelings of an English gentleman, that there is always danger of his neglecting it or performing it ill. Perhaps no two men could be less fit for the business of employing spies than Lord Stratford and Lord Raglan."—Vol. ii., p. 90.

If Mr. Kinglake is acquainted with the despatches of the Duke of Wellington, he will find in them abundant evidence that our greatest commander—an English gentleman also in his way—never neglected any means of obtaining the best information he could from secret political and military sources. It is, in fact, one of the most important duties of a general. The neglect of it in this instance, when some knowledge of the Crimea might certainly have been collected from the Greek traders, was unpardonable.

Mr. Kinglake stands in this singular position. He condemns as unwise the policy of the campaign he has undertaken to describe; and, in order to exalt the judgment of Lord Raglan, he represents him as carrying through, by the force of his own will and authority, an expedition which he believed to be "not even moderately prudent." If the view taken by Mr. Kinglake be the true one, surely the wisdom and moral courage of the French officers who remonstrated against the expedition would contrast favorably with the rash and adventurous spirit in which it was executed. We who believe that the expedition to the Crimea was a wise and necessary operation, can with greater sincerity rejoice that the "timides avis" were overruled. The honor of overruling them rests with Lord Raglan, Sir Edmund Lyons, Admiral Bruat, and Colonel Trochu. Oddly enough, whilst he accuses the English Government of fettering the judgment of Lord Raglan by a despatch, Mr. Kinglake discovers (vol. ii., p. 113) that, "in effect, the power of deciding for or against the expedition had passed from Paris and from London, and was all concentrated in the English general." What, then, becomes of the "absolute orders" of the Secretary of State?

We cannot attempt, within our present limits, to criticise minutely the military details of this great operation as related by Mr. Kinglake. They would require an amount of space we are unable to give to them, and

an amount of military experience we do not possess; and we doubt not that this part of the task will be more fully performed by other writers in this country and in France. The latter half of Mr. Kinglake's second volume appears to us to be the most spirited and interesting portion of the book. It is still pervaded, we regret to observe, by a tendency to depreciate the conduct of our Allies, which is unworthy of a writer in Mr. Kinglake's position, and not less unfounded than the imputation urged by vulgar and ignorant writers on the other side of the Channel—that the English were always behindhand in the concerted movements of the two armies. But without engaging in a discussion on this subject, we shall content ourselves with following the personal conduct of Lord Raglan during the three eventful days which ended by placing the Allied armies victorious on the heights of the Alma.

Late on the evening of the 19th September, the British army, bivouacking around the village of Bulganak, not without fear of a sudden attack of the enemy, Marshal St. Arnaud, accompanied by Colonel Trochu, rode up to Lord Raglan's headquarters to concert a plan of attack for the following day. Scornfully as Mr. Kinglake is pleased to treat this overture from such a man as St. Arnaud to such a man as Lord Raglan, it appears to us to be the most natural and rational step that could be taken under the circumstances. A few days before, Lord Raglan had declared to the marshal in a French letter, quoted by Mr. Kinglake (p. 149), that on reaching the rendezvous the generals would have an opportunity of showing that their manner of acting together remained unaltered and sincere: now was the time to put that union and sincerity to the test. St. Arnaud proposed his plan. Perhaps it was not a good one; but what says Mr. Kinglake of Lord Raglan's reception of it?

“Lord Raglan, cast in another mould, sat quiet, with governed features, restraining—or only perhaps postponing—his smiles, listening graciously, assenting, or not dissenting, putting forward no plan of his own, and, in short, eluding discussion. This method was instinctive with him; but in his intercourse with the French he followed it deliberately and upon system. . . . Of a certainty Lord Raglan dealt as though he held it to be clear gain to be able to avoid intrusting the marshal with a knowledge of what our army would be likely to undertake; but my belief is that this, his seemingly guarded method, was not so much based upon anything which may have come to his ears from Paris or from the French camp, but rather upon his desire to avoid premature controversy and upon his

true native English dislike of all premature planning. He was so sure of his troops, and so conscious of his own power to act swiftly when the occasion might come, that although he was now within half a march of the enemy's assembled forces, he did not at all long to ruffle his mind with projects—with projects for the attack of a position not hitherto reconnoitred.”—Vol. ii., p. 241.

This is, we think, the most absurd passage we remember to have read in all historical composition. What! the pupil of Wellington, commanding only a portion of an Allied army, which was on the next morning to attack a powerful enemy in a strong position, refuses “to ruffle his mind with projects,” and, when asked by the French commander to discuss with him the plan of the attack, he takes refuge in unmeaning grimaces and holds his tongue! If such was the conduct of Lord Raglan, it would be difficult to carry folly and insincerity beyond it. Conceive the Duke of Wellington, in a conference with Blücher before the battle of Waterloo, refusing to “intrust the marshal with a knowledge of what our army would be likely to undertake!” How are concerted operations between commanders of equal rank possible, if they do not communicate to each other their intentions, and act upon them? It would appear, on Mr. Kinglake's own showing, that if Lord Raglan vouchsafed no further explanation than this, St. Arnaud was entitled to suppose that he did not reject the French proposal. At any rate, Mr. Kinglake is guilty of unnecessary discourtesy when he engraves upon his copy of the French “Projet” that it was “*untruly* stated to have been accepted by Lord Raglan.” The French officers may well have conceived that Lord Raglan acquiesced in it. It is, however, certain that when the Allies found themselves in front of the Russian army, St. Arnaud's plan was impracticable.

But, after all, does it appear from this book, or from any other evidence, that Lord Raglan had formed any plan of attack at all? We have already remarked on the strange absence of evidence of any strategical design after the raising of the siege of Silistria; still more strange is the absence of any definite tactics as he approached the enemy's position at the Alma. Yet again Mr. Kinglake throws no light on the subject. The generals of division were not consulted or informed of their chief's intentions the evening before; they received no definite or precise orders on the morning of the battle. Lord Raglan made up his mind (perhaps wisely) not to attempt to turn the enemy's right, but to attack in front. Thereupon every man knew that, the Russians being before our lines,

nothing remained for it but to advance by sheer fighting. Even in taking up the ground of the divisions, for want of a timely order, which Lord Raglan refused to give lest he should wound the sensitive feelings of Sir George Brown, the right regiment of the Light Division was masked by a portion of Pannetier's brigade. It is here due to Mr. Kinglake to remark that he has considerably improved our knowledge of the battle by the use of Russian authorities, which are apparently trustworthy. We leave the military critics to deal with the assertion that the earlier operations of the French were ineffectual, and that the Allies were for some time in danger. The dramatic effect of Mr. Kinglake's composition would be marred, if any but Lord Raglan in his own person was to bear off the honors of the victory.

After describing with great animation the first attack on the Great Redoubt, and the heroic, but abortive efforts of Codrington and Lacy Yea at the head of the Light Division to hold the redoubt and to stem the advance of the Vladimir column, Mr. Kinglake suddenly points to the "spell which bound the czar's commanders, and bade them throw away the gifts of fortune. It was nothing less than an apparition." On one of the high knolls jutting up from the eastern slopes of the Telegraph Hill, and *closely overlooking the Russian reserves*, sat a gay-looking group of horsemen. And amongst them was no less a person than the commander-in-chief of the British army. No sooner had Lord Raglan despatched the order to his leading divisions to advance, than he himself, without waiting to support the movement, rode forward across the river, "guided only by Fortune," being then entirely parted from his own troops. His charger, rejoicing in the appropriate name of "Shadrach," became excited in the fire; and Lord Raglan himself is described by his admiring follower, in this critical moment of a general action, "as under the guidance of feelings akin to the impulses of the chase." Thus led, he dashed onwards, and actually passed with his staff "between the enemy's centre and his left wing," in the middle of the action. He luckily gained this knoll, "where Fortune, still enamored of his boldness, was awaiting him with her radiant smile." Once there, he had the judgment to send back for two guns and for Adams's brigade; and luckily, as the Russians seem to have taken him for a ghost, no serious attempt was made to dislodge the party from the height.

Is it possible that Mr. Kinglake does not perceive the extreme absurdity of this singular anecdote? The British general, relin-

quishing necessarily all direction over his own troops, then fiercely engaged, rides forward to a point, which is indicated in the plan of the battle by a star, actually in the rear of the Russian line and fronting their reserves; and from this unprecedented position he strikes mortal terror into a whole army, and routs them with a couple of nine-pounders, from which two shots were fired!

With incomparable naïveté Mr. Kinglake adds:—

"It was Lord Raglan's strange and happy destiny to have ridden almost into the rear of the position, as to be almost as near to the enemy's reserves as he was to the front of their array."—Vol. ii. p. 385.

We are informed, on the contrary, by one of the staff-officers nearest to Lord Raglan's person throughout the day, that he crossed the river immediately after he had ordered the attack, and that on reaching the knoll he expressed his regret that he had taken up a wrong position, and was on the right of his army, when he ought to have been on the left of it.

They reached the knoll just before the Light Division began its attack: there the English general sat aloft watching the fate of the day, but aware that "any order he might send would lose its worth in the journey and tend to breed confusion." This Mr. Kinglake calls shortly afterwards "the spirit in which Lord Raglan was conducting the battle:" for "he looked and spoke like a man who had the enemy in his power." We can only say, that if this account be true, the battle was left to the courage and intelligence of the generals of the divisions, and Lord Raglan's share in it was a romantic accident. At that very point of time, as we learn in another place, the fate of the battle turned on bringing up the supports to the Light Division, and Mr. Kinglake comments, we think with undue severity, on the momentary hesitation of the illustrious duke, who paused, not from any want of resolution in himself, but from a natural and honorable feeling of consideration for his men. Whose business was it to direct the advance of corps to conduct or support the main attack? It was the duty of the commander-in-chief. In his absence from his proper post, the necessary order was given to the First Division by General Airey, and the same movement was spontaneously made by General Evans without any orders at all. Indeed it appears from a letter of General Evans to the Duke of Cambridge, which has been circulated since the publication of this book, that this general induced Colonel Steele to give an order, purporting to come from the commander-in-chief, for

the advance of the First Division; and a similar order is said to have been sent by Lord Raglan. The Duke of Cambridge and his staff have no recollection of the receipt of those orders. Such was the confusion to which the absence of the commander-in-chief gave rise. Mr. Kinglake sneers with his usual taste at the position taken by Marshal St. Arnaud during the action; but that position seems to be precisely the point from which his orders could most easily reach the several divisions of the French army. No censure has yet been cast upon Lord Raglan in the records of this war so severe as Mr. Kinglake's narrative of the battle of the Alma, and for the love and reverence we bear to his memory we deeply regret it. Never was a battle so unscientifically fought; fortunately for the Allies, the Russian generals made even more fatal blunders than our own, and the indomitable pluck of the troops carried the day.

Yet one point more. Mr. Kinglake affirms that the extravagant accounts given by M. de Bazancourt and others of the fight between the French and Russians at the Telegraph Hill are not only exaggerated but fictitious: that the Russians themselves do not claim the merit of any fighting on that spot; and that in fact no combat at all took place there. It is certain that the part taken by the French in the whole action is infinitely less than we were led to suppose at the time, as may be inferred from the fact stated in St. Arnaud's despatch that they lost three officers killed, we lost twenty-five officers and nineteen sergeants killed, and eighty-one officers and one hundred and two sergeants wounded. But the statement that there was no combat on Telegraph Hill is contradicted by very direct evidence. Mr. Kinglake himself admits that there was to every eye "the appearance of a fight," and is obliged to resort to the supposition that the young French soldiers were firing at nothing from sheer excitement. But on the following day Captain Hamley of the Artillery, then adjutant to Colonel Dacre's batteries, visited the spot, and has published what he saw there.

"It was not till reaching the plain on

which stood the unfinished signal tower, already mentioned as the contested point in the French attack, that there appeared signs of a sanguinary conflict. Many Russians lay dead there, and they lay thicker near the signal tower, the hillock on which it was built being strewn with them. Three or four had been bayoneted while defending the entrance; and in the narrow space within, which was divided into compartments, were three or four small groups, slain in the defence. Another spot near contained three or four hundred corpses."—*Hamley's Campaign of Sebastopol*, p. 36.

Either Captain Hamley did not see what he declares himself to have seen, or Mr. Kinglake's inferences from the Russian narratives of the battle are untrue. Captain Hamley's statement is corroborated by the officer who was sent by Lord Raglan to urge the French to advance, and who informs us that on arriving at the Telegraph Hill, immediately after the combat, he saw many bodies of the slain of both armies.

We now take our leave of this book, with great regret that its defects preponderate so largely over its beauties and its merits, but with a very strong conviction that animation of style and keenness of satire cannot extenuate the perversion of history. Mr. Kinglake had the good fortune to appropriate the most important and heroic subject of our times; he has degraded it sometimes into a libel, sometimes into a caricature. He had the advantage of some personal knowledge of the men and the events he describes; but his personal experience chiefly manifests itself in the shape of invincible antipathies or prepossessions. He intended, no doubt, to raise a monument to the glory of England, but he has defaced it by injustice to France. For these reasons we are satisfied that the country cannot accept this book as the fitting and lasting record of the Crimean War in English literature; but will rather deplore that the fruits of great talent and labor have been marred by a greater lack of temper and judgment.

"Some hand more calm and sage
The leaf must fill."

"He expresses with very little scruple his high opinion of his own powers; but his self-commendations are received without scorn or indignation: we allow his claims and love his frankness."

—Dr. JOHNSON, on *Dryden*.

This particular kind of egotism is generally the hardest to endure; but there is so much in manner. The egotisms we can best bear are the naive gossip talking about self which we find in old

Montaigne; the intense personal convictions of a man like Johnson himself,—for we are ready to bear anything to get at the intense personal convictions of a strong mind; and the kind of self-assertion that we meet with in Burke, where a man speaks of himself as having especial authority, and right to be heard on the point in question, from his circumstances, his character, his special opportunities of knowledge, his sufferings in the cause which he is asserting.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for May opens with a selection from Charles Lamb's uncollected writings, introduced and strung together by a few light and enthusiastic reminiscences, notes, comments, and criticisms by the author and compiler of the paper. We make some extracts from Lamb's good things, here for the first time brought together.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

THE DEATH OF COLERIDGE.

"When I heard of the death of Coleridge, it was without grief. It seemed to me that he long had been on the confines of the next world—that he had a hunger for eternity. I grieved then that I could not grieve. But since, I feel how great a part he was of me. His great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men or books, without an ineffectual turning and reference to him. He was the proof and touchstone of all my cogitations. He was a Grecian (or in the first form) at Christ's Hospital, where I was Deputy Grecian; and the same subordination and deference to him I have preserved through a lifelong acquaintance. Great in his writings, he was greatest in his conversation. In him was disproved the old maxim, that he should allow every one his share of talk. He would talk from morn to dewy eve, nor cease till far midnight; yet who ever would interrupt him? who would obstruct that continuous flow of converse, fetched from Helicon or Zion? He had the tact of making the unintelligible seem plain. Many who read the abstruser parts of his 'Friend' would complain that his works did not answer to his spoken wisdom. They were identical. But he had a tone in oral delivery which seemed to convey sense to those who were otherwise imperfect recipients. He was my fifty-years-old friend without a dissension. Never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. I seem to love the house he died at more passionately than when he lived. I love the faithful Gilmans more than while they exercised their virtues towards him living. What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel. CHS. LAMB.

"Edmonton, November 21, 1834."

CHARLES LAMB'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The following was published in the *New Monthly Magazine* a few months after Lamb's death, with the preface which precedes it:—

"We have been favored, by the kindness of Mr. Upcott, with the following sketch, written in one of his manuscript collections

by Charles Lamb. It will be read with deep interest by all, but with the deepest interest by those who had the honor and the happiness of knowing the writer. It is so singularly characteristic that we can scarcely persuade ourselves we do not hear it, as we read, spoken from his living lips. Slight as it is, it conveys the most exquisite and perfect notion of the personal manner and habits of our friend. For the intellectual rest we lift the veil of its noble modesty, and can even here discern them. Mark its humor, crammed into a few thinking words,—its pathetic sensibility in the midst of contrast—its wit, truth, and feeling,—and, above all, its fanciful retreat at the close under a phantom cloud of death:—

"Charles Lamb, born in the Inner Temple, 10th February, 1775; educated in Christ's Hospital; afterwards a clerk in the Accountants' Office, East India House; pensioned off from that service, 1825, after thirty-three years' service; is now a gentleman at large; can remember few specialties in his life worth noting, except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste sua manu*). Below the middle stature; cast of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably, and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism or a poor quibble than in set and edifying speeches; has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit, which, as he told a dull fellow that charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dulness. A small eater, but not drinker; confesses a partiality for the production of the juniper-berry; was a fierce smoker of tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then a casual puff. Has been guilty of obtruding upon the public a tale in prose, called 'Rosamund Gray,'—a dramatic sketch, named 'John Woodvil,'—a 'Farewell Ode to Tobacco,' with sundry other poems, and light prose matter, collected in two slight crown octavos, and pompously christened his works, though in fact they were his recreations, and his true works may be found on the shelves of Leadenhall Street, filling some hundred folios. He is also the true Elia, whose essays are extant in a little volume, published a year or two since, and rather better known from that name without a meaning than from anything he has done, or can hope to do, in his own. He also was the first to draw the public attention to the old English dramatists, in a work called 'Specimens of English Dramatic Writers who lived about the Time of Shakspeare,' published about fifteen years since. In short, all his merits and demerits to set forth would take to the end of Mr.

Upcott's book, and then not be told truly.
He died 18, much lamented.

“Witness his hand,

“CHARLES LAMB.

“18th April, 1827.”

BEFORE AND AFTER.

It is known to all who know Lamb, that his unfortunate farce called “Mr. H.” was hissed from the stage. The following letter was written to a friend in China immediately before the production of the ill-fated piece:—

“Now you'd like to know the subject. The title is ‘Mr. H.’—no more: how simple! how taking! A great H sprawling over the play-bill, and attracting eyes at every corner. The story is a coxcomb appearing at Bath, vastly rich—all the ladies dying for him, all bursting to know who he is; but he goes by no other name than Mr. H.: a curiosity like that of the dames of Strasburg about the man with the great nose. But I won't tell you any more about it. Yes, I will; but I can't give you an idea how I have done it. I'll just tell you, that, after much vehement admiration, when his true name comes out, ‘Hogshead,’ all the women shun him, avoid him, and not one can be found to change their name for him; that's the idea: how flat it is here! but how whimsical in the farce! And only think how hard upon me it is, that the ship is despatched to-morrow, and my triumph cannot be ascertained till the Wednesday after—but all China will ring of it by and by.”

Some time after, he writes again to the same friend in another strain:—

“So I go creeping on since I was lamed with that cursed fall from off the top of Drury Lane Theatre into the pit, something more than a year ago. However, I have been free of the house ever since, and the house was pretty free with me upon that occasion. Hang 'em, how they hissed! It was not a hiss neither, but a sort of frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring sometimes like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes, that hissed me into madness. 'Twas like Saint Anthony's temptations. Mercy on us, that God should give his favorite children, men, mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to promise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely, to sing with, to drink with, and to kiss with, and that they should turn them into mouths of adders, bears, wolves, hyænas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breath through them like distillations of aspic poison, to asperse and vilify the innocent labors of their fellow-creatures who are desirous to please them! Heaven

be pleased to make the teeth rot out of them all, therefore! Make them a reproach, and all that pass by them to loll out their tongues at them! Blind mouths! as Milton somewhere calls them.”

A CLUB OF DAMNED AUTHORS.

Lamb ends an article on “The Custom of Hissing at the Theatres” with the following account of a club of damned authors:—

“I proceed with more pleasure to give you an account of a club to which I have the honor to belong. There are fourteen of us, who are all authors that have been once in our lives what is called *damned*. We meet on the anniversaries of our respective nights, and make ourselves merry at the expense of the public. The chief tenets which distinguish our society, and which every man among us is bound to hold for gospel, are—

“That the public, or mob, in all ages, have been a set of blind, deaf, obstinate, senseless, illiterate savages. That no man of genius, in his senses, would be ambitious of pleasing such a capricious, ungrateful rabble. That the only legitimate end of writing for them is to pick their pockets, and that, failing, we are at full liberty to vilify and abuse them as much as ever we think fit.

“That authors, by their affected pretences to humility, which they made use of as a cloak to insinuate their writings into the callous senses of the multitude, obtuse to everything but the grossest flattery, are by degrees made that great beast their master; as we may act submission to children till we are obliged to practise it in earnest. That authors are and ought to be considered the masters and preceptors of the public, and not *vice versa*. That it was so in the days of Orpheus, Linus, and Musæus, and would be so again, if it were not that writers prove traitors to themselves. That, in particular, in the days of the first of those three great authors just mentioned, audiences appear to have been perfect models of what audiences should be; for, though along with the trees and the rocks and the wild creatures, which he drew after him to listen to his strains, some serpents doubtless came to hear his music, it does not appear that any one among them ever lifted up a dissentient voice. They knew what was due to authors in those days. Now every stock and stone turns into a serpent, and has a voice.

“That the terms ‘Courteous Reader’ and ‘Candid Auditors,’ as having given rise to a false notion in those to whom they were applied, as if they conferred upon them some right, which they cannot have, of exercising their judgments, ought to be utterly banished and exploded.

"These are our distinguished tenets. To keep up the memory of the cause in which we suffered, as the ancients sacrificed a goat, a supposed unhealthy animal, to Æsculapius, on our feast-nights we cut up a goose, an animal typical of the popular voice, to the deities of Candor and Patient Hearing. A zealous member of the society once proposed that we should revive the obsolete luxury of viper broth; but the stomachs of some of the company rising at the proposition, we lost the benefit of that highly salutary and *antidotal dish*.

"The privilege of admission to our club is strictly limited to such as have been fairly damned. A piece that has met with ever so little applause, that has but languished its night or two, and then gone out, will never entitle its author to a seat among us. An exception to our usual readiness in conferring this privilege is in the case of a writer who, having been once condemned, writes again, and becomes candidate for a second martyrdom. Simple damnation we hold to be a merit, but to be twice damned we adjudge infamous. Such a one we utterly reject, and blackball without a hearing:—

"The common damned shun his society."

"Hoping that your publication of our Regulations may be a means of inviting some more members into our society, I conclude this long letter.

"I am, sir, yours,

"SEMEL DAMNATUS."

OBITUARY.

"DIED, on Good Friday, the 3d of April, at his residence, in Martinsburg, Berkeley County, Virginia, in the 84th year of his age, PHILIP CLAYTON PENDLETON."

This brief chronicle announces the departure of a gentleman greatly beloved by all who knew him, and whose life was an illustrious example of that rare felicity of fortune which gathers around its possessor troops of friends unmingled with a single enemy.

Mr. Pendleton was the oldest surviving member of that large family connection bearing his name, distributed over the State of Virginia, and which has its representatives in New York, Ohio, Maryland, South Carolina, and Georgia; a family distinguished for its various and honorable service in the civil and military departments of the nation, from the Revolutionary era to the present time.

He was born in Berkeley County on the 24th of November, 1779; was educated in the best schools of the State, and graduated at Nassau Hall College, Princeton, in 1796, taking one of the high honors of a class which included Forsyth, Berrian, Gaston, and others well known to fame amongst the brilliant men, who, in past time, have reflected honor upon the highest posts in the National Government. He prepared himself for the profession of the law, and lived to enjoy the merited reputation of holding a position in the most eminent rank of the Bar of Virginia.

His aversion to political contest led him to decline the frequent solicitations of his fellow-citizens to enter into public life, to which aversion the exceptional experience obtained in his early manhood by a seat in the Legislature of Virginia, gave him additional motive to avoid a career so little attractive to his ambition.

He did not regard it as a departure from this resolution to accept an election as a member of the Convention which assembled, in 1829, to revise the constitution of his native State, holding that to be a service he could not refuse to the constituency which demanded it, and as one which did not commit him to other public engagements. With the same view he had, at an earlier period, accepted the appointment of the Legislature which designated him as one of the Commissioners of establishing and organizing the University of Virginia.

In both of these engagements he rendered valuable aid to the object for which they were assumed, and attracted from his associates an increased respect for his character as an able and wise counsellor.

During the administration of Mr. Adams he was persuaded by Mr. Clay, then Secretary of State, to accept the post of Judge of the District Court for the District of Western Virginia, but finding, after a short probation, that this appointment exacted from him a service which drew him too far from his domestic circle, he surrendered his commission to the Government, and from that day devoted himself to the easy duties of his profession, and the more agreeable service of presiding as the Chief Judge of the County Court in the town of his residence—a position which he held for many years and in which he gained, what he always cherished, with more gratification

than the repute he might have won in a broader field of ambition—the universal respect and confidence of the little community around his home.

In such vocations as these he spent a life of the purest benevolence, and when at last, he had filled the measure of his days, he met the summons which called him to the presence of his Creator with a cheerful obedience and with the calm and hopeful submission of an earnest, true, and blameless Christian man, who could look back upon the tranquil current of his days without reproach, and forward upon the eternity before him without trepidation or abatement of trust in the reward promised by his Saviour to the just. His character was marked by the peculiar blandness and courtesy of his manners, and still more by the truth and vigor of his intellect. He reminded one of the ideal given us in classical portraits of the ancient philosophers. His conversation was a perpetual stream of beautiful discourse, full of the richest thought and most recondite wisdom. Young and old found a charm in his society that was altogether absorbing. The humblest of his dependants, the poorest neighbor, the most cultivated associate, the man of large experience in the world, no less than the simplest and the least educated—all experienced in their intercourse with him a sympathy that immediately enlisted friendship, and an instruction from which each derived profit. His habits of life were extremely simple and partook of the sincere and truthful quality of his character, and leading him to estimate men more by their intrinsic virtues than by their pretensions; he was thus the most charitable of men in his judgment of others; excusing and palliating their faults, never speaking ill of any one, but rather seeking something to praise in such traits of goodness as he might find in the most erring. This temper made him naturally the peacemaker in the little strifes of his neighborhood, and the kind monitor of the vicious whom the world is inclined to cast off. Honor and truth were the uppermost motives of his own life and the themes by which he sought to direct the conduct of those who resorted to him for advice.

In the maturity of his manhood his figure and countenance were remarkable for manly beauty and the impression they gave of intellectual endowment and personal grace; and when age had thinned his locks and set its lines upon his face, it rather heightened this impression by the reverence it inspired for his experience and wisdom. Washington Irving, with his quick appreciation of rich and racy characters—having made his acquaintance in a visit to the Berkeley Springs—designated him as “that rare old cavalier”—whom he remembered with most affectionate interest. And, truly, Mr. Pendleton was one of the best representations of the qualities and bearing which romance assigns to that character—so commanding in presence, so gentle in breeding, so full of courtesy, intelligence, and honor.

His political opinions were formed in the school of Washington and Hamilton—that of the old Federalist—in which faith he lived and died, only growing the more stable and confirmed in his early convictions as age added to his experience. It was but the necessary and orderly result of his life-long attachment to the principles of this school that, when the present troubles broke upon our country, he should be found true to the Constitution and Union which his great teachers had founded. He was, therefore, most loyal amongst the loyal, and preserved his fealty to the Government of his fathers amidst much trial, peril, and persecution, which he bore with the fortitude of a patriot and the resignation of a Christian. His last thoughts dwelt upon the disorders of the day and his last breath was spent in prayers for his country.

That he has not lived to see the prolongation of these terrible disasters is his gain; that the generation he has left behind him have no longer the benefit of his counsels and example is our loss.

[From the *National Intelligencer* is copied this notice of the death of a gentleman with whom we have had yearly correspondence since the *Museum* began, forty-one years ago. It was he, who wrote to us, and whom we answered in *The Living Age* a year or so ago, upon the *genealogy* of the rebellion.]

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

Close his eyes ; his work is done !

What to him is friend or foe-man,

Rise of moon, or set of sun,

Hand of man, or kiss of woman ?

Lay him low, lay him low,

In the clover or the snow !

What cares he ? he cannot know ;

Lay him low !

As man may, he fought his fight,

Proved his truth by his endeavor ;

Let him sleep in solemn right,

Sleep forever and forever.

Lay him low, lay him low,

In the clover or the snow !

What cares he ? he cannot know ;

Lay him low !

Fold him in his country's stars,

Roll the drum and fire the volley ;

What to him are all our wars,

What but death-bemocking folly ?

Lay him low, lay him low,

In the clover or the snow !

What cares he ? he cannot know ;

Lay him low !

Leave him to God's watching eye,

Trust him to the hand that made him,

Mortal love sweeps idly by ;

God alone has power to aid him.

Lay him low, lay him low,

In the clover or the snow !

What cares he ? he cannot know ;

Lay him low !

GEORGE H. BOKER.

WAITING FOR OUR SOLDIERS.

"Therefore will I give men for thee, and people for thy life."

By the blue Potomac's waters,

By the Rappahannock's line,

By the sunny Southern rivers,

'Neath the holly and the pine,

Falling in the shock of battle,

Wounded, in their blood they lie,—

Pining with the dark malaria,—

So our youthful patriots die.

In the city, in the village,

In the hamlet far away,

Sit the mothers, watching, waiting,

For their soldier-boys to-day.

They are coming—daily coming,

One by one, and score by score,

In their leaden casings folded,

Underneath the flag they bore.

Thinks the mother, weeping, waiting,

And expectant all the day,—

When his regiment was summoned

How her soldier went away ;

With his bayonet a-gleaming,

With his knapsack on his back,

With his blanket strapped and folded,—

And his home-filled haversack.

Thinking of the courage swelling

In his eye and in his heart,

Though a manly tear was welling,

When he kissed her to depart.

Thinking of his precious letters

Written by the camp fire's glow,

Rich in love of home and country,

And of her who bade him go.

Counting now the lagging moments

For the knocking at the door,

For the shuffling and the tramping

Feet of strangers on the floor ;

Bringing in their precious burden,

Leaving her to grief and tears,

To the sorrow and the mourning

Darkening all the coming years.

Stay the wailing and the sighing

Who in bitterness complain ;

Said'st thou that our sons were dying,

Pouring out their blood, in vain ?

God forbid ! He slays the first-born

That the people may be free !

Not a drop of blood is wasted !

'Tis the price of Liberty !

— *Watchman and Reflector.*

IMPERISHABLE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,

That stirred our hearts in youth,

The impulse to a wordless prayer,

The dreams of love and truth ;

The longings after something lost,

The spirit's yearning cry,

The strivings after better hopes—

These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid

A brother in his need,

The kindly word in grief's dark hour

That proves a friend indeed,—

The plea for mercy, softly breathed,

When Justice threatens high,

The sorrow of a contrite heart—

These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,

The pressure of a kiss,

And all the trifles, sweet and frail,

That make up love's first bliss ;

If with a firm, unchanging faith,

And holy trust and high,

Those hands have clasped, those lips have met,

These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,

That wounded as it fell ;

The chilling want of sympathy,

We feel, but never tell.

The hard repulse that chills the heart

Whose hopes were bounding high,

In an unfading record kept—

These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand

Must find some work to do ;

Lose not a chance to waken love—

Be firm and just and true.

So shall a light that cannot fade

Beam on thee from on high,

And angel voices say to thee—

These things shall never die.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 989.—16 May, 1863.

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HYMN.

Written for the Christmas Festival of the Oaklands' School on St. Helena Island, S. C.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

OH, none were ever glad before
In all the world as we !
We're free on Carolina's shore,
We're all at home and free !

Come, Helper of the weak and poor !
Who suffered for our sake,
To open every prison door
And every yoke to break !

Bend low Thy gentle face and mild
And help us sing and pray ;
Thy hand that blessed the little child
Upon our foreheads lay.

Draw near and give us as we need
Thy truth that maketh free,
And bless us while we learn to read
The Book that tells of Thee.

We hear no more the driver's horn,
No more the whip we fear ;
This blessed day that saw Thee born
Was never half so dear.

The very oaks are greener clad,
The waters brighter smile ;
Oh, never shone a day so glad
On sweet St. Helen's Isle !

We praise Thee in our songs to-day,
To Thee in prayer we call ;
Make swift the feet and straight the way
Of freedom unto all !

Come, quickly come, thou gracious Lord !
Come walking on the sea,
And let the mainlands hear the word
That makes the islands free !

COME, SUNSHINE, COME !

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR OF THE "WINE PRESS,"
FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES VINCENT.

COME, sunshine, come ! thee Nature calls !
Give to the grape its vermeil hue,
Dispel the frost, the clouds, the storm,
Come sunshine, come ! the year renew !

The grain lies dormant in the soil,
The bird sings from the withered tree,
The frost-bound brook, the buried flowers,
Tarry, and watch, and wish for thee.

Come, sunshine, come ! the torpid Earth
Beneath thy kisses will awake ;
Her cheeks' own blush shall truly tell—
She loves thee for her own love's sake.

Lo, at the opened sash, the Poor !
Waiting for thee, their being's sum—
Cold their abode and scant their store—
Come and relieve them, sunshine, come !

Mountain and vale and desert waste,
Prairie and wood and sea-bound isle,

Lichen and insect, roof and spire,
Kindle to life beneath thy smile.

Pleasure, and love, thy coming wait,
Poets and birds thy coming sing,
Thy trusty kiss Creation needs,
Come, sunshine, come—we yearn for Spring.

SPRING IS COMING.

SPRING is coming ; we are near it
See you yonder soft blue skies—
Distant music, do you hear it,
From the leafless forest rise ?

Blue-bird, robin, happy bob'link,
Shall we see you soon again,
Hear your notes from morn to even,
O'er the hill-tops, in the glen ?

Will the trees be clothed with verdure—
Will the air be mild and sweet—
Will the grass be green and lovely,
Spring up gayly at our feet ?

Shall we see in all the meadows,
Clusters of blue violets gleam ?
Shall we go to hunt for lilies,
Close beside the mountain stream ?

Spring is coming ; friends are coming,
Well-known voices we shall hear,
When the breeze of May is humming,
While the waters ripple clear,

They are coming—not all coming !
Is there one, whose fast-shut eyes
Will not open with the blossoms,
Will not smile upon the skies ?

Is she hid beneath the snowdrop ?
Shall we hear her voice no more,
When her playmates gather round us,
Here beside the open door ?

Yet, believe me, she is coming,
As the crocus from the clod,
She will waken up to beauty,
When she feels the touch of God.

Ah, then, with tears of sorrow,
Should we dim these smiling skies,
Since we know some glad to-morrow,
Will restore her to our eyes ?

Spring is coming ; let us hasten
All its loveliness to greet,
With our hearts as bright and springing
As the grass beneath our feet.

Fair memorial of Eden,
By our race so long deplored ;
Brightest shadow of that heaven,
By the cross to be restored.

With the yearning of affection,
We have watched thy coming long ;
Blessed type of resurrection,
Be thou welcomed with a song.

—Boston Recorder.

From The N. Y. Evening Post, 14 April.
THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1862 AND 1863.

ARE WE ON THE RIGHT TRACK?

ON the 17th of September last we took some notice of a remarkable though very unpretending volume, entitled "Summary of the Art of War," by Emil Schalk — published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia. In that volume, which was published in the spring of 1862, Mr. Schalk discussed the probable course and results of the campaign, then but just opening, and foretold, with singular accuracy, the leading events, especially of the operations against Richmond, going so far even as to point out then—six or eight months before it happened—the rebel invasion of Maryland.

Mr. Schalk is no conjurer; but he seems to have studied very thoroughly the rules and laws on which is founded the art of war; and in applying these rules to the facts and movements going on before all our faces, he was able to see what were the almost inevitable results.

That an observer should be able to tell us in February of an event most unlikely to happen, but which nevertheless did occur in September, and that he should prove to us why it would happen, and that it was the sure result of the breach of certain laws and rules of the military art, is sufficient to prove, not only that there are such rules and laws, but that to violate them is most dangerous, even to a power so much stronger than its opponent as we are stronger than the rebels.

Mr. Schalk has just issued (by Messrs. Lippincott & Co.) a second volume, a discussion of the "Campaigns of 1862 and 1863, Illustrating the Principles of Strategy," in which he criticises and discusses at greater length the unfortunate campaign of last year; and points out, in a separate and most interesting chapter, the inevitably disastrous results of pursuing, during the present year—as we seem at present to be doing—a plan similar, if not identical, with that which brought defeat to our arms, as a general result, in 1862.

Our author recites three great principles which may be laid down as belonging to the entire science of war. They are:—

"1. To concentrate all disposable forces, and to act with the whole of them against a part only of the enemy's forces.

"2. To act against the weakest part of the enemy; against his centre if his forces be not united, and against his flank or rear, if they be concentrated. Also, to act against his communications without endangering our own.

"3. Whatever plan of operations has been decided on, it should be executed with the utmost promptness, so that the object may be attained before the enemy can prevent it."

He is of opinion that we have violated, more or less, all three of these fundamental principles.

As to the nature or character of our war, he remarks very justly:—

"We have said above that, according as the war is national, or merely governmental, as regards the invaded country, so the operations and especially the mode of occupying the country, have to be different. In the present case, though perhaps as regards the South, the war may be called national, there is no danger of such effects or results as generally attend national uprisings, because the whole male population able to bear arms is already enrolled in the regular armies; and the country being thus stripped of its defenders is void of all material for resistance, except where those armies happen to be. Occupation becomes, therefore, a secondary affair; and our main object should be the destruction or breaking up of the rebel armies. This successfully accomplished, and all resistance thereby destroyed, the downfall of the Confederate Government becomes a matter of course, as well as the surrender and occupation of the Southern towns and sea-ports."

"Three systems," he says, "have been principally employed for the conquest of a country. The first is to march several armies from the circumference into the centre of a country; the second, is to conquer by subduing and occupying one province after another; the third, is by marching one large force, on a single line of operation, right into the centre of a country, and when arrived there, spreading it out in all directions, like a fan, forming interior lines, dividing thereby the enemy, and forcing him to act on exterior lines. It is the very inverse of the first system.

"Grand operations in accordance with the geography of the theatre of war and those maxims which we have laid down as 'the third system,' will alone be able to bring about the destruction or breaking up of the rebel armies, an object which must be accomplished before attempting anything else."

He remarks, in the first place, on the immobility of our army :—

“ ‘Success is in the legs of the soldier,’ was the saying of Marshal Saxe; and if this be true for every kind of war, it is more especially so for great wars of conquest. Movement, continued, rapid movement, is the secret for obtaining success; and what soldiers can accomplish in that respect may be seen in the campaigns of 1805, 1809, 1812, and 1814, etc.

“ In 1805, Napoleon’s army was at Boulogne for the grand expedition against England, when the war with Austria broke out. Napoleon marched his army to Ulm, thence to Vienna, and thence to Austerlitz, making a total distance of three hundred and thirty-three leagues, or one thousand miles. From Boulogne to Vienna, nine hundred miles, was one continuous march. In 1809, Napoleon’s guard was in Spain, at Madrid and Valencia. When Napoleon was obliged to make preparations for the Austrian war, his guard marched, in nearly one continuous route from Madrid to Vienna, a distance of not less than six hundred and sixty-six leagues, or two thousand miles. In 1812, the army marched from the Rhine to Moscow, a distance of six hundred leagues, or eighteen hundred miles—equal to the distance between Washington and Galveston, in Texas.”

He draws a comparison between the efficiency of two armies—the one acting according to the principles of methodic warfare, and being furnished continually from its base of supply and its magazines, the other acting according to the principle, “War must nourish war.”

“The system of quartering or living on the inhabitants of the land forms the basis of all great wars of conquest or invasion; unless it be adopted, it is impossible to conquer an extensive country possessing large and organized armies.

“I do not wish to advocate here a system of great and legally organized robbery, which takes from the countryman all he has without any indemnification. I advocate only a reasonable and well-organized system of requisition, paying liberally for all it obtains, but furnishing the army with all the principal provisions from the country through which it passes. The greater the distance an army marches in one day, the more plentifully it may be supplied.

“All wars of invasion or conquest from the earliest times down to the most modern—from the Romans to Napoleon—were based upon and rendered possible by this principle

alone. Successful wars of conquest are therefore synonymous with rapid and energetic operations.”

He remarks of the system which has been pursued in supplying our armies :—

“It is scarcely necessary to remark that, in consequence of the slow marching and the frequent halts, in order to maintain the supply of provisions, the enemy gains ample time to prevent the success of any plan of operation, not to mention the inducement which such large wagon trains offer for cavalry raids in the rear of the army. Do away with this system of feeding the troops, and movement will become a necessity; the most advantageous strategic lines of operation can be chosen; there is no stoppage, except by the enemy; but this resistance is, under such circumstances, such as a general would desire. In other words, all that is impossible when following the old system becomes possible with the new. Where two men can plant their feet, an army can march. Nothing but a good administration or organization for collecting the provisions and paying for them is required. Based on such a system of living, and freed of part of its immense wagon trains, an army in this country may march on an average from seven-teen to eighteen miles with ease.”

IMPORTANCE OF THE MOUNTAIN DISTRICTS.

According to our author, the theatre or field of war, in our case, divides itself naturally into three zones—the right, or trans-Mississippi; the centre, lying between the Mississippi and the mountains; and the left, between the mountains and the seaboard. The last he esteems the chief, on which the principal operations will be conducted, and he regards the right flank of the left zone as the true field of grand operations.

“The army operating in the centre zone will be secondary to that of the left zone, and should only serve as a kind of diversion.

“Comparing what has been said, under the head of ‘Base of Operation,’ fig. 1, with the left zone, we shall find that it exactly corresponds with the case stated there: ab would represent the Potomac: bd , the Atlantic Ocean: ac , the mountain chain, or the frontier of Western Virginia: and cd , the Savannah. If we succeed in placing our army along ac , we should be able to act or take hold at any moment of the communications of the army A, which has for its only retreat the line cd , or the Savannah. The very moment a rebel army permits a Union army to act from the mountain district against its communications, or, what is better, to take hold of them so as to force it to fight, form-

ing its line of battle parallel with the sea, and facing the Blue Ridge—that is, forming its line of battle parallel with its natural line of retreat to the Savannah—this rebel army, in case of defeat, will not only be beaten, but, by a rapid pursuit, will be obliged to surrender, as it will be thrown back in the direction of the ocean, an obstacle which soon stops all further retreat.

“The possession of the mountain district is, therefore, for the holding of the left zone a necessity; and still better, it is a necessity for the possession of the whole theatre of war. In fact, this chain of mountains is like a wedge driven from the North right into the very heart of the theatre of war. It is the only elevated part of it, and dominates it in all directions. It is like a bulwark, or, better still, like the citadel of a large fortress, of which the walls are formed by the parallel ridges, the ditches by the rapid streams in the valley, and the doors by the gaps.

“Take the whole fortress—that is, the whole South—but leave this citadel untouched, and it will be the same as if nothing had been taken. In these mountains the Southern armies can rally; and, as by their occupation they maintain a decidedly central position, combined with the facility of debouching in any place, they can throw themselves, with their whole force, on all the surrounding fragments of our armies, and beat them in detail.”

We have not space for the details of a campaign which he lays out, in which an army marching through the valley of Virginia, and another meeting it from the upper Ohio, would join in Southern Virginia, and menace the Southern army. He says of the results of this grand movement, however:—

“It is evident that such operations, aimed right at the destruction of the enemy’s armies, are decisive; that all towns, sea-ports, etc., fall as a matter of course; and that, applied to the South, from two to two and a half months would be all that should be required to carry them through.”

He expresses the opinion that the campaign, or rather the plan of the campaign (of 1862), had some resemblance to the invasion of France in 1793. “The result was partly like that of this invasion, and would have been still more so, had the rebels taken a lesson from Carnot, and followed from the first his plan of defence.”

We have not space, for a condensation even, of his analysis of the campaign of 1862, in which he shows that our defeat was certain from the moment the plan was made, and

would have been more fatal had the rebels not also made blunders. We wish to take notice of the last chapter of his book, in which he discusses the campaign of 1863:—

“In passing in review the campaign of 1862, we have seen how a wrong general plan, a division of force, a choice of indecisive lines of operation, led to insignificant results, and even reverses. The campaign of 1863 opens for the Union forces without any change in the general plan of operations; it is but the continuation of the campaign of 1862. The capture of Richmond, and the opening of the Mississippi, seem still to be the main objects to be obtained by the Eastern and Western Union armies.

“A wrong general plan of operation will lead to bad or insignificant results if the counter-plan be correct, whatever the minor or detailed operations may be. In the plan of 1863, probably these latter will be different from those of 1862; but nevertheless the result ought to be the same.

“A long study of military history has led me to the conviction that great decisive results can only be obtained by a thoroughly correct action, especially in a case like ours, where the adversary is a skilful one, and understands the great rules of war himself, and, what is of more importance, knows how to apply them.

“The campaign of 1862, as well as that of 1863, are conducted on a great number of lines of operation, and consequently on wrong principles. Moreover, the general plan of operation being wrong, the objects which are to be attained by the different armies are such that, even were the plan of operation right, nothing decisive could be achieved.”

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1863.

He thereupon endeavors to depict the features of a campaign in which the rebels, acting on right principles, oppose, and successfully, our wrong plans. He gives the Government armies 650,000 men, and the rebels 330,000.

“Correct, but audacious, and perhaps even somewhat adventurous, operations by the rebels alone can obtain them brilliant successes; and the war, as we understand it, on the part of the South, is that of Napoleon’s campaign in 1796, only on a larger scale. Giving up everything, except the place where the army stands; concentrating their entire force on the decisive point; being victorious there, and gaining, by a few well-directed blows, not only what has been lost, but more too, is the lesson we may derive from this campaign.

“The object of the South in making war

is to repel invasion and to enforce peace and their recognition. Those objects can only be attained by destroying some of the principal Union armies and by taking the Federal capital; then making peace with the Federal Government, or with the different States separately, by threatening them with invasion. The first object, or the main object of the campaign is, therefore, the destruction of the Union armies or part of them.

"Taking the map in hand it will be seen—

"1. That the Union forces are scattered over a large tract of land;

"2. That they are acting on exterior lines;

"3. That the rebel forces are acting on interior lines.

"Consequently the natural plan of operation, in such a state of things, is to concentrate on the different points successively, and to defeat the Union troops successively and in detail, i.e., before they can unite. In campaigns of this description the principle is to make a break, generally in the centre of the long front of operation, thereby preventing the junction of the two wings, and then to defeat these separately.

"In the East the Union army at Newbern, and in the West the Union army at Murfreesboro, are excellently posted for the rebels to open the campaign by two decisive blows. The army at Newbern especially ought to be attacked: first, because it is a large detachment greatly exposed; and secondly, because it threatens continually one of the principal lines of communication of the South between the East and West.

"The Union army at Newbern we have supposed to be fifty thousand men strong. The concentration of Confederate forces to destroy them might be conducted in the following way: Already near Newbern, 5,000 men; from Savannah, 10,000 men; from Charleston, 10,000 men; from Richmond, 15,000 men; from army of Virginia, 33,000 men; from Blackwater, 3,000 men; from Petersburg, 4,000 men. Total, 80,000 men."

He gives with great minuteness, the manner and routes by which this concentration could be effected. He supposes this army to attack impetuously and to destroy our forces in North Carolina.

Query, whether this part of the supposed plan is not actually now about to be carried out?

Meantime, the rebel army in Virginia, greatly diminished, does not give battle, but retreats, fighting and disputing the passage of the rivers, into Richmond, which is supposed to be thoroughly fortified, and able to resist even a siege for some time.

"They reduce, therefore, the army of Virginia by 27,000 men more, which they send to Tennessee, giving positive orders to the remaining 50,000 to accept no engagement of consequence; to retreat if the army of the Potomac advances; and to be satisfied with defending the passage of the rivers, beating an advanced guard, etc.

"The campaign in Tennessee, as the next in importance, they would conduct almost simultaneously with that against Newbern; and this is possible in the present case; first, because the Union armies of Newbern and Murfreesboro are not large; and secondly, because the army sent to Goldsboro is not far from the decisive point, which we will suppose to be Richmond, and might be back there before a Union army could reach it.

"The movements against Murfreesboro might be combined in the following way: Army at Tullahoma, 50,000 men; from the army of Virginia, 27,000 men; from the army of Vicksburg, 25,000 men; from the army of Mobile, 5,000 men: from different detachments, etc., 10,000 men. Total, 117,000 men."

He gives again accurate details of the manner in which this combination could be made, with the time requisite. In fourteen days, according to his tables, 117,000 rebels should be concentrated at Chattanooga:—

"On the 14th, the commander-in-chief should arrive at Chattanooga; and on the same day the offensive operation should be commenced. With 117,000 men against 40,000 to 50,000, a commander can well propose to himself to destroy this latter army; and the only correct way to do this is to execute similar manoeuvres to those executed by Napoleon in 1805 and 1806—the relative position of the base of operation of the rebels to that of the line of operation of the Union army facilitating such action."

He gives also details of movement by which our army in Tennessee would be beaten. This done, he tells us the rebels would detach a force to send into Kentucky, to march to Louisville, if possible, but at any rate to Lexington, thence through the Cumberland Gap to be transported back to Richmond. The main rebel army of 80,000 men meantime pursues our army westward, beating all forces which oppose it, capturing Memphis; and then, after a short time for repose, hastening part of this army eastward again, for the grand and final operations in Virginia.

In the mean time he supposes the siege of Richmond going on; the rebel forces there receive daily accessions, as the operations in

North Carolina and Tennessee are completed. The Union army has a long and exposed line of communications from Fredericksburg or elsewhere. The moment the rebels are strong enough, 30,000 men are despatched to make a "raid" on these lines, in the rear of our army. The Union commander dares not detach 50,000 men—half his force—to meet this, for in that case he leaves the other half exposed to the attack of a superior force before him in Richmond. Our author says:—

"In a case like this the real character of different generals would show itself. A Napoleon or a Cæsar would, at the first notice of the raid, leave their trains and parks and move with their whole army, by forced marches, towards Orange C. H. or Pottsville, according to circumstances. Executed against them, this raid would be destruction to the corps which undertook it. A Wellington would probably at first do nothing at all, but raise the siege as soon as the reports were fully confirmed, and move with his whole material composedly back to his first base. A Jourdan or a Victor would send a detachment after the rebels, staying themselves with the main body before Richmond. A Moreau or Massena would get his trains in readiness, leave a strong detachment to cover them, with orders to retreat as soon as the rebels in Richmond manifest a desire to attack, and with their main body they would march to intercept the rebel corps which has undertaken the raid.

"In our case, I think that the undertaking of the raid would be sufficiently justified by the simple fact that a Napoleon or Cæsar would probably not have chosen the line of operation from Fredericksburg to Richmond."

We have not space to quote the details by which it is shown that, choose whatever base and line of operations it will, the Union army before Richmond could not escape defeat.

"Immediately after the decisive defeat of the Union army before Richmond, the offensive should be taken against the North. If the destruction has been complete, the entire rebel army should move. If the defeat has been only such as after the seven days' fight, fifty thousand men left at Richmond would be sufficient to defend the town; the remainder—some 180,000 to 200,000—should move on the day after the battle, by forced marches, to the North. Washington we will suppose strongly garrisoned, as well as Harper's Ferry and Baltimore. At Warrenton thirty thousand men would be detached, to move by way of Centreville against the Fed-

eral capital, as a kind of corps of observation: twenty thousand men would be sent through Ashby's Gap against Winchester, and thence against Martinsburg.

"Arrived at Buckletown, they would march east, and thereby prevent the garrison of Harper's Ferry escaping west or northwest. The main body of the army has meanwhile moved along Loudon Valley; at Aldie Gap about 100,000 pass through it; the remainder (some 40,000) move to Berlin; a detachment takes Loudon Heights; 10,000 men move to Fredericktown, and the remaining 30,000 march into Pleasant Valley, take Maryland Heights, and force the garrison of Harper's Ferry once more to surrender.

"Immediately after the surrender, and if in the mean while Washington has been captured, the entire corps moves toward Chambersburg, for an invasion of the North; if Washington has not been captured, then it moves against Baltimore. The main body having passed through Aldie Gap, advances to Conrad's Ferry, crosses the Potomac, and immediately proceeds toward Washington, which place ought to be attacked simultaneously, on the right bank of the Potomac, by the 30,000 rebels coming from Centreville, and by the 100,000 coming from Conrad's Ferry on the left bank. One or two forts carried on the left bank would open the way into the city, and this once occupied, the garrison in the forts on the right would probably be obliged to surrender.

"This short *exposé* will show that the rebels, by taking to grand offensive operations under the present circumstances; by defeating first the smaller Union bodies, and then by concentrating all their forces for the last decisive struggle; by leaving the Union armies in the West, far away from the decisive point, perfectly free to capture cotton plantations and open Western rivers to Northern navigation, while they (the rebels) are dealing decisive blows, and capturing large Union cities in the East, might finish the war to their own advantage, and this simply in consequence of the wrong plan of conquest followed by the Northern troops."

This is not an encouraging view. But it exposes the weakness of that plan, or lack of plan, on which we have acted and seem still to be acting. It shows how the rebels, if their leaders have sufficient genius, can with smaller means make the campaign of 1863 very disastrous and disgraceful to us: It shows that while we batter away vainly at Vicksburg and Charleston, which places are of slight importance to us if we get them, we do not in all this time strike at the sole defence and reliance of the rebellion, the

rebel armies. And if it exposes the false principles on which our general-in-chief is acting, may we not hope that it will induce the adoption of a sounder plan?

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1863.

It is, we trust, not too late in the spring to suggest to our military authorities a careful revision of the plans of campaign which they are now trying, or about to execute. We have accordingly prepared for the outside of this sheet a brief notice of a little military treatise, which appears to us to exhibit unusual sagacity, as well as scientific prevision, and to which we direct the attention of strategists. Perhaps we over-estimate the force of the writer's suggestions because they are so entirely in consonance with the views which have been so repeatedly urged in this journal in regard to the proper method of carrying on the war. One is apt to think that those who concur with him are wise, and in this way the judgment may be misled.

Our readers will bear witness that, from the beginning, the *Evening Post* has shown little favor towards that plan of operations devised by General Scott, and followed by Generals McClellan and Halleck, which has been popularly called the anaconda plan. We have never sought to embarrass its execution, though we have openly expressed our doubts of its efficiency. It proposed, if we are not mistaken, to surround the rebellion with powerful armies disposed at a dozen different points, East, West, North, and South, which, by gradually closing in upon it, should crush it to death, as the victim of a monstrous snake is crushed by the contraction of his folds. Forces were sent in pursuance of it to Missouri, Louisiana, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, and Tennessee, each independent of the other, and no two of them within a supporting distance. Now this has seemed to us in violation of one of the most fundamental and inflexible maxims of war, deduced from the practice of the best commanders, and illustrated in the experience of nearly all modern nations. That maxim is, that a nation making an offensive war must concentrate its disposable forces towards single decisive points, and not scatter them to every direction of the needle, to strike a dozen different blows, which, sup-

posing them all successful, nevertheless determine little or nothing.

It is a maxim as old as Julius Caesar, who applied it to his conquest of Gaul, but it had fallen into disuse among the routinists of the continental armies, when it was revived with brilliant and wonderful triumph by Napoleon. With the instinct of superior genius, that unrivalled commander, in the campaigns of 1805, 1806, 1808, and others, achieved miracles of success, quite as much by the skill of his combinations as by the rapidity of his movements. The armies of all the great powers of Europe united to crush him, in the anaconda fashion; Austria, Russia, Sweden, England, and Naples furnished the troops, five hundred thousand strong, which were destined to surround and overwhelm him; never did a military plan appear more feasible and certain: the position of each corps was marked, their lines of march traced on the map, and the very spot of their final junction indicated; but while they were converging slowly from all the frontiers and sea-coasts of Europe, the French emperor shot like a thunderbolt along his interior routes upon one army after another, until the whole were destroyed or dispersed. Like a gigantic spider he sat in the centre of the web, and as each enemy in succession approached his lines, he entangled that enemy in his fatal meshes.

Let us not, in our war against the rebellion, fall into the error of the European coalition. The defence of our frontiers is, of course, an indispensable first step; the blockade of the rebel sea-coasts, including the Texas border of Mexico, is another; the opening of the Mississippi, as a means of communication for the North-West, is also highly important; but these ends secured, the proper line of our military operations lies, not against detached cities like Richmond, Newbern, Charleston, Fernandina, and Galveston, but against the heart of the rebel Confederacy. Fortunately the geographical formation of our country renders the attainment of this central and controlling position easy. The great ribs of mountains which run from Pennsylvania to Georgia offer a series of intervening valleys, through which armies may move in security, holding their communications uninterrupted, and compelling by their simple movement southward, the evacuation of the Border States by the

rebel forces. We have, however, presented this aspect of the military problem so often, that we shall not dwell upon it here, farther than to refer our readers to Mr. Schalk's confirmatory exposition of it on another page.

It may strengthen our argument to add, that thus far the military movements of the year have not been as encouraging as the masses of the people had hoped. Has it been owing to a defect of energy, or to a defect of plan? We have failed to acquire the uninterrupted navigation of the Mississippi, though our forces have beleaguered Vicksburg and Port Hudson, the only obstructions, for many weary months; we have not reduced Charleston by means of the iron-clad fleet, which has been in preparation all winter; Hooker's grand army lies idle, as it has done since October last, on the banks of the Rappahannock; while Rosecrans, after one or two brilliant but indecisive battles, has passed the long weeks since in securing his positions, and maturing schemes for the future. Meantime the rebels while maintaining their lines of successful defence, give

signs of new and formidable activity in North Carolina and Mississippi. Foster is cooped up, and all our garrisons along the coast are more or less menaced.

It is true, that for much of the time since the year opened the soil and the weather have not permitted any vigorous movements of our troops. Though not nominally in winter quarters they have been so actually; they have been compelled to maintain the positions of last fall, or to satisfy the impulse of activity with desultory and inconsiderable skirmishes. The men have doubtless profited by the interval of repose; they have acquired new discipline and better skill; their ranks have been recruited by the return of former deserters, and our cavalry forces in particular, by occasional brilliant raids, have attained a confidence, enterprise, and daring which they never before possessed. All these are incidental advantages not to be overlooked. But they are advantages of little avail if our military rulers do not justify the superior manœuvres of the field by a superior strategy in the council.

TO PREVENT ALTERATIONS OF GOVERNMENT CURRENCY.—Of the legal tender notes recently engraved for the Treasury Department, the chief vignettes of the one, the two, the fifty, the one hundred, and the one thousand dollar notes are each portraits similar in size and appearance, and the vignette of the ten and the one hundred is the American eagle. The vignette of the two and the fifty is the same portrait of Alexander Hamilton, and the general appearance of the two notes is almost precisely alike, and alterations of these notes have already been announced.

To prevent such alterations, there exists a remedy, simple, effective, and feasible, which we should be glad to see tested by the Government in the first issue from the National Department. The bank teller detects the worst alterations from association, and if the chief engraving of a note is well remembered he will not be deceived. If for instance, the vignette of the one dollar note is known *always* to be an engraving of the Monitor, the first glance at the engraving will convey to the mind its value, let the *apparent* denomination be what it may. In engraving a set or series of bank-notes, the vignette and every engraving on the one dollar note should uniformly consist of *one* and only one prominent object, and the two, three, and five, in like manner, *always* of *two*, *three*, and *five* prominent objects, and no matter

what these objects may be, if they are *always* uniform in bills of the same denomination, the poorest judge of money cannot be deceived with regard to their value. The portraits of the first five Presidents or Secretaries of the Treasury, of five gold dollars, and hundreds of other devices, may be so designed as to beautify the national bank-note, and at the same time to indicate the denomination.

As the eagle is the sobriquet, the *nom de plume* of the ten dollar gold coin, an engraving of an American eagle should *always* represent the ten dollar note, and a device of a double-eagle should represent the twenty, while larger designs of public buildings or from historical paintings should *always* be found upon the notes of larger denominations. The border of the one dollar note should be narrow and its designs small, while those of the two, three, five, ten, and twenty should gradually increase in size, the vignettes for the fifty covering one-half of the length of the bill, and that of the thousand dollar note its whole extent; and every engraving, whether large or small, at the end or upon the border should indicate the denomination, until to alter a note will be to deface its whole appearance. With beautiful designs, thus gradually increasing in size, the engraver may produce a new series of bank-notes, and by association hereafter prevent all alterations.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

CHAPTER XXVI.

TWO LETTERS.

WHEN it was understood by everybody at the Halting Place that Mary Flaggs had absconded from her home, anger and consternation filled the minds of Drover and his nephew. At first, the latter thought she might have eloped with young Hopton : but he soon felt convinced that Arthur knew nothing about her disappearance. It was evident that she had merely fled from the house to avoid the threatened marriage with himself. To go in pursuit of her at once became his object. For many reasons the girl could not be permitted to escape. He learned from the driver of the Tilby coach that she had taken her place alone in the vehicle for London, and she was now in all probability endeavoring to conceal herself in the city. It might be possible to find her out by searching diligently. It somewhat puzzled Mat to know where she got the money to enable her to make her escape, for he never dreamed that Margaret had assisted and plotted with her. The Drovers considered it politic not to speak much of their granddaughter's flight to the villagers ; the less notoriety it gained the better. So, when Mat hurried off to London in quest of her, he did so quietly.

Meanwhile Maria Lipwell found herself placed in a most distressing position as regarded Lord Dulbeadie. Her mother, stern and unrelenting, would hear of no objections to her accepting his attentions ; and fearful of agitating her father in his present weak state of health, by appealing to him against his wife's mandates, the poor girl suffered great misery. She loved her mother affectionately, and to obey her desires had always been her aim ; but in the present case, passive obedience was impossible. The scenes that occasionally passed at the manor-house between mother and daughter were heart-rending. It has been said that Maria more than once flung herself on her knees to entreat her mother to have pity on her ; but Mrs. Lipwell listened in vain to such prayers. She had married for a position herself, sacrificing all heart, all feeling, and she could not sympathize with her daughter's sorrow. It was not easy for a timid, gentle young girl to contend against an authority so supreme as that of Mrs. Lipwell. There was something terrible to her in the thought of her mother's displeasure. From childhood she had quailed

at the angry glance of her eye, and yet this fear was mingled with great love. "Give me time at least to make up my mind," was always the poor girl's entreaty, hoping thus to delay the fatal crisis ; and, to say the truth, Mrs. Lipwell did not wish to hurry her marriage. She would be satisfied if it took place during the following spring, in about two months from the present time. Two months ! To Maria it seemed but a short respite ; yet night and day she prayed that something might occur, to save her from her impending doom. Little did she anticipate what the future had in store for her, both of loss and gain.

One morning, as usual, Maria and her father sat together in the apartment which Mr. Lipwell used as a sitting-room ; it adjoined his bedroom, and was carefully excluded from the cold air of passages, being far removed from the busy portion of the establishment. To this room and his bedchamber the invalid was now entirely confined. The once worldly, fashionable man, who thought in former days of little save his own gratification, was rapidly becoming a most melancholy spectacle — joyless, spiritless, sightless !

The post-bag was brought in.

"How many letters to-day for me, Maria?" asked Mr. Lipwell.

"There are two, papa," replied his daughter, who looked very steadily at the handwriting of one of them ; "and one is very heavy, indeed, more like a packet than a mere letter. Shall I read the smaller one, first?"

"Yes, my love."

And Maria tore open the more shabby-looking of the two letters, reading thus:—

"HONORED SIR,—You were always a kind friend to me, and full well I believe that, if you had your respected health in this transitory life, you would not suffer me to be annoyed by those people, who I look upon as upstarts in the county, and no more able to hold a candle to the Lipwell family than the lowest grade of rank. It is distressing for a man who has held, with credit and applause, the mastership of the Tilby Almshouse for so many years, to be now bullied and persecuted by enemies anxious for my dismissal. I have shed tears to think of such mean treatment. Who is Sir Thomas Combely or Mr. Goldie, that they should presume to think your honor did wrong in giving me the post I hold? I feel that anything done against me is a re-

flection on your respected self. It is a cowardly act to run me down now with my large family grown up, and getting old with gray hairs; but it never would occur only your honor is laid up, and so I humbly appeal to your kindness of heart, and put a stop to further malice. If I am discharged and thrown upon life again without a resource or shelter from the wild blast of Heaven, at this age, there's no knowing who will suffer most, me or those that brought me to this.

"Your humble, grieved servant,
"DAVID WYNNE."

"Write to Wynne this moment, Maria," said Mr. Lipwell, frowning, as soon as the letter was read, and without waiting to hear the contents of the other epistle. "Get pen and paper this instant!"

Maria did as desired, and wrote thus, as her father dictated:—

"DAVID WYNNE,—I am sorry I cannot in any way interfere with the rules of the committee appointed to guard the interests of the Tilby Almshouse. I have every wish to serve you; but the proofs of the negligence with which the accounts, etc., have been carried on are too strong to admit of your escaping blame. The business, also, concerning Joe Taddy is shocking. I have ceased entirely to mix myself up with public affairs, and they must pass into other hands than mine.

"Yours, with much concern,
"JOHN LIPWELL."

Mr. Lipwell had something of his old proud look when that short letter was finished; and it had not passed away when his daughter broke the seal of the still unread missive. But a quarter of an hour later the cold perspiration brought forth by terror, surprise, and agitation, lay glistening on his brow, while Maria stood beside him, pale and trembling.

Both letters had been read then.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A REMARKABLE MEETING.

WE left Mary Flaggs in a fearful predicament, standing before the old corner-house, her arm held in the fast grip of Mat Drover! She had only time for a shriek, a frantic motion, and in an instant after, she was bounding like a demented creature down the long, narrow street, the small snow drifting upon her, the wild, wintry blast whirling in gusty eddies round her. Not in the direction of Mrs. Godsell's house she fled, but straight before her—anywhere, so that she might es-

cape the pursuit of her terrible cousin. She passed round the corner of the narrow street, and along another and another, till she came to an open door, just at a sharp turning. It was the door of a private house, which stood slightly ajar; and, knowing that Mat must be in pursuit, she bethought her of rushing into this haven, and closing the door upon her till he should have time to pass the house. She now found herself in a respectably furnished hall; a shining oil-cloth was beneath her feet, a lamp was burning overhead, a clock ticking distinctly at the head of the well-carpeted stairs leading upwards.

With a beating heart, the girl stood breathless after she shut the door, listening to the wail of the storm without, yet feeling she was safe for the present. Mat would never think of her being hidden within that house. Had he gone to look for her at Mrs. Godsell's? Had Margaret betrayed her at last? It was possible. Then she began to think of the occupants of the house now sheltering her; whom did they consist of, and what would she do if discovered standing there in that silent hall? The clock ticked on, keeping time with the beating of the girl's heart; a quarter of an hour had almost elapsed since her entrance, and still no one had appeared to molest her. She now thought of leaving the house, and going once more out. She must endeavor to get a night's lodging somewhere, but she had not a farthing in her possession; all her money and clothes (except those at present on her), and her books, were at Mrs. Godsell's. Perhaps she might venture there next morning, in the broad light of day, but certainly not at this hour, with the chance of meeting Mat Drover there. And what would Mrs. Godsell think of her sudden disappearance? Even if Mat had not gone to her, and revealed who she was, how could she expect to be taken back as a servant after such strange behavior? She was just stretching forth her hand to raise the latch of the hall-door, when a knock came to it from outside. She hesitated then to open it. Could it be Mat at last? Tat-tat-tat! sounded loudly and impatiently. She darted up the silent stairs, and stood trembling upon the lobby above. Soon there was a noise of footsteps below; somebody was going to open the door; afterwards she heard a woman's voice speaking sharply.

"Who shut me out, and I only gone round

the corner a minute ago? You needn't be so much afraid of robbers; nobody would have found out the door was ajar till I'd have come back. Is the gentleman come in yet?"

"No," replied another voice, older and weaker, "he went to the prison again to-day, and he's likely detained there."

Mary did not breathe freely till these speakers seemed moving away from the hall; they were going below to the kitchen department. As soon as the house was silent again, she was venturing to run down-stairs, when lo! another knock, quick, authoritative, sounded at the hall-door. Now, what was to become of her? She must surely be discovered. The door was opened soon. Mary felt as if everything was in a whirl; she could not move from the lobby. A light but firm step was ascending the stairs, coming up in her direction. Was it all a frightful dream? A small lamp, suspended from the lobby ceiling, lighted the objects round her; she saw the carpet, the stairs, the banisters, all quite plainly; she saw also the figure advancing up the stairs; but as her eye fell upon it she could scarcely believe that she saw correctly. With a surprised exclamation, she rushed to meet it.

"O Mr. Raynor, thank God it is you!" she cried, wildly.

"Mary Flagg's!" said the gentleman, in wondering accents, for it was indeed our curate. "I did not know you had left Larch Grove; are you wanting anything of me?"

"Oh, no, sir, not exactly; but I ran in here by accident, to hide from some one I wished to avoid. I beg your pardon, sir, but I'll go away now."

"Where are you staying?" he asked in a hurried tone, scarcely less agitated than her own.

"Oh, I'm not staying anywhere at present, sir," she replied in confusion.

Mr. Raynor looked steadily at her.

"That is strange. Stay, do not leave quite yet; it is of great importance that I know where you are living. I have some particular questions to ask you."

"Oh, then, sir, I am sorry I can't answer them!" exclaimed the girl, bursting into tears suddenly, "especially if they are about my friends down at the Halting Place. I was obliged to leave them, and I can never go back!"

"Have they treated you cruelly?" asked Mr. Raynor, with interest.

"Oh, no, sir, not exactly that; but they wanted me to marry somebody against my will," said Mary, blushing and confused, "and so I came to London here, to earn my bread, and I wouldn't for anything in the whole world let them know where I was."

"And who were you trying to escape from when you ran in here?"

"Well, it was some one from home, sir—a person that I knew was pursuing me."

"Did you love your friends at the Halting Place very much?" inquired the clergyman, after a pause.

"I am afraid I never had the same feeling for them I would have had if I had known them when I was younger; they always seemed strange to me, sir; but maybe it was my own fault."

"Then you would not care if you never went to live with them any more."

"Oh, no, sir, I'm afraid I wouldn't. I hope they will not care to lose me, for I was only a burden on them."

Mr. Raynor looked for some moments so earnestly at Mary, without speaking, that she wondered at the peculiar expression of his face. She was afraid he thought her very wicked.

"Did you continue latterly to attend Miss Lipwell's class at Sunday-school?" he asked at last.

"No, sir, not just latterly; I got ill, and when I recovered poor Miss Lipwell was so heart-broken about her marriage, people said she gave up doing anything; you never saw any one so altered as she is, sir, since Christmas, and every one knows Lord Dulheadie is only wanting her fortune," said Mary, indignantly; "the servants at the Manor all pity her from their hearts."

Again a curious flash of light came into Mr. Raynor's dark eyes; it was some minutes before he spoke next.

"You must not go out alone at this hour; I will direct one of the servants to show you to some place of safety near this, and I will see you again to-morrow."

He then rang a bell which summoned an elderly woman of respectable appearance to whom he explained, in brief terms, that he wished her to see Mary to the nearest lodging-house.

"You're very tired I suppose, sir," said

the woman as she was turning away, followed by the young girl. "And what about that wretched criminal, Stephen Cumber? Is he to be hanged without a doubt?"

Mary caught the banisters; her head was in a whirl; before another minute had elapsed she was perfectly senseless.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DISCLOSURES OF CRIME.

Nothing could exceed the wrath of David Wynne when he read the contents of Mr. Lipwell's letter, rejecting his earnest appeal for assistance. A more venomous hater than Wynne could be, when thwarted, did not exist in the world. Plausible, smooth-spoken, obliging to the last degree towards any influential person who had befriended or was likely to befriend him, he was, on the other hand, revengeful to a wonderful extent when he found an enemy. Mrs. Lipwell was his enemy now, and he also felt enraged against her husband, his patron and protector of years—but he visited his wrath chiefly upon the lady, and he spoke ill of her at Tilby, sneering at her family and connections in a way that only David Wynne knew how to sneer.

One fatal committee-day, especially appointed at the almshouse, the gentlemen composing the board of guardians, came to an unanimous resolution. The master and matron must resign their posts. Seeing that he had no hope of redress, David Wynne complied with this demand in a perfectly cool, unabashed manner. Mrs. Wynne, however, betrayed much agitation when called upon to give up what she had held for so many years. She understood how much she and her husband had lost by their vice and carelessness—how greatly they must sink in the esteem of their neighbors. As may be imagined, each blamed the other for the miserable turn affairs had taken. What was to become of their fine lady-daughters? They had been educated far above the station in which they were born, and what would now avail their music and drawing and smattering of accomplishments? They were not fit for governesses, and they knew not how to be servants.

"Their pride will get a sore fall," thought Suky Sparrow as she sat in the sunny side of the almshouse yard. "I often thought things would come to this pass when I saw

them flouncing by the poor paupers in their gay clothes, turning up their noses at us as if we were dirt! It's always the way with that sort of overbearing haughtiness; who knows but David Wynne will end his days in this very workhouse yet?"

Meanwhile, during this distressing and humiliating state of affairs, as regarded the Wynnes, much consternation and perplexity reigned at Larch Grove Manor, in consequence of a communication received from Mr. Raynor, which I will now hasten to make known to the reader. It will be remembered that Mr. Lipwell received a letter on the same day that one from David Wynne reached him, which caused both him and his daughter much agitation. Its contents ran thus:—

"MY DEAR MR. LIPWELL—

"Circumstances of a peculiar kind having come to my knowledge, of late, I think it only my duty to acquaint you with them, as they materially concern yourself and family; and although I fear the information which I am about to impart may cause you considerable perplexity, you will understand, I feel assured, that I could not conscientiously attempt to conceal a particle of it from you. As to the truth of the statements forwarded to you in this letter, that can only be fully ascertained at some future period, and I will, in the mean time, commence at once my story. Upon leaving Larch Grove, I repaired to London, where I have resided ever since, and after passing some weeks of idleness, the idea struck me that I might make myself useful by visiting the numerous prisons in the city, and affording spiritual consolation to the unhappy inmates. I did not wish to accept a regular appointment as gaol chaplain. In the present state of my mind and health, I felt that I must only act without restraint or being subject to any fixed rules. I could not bind myself down to any regular employment. I thus commenced making a round of the prisons about five weeks ago, and at length met with a guilty man, whose face I knew was familiar to me. He was convicted of the murder of a pedler with whom he had happened to travel through a lonely part of the country. You may have seen an account of the affair in the newspapers, but doubtless the recollection of it has escaped your memory. Unhappily, this murder was not the wretched man's first crime. He has long been an offender against the laws; and although before confined in prison, and even transported to Australia for fourteen years, still he has committed many crimes hitherto unknown to the world. This man's name is Stephen Cumber. I had

seen him previous to coming to London : his face was familiar to me, yet I could not call to mind under what circumstances he had before appeared to me, till he told me himself that he had seen me at Larch Grove, where he had lived for some weeks with the innkeeper, Richard Drover, at the Halting Place under the name of James Selfe. Finding himself at length condemned to death, with no hope of reprieve, and besides that, suffering from extreme bodily illness, he has betrayed some signs of repentance. My exhortations have not been without effect. He has made to me a full confession of his crimes, requesting that I should make known whatever seemed right to myself. A few days ago, I wrote down one particular statement, in almost his own words, and I send you a correct copy of it, as it best explains what I have to impart to you. He thus began his tale of horror :—

“ ‘ I am a native of York ; my father was a butcher in that city, and till I was eighteen years old, I helped him in the business ; then I grew sick of such a life, and tried to get employment as an assistant in a grocer’s shop : succeeding in the endeavor, I stayed in the establishment of a Mr. Jerkins for a year and a half, when I fell into bad company and began going to the play and other places of amusement, which cost much money. One time, when I found all my money gone, I stole five pounds out of the till at Mr. Jerkins’s, and when it was missed, I tried to fasten the blame of the theft upon one of my fellow shopmen, but being suspected myself, I was dismissed in disgrace, and obliged to look out for some other employment, but got nothing to do, except helping my father at the slaughter-house, for nearly two years. One night, at a tavern, I happened to meet with a man called Richard Drover, who had come to York to buy horses for his wagon. He said he was in want of an ostler in his stables at Coyle, where he kept an inn : and as I happened to know something about horses, from having generally taken care of the one that my father kept for the convenience of attending markets and fairs, I offered to go with him to Coyle, and as the wages I asked were small he agreed to take me as ostler. I remained in his service for nearly five years, during which I gained the favor of his eldest daughter, Mary Drover, and we carried on a secret courtship from the time she was seventeen. They seemed to be rather wealthy people, and I knew I was no match for Mary, but she did not care for that ; she said she was willing to marry me without a penny. She had other lovers, better looking than I was, but she wouldn’t look at one of them. God knows why she fancied me. It was her fate, I suppose. I never was so fond of her as she was

of me, and I wouldn’t have married her at all, only I thought her father and mother would forgive her, and portion her well at last. Yet she was a well-looking girl, that many a man would have been proud of. We eloped from Coyle one autumn, when I was twenty-five, and she twenty-one years old. We went to London and were married there, and of course the Drovers were very much enraged against us both. We took an old house that had a good many rooms in it, somewhat out of repair, and the rent being low we determined to let these rooms to lodgers, high or low, whoever would pay for them. I still hoped Mary might get her fortune from her father ; but when I found he wouldn’t answer her letters, or ever see her, I grew discontented and began to hate her. Sometimes I wished she was dead ; and when our first three children died, I was very glad, though she took their deaths sorely to heart. At last, I think she wrote to her father to say how I ill-treated her, and that she would not live with me. I saw a copy of the letter afterwards. Her abuse of me softened her mother’s heart towards herself, and brought about a partial reconciliation, though Mrs. Drover would never see her ; but she sent her money, and Mary used to try and hide it from me, but I always found out when it came, and used to threaten that I would go and rob some one if she did not give it to me at once. I had made a mistake in thinking the Drovers wealthy : they only had the show of money. Drover used to come up to London latterly to borrow small sums from money-lenders which made me know he was in want.

“ ‘ Our lodgings did not get on very well, and our means were very scanty. I blamed my wife for our misery, and I used to spend my time drinking in the neighboring taverns. Twice I committed robberies of money that were never found out ; and once I joined in a burglary at Baker’s Hill with two other men, by which I got a great deal of plate that I sold for twenty-five pounds. After these robberies I generally stayed away from home till the money was spent, when I returned to take whatever money my wife might have in the house. One day I happened to be in a large shop in Regent Street, when I saw an old gentleman changing a bill for fifty pounds at the counter. I watched him putting up the money in his pocket-book, and leaving the shop ; he was rather feeble, and he did not drive from the shop, but walked. I followed him, and as it was winter, the dusk soon fell. I was surprised at the distance he went, passing on from street to street ; once or twice I thought he turned back to look suspiciously at myself ; and when we came to a lonely place, where people were few, I spoke to him, saying I

was a poor man in want of money to pay a night's lodging. He stopped and told me to cease troubling him and to move on, or he would have a policeman to take me up. We were just standing near an archway leading to a dark, deserted lane. Being a strong man, I hit him a violent blow on the temples with the stick in my hand, and then dragged him into the lane, where he lay insensible, with a great gash in his forehead. I then searched his pockets, and got the fifty pounds, and a gold watch. I left him to die or recover as he might, and then decamped. This was the first time I had attempted anything like murder. I did not go home for a month after that occurrence. When I did go back, I found that my wife was again the mother of a living child. It was a girl, and just as delicate as the three children already dead. I hated the sight of it, but still I was enraged if my wife threatened to go away and bring the child with her. I liked to show my power over her. It was a pleasure to me to reflect that, abject and degraded as I might be, I was yet superior to my wife, and had a right to rule over her. I used to beat her sometimes so that she could hardly walk. We were getting very badly off again, when one dark winter night, very late, a young woman with the look of a lady, very small and delicate, came to our lodgings, bringing with her a letter from my wife's mother at Coyle, saying, that she was wishing to hide from a man called Wynne, who had been employed to conduct her to Liverpool, where he was to see her embarked for America, and that she did not want to go there at all. I did not care much about her history, but, though she called herself Mrs. Oliver, I had my own notions that she never was married, and that she had no friends in London. I believe my wife knew more about her than I did: they grew very fond of each other, and used to talk a good deal about Tilby and Larch Grove Manor, in —shire, which my wife knew something of, having been apprenticed to a dressmaker at Tilby when she was about fourteen. We had one servant, an old woman of about sixty-five, who got no wages; she told me that our new lodger had piles upon piles of sovereigns in a bag in her bedroom. It used to make my heart throb to hear of them, for I had begun to love gold very dearly. I was always dreaming of entering Mrs. Oliver's room and taking possession of the precious hoard; however, before I had made up my mind to rob the lady, I was called upon to assist in another burglary, which resulted in failure, and I was obliged to hide myself for two months, till I found out all danger of detection was over. When I went home, our lodger was with us still, and likely to remain for some time, as she was very del-

icate after the birth of an infant. I must not forget to say, that I had met Richard Drover in the city before going home this time, and he told me he was in great want of money. I probed him as well as I could, and by degrees found out that he was willing to engage in any scheme by which he might gain about thirty or forty pounds. I had always known Drover was far from honest, but I could not be sure that he would agree to rob on a large scale. I mentioned to him all the money Mrs. Oliver had, which he knew himself beforehand, and we both came to the conclusion, that if we robbed her no one would care to right her. She was only a poor forsaken woman, hiding herself from the world, and likely to be thought of by no one. We asked Mary a great deal of questions about her, and all at once I saw a look of wild fright come into my wife's eyes at our speaking so much of her. In a minute I knew she guessed we were meditating foul play. The young woman herself had always a scared expression in her face, I thought, when I saw her; she seemed desperately timid and nervous; there were times when I saw her eye shrink if I happened to look at her, and what was still more curious, her child couldn't bear me. She used to scream terribly if I went near her. Old Peg Tibbins, our servant, told me the spot the money was in, and how much of it remained now, which was seventy-six sovereigns. I dare say she took some for herself when counting them, but still there was enough left for Drover and me to risk something for. At first Drover wouldn't hear of murder; he thought we could steal the money without taking life, but I feared that was impossible. I had grown so hardened, that the thought of crime had lost all its horror. I was sure that my wife suspected something of our evil intentions—she looked nearly crazed, and at last, as I had my eye upon her, I knew that she would tell Mrs. Oliver that she was to be robbed, and so prevail upon her to leave the house. However, I baffled her in this scheme. I made Drover pretend he and I were obliged to leave home for a few days, and would not be back that week, and we left the house, intending, secretly, to return that very night. I had my latch-key as usual, and at about one o'clock we entered the house softly. Drover always persisted in saying we ought not to murder the lady, but I saw he did not much care whether we did or not. I had learned to move about so stealthily, that sometimes none but the finest ears could be aware of my movements. Long past midnight, I went up to the door of our lodger's room. I knew that she kept always a lamp burning in her room, even when in bed. I turned the latch noiselessly, and even closed the door again without making any

perceptible noise. Then I stood breathlessly within the chamber, not daring to move again for many seconds. To my surprise, I found that my victim was not yet in bed; she was kneeling at the bedside praying; her head sunk down, and her face buried in her hands. Now was my time, I thought, before I might ever again meet the scared glance of the shrinking eyes. I advanced with caution, but the boards suddenly creaked. In an instant the young woman started to her feet. My gaze was fixed upon hers. I saw a look in her countenance that I never can forget, though it was only for an instant. She uttered no cry; she seemed to know that mortal help could not avail her now. The kitchen of the large house was far off, and my wife's room was still farther. At all events, I gave her no time for uproar. In a very few minutes she was a corpse. The shrieks of the infant, lying awake in the bed, struck me with horror when I had finished my deed. The candle on the bedside table was burning clearly, and I could see the child staring about it with an intelligence wonderful to contemplate. For an instant I thought of murdering it also, and I held my large knife over it in the bed, but I had enough of slaughter for one time. I turned away and let the child live. I secured the money from the spot where Peg Tibbins told me it was lying; and then Drover and I prepared to hide the body of the murdered woman. There was a large coal-vault underground in the house, which answered our purpose exactly. We conveyed the body there, and having taken care previously to provide ourselves with a pickaxe and spades, we worked half the night with all our vigor to make a grave deep and wide, where the corpse could lie safely. We removed every trace of the murder from the room where it was committed, and before morning, Richard Drover and I had left the house, bringing with us most of the dead woman's clothes and books, which had been packed up by herself, so that my wife might possibly believe that her lodger had run away, leaving her child behind her. We remained away from the neighborhood for nearly two months, having heard nothing, during that time, of any alarm about the disappearance of the murdered woman.

“When I ventured to return home, I found the house shut up; the doors and windows were fastened; my wife and Peg Tibbins were both gone. I naturally concluded that Mary had gone to Coyle to her parents, but on going there to find out, I heard that she had not either written or appeared there. I felt a great distrust about this flight of my wife—fearing that she might have found out what happened our lodger. I sought her everywhere, and even put advertisements in

the papers, offering a reward to any one who would give information respecting her, but I never got any tidings of her. I searched for old Peg, and found her readily enough; she told me that my wife had discharged her shortly after discovering that Mrs. Oliver had absconded, leaving her the burden of her child—saying that she should give up the house, and go to the country. I thought the old woman had a strange look in her face when telling me this, but it might have been only fancy. She said she left the house at once, on being discharged, and did not return to it again. The money I got by this last robbery did not serve me long—ill-gotten gold seldom seems to thrive. I soon entered into another scheme of committing a burglary with some others, but we were discovered before our plans were ripe for execution, and all were sent to prison. I was tried, and got off with fourteen years' transportation, which I spent in Australia, having only returned from abroad about eight months ago. As soon as I got back to England, I went off to Coyle at once, hoping to find the Drovers still there; but I heard they had left the hamlet, and gone to settle in the neighborhood of Larch Grove, where I followed them. They gave me but a poor welcome, and wanted me to go off again; but I felt reckless, and as if I didn't care what became of me. I wanted bread, and I threatened both Drover and his wife till they agreed to harbor me under their roof by the name of James Selfe. Hearing that they had a granddaughter with them, I naturally supposed she was my child, but Drover told me she was not. I thought he was telling me an untruth; and then his wife, in a fit of anger, informed me that my child was long dead, and that the young girl living at the Halting Place was the daughter of the unfortunate woman that I had robbed and murdered at the lodging-house in London! To corroborate her statement, she showed a letter written from America six years ago by her daughter Mary, saying that she believed herself to be in consumption, and explaining that she had escaped there nine years ago, hoping never again to see the face of her husband, who, she felt sure, had murdered the unfortunate young woman, Mrs. Oliver. She also stated that her own child had died in a convulsion fit, a week after the disappearance of the lodger, and that she then determined to run away, and bring the orphan infant left in the house to the Tilby Almshouse, where she hoped it would be well taken care of. She described how she carried it in her arms all the way from London to Tilby, walking much of the journey, and suffering great hardship—sometimes sleeping at night under a hedge, or by the shelter of a haystack. At last she

got to Tilby, and then, after resting herself, and putting on her best clothes, she went in the evening to the almshouse, carrying the infant, which was heavily drugged with laudanum, in a bundle under her cloak. She asked to see a woman whom she had formerly known at the almshouse, and was speedily admitted, remaining with this person, who was old and blind, for a long time. Upon leaving the asylum, in the dusk of the evening, she managed cleverly to drop her bundle in the outer hall, in a little nook, and the shawl round it being of a dark color, it was not a striking object. This feat being accomplished, she left Tilby on the spot, repaired to Liverpool, and got off to America. When all this was made known to me by the Drovers, I was acute enough to know that they must have some secret motive for having taken the girl, Mary Flaggs, from the almshouse to live with them. I threatened Drover till he had to tell me the whole truth about her, and I learned that Mat Drover, when acting as waiter at the Tilby Hotel, had overheard Mr. Oliver Lipwell, the only son and heir of Mr. Lipwell, of Larch Grove Manor, when lying on his death-bed, telling David Wynne, the master of the almshouse, that he had privately married Miss Price, who was governess at the Manor, and that she was his lawful wife. This happened to be the young woman that came to my wife's lodgings for refuge in London, calling herself Mrs. Oliver, whose child had been reared at the pauper asylum, and which child, if it was really true that there was a lawful marriage between her parents, must be heir to the Larch Grove property, instead of Mr. Lipwell's eldest daughter. This fact made the Drovers wish to get her into their power, and marry her to their nephew, Mat. The chief thing that puzzled them, how to establish her claim to the property, was, that Mat forgot the name of the church where Mr. Oliver Lipwell said he was married to Miss Price; but I suggested that we should search the registers in every church in London for a notification of the marriage, and as I expected to gain something by the business myself, I offered to go to London and begin the search, but I was prevented doing so by the murder of the pedler, for which I am now condemned to die, and which is known well enough to the public. This is a sketch of my wretched life, early begun in wickedness; and I make the confession humbly and penitently, hoping Mr. Lipwell, of Larch Grove, will take steps to prevent his granddaughter falling into the hands of Matthew Drover, who is nearly as guilty a man as I am myself.

"Thus, my dear sir, ends this fearful narrative; and it is our duty to dive deeper into

the matter! I am willing to give all the assistance in my power. The master of the almshouse, David Wynne, must be examined as to the truth of Matthew Drover's statement respecting the private marriage of your son in London; and Stephen Cumber has informed me that his wife did not die as she believed she would, when she wrote her confession from America, but is still living at Montreal, and, of course, able to explain all that she knows of the matter. Likewise, I understand that the old servant, Peg Tibbins, is yet alive, and her statements may be of importance. Since writing the above, by a singular chance, I have met with the young girl, Mary Flaggs, who, it seems, has escaped from the Halting Place, to avoid the contemplated marriage with Matthew Drover. She is, as yet, quite unaware of her real name and birth, believing herself to be the child of the wretched criminal, Stephen Cumber.

"Awaiting any directions you may have for me,

"I am, dear Mr. Lipwell,

"Very sincerely yours,

"GEORGE RAYNOR."

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. LIPWELL'S INTERVIEW WITH DAVID WYNNE.

HAD this letter of Mr. Raynor reached Mr. Lipwell ten years ago, he would have been full of proud wrath; perfectly unbelieving of the truth of the statements contained in it, he would have charged the young man with an unworthy design against his honor and estate—a foul conspiracy to humiliate him and his family; but now the case was different. The memory of his departed son was dear to him; the thought of that son having possessed wife and child, even though the wife might have been an obscure and humble individual, gave him rather consolation than annoyance. Yet he was profoundly agitated by the details concerning the unfortunate fate of the miserable young woman. He felt that he was in a measure responsible for her disastrous end. Had not he, a strong man, honored by the world, though often erring in the sight of God, sent a young and forlorn creature, most fragile and delicate, from his house, under the escort of a rough, unrefined man, whose protection was only to be extended to her till she should reach the sea-port where she was to embark for a strange land? Had he not thrust her forth, portioned her off, it is true, but feeling no pity for her, only anxious to see or hear of

her no more? Yes, John Lipwell! you had done this; and though, when in the midst of health and strength and vigor, you thought you had performed your part well—yet now, while standing feebly on the brink of eternity, your conscience feels that you cannot face God and say, “I have acted right!” His daughter had read Mr. Raynor’s letter all through, trembling far more at the thought of the writer than the writing; and when she came to the end of it, she flung herself on her knees, before her father, crying, in wild excitement,—

“If it is true, O my father, that this girl is to take precedence of me as the lawful heir-ess of Larch Grove, for mercy’s sake let her have her right, and let me be free! I would give up houses and lands, money, and all, so that I might be allowed to follow my own inclinations, and become an independent, unfettered being!”

“Nay, my beloved child,” said her father, in a quivering voice, “you must not let your generosity carry you too far. I know you will do what is right, cheerfully; but, even if you are obliged to relinquish your claim to all this landed property, you will still receive a fortune worthy of your birth. I always intended to portion you and your sister well, when I thought Oliver was to inherit Larch Grove. You and Letitia will ultimately possess all my funded property, which is considerable.”

“My supposed heirship has been the curse of my life for months past!” cried the poor girl, giving way to the long-suppressed feelings of her heart. “For God’s sake, let me have no fortune—no gold to make me the prey of the sordid and the needy! I cannot bear to marry Lord Dulheadie, and I would rejoice at any means that would save me from him!”

This confession took Mr. Lipwell by surprise; he had not before even suspected that the suit of Lord Dulheadie was distasteful to his daughter. The dim eyes could not see how faded and wan the poor girl had looked for weeks and weeks; how often the tears dropped heavily on the book she was reading to him; how wasted was the once rounded form. And Maria had never ventured one word of complaint of her mother’s cruelty. It was only now, when excited to a high pitch, by the thought of freedom, that she gave utterance to the misery oppressing her.

Strange, indeed, that George Raynor should be the means, perhaps, of releasing her from a miserable fate.

Mr. Lipwell’s first impulse, on recovering composure, was to send down to the Halting Place in quest of Richard Drover, but his messenger brought him word that the inn-keeper was not at home. Neither he nor his nephew had been at the inn for more than a week. Then Mr. Lipwell determined to see David Wynne, to whom he regretted having hastily despatched that short answer to his letter, seeking help of him; but as soon as Maria had finished writing it she had left it in the post-bag, and it was conveyed to the village office, while her father and she were in perplexity considering the extraordinary contents of Mr. Raynor’s letter. Under these circumstances, Mr. Lipwell hesitated to send for Wynne for some days; and while he hesitated, the special board, summoned at the almshouse, had received the formal resignation of the master and matron. David Wynne was now thrown upon the world, a bitter, disappointed man, fallen through his own unworthiness. He was sitting in a low alehouse at Tilby, one day, when a note was handed to him from Mr. Lipwell, requesting his immediate attendance at the Manor-house. The messenger who brought the note had also brought a horse for Wynne to ride to Larch Grove. Very dogged and unforgiving, David prepared to obey the summons. He was a disgraced man now; all amends that Mr. Lipwell might wish to make to him would be too late. His ride from Tilby did not dissipate his dark feelings, and he arrived at the Manor-house with a cloud on his brow. Mr. Lipwell, however, could not see how he looked; and after speaking for a short time, in a concerned tone, about Wynne’s own affairs, he cautiously commenced what he wished to say respecting the private marriage of his son with Miss Price. David answered his patron’s expressions of regret for his misfortunes with short, sullen replies, that prevented the latter from dwelling long upon them; but when Mr. Lipwell came to touch upon his son Oliver’s affairs, a wild gleam of revenge and triumph shot out from Wynne’s eyes.

“Did you ever hear of my son having married Miss Price?” asked Mr. Lipwell, in a trembling voice.

“I did,” said David, firmly.

"Was it only the idle report that was spread about the neighborhood for some time?"

"No, it was more than that."

"How much more?"

"My knowledge was gained from Mr. Oliver himself, on his dying bed; and, faithful as I was to your interests, and regardless of your feelings, Mr. Lipwell, I never let a syllable of that knowledge pass my lips to mortal man or woman in all the last four or five years. I respected the sentiments of every member of the Lipwell family, and wouldn't have caused one of them to blush with wounded pride more than I'd have cut my hand off, and how was I rewarded for my faithfulness? By casting me off in the hour of need, and letting rich men with high stomachs triumph over me! Yes, Mr. Lipwell, your son Oliver was legally united in wedlock to Miss Price, and the certificate of the marriage stands in St. Mark's Church, London."

Wynne paused to see the effect of his words on the old man's face. What a fearful expression was in his eye as he scanned the agitated features of his companion!

"Are you prepared to take your oath of all this?" demanded Mr. Lipwell, after a pause.

"Ay, ready at a minute's notice; and prepared to add that I think the young woman came by her death through foul means. I think the Drovers murdered her."

David expected to see Mr. Lipwell grow still more pallid than before, when he made this astounding declaration; and it was music to his ears when he heard his victim utter a faint groan.

"The money you gave her was her ruin," he continued. "It would have been better to send her from your house penniless than with all that gold about her—better to have placed her under the care of some kindly woman—than to embark her out on the world in that unprotected way."

"You know, Mr. Lipwell," proceeded Wynne, "she was a simple, quiet creature, no more fitted to contend against cunning or wickedness than a child. I was sorry from my soul that I ever had anything to say to conveying her from Larch Grove. I had daughters of my own, and I ought to have had more compassion on a helpless one of their sex."

Again Wynne paused to note the effect of this observation on Mr. Lipwell.

"St. Mark's Church, you say?" was all the old gentleman said next.

"Ay, St. Mark's! So Mr. Oliver's dying lips said, and he writhing in agony, and the blood——"

"Hold, sir!" called out Mr. Lipwell, in a tone of authority. "Cease your impertinent remarks, made purposely to annoy me. All that I want to know you have told me. I am now satisfied that my son married Miss Price; his character is cleared from the stigma that rested upon it, in my estimation, for so many years. Thank God, he was less guilty in going before his God than I had before believed him to be!"

David Wynne shrank from the flashing brightness of the sightless eyes, now turned full upon him. He had failed in his object of wounding his former patron's proud spirit, and he felt abashed.

"Leave the room now, if you please," said the blind man, stretching forth his hand, for the silver bell on the table before him. "I have learned of you all I want to know."

Wynne dared not utter another syllable; all his effrontery had forsaken him, and he slunk off like a dog in disgrace;—while Mr. Lipwell murmured to himself, once again, the words, "St. Mark's Church, London," that they might become fixed in his memory.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WINDING-UP.

AND NOW, reader, there is not much more to relate of this strange narrative. Mr. Raynor was written to, and desired to employ all possible means of discovering the truth of Stephen Cumber's statements, respecting the birth and parentage of the girl known as Mary Flaggs; and he succeeded in finding the register of marriage of Oliver Lipwell and Sarah Price, at St. Mark's Church; where was also registered the baptism of their child, Sarah Lipwell, with the date of its birth and christening; the old woman, Peg Tibbins, who was called upon to give her testimony, having declared that she carried the child to that church for baptism on the day it was christened. She also stated that Mrs. Cumber's own infant died at the lodging-house in London, previous to her dismissal from her service. Stephen Cumber expired in prison of fever before the time ap-

pointed for his execution, thus escaping an ignominious death; and both Richard Drover and Mat managed to flee the country before steps were taken for their apprehension; while Mrs. Drover and Margaret, being privately examined by Mr. Raynor and Mr. Lipwell, confessed that they both were aware of who Little Flaggs really was when she arrived at the Halting Place from the Tilby Almshouse. Mrs. Cumber was written to, and asked to come to Europe, for the satisfaction of Mr. Lipwell; and, as she no longer had a husband to dread meeting in England, she complied with his wishes, having received a large sum for her necessary trouble and expenses. This woman clearly narrated what she knew respecting the orphan placed by her in the almshouse. Her statements, made on oath, carried conviction to every mind; and the lodging-house, where she and her wretched husband had lived in London, being searched, the coal-vault was discovered containing, under its flooring, the skeleton of a human form, thus leaving no doubt that Stephen Cumber had told his story but too correctly. Mr. Lipwell required no further proofs that his son's child was alive, and fully identified. What his wife thought, when she became aware that her daughter could no longer be regarded as heiress of Larch Grove, can more easily be imagined than described; yet, she betrayed no violent feeling on the subject; she was too haughty to make an open display of disappointment. Maria confided to her father the fact of Mr. Raynor's attachment to her, and the state of her own feelings, with regard to him; and, as Mr. Lipwell had the highest confidence in the clergyman's worth, he gave his consent to their marriage; Lord Dulheadie, of course, easily resigning all pretensions to Maria's hand, on learning that she was no longer the wealthy heiress, whose thousands a-year were to build up his ruined fortunes. Maria was presented with a portion of £15,000; while the living of Larch Grove—now vacant by the death of its former possessor—was given to Mr. Raynor.

Arthur Hopton, who had suffered much anxiety during the period of our heroine's absence from Larch Grove, was, of course, highly astounded and delighted to ascertain that there could no longer exist any obstacle, as regarded birth on her side, to his venturing to renew the sincere professions of love

he had made to her, while believing her to be the granddaughter of the village inn-keeper. All his fears now were that he might look upon as inferior to her. But his aunt felt that if there was anything that could reconcile her to the loss her daughter had suffered, it would be to see her nephew the husband of the newly found heiress. In the estimation of our heroine—who must now be called by her proper name of Sarah Lipwell—there existed no reason why she might not consider Arthur Hopton as her *fiancé*. Perhaps the greatest happiness she experienced in discovering that she was of gentle birth, instead of the daughter of the criminal, Stephen Cumber, consisted in contemplating how she would now be the equal in rank of the lover whose addresses she had rejected in her humility. It was only to Arthur that she at length confided the many fears and misgivings that had oppressed her from the first evening of her arrival at the Halting Place till the day she fled from it. She told him of her conviction that a man had been murdered by her Cousin Mat, the first night of her stay at the inn—describing how she had seen the corpse borne into the room adjoining her garret-chamber, while she was looking through the chink in the partition dividing the apartments. It was her belief that the murdered individual was the son of the Larch Grove gamekeeper, Mark Stedman, who had mysteriously disappeared from the neighborhood, and was never heard of since. Without doubt, Mat had conveyed the lifeless body in the wagon towards London, and disposed of it in some spot far from Larch Grove. As time advanced, she became aware that the Drovers almost altogether lived by theft and depredations. They were inveterate poachers of all game, skilfully managing to avoid detection. Sometimes they carried off sheep from neighboring farms, without the robberies being discovered; but it was only by chance that the young girl became aware of these terrible doings. It was a source of great satisfaction to every one about Larch Grove when the Halting Place was razed to the ground, and all trace of the Drovers destroyed.

David Wynne rejoiced exceedingly that Mrs. Lipwell's daughter was cut out of the possession of the Larch Grove estate by the unexpected turning up of Mr. Oliver Lipwell's child, even though it was the poor,

despised foundling of the almshouse who had benefited by this change of affairs. It was apparently a "come down" for Miss Maria Lipwell, to be just the wife of a plain rector, living at the old Parsonage House, instead of being the lady of the Manor. But Maria herself knew that she would not give up her present lot for any other in the world. The picturesque old Parsonage had latterly been to her the dearest spot her eyes ever rested upon; and her ambition was satisfied when she became its mistress. Her sister married a baronet in Cumberland, and became a gay lady of fashion, very different from the quiet rector's wife at Larch Grove. The daugh-

ters of David Wynne were reduced to much distress by the alteration in their father's circumstances. One of them became a nursemaid in the family of a shopkeeper at Tilby; another married, ultimately, a common day-laborer; and the youngest one, who had a taste for dressmaking, was at length elevated to the position of waiting-maid to the heiress, Miss Sarah Lipwell.

"Well," said Suky Sparrow; "who would ever have thought, fifteen years ago, that one of David Wynne's daughters would yet be waiting on the poor, forsaken orphan, Little Flagg?"

THE REPUBLIC NEEDS CHRIST.—The Church of the living God, in her own voluntary membership and spiritual vitality, asks not, and would even shun, the patronage and livery and hire of the State. Permeating and interpenetrating the membership and citizenship of the State, she is yet, in her laws, spirit, and constituency, distinct. She is, in some sense, alien to all civil rule. She has "another King, one Jesus." But, on the other hand, the State needs a morality. She cannot, as a republic, with any consistency, refuse to recognize the morality which the majority of her citizens consider as the true and the divine. That morality, in the Christian system, is a portion—a vital portion indeed—but not the entirety of the Christian religion. The State, as a State, takes for its secular uses the morality; but is compelled also, in the oath, the rest-day, and the marriage contract, to give a distant nod of recognition to religion, as furnishing the requisite sanctions of this morality. But while the State in mass stops short with the morality, the several citizens of the State, in their individual immortality, and in their accountability beyond the bounds of this world, have larger and more lasting wants than the collective State; they need personally, and of free conviction, to adopt the religion. And without a large, active, prayerful, and resolute body of such citizens, so holding individually the religion, the morality of the State will not be kept in working order. The State may indeed have no conscience of her own; but unless her citizens, many of them, keep a conscience, she is lost. Christ does not need the republic, but the republic needs Christ, as the base and bond of her morality, without which she cannot shape or keep her political life. And every man, woman, and child in the republic needs Christ as the Ruler, Owner, and Redeemer of the soul for both worlds, and for all days, here and beyond. And he, the thrice Blessed, invites them to his salvation.—*Rev. Dr. Wm. R. Williams.*

SALT.—There is this explanation of the apparent inconsistencies of Indians and animals of the chase as to the use of salt. The deer of the Alleghanies came to salt licks, and the Algonquins used the warm springs. The buffalo of Kentucky made paths to the salt runs. But the deer and bison of the high rolling prairies and the valleys of the Rocky Mountains never seek salt, and the cause of this is that the soil and consequently the grass is impregnated with it. The leading source of the decay of the Indians is the use of liquor not of salt. Alone of all nations they are without a native alcoholic stimulant, and its sudden and excessive use works corruption of the blood.

F. P.

NATIVE BREEDS OF CATTLE.—Amid the noisy speculative cant in favor of foreign breeds of neat stock, let a voice be heard for the neatest kind of all—the "old red" Yankee breed of kine: small eaters and good milkers, delicate neck, small head, black below the knee, with limbs finely turned. Then, for oxen: of fine fibre, quick movers, strong workers, long endurers. The Puritans—the best breed of men—brought over the best breed of horse and cow kind, but were no friends to hogs. Why should we suffer the old race to be rooted out? Are the "old reds" to be bored out of existence because their sires are uselessly sought for in "herd books"??

F. P.

"As things seem large that we through mist
desery,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify."—POPE.

Not so always; on the contrary, dulness quite as often diminishes things of real importance as she exaggerates trifles. The fact is, stupidity confuses all magnitudes, as "colors agree in the dark" (Bacon), and this sometimes from ignorance, sometimes from stupid envy.

From The Examiner.

Lispings from Low Latitudes; or, Extracts from the Journal of the Hon. Impulsia Gushington. Murray.

THE gayety is here of a bright woman's genius spent for the sacred purpose of beguiling pains of sickness in the nearest household friend. These genial sketches, vivid with the mirth that comes of true wit and a cultivated intellect, were a chief among many refined pleasures in one of the best and happiest of English homes. But since the little household jest was made into a book, those eyes that it was used to brighten have been closed in death; the faithful, cheerful nurse is now a mourner. For some months, therefore, the book, ready before Christmas, has been withheld from publication. But its kindliness of humor, and the playful delicacy of its touches of wit, jar with no chord of true natural music, and it is no new thing that the laughter of this life should lie so near its tears. The book of mirth is one that will awaken in some hearts sad memories for many a year to come. Its very name is a domestic joke; but to the wide world that, taking the book literally, reads it, as we must speak of it, for no more than what it contains, it is simply one of the wittiest and merriest of *jeux d'esprit*.

The Hon. Impulsia Gushington is symbolized in the vignette on the cover of the book as a great goose at the Pyramids; a goose in a pork-pie hat. It is a custom of the English language, for what reason we know not, to imply only kindliness—usually indeed an affectionate kindliness—of ridicule in calling any one a goose; or it means absolute kindliness without ridicule when the similitude is to a duck; while turkey-cocks, calves, pigs, jades, asses, dogs, puppies, and all other animals of a farm are used to suggest only censorious ideas. So here it is suggested only with the kindest extravagance that the Hon. I. G. is a goose. She is a maiden lady innocent of the world, impulsive, gushing, full of trust in all she sees and hears. There is no scorn in the hearty laughter raised over her diary, or in the four and twenty clever pictures, unsurpassed by those of Leech himself in comic force, with which it is illustrated. Instead of the contemptuous and shallow ridicule of modern burlesque, or the stupid play on words that takes the place of thinking, we have true touches of quiet wit, the jest lying

always in the thought itself and never in the mere distracting accidents of sound, which good writers avoid as impediments to just expression.

Thus, in the first sentences of Miss Gushington's diary, what could be simpler than the words that convey a sense of the monotonous passage of time through a quiet solitary life, and humorously suggest Miss Gushington's unconsciousness in her own person of the gray hairs and the sallow cheeks of age that they bring with them? The little there is to think of and the much that is made of what there is to think of, in the person of the one familiar gentleman: the short hint, by the way, of the manners of that gentleman, the fashionable lady's doctor; the queer little old maidish sense of literature;—how much is told with a gay delicacy of caricature in a few perfectly unobtrusive sentences?

"1st January, 1861.—Another New Year's Day! Dear me! how astonishingly fast they come round; and all so like one another. If I did not begin to perceive a few gray hairs about dear Bijou's muzzle, I should hardly credit the lapse of the last ten years.

"I certainly feel a little bilious this morning. This foggy time of the year never agrees with me, and the light to-day seems to me to cast a most unbecoming shade over the complexion.

"I have been interrupted by a singularly agreeable and well-timed visit from my valued friend and physician, Sir Merlin Merrivale. He quite poh-pohs the notion of my being bilious, and assures me I look younger than I have done these ten years! What a delightful temperament he possesses! so cheerful and animated. I think, upon the whole, that there is no profession I so sincerely admire as the medical one. A doctor is ever a charming companion; seeing so much of life, with such varied attainments, such resources of scientific knowledge, how can they fail to eclipse all other men in their powers of conversation?

"Sir Merlin tells me that he makes it a rule to read some entertaining book in the carriage, between his professional visits. —'Does it on principle;—a change in the current of the ideas being as necessary to the mind as a tide to the ocean.' How striking is the observation, and how true! He 'fancies that my ideas have been running all one way for some time past, and thinks a change would be beneficial.' I am sure he is right!

"I have been trying to ascertain exactly what is the subject that has particularly occupied my thoughts of late, but I have not come to a satisfactory conclusion. Bijou's

asthma certainly engrosses me at times; and the parrot's state of health gives me much uneasiness; but not to the exclusion of other things. Then, again, that redness in my faithful Corkscrew's face, which has increased so alarmingly of late,—that *has* preyed upon my mind a good deal. I ought to have spoken to Sir Merlin upon that subject. Corkscrew himself attributes it to a rheumatic affection, hereditary in his family.

“4 P.M.—A note from Sir Merlin,—and a book. ‘Eöthen!’ pretty name! I am to give him my opinion of the work. Sir Merlin strongly advises me to travel. ‘Travels himself pretty constantly; always takes a little run in the holidays:—spent a week in Otaheite last September, and thinks of a trip up the Zambesi this autumn.’ How delightful it sounds! His activity is quite inspiring; I feel an inclination to go Somewhere immediately. It must be so beneficial to the mind.

“Sir Merlin says some very striking things in this note about the ‘desirableness of making the most of our opportunities, and of cheerfully appreciating the powers and faculties allotted to every age.’ I see he ends with a quotation:—

“‘Nor from Life's last stale dregs hope to receive
What the first sprightly runnings could not give.’

Dryden! hum! I can't say I admire him much. A little *coarse* I should say, and certainly *obscure*. ‘Last stale dregs,’—what a pothousy sound it has! And then again, ‘sprightly runnings;’ of course I understand the indirect allusion to Sir Merlin's active movements; but surely the words ‘rapid locomotion’ would have conveyed the meaning more clearly, and given a more elegant turn to the expression.”

Miss Gushington having fallen asleep over the delights of *Eöthen* finds it a delightful book, and is shown in the first plate as she sits by the fire with the book in her lap and Bijou on a cushion by her side, the fair reader whimsically intent in elderly maiden meditation as she evolves out of the depths of her inner consciousness an exact image of the accomplished author.

“What a fascinating being he must be!—simple, earnest, full of reverential feeling and mild enthusiasm! he has taken complete possession of my imagination. I know by instinct what his personal appearance must be: *dark*,—with the rich bronze of travel on his manly cheek,—wild masses of raven hair, and flashing eyes of jet! Something Manfredy and Corsairish in expression, perhaps,—but

mellowed and softened, no doubt, by the gentle influences of a more ornate civilization.

“I wonder—does he still wander on those distant shores? or, like the honey-bee laden with exotic sweets, has he returned to garner his perfumed memories in his native land—and another volume? If in England—*where*? I gather from the book that he is still unmarried,—if so—*why*? Ah, Frolic Fancy! whither wouldst thou stray?

“The answer from Sir Merlin just arrived! ‘the author of “*Eöthen*” is *not* dark, and he is married.’

“4 o'clock P.M.—I have been reading a page or two of my favorite poet, Moore. What beautiful lines those are,—

“‘’Twas ever thus: since childhood's hour, etc.’

“*Mem.*—Moore infinitely superior to Dryden! Far deeper knowledge of the human heart.”

In the next picture, one of the best, we see Miss Gushington ringing the bell, her face in a mild intellectual blaze of sudden inspiration.

“Minikin (my attached personal attendant) thinks with Sir Merlin that travel would do me good. She recommends Margate.

“5 P.M.—A delightful thought has struck me; it has positively illumined the blank of existence. Why should I not follow in the glowing footsteps of ‘*Eöthen*!’ why should I not bask in the rays of Eastern suns, and steep my drooping spirits in the reviving influences of their magical mirages?

“The idea was an inspiration! I instantly rang for my faithful Minikin, and bade her prepare for Eastern travel at the shortest notice. That excellent creature, Corkscrew, shall also attend me;—with these well-tried and trusty domestics about me, I shall not dread the wrench from old associations; familiar faces can make any land a home. Dear little Bijou! neither shall you be left behind.

“I have been endeavoring to revive faint recollections of a long-vanished past. I know that—when a little child of five summers—I accompanied my honored parents to some bathing establishment on the coast of France ('twas the first and last time I ever quitted my native land). I cannot recollect its name or situation,—but this broken link in memory's chain adds a tender pleasure to the zest of foreign travel. Dear, dear ‘*Abroad*!’ your image is henceforth connected with the memory of my sainted parents, whose portraits seem to bend from their frames and to smile in mild approval of my determination.”

Mrs. Minikin now meditates profoundly on the subject of travelling-board wages. But

the excellent Corkscrew had to be left behind in charge of the house and cellar, since the faithful creature not only sees at once the difficulty Miss Gushington had not considered, that if there is to be travel in Egypt, he may be expected to black his own boots on the journey, but also, the lady tells us,—

“Proceeded to remark, with some asperity of manner, that he understood, from a gentleman’s gentleman of his acquaintance, who knew the place, that there was a good deal of going up rivers, in native boats called ‘*Dabysers*,’—that he begged to know ‘whether he should find a proper pantry and steward’s room on board these here “dabysers;” and above all, whether or not there would be a “second table” in the servants’ hall?’ A dreadful sense of the privations we might all be subjected to, rushed across my mind,—but it was a duty I owed to Corkscrew and to myself to face the realities of travel, however painful, and to state the exact truth. ‘Corkscrew!’ I said, ‘*pantries* I am not prepared to promise or deny; but, as to “second tables,” I fear that there may be sometimes a difficulty in furnishing sufficient materials for a *first*! we may occasionally have little to put on it, save a haunch of crocodile, or a dozen pelican’s eggs!’”

On board the P. and O. steamer, where Mrs. Minikin requested during the voyage that she might be set ashore,—anywhere,—Miss Gushington was much struck with the captain:—

“A very pleasing, animated personage! He realizes my idea of what Christopher Columbus must have been; full of dash and daring: I think I have an instinctive attraction towards members of his profession, so open-hearted, frank, and free-spoken! As companions none are superior to them.”

Arrived at Alexandria, a terrible blow fell on Miss Gushington. The faithful Minikin, “already put upon more than she had ever ought to abear,” resenting an attempt on the part of one of the donkey-men to lift her into the saddle, gave warning on the spot, and her return-passage was paid that she might rejoin the excellent Corkscrew in Brook Street. “Attached servants are such real treasures!—trifles should never induce one lightly to deprive one’s self of the inestimable comfort of their affectionate ministrings.” But Miss Gushington met with a hospitable friend in Alexandria, and she engaged a dragoman. Her friend advised her to select a humdrum-

looking man, reported faithful and conscientious, but says Impulsia:—

“That long upper lip! that contracted forehead! surely, in the constant guide and attendant on such a journey, one requires something beyond the mere vulgar virtues which would recommend a London butler. One asks some spark of the ethereal fire of poetry! some of the energy of genius and romantic daring! I have just seen a person who unites these characteristics in a peculiar degree. I think he will suit me exactly. He is a Greek; his name, Dimitri; a noble-looking being, in full Albanian costume. He realizes my notion of what Lord Byron must have been, in the first flush of his romantic manhood. I think I see a certain degree of narrow prejudice in Mr. T.’s mind; he does not seem to share my predilection for the noble Grecian people, and even expressed a positive antipathy to Dimitri. Some foolish story exists, which weighs more than it ought with Mr. T.—a report that Dimitri had killed and eaten his last master, on an unfortunate journey to Khartum, when provisions unexpectedly ran short; such a self-evident calumny! That grand head,—that classic profile is a sufficient guarantee of its falsehood! As he stood before me, in a fine martial attitude, leaning on an arm-chair, as though it had been a ‘sounding shield,’ I could not help fancying that to a poet’s or a painter’s eye, we might have sat for Dido and Æneas! Dear little Bijou seems to have taken an unconquerable prejudice against him.”

How Miss Gushington and Dimitri appeared as Dido and Æneas to a painter’s eye, the author of the Diary shows whimsically with her pencil, the prejudice of dear little Bijou not being forgotten.

The next picture represents the table d’hôte at Cairo, where the confiding lady is seen making friends with the MacFishy family:—

“Unprotected as I am, and in some measure unused to battle with the hostile array of unforeseen contingencies, the protection of Mr. MacFishy, and the companionship of his amiable wife and daughter, are advantages for which I cannot be too grateful. The husband is silent and abstracted, but with much of the dry and ‘pawkie’ humor of his country. He recalls to my mind some of those delightful characters that figure on the graphic page of the Great Northern Magician. Richard Monypies and Baihe Jarvie come with irresistible force to my recollection as I gaze upon his astute yet benignant countenance: Mrs. MacFishy is a most excellent, motherly

creature,—perhaps not refined in appearance or manners, but full of good-humor and kindness.

"I own that, in my present mood, the conventional elegancies of what is called in the world's jargon "*good society*," have lost much of their potent influence; worth, goodness, a certain spice of refreshing originality, combined with intellectual superiority, strength of will, and a dash of boldness, have a singular power to rivet the imagination and fill the mind. These qualities combine to render Mr. Andrew MacFishy, junior, a very delightful companion. Without much regularity of feature, or height of stature, his appearance is, nevertheless, singularly prepossessing. The nose is slightly '*retroussé*;' the eye lively, and, as it were, '*conquering*' in expression; there is a general air of self-reliance, and readiness to meet all emergencies in his appearance; the contour of his head is remarkably bold and resolute; the hair, of that bright, energetic hue called '*Highland red*,' which I own I think characteristic and becoming. He has hitherto devoted his very superior talents to the study of that great palladium of our liberties—the law. Young as he is, he already writes himself *W. S.*—or '*Writer to the Signet*,'—a place of great trust, I am told, in the Scottish legal ranks. Altogether, he is a very remarkable young man, and realizes in some degree my idea of the *Cid*."

What horror of the night attended the arrival of the Indian mail! what tragedy sealed the fate of Bijou! and how Dimitri stood before the lady for the last time "in the attitude of Ulysses relating his shipwreck to the Princess Nausicaa," only the pen and pencil of the chronicler shall tell. But the journey was to be continued;—

"Mr. MacFishy is never very communicative, and of late has been wholly occupied with preparations for our voyage. I agreed at once to all the provisions of a little contract which Mr. Andrew has drawn up with friendly celerity and professional acumen, as to the terms on which I should become a member of their party up the Nile. They undertake all the trouble of the arrangements, and assign to me a nice little cabin, about six feet long and two wide, in which (with a little contrivance) I have made myself pretty comfortable. In return for these advantages, I pay in advance half the expenses of the hire of the dahabieh, or boat, as well as half the cost of the daily expenditure.

"I consider this truly liberal on their parts, as, although they are a numerous party, and I am alone, the emancipation from all pecuniary disputes and worries, to

which I have a natural aversion, and the comfort and respectability of such efficient protection, render it to me a most satisfactory arrangement. We have all laughingly agreed to a clause which Mr. MacFishy has added, to the effect that whoever tires of the voyage, and separates voluntarily from the party, must forfeit his or her share of the expenses.

"Poor Corkscrew! when I look at our floating home, I cannot help smiling at the idea of the luxuries *he* could not dispense with! Pantries, servants' halls, second tables! How fortunate it is that I did not expose him to the numerous little inconveniences of Egyptian travelling!

"Our boat is a *raq*?, with a one-storied cottage on it. '*Forward*,' as it is technically called—or as I should describe,—in the little front yard before the cottage-door—the Arab sailors sit and row the boat; there also they eat, drink, sing, sleep, say their prayers, and often throttle each other.

"'*Aft*,'—or, as I should say, '*behind*,'—you descend one step into the cottage parlor; opposite you is the door into a passage which runs to the stern, and on each side of this are our little cells or cabins. They are all very small, including the parlor; but then we have the top of our house for a pleasant promenade, with an awning and benches; here we spend the day, enjoy the delicious breeze, watch the Arabs at their oars, count the wild geese flying over our heads, or the cranes standing meditatively on the muddy shallows. We often run aground, but we get off again, with much cursing and swearing on the part of the *ruis* (or captain), a fine, prophetic-looking man, who quite realizes my idea of Balaam. We run permanently aground for the night, as near a village as we can, for the convenience of buying goat's milk, eggs, and pigeons.

"Then all the women in the village come down to fill their water-jars, and to stare in at our windows, and all the dogs come down to bark at us. Then the boatmen begin their songs, and eat their dried dates and nasty messes, and soon after throttling commences, and sometimes continues far into the night.

"Such is the tenor of our existence. The scene is ever spirit-stirring and suggestive, and I enjoy my present life more than I can say, in spite of the slight inconveniences of my little sleeping apartment, the narrow dimensions of which have caused some trifling accidents: such as my putting my head through the window-pane in the act of turning round in bed, and finding my foot in the water-jug on waking yesterday morning. The only drawback to my pleasurable feelings is witnessing the peculiar effect of the climate on poor Mrs. MacFishy, which I have before alluded to, and which appears to me

to increase the farther we remove from Cairo : it takes the form of a sort of stupor, attended occasionally by light delirium."

And then there was the picnic at the Pyramids, where "Mrs. MacFishy was more than usually affected by the enervating influence of this climate," and the picnic at Thebes, in the tomb of King Rowdewowses the Fifty-seventh, where Miss Gushington was subdued and saddened by the increasing evidences of Mrs. MacFishy's awful infirmity.

"Alas ! I can no longer hide from myself the fact, that she is almost always in a state of inebriety. How I could so long be blind to this circumstance astonishes me when I reflect on the past, and yet it ought not to surprise me, since I perceive that her own family are apparently still unconscious of the dreadful fact. I know not what course to pursue ; sometimes I resolve to speak to some member of the family on the subject ; at other moments I shrink from the responsibility of rudely tearing the veil from their eyes ; it is such a delicate matter to touch upon !

"To-day we visited the far-famed Necropolis of Thebes, after first paying homage at the feet of those world-wonders, the so-called Memnonian Colossi. What stupendous reflections do these grand forms call up in the thoughtful mind ! Thousands of harvests have sprung and ripened at their feet, while these mute guardians of the fertile plain have watched with stony eyes the revolving glories of, etc.

"[The editor has again taken the liberty of curtailing the eloquent expression of Miss Gushington's admiration for Egyptian art. Her enthusiasm has perhaps carried her too far in the last passage ; the statues in question having little or no face left, the expression 'stony eyes' is more poetical than appropriate.]

"JOURNAL CONTINUED.

"After a hurried glance at magnificent Medinet Habo, which I trust I may have an opportunity of seeing in detail upon our return, we mounted our steeds, and set off for the Necropolis. Accustomed as I am to associate with that name the chaste and mournful elegance of our suburban cemeteries, I was at first somewhat disappointed in the aspect of the place,—a sandstone hill, burrowed in every direction by deceased monarchs. But the interior of these tombs repays the visitor for the trouble, and sometimes the difficulty, of exploring them, being full of interest, and curious paintings, and bats.

"We picnicked in the entrance of a tomb, that of King Rowdewowses the Fifty-seventh, of the 18th Dynasty, a person (I believe) highly deserving of the interest and respect

he inspires amongst those historians to whom his virtues and exploits are well known.

"In spite of the efforts of Mr. Andrew to enliven our party, it was not as cheerful as might have been expected in such a locality. Mrs. MacFishy was, I regret to say, decidedly 'elevated' very early in the afternoon ; her daughter, Euphemia, startled us continually by the most fearful shrieks, occasioned by the fitful visits of some large insect of the moth kind, which infests these tombs, and which—Mr. Andrew assured us—is called by naturalists the Be-he moth. Moreover, we had occasion for even graver alarm, in the midst of the repast, on Mr. MacFishy's suddenly turning pale, and solemnly assuring us that he had reason to believe he was actually *sitting* on a scorpion ! Most fortunately it proved to be the sting of a less venomous creature, painful, but not dangerous."

How Impulsia Gushington's eyes opened to more infirmities of the MacFishys, and how she quitted them with a withering glance and majestic gesture at a village on the Nile, near Edfou, the pictures and the diary next show. Alone in that village the fair Impulsia was in a most unprecedented and bewildering situation. But her courage rose with the occasion ; she bargained with the villagers, and in tranquil delight we now see her riding upon a placid camel through the open plain. Another camel bears her luggage. The merchant and his friend, who own the camels, walk in advance, two "mild Nubians (for so Herodotus designates the gentle people)" merrily trot by her side.

"The lovely scene, the balmy air, the sense of freedom, the relief from hateful associations, all combined to soothe and calm my spirit. I contrasted these gentle denizens of the Desert—their courteous salaams and poetical forms of address—with the vulgar rudeness of my late companions. I compared the flat conventionalities of civilized existence—with the piquant charm of my present situation.

"I fell into a delicious trance, half slumber, half reverie. I could have journeyed thus forever !"

Most comical is the change when from this passage and the picture to which it pertains we turn the leaf, and behold the camel with his tail up plunging over the desert in ungainly gallop, while the hapless Impulsia, lifted from her seat by the tremendous bounds, grasps the horn of the saddle, and is carried along "in the well-known but critical posture which Mlle. Eulalie Vol-au-Vent assumes in the Courier of St. Peters-

burgh, or the Wild Horse of the Prairies, at Astley's Theatre." She loses her hat, her parasol, and more. The mild Nubians have gone off with the other camel and the luggage that it carried. More awful still, when fainting and falling on the sand she has terribly torn her dress, but aroused to consciousness, has taken it off to mend, because she carries in her pocket all the necessary little matters that will enable her to repair the damage, she falls asleep over the work, and even her dress is stolen from her lap. We next see the ill-fated lady in virgin modesty as she appears in her crinoline before an astounded village sheikh.

"They had robbed me of everything I possessed; but I had reason to be thankful that I had escaped with life—and an under-petticoat. Such, literally, was the extent of my possessions. I had divested myself of the dress in order to mend it, intending to put it on again immediately, but, falling asleep so suddenly, I remained in what may be termed *costume's simplest expression*, except that I had accidentally retained the structure that supports the upper garments—the 'hoop,' 'cage,' or 'crinoline.'

"I sat down in this terrible emergency to reflect on the course I should pursue. My purse was gone,—I had no money to buy other clothing, supposing that in this wretched village such articles were to be bought, which I knew was improbable. It was true that in this delicious climate the absence of clothing was likely to prove less inconvenient than—on the first blush of the matter—might be supposed; but there were other considerations, which will naturally suggest themselves to the sensitively delicate mind. How was the impropriety of my appearance to be obviated? I had read of ladies in similar circumstances letting down their back hair, and finding it an efficient substitute. Godiva is a memorable instance of the success of this expedient. But then I must suppose that her hair was longer and more abundant than mine, which hardly reached my shoulders.

"Was there a chance of my being able to recover my lost property? I remembered to have been told that the *sheikh*, or chief, of every village, however poor, was a sort of magistrate 'au petit pied,' with power to investigate, and authority to punish, any theft committed within his jurisdiction. No doubt even this small village owned an official dignity of this sort; I determined to seek him out and make my complaint.

"With timid footstep and faltering heart, such as the illustrious lady—to whom I have alluded above—must have owned, on first emerging from her palace and descending into

the silent streets of Coventry, I crept forth from my cave and ventured into the village. It was a wretched collection of hovels, with few and poor inhabitants. Some women returning from the well, with their graceful water-jars on their heads and their dirty cotton veils held by one corner in their teeth,—a few idle boys, who with the sprightliness of childhood flung stones at me,—these were the only living souls I met, and I rejoiced to find that my denuded appearance seemed to excite in them neither surprise nor curiosity.

"I looked about me, and instinctively singled out, as the sheikh's abode, a house of superior pretensions to the rest, inasmuch as,—though the upper part, containing the inevitable pigeon-cote, was built of clay and pottery, like the others,—the lower part was principally of stone. The door stood invitingly open; I entered.

"The sheikh—a venerable old man with a long white beard and an enormous green turban—was seated in domestic comfort on his humble divan, smoking a long chibouque, with his coffee, etc., beside him. Stretching forth my hand in suppliant guise, I began, in the best Arabic I could muster,—which consisted only of a few isolated noun-substantives, such as 'bad Arabs,' 'robbers,' 'clothes,' 'camel,'—to explain my situation and implore his assistance.

"I think he had been dozing when I entered. As he gazed upon me, his eyes and mouth gradually widened to an inconceivable extent, whilst out of the latter rolled an apparently illimitable volume of tobacco-smoke, which irresistibly reminded me of that charming story, 'The Fisherman and the Geni,' the delight of my innocent childhood. At length he drew a deep and sonorous inspiration, uttered a loud shriek, and, scrambling to the farthest corner of the divan, drew himself up into the smallest possible compass, where, trembling and staring, he began muttering invocations to Allah and the Prophet.

"I distinctly heard the word '*afrit*' in his prayer, and immediately guessed that he had taken my unexpected, perhaps peculiar appearance, for that of an evil spirit!

The desire of all chivalrous men and sympathizing women must be to see the fair Impulsia extricated from this difficult and most embarrassing position.

But if they would see that and learn also what more befell her, they must turn to her *Eöthen* in the *Diary* itself. The book is the merriest of Easter Extravanzas, the pictures almost better than the text which, skillfully read aloud in a home circle, will afford an April night's entertainment of as hearty, wholesome mirth as only one book in a thousand furnishes.

From The Episcopal Recorder,
CAN THERE BE REUNION?

THE following facts, now almost forgotten, may be not without a bearing on this point:

On the 4th of July, 1859, several Southern bishops, with a number of clergy and laity, met near Chattanooga, in the State of Tennessee, for the purpose of inaugurating the proposed University of the South. The proceedings, according to a report published at Atlanta, Georgia, began as follows:—

“The Rt. Rev. Bishop Green of Mississippi, then rose and said, that it was proper after singing the praise of God, to pause and listen to his holy word—he would, therefore, read a chapter, not inappropriate to the occasion which called the assembly together.

“The chapter selected by the Rt. Rev. Prelate, was the twenty-second of Joshua. It recites how the tribes of Reuben and Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh, received their inheritance on ‘the other side of Jordan:’ and how, when their enemies were all defeated and they had returned to their homes, they ‘built there an Altar by Jordan, a great Altar to see to.’” It describes the indignation of Israel, and the expostulation of their deputed elders against what seemed to be an act fraught with rebellion, and hostile to the peace and unity of brethren, and the earnestness with which any such intentions were disclaimed. They had said, ‘Let us now prepare to build us an altar, not for burnt offering nor for sacrifice, but that it may be a witness between us and you and our generations after us, that we might do the service of the Lord—that your children may not say to our children in time to come, Ye have no part in the Lord.’

“The reader added no comment to this well-chosen Scripture—already every heart was full. For these first spoken words expressed the thought of all, that not in malice or in mischief, not in rebellion or in disaffection had we come together beneath the blue sky; that so far from rearing an altar of discontent, we had met with a just pride in our common heritage, with an abiding devotion in our common faith, with more than a brother’s love to the tribes more numerous and more favored than ourselves, separated from us by the hills and streams of our common home.

“Such thoughts as these found their utterance in the *Te Deum* which was next sung by the assembly; for St. Ambrose’s words become us well when we realize the communion of the Saints. Prayers were then offered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Cobbs, of Alabama, and the *Gloria in excelsis* was chanted by the company.

“The Hon. G. B. Duncan next took the stand, and after some introductory remarks, proceeded to read the Declaration of Independence. He also gave, by request, a history of the flag used on the occasion.

“The flag was made, he said, by the ladies of that city where our independence had its birth. The staff was cut by Millard Fillmore when President of the United States, from near the grave of Washington, and presented, at his request, to the owner by Lieut. Gen. Scott. This flag had been borne at the mast of one of our national vessels, it had waved upon the breezes of Europe and of Asia, of the Mediterranean and the Nile; its folds had been displayed upon the lonely Sinai, and amid the sacred localities of Jerusalem.

“Such was the banner under which we rallied. At the conclusion of these remarks, ‘The Star Spangled Banner’ was played by the band.

“The Rt. Rev. James H. Otey, D.D. Bishop of Tennessee, then stood forth as the orator of the day; his address appears upon these pages, and forms the most valuable portion of this record.

“Various emotions were stirred as the Rt. Rev. Speaker uttered his earnest words. The reference, with which he happily began, to St. Paul’s claim to Roman citizenship, reminded us all that the patriot was not of necessity lost in the Christian; that holding aloft the cross of Christ, we need not blush to place beneath it the Stars and Stripes; that after the echoes of the hills had been awaked with the loftiest strains of Christian praise, it is not unfitting to bid them presently give back the animating notes of freedom’s songs.

“No Christian could fail to sympathize with the speaker in his positions, that ours is a government intended for Christian people, not for Mormons and Atheists, and that beneath all law must lay the great foundation of public virtue and the fear of God. None could fail to catch somewhat of his enthusiasm, as he not so much boasted, as confessed with words and gestures of humblest gratitude, the benign and conservative influence which the Church, whose vows are upon us, has always exercised in our land; as he spoke of the work to be done in this nation, and of the members of the Protestant Episcopal Church as the men to do it.

“Thus far the flag hung idly from its staff; but when the bishop began to speak of our country and the love all good men bear it, a breeze came to stir the Stars and Stripes; and still, as he proceeded to denounce the thought, that we would come with holy words upon our lips to plot mischief against our brethren, the flag waved

more proudly than before, seeking the person of the speaker, and causing his words to come, as it were, from the midst of its folds. As the oration progressed, warm tears filled many an eye, and would not be repressed. At its close, the band struck up 'Hail Columbia,' and the company rose to their feet. Many hastened to thank the orator for the just expression he had given to their sentiments, then all dispersed, and might be seen in friendly groups still prolonging the pleasant theme."

Bishop Otey's address, as printed and circulated by the board, contained the following remarkable passages:—

"If any people upon earth may refer the distinguished privileges, which they possess, to the favoring hand of God, we are that people. When we review the prominent events of our history, we realize that the hand of the Lord has wrought mightily and wondrously for us; that it was he who endued our counsellors with wisdom, and our warriors with courage, to meet in conflict one of the most formidable powers of the earth, and to pass with success and honor through the dangers of so perilous an encounter, to the achievement of Independence; to the high and glorious distinction of a name and a place among the nations of the earth.

"A little more than seventy years (the period allotted to the age of man) have passed away, since the clouds of war rolled darkly over all our land, the thunders of battle reverberated along our hills, and the crimson vesture of the plains showed where brethren had met in mortal strife. A nation's freedom was the prize for which they struggled. The God of armies beheld the contest, discerned its merits, and determined on which standard victory should rest.

"These expectations have been largely fulfilled. We are all of us here to-day witnesses for our Fathers, that they have done well for us in all that they have done. We are, also, witnesses for God, in the acknowledgement we make of his favor extended to them, and continued to ourselves. If my tongue ever denies the debt of gratitude, 'may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!' If my hand ever refuse to strike in defence of our birthright of civil and religious freedom, secured by the sacrifices of our Fathers and the blessing of God to my countrymen, 'may mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone!'

"Contemplating in our country the rapid increase of its settled territory, the variety of its resources and richness of its different products; beholding the increase of a population

which spreads across the entire continent from ocean to ocean, and fills up nearly twenty-five degrees of latitude; considering our commerce penetrating every sea, and our flag flung out to every breeze, well may we say 'what hath God wrought!' 'What nation is there so great, who hath God so nigh unto them, as the Lord our God is in all things that we call upon him for?'

"Gratefully, then, do we cherish the memory of those, by whose exertions and sacrifices we enjoy the countless blessings which belong to freedom, who gave freely of their treasure, even to the last shilling, and poured out their blood like water to secure us our rich inheritance. Let us at the same time remember him who is the Giver of victory, and by whose favor alone we can hope to retain the blessings transmitted to us.

"These fears are not imaginary. See already the violence and bloodshed which attend the popular elections in our large cities? See the portentous collisions between the authorities of the State and the General Government! At this very hour, on the anniversary of that day when the men of the North and of the South stood shoulder to shoulder, and pledging each to the other 'their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor,' hurled defiance at a nation the proudest and strongest in the world: at this very hour, in some of the States, public sentiment insults the majesty of law; public opinion, fired by fanaticism, and led on by religious intolerance, resists the laws enacted by the authority of Congress, and invested with all the sanctity which the most solemn forms of legislation can throw around them, and confidently boasts that they shall not be executed.

"It matters little what individual law be thus resisted: the precedent once established, we may anticipate the subversion of all just authority. We have no standing armies to overawe our citizens and accomplish the behests of irresponsible power: we have trusted for the maintenance of our freedom, and of that law on which it depends, to the moral sense of the community, and not to physical coercion: let that moral sense be corrupted, and what must result? The law is a dead letter, and freedom is an empty name.

"I must now notice an intimation that this movement wears the appearance of *sectionalism*; an apprehension that it may, however, without design, tend to weaken the bands of this Union.

"I repel the unfounded suspicions. It is supported by no act, or sentiment, or word, of those who originated this enterprise, and have labored for its accomplishment up to the present hour. I must meet this apprehension, not out of regard to those who would willingly entertain it, but of

those whose love to the Union makes them tremblingly alive to the semblance of anything inimical to its perpetuity.

"Why should this enterprise be deemed sectional rather than national?

"Is it because we have used the name 'Southern University'? The name is one of convenient description; it is no party war-cry, no sectional password; all such interpretation we utterly disclaim.

"Is it because it is to be founded on a Southern soil, and must promote chiefly the interests of those contiguous to it?

"Some geographical position it needs must have. The very nature of the case requires it to be in our midst. Its location looks simply to the wants of a region greater in extent by 7,280 square miles, than the original thirteen States of the Union: a region whose urgent necessities can be met only by an institution set up within its borders.

"Do we any wrong to our brethren, do we violate any pledge of friendship or brotherhood, do we evince any jealousy or distrust, when, in the discharge of a solemn responsibility, we provide for our own, and seek to elevate the society of which we are members?

"We affirm that our aim is eminently national and patriotic; and as such, should commend itself to every lover of his country. We rear this day an altar, not of political schism, but an 'altar of witness' that we are of one faith and household. We contemplate no strife, save a generous rivalry with our brethren, as to who shall furnish this great Republic the truest men, the truest Christians, and the truest patriots.

"Again, I repel the suspicion, because of its injustice to our brethren of the North. Not a bishop, clergyman, or layman, to whom this subject was mentioned at our last General Convention, but, so far as is known, approved the object, and heartily bade its projectors 'God speed.'

"I appeal to the well-known conservative character of our Church to rebut this groundless suspicion.

"It is cause of devout thankfulness to Almighty God, with every member of our Church, that our last General Convention, which met in Philadelphia, on the eve of a most excited election, avoided all disturbing questions, transacted its business with calmness, separated in Christian harmony, and by a unanimous vote appointed its next meeting in Richmond, Virginia.

"These facts discountenance the idea that Southern men, in devising the plan of a Southern University, have contemplated evil to this Union. We regard this university as an institution of conservatism: we consider that its influence will be used to still the wa-

ters of agitation, to quench the flames of strife, and diffusing intelligence, sanctified by piety to bind the discordant elements of party into a union stronger than steel and firmer than adamant.

"For my brethren in the Episcopate, and for myself, I repel the suspicion to which imaginary fears have given birth. Will the sons of those who fought and bled in the cause of liberty, lift a voice or hand against the union of these States? There are some of us here to-day, in whose veins flows the blood of men who fought in almost every battle, from Saratoga to the disastrous repulse at Savannah, and the crowning victory at Yorktown. And when we shall be found, under color of religion, hatching treason against the union and peace of these States, may desolation roll its wave over our habitations, and our names be swallowed up in infamy!"

No one can doubt the honesty of Bishop Otey, or of the great body of those by whom his address was issued. And the very fact that convictions so strong were changed may give us some ground to hope that the convictions, equally strong, now avowed by the same persons, may be also reversed. If the opinions of 1859 could be abandoned, so may the opinions of 1863.

From The Saturday Review, 11 April.

THE SULTAN IN EGYPT.

AFTER one of those great diplomatic struggles which modern historians love to chronicle, the Sultan has acted on his own judgment, and has gone to visit the Pasha of Egypt. It appears to have pleased the English ambassador to insist that the Sultan should not go, and therefore the French and Russian ambassadors naturally insisted that he should go. In the days of the great Eltchi, things would, if we may credit Mr. Kinglake, have gone differently. He would have given a quiet smile, and the whole views of the Sultan and the Pasha and the Turkish court would have changed, and the base opposition of the rival Eltchis would have been baffled. Either our present Eltchi is not so imposing to look at, or the Turks are tired of attending to Lord Burleigh's nod, or the Sultan has counted the cost of disobedience, and determined to run the risk. It must have struck many readers of Mr. Kinglake's history to wonder what would have happened if the Turks had simply dared to face all the consequences of bearding the great Eltchi. It is like asking

what would happen if the Speaker were to name a member of the House. No one can tell without trying. But we may be permitted to suspect that the result would not be very overwhelming. The whole system of diplomatic coercion by the personal influence of a domineering, skilful, imposing representative is apt to fall to pieces if only those to whom it is applied are pigheaded enough not to look at the majestic spectacle, but to go their own way, and take their chance of what may ensue. The English ambassador is said to have opposed the present excursion of the Sultan ostensibly on the ground that it would cost half a million of money, and really, perhaps, because the Sultan and the Pasha might together hit on some common policy that would not suit England. Very likely the ambassador was right. It is a pity that the Sultan should throw away a sum of money which, if applied properly in paying interest, might give comfort and security to English bondholders; and the English ambassador probably knows what is good for Turkey much better than the Sultan does. But the Sultan, if he has a policy of his own and has the courage to pursue it, is master of the situation. No frowns or smiles of diplomatists can prevent his squandering half a million of money on a tour of Eastern ostentation, or forming projects which may separate him still further from the West, and add a new element of complexity to the intricate question of the fate of Mohammedan Europe.

It would make little difference whether the Sultan went to Egypt or not, and whether he spent or saved a sum which in former reigns would have soon been frittered away on the imperial harem, were this excursion a mere freak, and not an indication of a new and settled policy. However much we might learn to interest ourselves in the contests of Constantinople if we had local experience or could trace them in detail, we cannot at a distance, and regarding them as a whole, feel any very keen interest in their fluctuations, or affect to undergo any profound humiliation if our Eltchi is occasionally disappointed, and the serene smile of some other Eltchi prevails for the moment. But if those who should know best are not mistaken, the Sultan means to change the groove in which the affairs of his empire have for some time been running. He does not like the complete dependence on Christendom—on Christian statesmen and

Christian money—into which the Porte has drifted. He wishes to return to the old ways of his people and his line. The strength of the Mohammedans for twelve hundred years has been twofold. They have shown intense belief in their religion, and a perfect willingness to fight. The Sultan does not wish that they should lose these sources of strength. The West—with its improvements, and its equality of creeds, and its offers of money, and its diplomatic contests—is a Dalilah that will cut the Turk's hair and then laugh at the victim. Accordingly, the Sultan aspires to bind the Mohammedan world once more together, to knit the Pasha in bonds of closer friendship to him, and, above all things, to get together a strong, well-appointed, trustworthy army and navy. Animating the zeal of his Mohammedan subjects, and equipping an effective body of resolute troops, he reckons on attaining something like an independent position; and so firmly has he clung to the idea, that he has managed to bring over some of the ablest of his advisers to his way of thinking. Fuad Pasha, more especially, who a short time ago was the most strenuous opponent of any expenditure that could lead to financial embarrassment, is now said to be one of the most eager supporters of an increase in the army at any cost. It must not be supposed that the Turkish Government has any intention of altering its policy towards its Christian subjects. It will probably be as lavish of promises and as sparing of performance as it has always been. It will be much more foolish than it has the credit of being if it ventures on any acts of violence or injustice which will impose on the European powers the duty of interference. Of course the Sultan runs the risk that his supporters may go much further than he wishes, and that Mohammedan zeal, if ever fanned into a flame, may burst forth with ungovernable fury. This, and numberless other risks—the risk of offending European friends, of provoking new enmities, of plunging into the abyss of financial difficulties—he must run, and is content to run, because he will thereby, as he hopes, avoid what he considers the greater danger of his Government being diplomatized and civilized out of existence.

We are by no means sure that he is wrong. His great present peril is that he is threatened by his Christian subjects, and by the Christian States which are, in a greater or

less degree, dependent on him. He has to keep down the Christian population in Turkey itself, which he would probably have no great difficulty in doing; and he has also to meet the hostility and the attacks of the Christian populations that fringe his borders. Greece openly covets Thessaly and Albania. Servia sends princesses and senators to proclaim her wrongs in Western Europe, and collects men and drills soldiers for an impending war. Montenegro has been saved from destruction by European interference; and a scheme is said to be on foot for handing over the principalities to a Russian prince. It is a very intelligible policy for the Turks, at such a crisis, to say that they see no help in diplomacy, and in varnishing themselves over with a little thin veneer of sham civilization. They must fight, and they will fight. If Greece tries to get Thessaly, a Turkish army will be there to keep Thessaly safe. A Turkish army will hold Montenegro in submission, and will make Servia know that the fortress of Belgrade belongs to their masters and superiors in arms. The Turk has not taken to civilization; but he can still fight. The end of pretending to be civilized is only, he thinks, to get bewildered and helpless, and it is much better to say openly that he trusts only in Allah and his sword; and that, as to railways, and diplomatic contests, and tight trousers, they are a mystery and an abomination to him. The European powers could in a moment crush all the strength the Sultan could put forth; but then it is by no means certain that they would do so. The experiment of Navarino is not likely to be repeated. And the real security of the Turk is not that he is obedient and pliable, and bends before the frowns, or melts at the smiles, of this or that Eltchi — it is that the European powers cannot afford that he should be swept out of Europe. It is their jealousy of each other that keeps him there. Nor would their motives for supporting him be lessened by his maintaining in his own dominions the supremacy of unquestioned force. Neither England nor France can afford to punish Turkey for coercing Servia by allowing Russia to occupy Constantinople. If, indeed, the Turks were guilty of gross and repeated barbarities, or made war merely to plunder and massacre their neighbors, the great powers might prefer to arrange a partition rather than submit to such an outrage on

Christendom. But if the Turks are moderately cautious, and only use their strength where they have a good ground for doing so, they may assert their supremacy in arms for a considerable time, without giving the European powers any motive to interfere which shall preponderate over the strong motives that impel them not to disturb the arrangements that exist. It would tend greatly to strengthen the probability of such a policy succeeding, if Egypt followed in the same path, and if the Sultan could feel sure that the Pasha would prefer the triumph of the head of his religion and race to the gratification of his personal ambition. If to secure this is the object of the Sultan's visit, it is not wonderful that the diplomatists of Constantinople attach some importance to it.

It is true that the Sultan, by adopting the policy ascribed to him, is sailing into the vast ocean of a gigantic insolvency. But the terrors of this ocean seem, probably, much less to a Turk than they would do to us. The Porte would lose very little by repudiating its engagements. One of the fancies of the English public in recent years has been to lavish money on Turkey; and the Turks can hardly borrow enough to please the capitalists of the West and the Greeks, who make a profit by the loans. The English Government has given, almost by accident, a fictitious value to these investments. Two Under-Secretaries of State have been prominently and largely concerned, before accepting office, in money affairs connected with Turkey, and the desire of the Government to support Turkey has been so sincere and profound that the finances of the Porte are talked of with a kind of half-sanction on the part of the Government, as if they were under the protection and regulation of England. This is, to a great degree, an illusion. Turkish finance and Turkish loans stand really on their own merits, and the use which the Turks now propose to make of the money they borrow is to start a large army, and not to put their finances straight. They calculate that they can prolong their political existence by fighting, more readily than by paying their way. This notion may be highly distasteful to English statesmen and bondholders; but it is not by any means certain that it is a mistaken one. In the end, there will, in all probability, be a great crash; but, before it expires, the Ottoman empire may still show something of its ancient barbarian vigor.

From The Economist, 11 April.

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE ITALIAN KINGDOM.

THE troubles under which a large section of our people are suffering at home, and the varying fortunes and exciting issues of the contest in America, have placed in abeyance for a time the deep interest which we habitually feel in the prospects of restored Italy. That country herself, too, has been quiet since Garibaldi's expedition, and has done nothing to call attention to her affairs,—and that is always a hopeful sign. In truth, there is much in her condition to warrant hope, though undeniably also much to give cause for grave anxiety. We will begin with the last features of the case.

In the first place, the anomalous condition of Rome and Venice keeps up a perpetual source of irritation and danger. Discontented, suffering, and unattached, miserable themselves and seeing their brethren happy, prosperous, and sanguine around them, alien in Government and administration, and vehemently desired by the people of whom they ought to form a part,—they act as the presence of a foreign body acts in the human constitution; they prevent repose and they menace outbreak. In the next place, brigandage in the Neapolitan States still makes good its ground. Scarcely any real progress has been made towards putting it down. Ten miles from Naples in every direction neither travelling nor residence is safe. Deputies have passed months in that city, and have been unable to visit their constituencies at the distance of a couple of days' journey. This brigandage is maintained entirely from Rome and is Bourbonite in its character. The bands of robbers are in fact lawless guerillas, in the pay and acting under the orders of Francis II., issuing from the Roman frontier to lay waste and to slay, and retreating when hard pressed to take shelter under the double ægis of the Pope and the French army. To clear a country of such ruffians under these circumstances would be difficult for any one, even for the most skilful and resolute administrators. Now the Piedmontese administrators are *not* skilful. And this brings us to the third gloomy feature in Italian politics. La Marmora, who for some time has been at the head of affairs in the Neapolitan provinces, though an able and honest man and an excellent war minister,

has not shown himself competent to deal with the Civil Government of a disturbed and semi-civilized district, and it is not easy to find any better man to succeed him. The fact is that the state of Italy at present requires, and will for some years require, a body of administrators of unusual talent and experience,—and such men do not exist. None of the Italians, except the Piedmontese, have had any opportunity till within the last two or three years of learning this difficult and delicate art; and the habits of the Piedmontese were formed in too narrow and too small a school to qualify them for dealing with questions so large and interests so complicated as those now committed to their charge. It is one thing to manage a small and insignificant state, and another to manage a kingdom which has expanded nearly to the dimensions of an empire, full of incongruous elements and surrounded by special embarrassments. Thus far the Italian politicians, though admirable Parliamentarians, have not as a rule, made firm or masterly governors. And in the last place, their monarch, except as a soldier of zeal and courage, has no kingly qualities, and, indeed, scarcely any good quality at all. He is not a wise ruler; he is not a loyal master; he is not a worthy gentleman; he is easily led, and he is led by women. He is, in fact, almost a greater difficulty to his country than either France, Rome, or Venice.

But a danger still graver than all these remains behind—a danger that besets most young and struggling states—viz., embarrassed and inadequate finances. Few nations have had greater difficulties to meet at the outset than the Italians. Their expenditure is regularly far larger than their income; and it is by no means clear how they can either diminish the former or increase the latter. Their existence depends upon their power to keep up a large and well-appointed army; for they have the first military power on the Continent for an encroaching, capricious, and dictatorial protector,—and the second military power for a vigilant and implacable foe. They must be powerful, or they are lost. But this indispensable army is the greatest imaginable drain on their resources. At present their finances stand thus: At starting they had to consolidate the already existing debts of the various states which they absorbed, as well as to borrow

further sums in 1859-60-61, amounting to about £40,000,000, and implying an annual burden in the shape of interest of £2,400,000. On the 1st of January, 1863, there was a deficit of £15,000,000, and the expected deficit for the current year, including the interest on the new loan just contracted, will be £16,000,000 more. The annual ordinary expenditure is £32,840,000, and the annual ordinary revenue £21,840,000, leaving an apparent annual deficit of £11,000,000. This is a frightful budget, no doubt. Minghetti hopes to meet it partly by the loan (just taken by Rothschild), which is to bring in £28,000,000 to the Exchequer, partly by the gradual sale of public domains, Church property, etc., and partly by the regular improvement of the ordinary revenue, which appears certain in fact but incalculable in amount. How far these hopes are over-sanguine we will not take upon ourselves to decide. Under any circumstances the balance sheet is not one which a finance minister can contemplate without anxiety.

The favorable features of the case are these: In the first place, freedom has brought its usual results of energy and enterprise. Everywhere torpor is giving way to activity; industrial occupations are taking a bound forward such as was never seen in the old sleepy days of restriction and oppression, and the Italians, many of them at least, are by nature industrious as well as frugal; ships are building, railways opening, and tariffs liberalizing. The receipts of revenue are steadily increasing, and the whole country wears an aspect of life and prosperity which strikes even the passing visitor. If it can only have peace, Italy bids fair to be one of the richest and most flourishing nations in the world.

Then for the present they have both a decent ministry and a definite and settled policy. Ratazzi is gone—overthrown by public indignation and by the sure operation of his own complicated and inconsistent intrigues. Garibaldi has retired to his farm, a wiser and a sadder man, and will probably not again disturb his country's quiet. Farini has been obliged to resign the cares of office, to which his health was no longer equal. His successors, among whom Minghetti and Peruzzi are

the two most eminent, are honest and able men, without being either brilliant or remarkable. They are well supported by the Chamber, and have clear ideas and resolute intentions as to the course which it behoves them to pursue. They have no desire to disturb the peace of Europe. Satisfied that sooner or later both Rome and Venice must fall to the Kingdom of Italy,—but satisfied also that they cannot now seize either of them forcibly,—they are resolved to await the fulness of time and the opportunity which never fails those who have at once patience, vigilance, and promptitude. At the same time, knowing that not only their safety but their completion depends upon their strength, they are resolved to be ready to meet any emergency, and to make the most of any opportunity that may turn up. They have an army of nearly 400,000 men, which General La Marmora is gradually disciplining to be one of the finest and most efficient in Europe. This is, of course, a fearful drain upon their resources at present, but they trust that it will repay its cost tenfold at some future time. They believe that the time cannot be far distant when the great unsettled questions of Europe will come up for solution; and that when that day arrives, the monarch who is master of 400,000 well-armed and well-officered troops will be an ally whom every one will court, and who, therefore, will be able to command his own terms. Their terms will be Rome, Venice, and the secularization of the Papacy.

The programme seems a rational one, and if followed out unswervingly by firm statesmen, and undisturbed by Garibaldian or Mazzinian intrigues, ought ultimately to secure their end. Two pressing questions are: How long will their finances be able, through either the agency of loans or of taxes, to endure the burden of their vast expenditure?—*and*, How long can the tranquillity and progress which are indispensable be compatible with the existence of a system of brigandage organized and protected in the very heart of the country? The continued residence of Francis II. at Rome commits the pope, and almost the French, to what is virtually a state of actual but unavowed hostility to the Italian Kingdom.

From The Saturday Review.

LIFE IN THE TROPICS.*

THE Tropics give us something like a picture of the antediluvian world. The heat and moisture, with the consequent luxuriance of vegetation in "tangled overgrowth," the violence of the storms, and the ferocity and hideousness of many animal forms, mark out these equatorial regions as very striking, very picturesque, very interesting, but not very agreeable as a residence. Unless we are young, robust, and adventurous, it is pleasanter to read of such regions in our milder Europe, and to visit them in imagination, following the adventures of others. And this journey Dr. Hartwig enables us to make through his excellent compilation from the works of various travellers. We can wonder at the heat without sweltering, and at the deluges of rain without getting wet through. We read with interest, unalloyed by personal discomfort, that while the fall of rain in Europe is only about thirty inches in depth during the whole year, in the Tropics it is eight feet, and on the coast of Malabar even as much as twenty-three feet. We plunge securely into the sombre depths of the primitive forest, with its vaulted roof of varied leaves and blossoms, damp, oppressive, silent—the home of the lion, the jaguar, and the venomous snake—and compare it with our own delightful solitudes of tree and shrub. We follow the windings of its rivulets and watercourses as we pass from one missionary station to another. In our woods we can, if we are young enough and curious enough, reach the topmost branches of any tree. There is no blossom or fruit we cannot pluck. But in the primitive forests—say of the Brazils—where the matted bushropes, climbing along the trunks and branches, extend, like the rigging of a ship, from one tree to another, and blossom at a giddy height, it is frequently impossible to reach these flowers, or even to distinguish to which of the many interlacing stems they belong. The tiger-cat and the monkey may be able to accomplish the feat, but it would be hopeless for man to attempt it. On this point Dr. Hartwig delivers a naïve challenge to the sceptical reader. "If any one," he says, "should be inclined to

tax his description with exaggerations, let him try to pluck the flowers of the lianas, or to ascend by climbing their flexible cordage." It is not eminently probable that the most determined sceptic will quit Europe and hurry to the Brazils for the sole purpose of making such an experiment. He will be content with Dr. Hartwig's vivid description, and believe everything that is required by him.

The magnificence of tropical vegetation has often been painted in glowing rhetoric. Dr. Hartwig adds much interesting information to the rhetoric. Among the valuable products there is one to which attention was recently called in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and which we in Europe ought assuredly to cease wondering at, and commence the urgent inquiries which may lead to its introduction as a regular article of commerce. We allude to the coca leaf. Tea, coffee, tobacco, spices sink into insignificance beside this invaluable leaf, which is the first necessity of life to the Indian, who is never seen without his leathern pouch containing the leaves and a small box of powdered lime. At least three times a day he rests from labor to chew his ambrosia. Carefully removing the midribs of the leaves, he masticates them into the shape of a small ball, called an *acullico*. Then, repeatedly inserting a thin piece of moistened wood, like a toothpick, into the box of unslaked lime, he introduces the powder which remains attached to it into the *acullico*, until the latter had acquired the requisite flavor. This lime mitigates the bitterness of the leaf, the flavor of which is like that of bad green tea.

The marvellous properties of the coca are, first, its power of strengthening the digestion in a way no other tonic can approach; and next, its power of preventing asthmatic effects in the rapid ascent of high mountains; and, above all, its efficacy as a substitute for food. In this latter quality we have the surprising testimony of Tschudi, the traveller, in addition to that of many others. He mentions that an Indian, sixty-two years of age, was employed by him during five consecutive days and nights in laborious excavations. During the whole period he never ate anything, but every three hours chewed half an ounce of coca, and kept the *acullico* constantly in his mouth. Nor did he require more than two hours' sleep during the night. When the labor was finished, he accompanied Tschudi during a ride of twenty-three

* *The Tropical World; a Popular Scientific Account of the Natural History of the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms in the Equatorial Regions.* By Dr. G. Hartwig. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

leagues over the mountain plains, constantly running alongside of the nimble mule, and never resting but for the purpose of making an *acullico*. When they separated, he declared himself perfectly willing to do a similar amount of work if he had a plentiful allowance of coca. In the *Cornhill Magazine* we were told of a scientific investigation of this marvellous plant, which fully bore out the statements of travellers: and, if used only as a tonic, there is no drug now imported which would be so valuable to a dyspeptic people like that of Europe.

Everything in the Tropics is on a grand scale. In that region,—

“Ou l’homme est la souris du tigre,”

the very ants are formidable. “I have no words,” says Schomburgk, “to describe the pain inflicted upon me by the mandibles of the *ponera clavata*, a large and fortunately not very common ant, whose long black body is beset with single hairs. Like an electric shock the pain instantly shot through my whole body, and soon acquired the greatest intensity in the breast, and over and under the armpits. After a few moments I felt almost completely paralyzed, so that I could only with the greatest difficulty, and under the most excruciating tortures, totter towards the plantation, which however it was impossible for me to reach. I was found senseless on the ground, and on the following day a violent wound fever ensued.” The tiger one may generally avoid; in fact, he avoids man, except under the stern pressure of necessity. But the ant is fearless, implacable, indestructible. Armies of them rush out upon the unwary intruder who has disturbed their hills; and when they have once laid hold of your skin you may tear their bodies from their heads before the dreadful mandibles relax.

Nor are the serpents agreeable neighbors, although the danger from them is much exaggerated. On penetrating for the first time into a tropical forest, the traveller is moved by many strange and conflicting emotions. There is mystery and terror and delight. The luxuriance of vegetation, the mighty giants clasped by python folds of enormous creepers, bearing numerous parasites on their knotty arms, the abundance of blossoms charming to the sight and fragrant to the smell, the brilliance of the plumage of the

birds flitting to and fro, and, with these, the dim terror which cannot be repressed that some dreadful serpent may be coiled up amid the tangled roots, or concealed beneath the leaves—these all assail the traveller. But familiarity removes the terror. Experience proves that snakes are very little more to be feared in the tropical than in the European woods. The reptiles are less numerous than is generally supposed, and few of them are dangerous. They avoid man, and, unless actually trodden on, seldom bite. Dr. Russell examined forty-three species in India, and found only seven were poisonous. Dr. Davy examined those of Ceylon, and out of twenty species only four were poisonous, and only two of these were capable of inflicting a mortal wound. The venomous snakes are indolent in their movements and easily avoided. They generally creep away without disputing the path, not being ready to squander their venom without necessity:—

“But although accidents from venomous snakes are comparatively rare, yet the consequences are dreadful when they do take place, and the sight of a cobra or a trigonocephalus preparing for its fatal spring may well appall the stoutest heart.

“Prince Maximilian of Neu Wied, having wounded a tapir, was following the traces of his game along with his Indian hunter, when suddenly his companion uttered a loud scream. He had come too near a labarri snake, and the dense thicket prevented his escape. Fortunately, the first glance of the distinguished naturalist fell upon the reptile, which, with extended jaws and projecting fangs, was ready to dart upon the Indian, but at the moment, struck by a ball from the prince’s rifle, lay writhing on the ground. The Indian, though otherwise a strong-nerved man, was so paralyzed by fear, that it was some time before he could recover his self-possession—a proof, among others, that it is superfluous to attribute a fascinating power to the venomous snakes, as the effects of terror are quite sufficient to explain why smaller animals, unable to flee the impending danger, become their unresisting victims, and even seem, as it were, wantonly to rush upon destruction. Thus Pöppig saw on the banks of the Huallaga an unfortunate frog, which, after being for some time unable to move, at length made a desperate leap towards a large snake, that was all the time fixing its eye upon it, and thus paid the confusion of its senses with the loss of its life.”

It is curious that the dreaded rattlesnake has a determined enemy in the hog, before

whom its courage vanishes in a quite ludicrous manner. The hog himself seems to rejoice in his power. He scents the rattlesnake from afar, and his bristles start up with excitement, as he approaches the retreating reptile, seizes it by the neck, and, greedily devours it, without touching the head. As the hog is the invariable companion of the settler in the backwoods, the rattlesnake gradually disappears before the advance of man; and in a century or more it will probably be extinct. Even the cobra has its hunter, not in the hog, but in the mongoos, or Indian ichneumon. But the cobra is no coward. Accustomed to scare the leopard, he is not to be scared by the little mongoos; on the contrary, he rises with swelling neck and flaming eyes; but the mongoos is too swift and dextrous—avoiding the stroke of the projecting fangs, the mongoos leaps on the cobra's back, and all is over.

When the traveller far inland meets with crabs, which he always associates with water, he puzzles himself as to how these crabs can live upon the distant hills for which they seem so little fitted. His surprise increases if some night during the spawning season he observes an army of these crabs quitting

their mountains, on a journey beachwards, for the purpose of depositing their eggs in the sand. On such an expedition, the crabs, impelled by the mysterious *storge*, cannot be stayed. With energetic patience they overcome every obstacle—house, rock, or other body. They want the ingenuity which would suggest their going round the obstacle; but with a powerful stupidity they scale it. Having reached the limit of their journey, and having deposited their eggs in the sand, their parental anxieties cease, and at once they commence the return home. They set out after nightfall, and steadily advance until the dawn warns them to seek concealment among the stones and rubbish, where they remain until the stars once more invite them to pursue their course. When they reach the coast, they are in prime condition for the table, and it is then they are taken. On their return home they are poor, exhausted, and despaired.

We have indicated the nature of Dr. Hartwig's book, and have only to add that it is compiled with great skill, and written in a clear and agreeable style. It is seldom that we have occasion to notice a more satisfactory work of the class to which it belongs.

A Moa has been seen in New Zealand. A Moa is a walking bird about eight or nine feet high, hitherto believed to be extinct, and seen by a miner in one of the gold diggings some time before the mail left. It was seen by him while sitting at a camp fire, and mistaken at first for a man. The miner next morning followed its track—which showed three claws, and, about a foot behind, the mark of a pad, and behind that again of a spur—for a long distance, but at last lost it. A Mr. Rees has offered £500 for the bird, "alive or dead," and there is still hope of securing it for Professor Owen.—*Spectator*, 18 April.

"CLIMBING trees in the Hesperides."

—*Love's Labor Lost*.

And cramming your pocket with the leaves instead of the pippins, as some readers from the best writers seem never to carry anything away but a profusion of words. Some, like myself, are twig-pluckers, carrying off a sentence here and there; just a trifle better than the mere foliage men, as the bough may have fruit upon it, and may be planted as well as plucked, and so bear fruit elsewhere.

GOD'S BOOK, MAN'S BOOK.—I hesitate not to say, that I derive from Revelation a conviction of Theism which, without that assistance, would have been but a dark and ambiguous hope. I see that the Bible fits every fold of the human heart. I am a man, and I believe it to be God's book, because it is man's book.—*Arthur Henry Hallam*.

"A YOUTH of folly, an old age of cards."

—POPE.

Or perhaps of proverbs: which of the two you can only predict if you happen to know whether the folly has been of the passionate or the frivolous order. Coleridge writes of

"That sad wisdom Folly leaves behind;"

but it is by no means every description of effervescence that leaves this particular residuum.

"He snapped at the shadow, and dropped his bone."

—ÆSOP.

If you should ever find it necessary verbally to assert your social rank, do it gracefully, and do not forget you're a gentleman, in trying to *prove* that you're one.

From The Saturday Review.
MANNERS.

MANNERS are to morals what the form is to the substance. Archbishop Whately says, somewhere, that no man can read better than he usually speaks in daily life; and, according to that principle, the perfection of reading in each man is to read as he naturally converses. Anything beyond this must be mannerism—everything short of it must be needlessly defective. In the same way, it might be said, looking at manners from the highest point of view, that the perfection of manners in each individual is to behave as he feels. True, his feelings may be far from the ideal standard of feeling, but, such as they are, their exact transcript, in his outward behavior, will be the best manners of which he is capable. For if he affects a higher level, the affectation—in manners, the cardinal vice, *peccatum peccatorum*—will peep out somewhere; and if he takes a lower level, it is only an affectation of a different sort. In one case, he unduly exalts himself; in the other, he virtually depreciates his neighbor. Nevertheless, society, always practical in its requirements, decrees that, if a man's feelings are all they should be, so much the better for him and for all parties, but if not, the next best thing is that the outward and visible form of the invisible and absent graces should be as pleasant as possible. If the pitcher contains nectar, it is well; if not, still let the form be as perfect as it can. And society is right. The habit of doing the proper thing reacts upon the feelings. It is dangerous to stereotype bad emotions in the habit of ill-breeding. Your dog has an unfortunate propensity for biting. Try to stop him short at the growling stage. Your horse is vicious. Be it so; but, at all events, prevent him from kicking, if you can. The habit of not kicking may cool his vice, and give time for reflection and the growth of calmer virtues. This is a doctrine which cabmen understand, and apply with success to all but themselves.

Leaving the more transcendental region of the exact relation of manners to feeling, it cannot be doubted that men gradually come to look upon manners as something distinct from mere feeling, something subject to rules of its own, having its own theory, and largely affecting the comfort and happiness of civilized life—as much, in fact, as petticoats or

crinoline. Every civilization has given birth to its own dress and manners, as every flora expresses itself in its own bloom. Every crisis in history, every revolution, has had its counterstroke in the general manners of the people. In all cases, the only ultimate principle which can be arrived at is, “to do to others as we wish to be done by;” but in all cases *how*, and how far, we can do so, depends upon a variety of considerations arising out of the peculiar family life, the national character, and the artistic element in each case. The home feeling and grinding industry of Englishmen, coupled with their aristocratic institutions, the poverty and sun-baked pride of the idle and independent Spaniard, the courtliness and finesse of the social Frenchman, are marked by distinctive manners. It is painful to acknowledge that the manners of our clodhoppers, their shuffling, lumbering gait, and the heaviness of their thought and speech, suggest nothing so much as their resemblance to their own cart-horses. On the other hand, our middle classes are too often consumed with the desire to be what they call “genteel,” but what we should define as that quintessential form of vulgarity which consists in caricaturing external forms the sense of which they do not understand, and which, if they understood, they would not acknowledge as any standard of their own. In all this we speak of manners. For of the high qualities, moral and political, of the English people as such, we have a very high opinion. Englishmen who have not mixed freely with foreigners cannot realize the enormous difference between the manners of the lower and middle classes in England and those of the same classes abroad. The Spanish beggar dressed in tatters takes his hat off to his fellow-beggar, and addresses him with a grave courtesy, and a perfection of ease, which any nobleman might envy, and assuredly no nobleman need wish to surpass. The courtesy, good breeding, and social tact of the lower class of Frenchmen, though of a different kind, are, or until a recent period used to be, scarcely less remarkable. We remember sitting at a *table d'hôte* next to a little Frenchwoman of very humble birth. Her husband, she said in the course of the conversation, was a bagman. She herself had worked in a provincial factory, and spoke of it with a simplicity which in this country

only accompanies the *crème de la crème* of high breeding. Her hands told the same tale, and she did not hide them. She was not pretty, nor was there the slightest attempt at fascination or flirtation. But her conversation was so naturally sustained and independent, her manner so delicate, amiable, and unaffected, her language so happy, her accent so pure, and her voice so well balanced, and agreeably modulated, that she might have sat without disparagement by the side of any countess in England. If this were an extraordinary exception, it would not be a fair one to quote. But we appeal to travellers, whether it is not the common type of the *petite bourgeoise* in France. Why is it that, in countries where we believe the moral condition and the political freedom of the mass of the population to be more or less inferior to what they are in England, the symmetry and development of each individual in himself as a human being should be so unquestionably superior? Is it that the armor and panoply of rights which the ordinary Englishman carries about with him to protect him against the encroachments of his neighbor, eat into his flesh and impede his motions, and therefore, that the foreign David with his simple sling is a more graceful being than the English Goliath, armed at all points? Or is it, as the French, for instance, complacently suppose, that they are the most completely and rotundly civilized of all the nations of the world? These are questions which we leave to the discretion of our readers.

But, whatever may be thought of the lower orders, it has been well said that, the higher we ascend, the more do the manners of different countries tend to coincide. The manners of the well-educated Englishman are not very different from those of the well-educated Frenchman. But, although the differences have become more refined and impalpable, they exist nevertheless. If we take the highest class in the different countries of Europe, it is impossible not to be struck with the exact analogy between the manners and the genius of the respective languages in each case. The Frenchman's language is symmetrical, systematic, goes straight to the point, is clear, epigrammatical, and contains the largest amount of small coin ready for immediate use in the smallest compass, of any living tongue. The French manner corresponds

exactly to the language. There is a certain harmony and system in a Frenchman's behavior, which, in extreme cases, becomes a cut-and-dried mannerism, though, as a rule, mannerism is too quickly detected and ridiculed in France to hold its ground long. A Frenchman never seems to beat about the bush, but prefers going wrong at once, confident, if necessary, to be able to retrace his steps with ease and grace: hence, he seems much less afraid of committing himself than an Englishman. As his language is clear, so his manner seems candid, lest obscurity should savor of incapacity or design. And he adapts himself to all the little occurrences of life with the flexibility symbolized by the thousand little idioms which are the best crystallized sweetmeats of his native country. The Spaniard's manner has the loftiness and magnificence of his native language. It is the manner of kings. He raises circumstances to himself rather than adapts himself to them. The curve and inflexion of his manner is the curve and sweep of his literature. It is essentially the "grand manner" corresponding to the "grand style." He requires a certain latitude to unfold his wings; and to chain him to the swift and epigrammatic versatility of the Frenchman would be like asking Mr. Disraeli or the late Sir Robert Peel to address Parliament in the language of the *gamin de Paris*. If we turn to the English manner, we find the same analogy subsisting. The English language is essentially unsystematic, irregular, and practical. Its vocabulary is borrowed from all the winds of heaven, and marvellously compounded without any primary thought of symmetry or harmony. Throughout, in its formation, English is pervaded with the utilitarian principle and has an eye to business. And hence it has the defects, but also, in its more perfect specimens, the beauties and excellences which always ultimately arise from the close adaptation of means to ends. No one can doubt that a tree is closer to nature than the most perfect statue ever carved. And a noble tree, although it has grown on the utilitarian principle of the closest adaptation of means to ends, has an artistic beauty of its own which some men would think superior to the finest work of human art. Without discussing the rival opinions, we hardly think it will be gainsaid that the difference between the two kinds of merit is precisely that which exists

between the French and English languages and the French and English manners. As the lower English manner is coarse in its rougher nature, so the higher English manner, when purified of its coarseness, is more simple, more natural—it is the manner of the summer lawn, and not of the reception room. The symmetrical French versatility and the French disposition for moral and conversational fireworks seem too puerile to the Englishman, while the Spanish grandeur seems too arrogant and impracticable: hence, he cultivates a golden mediocrity, a sort of masculine cordiality, always, in the best examples, tempered with a slight reserve. No people profess more than the English to abhor the maxim which bids us live with our friends as though they might one day be our enemies, and none affect it more frequently in their outward behavior. Nor can it be said that in so doing they diminish the worth of their friendship. They save it, on the contrary, from many a mischance to which in less guarded natures it is liable. The Frenchman thinks, with the characteristic “bah,” that a thing which requires so much attention is not worth having. And as he cannot do without it, he seizes hold of it, and smothers it on his breast. An Englishman thinks that a thing so well worth having deserves all the attention in his power, and he had rather keep the flower of his friendship in iced water than to stifle it in his hands. So far, the best English manner seems to us to be in many points superior to that of other countries.

But there is a crop of eccentricities and anomalies in second-rate English manners, which are very curious and sometimes very distressing, and which seem to be totally indigenous. The chiefest is rather a positive defect than an eccentricity, and that is the almost total absence of any manifestation of a desire to please. In this respect foreigners have an unquestionable superiority. A well-bred foreigner will go and sit by another person without familiarity or assumption, and yet with an indefinable air over his whole being expressive of a desire to please that person. He does not look self-satisfied—he does not look busy, nor anxious, nor important—he does it without fuss and with a certain reserve. Perhaps he looks grave, or perhaps there is the twilight of a smile, but in all cases his whole attitude seems to say, “I am

glad to have met you. What topic can we discover most pleasing to yourself? And if we cannot discover anything very wonderful, still it is a pleasure to sit in your company for a few minutes.” How different is this from the smug, half-playful, half-silly, half-conceited, half-shy, half-arrogant, evangelical manner of a certain class of English people and sucking clergymen, to whom we lately had occasion to refer! Here, indeed, there is a desire to please, not for the sake of pleasing, but only by way of alluring and enticing a lower animal—“an immortal soul” they pretend to call it—secretly thought to be in a melancholy plight, into the bliss of the sectarian fold. Hence all those airs and graces which resemble nothing so much as the contortions of a bird-catcher teaching young bulfinches to pipe. With this exception, curiously connected with the characteristically English absence of a desire to please for its own sake, as an essential part of high-breeding, is the strange infatuation of a large part of the younger generation to affect an air of indifference, varied only by fits of smirking, giggling, and flirtation, and the use of slang phrases, which supply the place of pleasant intercourse between young people who would have enough to say, and could amuse each other much better by saying it, if they were not afflicted with the mania for being thought witty, and the dread of ever being thought in earnest. Thus the young men of the present day seem to labor hard to be thought empty puppies, and the young women empty puppets. “Celui qui court après l'esprit, attrappe la sottise.” Doubtless we owe this in a great measure to the halo of cant with which the puritan party have contrived to invest the idea of earnestness. Yet if we look for the distinctive feature of the best manner in foreigners, whom we twit with levity, it is precisely its pervading earnestness. And it cannot be denied that the last and most beautiful touch, the ideal varnish of perfect high-breeding, is, in fact, earnestness with sympathy. Earnestness is the outward and visible symbol of inward and invisible sincerity—the foundation of pleasant intercourse. To be in earnest is the first and last compliment we can pay to those with whom we deal. We thereby acknowledge that we respect them, without which no society is possible. And perhaps this will account for a fact which vain young fools often fail to comprehend—

namely, that so many accomplished women prefer much older men. A true woman prefers feeling to wit, and still more to its pretence. Nor does earnestness exclude mirth or glee! On the contrary, the true character of earnestness is to laugh if there is anything to cause laughter, and not to laugh if there is nothing to laugh at. In some English manners, there is a suppressed irony—an “I could laugh, an’ I would, but it is not worth my while, or I think it vulgar, or I think it beneath my dignity, or beneath my office, or contrary to my religious opinions”—which is the opposite of earnestness, and which is simply very bad breeding, because it is hollow and unamiable. A foreign woman, exquisitely polished and refined, who will converse with the utmost earnestness and grace upon any subject that interests her, will not hesitate to burst into a ringing peal of laughter, should anything particularly tickle her fancy. This, however, is some-

thing very different from the conduct of some young people, who affect to disregard the feeling of their elders by laughing loud on all occasions and on the very slightest provocation. Of course, the true freedom of earnestness is something very alien to the diplomatic reserve of certain circles, where people meet because they must, not because they wish it, and where every person watches every other person, bent not on pleasing or on being pleased, but on snapping up something to turn to account in favor of one party or against another. All this may be necessary and inevitable, but it is the exact opposite of good manners, the essence of which is to beget mutual pleasure. The subject is indeed inexhaustible. We will only add that as, in pictures, the clodhopper is satisfied with a sign-post, the pawnbroker with anything that pays, while the artist sighs after a higher ideal, so the same principle exactly applies to manners.

GILBERT A-BECKET’S POLKA SONG, WHEN THAT
DANCE WAS FIRST MADE POPULAR
IN ENGLAND.

QUI nunc dancere vult modo,
Wants to dance in the fashion O,
Discre debet—ought to know
Kickere floor cum heel and toe.

One, two, three,
Hop with me,
Whirligig, twirligig, rapide.

Polkam jungere, virgo, vis?
Will you join the polka, miss?
Liberius—most willingly,
Sic agimus—then let us try.

Nunc vide,
Skip with me,
Whirlabout, roundabout, celere.

Tum laeva cito, tum dextra,
First to the left, and then t’other way:
Aspice retro in vultu,
You look at her, and she looks at you,
Das palmam,
Change hands, ma’am,
Celere—run away—just in sham.

“HERODS, bloody-hunting, slaughter men.”
—SHAKESPEARE.

Some critics seem to massacre the innocents indiscriminately,—

“Those guiltless babes of Bethel slain by guess,”

to use old Lord Stirling’s words. Others go their rounds like conscientious Lycurgus-policemen, fancying that they do the state of literature “some service” by putting out of the way what they imagine to be monstrosities, malformations, and puny children,—often, however, making horrible mistakes. Alexander the Great would have had no chance with them, on account of that well-known twist in the neck, which they would have twisted a little further; and poor Byron, the champion and poet of Greece, would have “gone to it” like one of Lance’s puppies, drowned far more satisfactorily for halting in one of his natural feet by the Lycurgus-policeman, than he was by Jeffrey for halting in his poetical ones.

“THE knight upstarted brave
Out of the well wherein he drenched lay,

* * * * *
Like eagle fresh out of the ocean wave,
So new this new-born knight to battle new did
rise.

I wot not whether his revenging steele
Was hardened with that holy-water dew
Wherein he fell.”—SPENSER, *Faery Queene*.

Admirably applicable to the case of Byron and many others. The Lycurgus-well of the critics often proves to genius a bath or a baptism. Just, though severe, criticism invigorates; stupid censure almost consecrates; as Ben Jonson says,

“Of whom to be dispraised is no small praise.”

From The Spectator.

CURLS.

"BEAUTY is but skin deep" say old maids; but then who is going to tear off the skin? Beauty is harmony, after all, and perfect harmony is the highest effect even providential care can produce. Everything, however slight, that can aid beauty towards full development, is an addition to the small modicum of happiness existing in the world, and the lightest phase of fashion has of necessity its own artistic force. We record, therefore, with hope and not disdain, the fact that a change of fashion is possible in the matter of wearing the hair. Men, of course are to remain as they have been for the last century, cropped like convicts, as if hair, like finger-nails and bad acquaintance, were chiefly of use for cutting. But women, it is said, are no longer to be condemned to a single fashion for the head—to bind down rich hair and thin, auburn and gray, black and flaxen, in the same Quaker plaits. According to a letter in the *Scotsman*, written evidently in the truest spirit of scientific research, the princess *did* enter London on the 7th March with two long locks curling about her neck, and the fashion has already found numerous devotees. We fancy the princess rather sanctioned than introduced the fashion, for the two locks had been worn before, and had received, indeed, probably from some club man, who has forgotten the time when he recognized flirtation as the primary end of woman, the sneering nickname of "follow-me-lads." Be that as it may, the innovation is one to rejoice over, for fashion had grown almost as weary as human eyes of the existing mode of dressing the hair. All heads had been reduced by a tyranny which, unlike most such tyrannies, was not short-lived, to one dead meaningless level. Tall or short, fat or "elegant," with rich brown hair which would have delighted Titian, or with the sandy locks pleasant only in the eyes of an Arab, every woman was bound to plait her hair down in two flat bands stretching from the crown to below the ear. Of course, on some few Greek faces, needing regular lines to be in keeping with their clean cut profiles, those plaits were very becoming, and, of course, also, there were a few faces which, from innate qualities of expression—from the sunny flash, for example, which transforms some few brunettes—could not be spoiled by any conceivable malarrangement.

But all women were compelled to the same hair, as they are still coerced into the same bonnet. The auburn wealth, which needs only to be unconfined to be perfect, but which is never seen in England except on the beach at a watering-place, was reduced to propriety equally with the light-brown chevelure, which looks so well thrown back from the head. Even "sweet girl graduates with their golden hair," which ought to fall in a row of ringlets round the face, half hiding blue eyes, and making pursed lips look arch from the sidelong glance they ensure, were bound in the plaits which become only black-haired or matronly heads. Pale faces, which want a setting to the portraits, and round cheeks, which need only lines to break their effect, were formalized by one and the same rule, and even damsels with high cheek-bones were unable to resist an edict which practically set those bones in a frame for all the world to admire before they saw the face. There are three hundred thousand girls in England whose fathers pay income-tax, and they have at least three hundred thousand sorts of face; there are at least two hundred ways of arranging the hair known to each of those girls; and yet they were all condemned, under penalty of being pronounced odd, or peculiar, or *outrée*, the epithet varying according to their weight in society, to wear their hair alike. The uniformity of the bonnet is bad enough, but that is arranged by milliners, and is, after all, artificial; but to produce uniformity in hair, nature has to be twisted out of all speciality, and, therefore, all natural grace. Hair which Heaven made to curl is rebellious when man makes it straight, and many a girl spends hours in the week in curing herself effectually of one of her greatest gifts.

If the example of the princess should amend this error only, London will be rewarded for its enthusiasm, and the nation for the £24,000 which the ceremonial everybody rejoiced in and nobody saw, is, we perceive, to cost. "Follow-me-lads" are not in themselves very pretty, though like any other fashion they become the princess, and they are exceedingly costly. A rich silk dress, we are told, is worth little after an evening with these curls resting upon its uppermost edge, and lace gets the aristocratic tinge a little too soon. The curls, too, alone, and therefore thin, are a little unmeaning, and spoil that richness of massy folds which constitutes, after all, that glory of wo-

man's hair of which angels were afraid. But any innovation which is not avowedly French is a blessing, for it breaks up the curse of modern society—the taste for uniformity, whether in beauty or ugliness.

Why should not the reform be carried farther? If the princess have but the spirit, she may break up the detestable routine once and for all, and if she cannot produce the dissimilarity which nature seems to prefer,—that unfashionable power making no two faces and no two leaves quite alike,—she may at least give the English female world the benefit of a double standard. All possibly may not follow her, for the highest class all over Europe keeps up uniformity as a kind of test for caste, and uniformity needing a standard takes its patterns from French *lorettes*. But she would carry with her half the country, and a mere choice, the right to decide on the less ugly idea, would be a boon to our countrywomen. Suppose the princess tried a bonnet reconcilable in some faint or distant degree with the primary laws of art, with that one, for instance, which forbids the painter to paint an apple with a stalk twice as big as itself. Numbers might stick to the “spoon,” but then people with long faces might leave it alone, while people with short faces continued the much-admired design. At present both those whom it would become, if it could become anybody, and those who look in it like the faces one sees reflected in the back of a table-spoon, are equally condemned to its use. Or suppose, by a daring invasion of milliners' rules, her royal highness re-introduced the only bit of real drapery this age has retained out of all the costumes

its grandmothers were at pains to invent, the old three yards and three-quarters shawl. The courtiers of Paris might recoil, but the English lady would, at least, have the choice of giving herself some height and rectifying the equalizing, and therefore destructive effect of crinoline on all figures. That privilege seems at present reserved exclusively for the old. Or suppose, if instead of compelling the tall and the short, the plump and the scraggy, alike to dine with bare shoulders, a great example revived with modifications the beautiful Josephine dress. As Josephine wore it, it was, perhaps, a little *too* beautiful for English ideas or climate, but that defect any milliner would correct, and it is in itself artistically perfect, the top of a riding habit thrown slightly open in front. Crinoline we dare not attack, for it will not be abolished; but suppose there were two styles, *à l'Impératrice*, covering half a sofa, and a *à la Princesse*, only wide enough to give a graceful dignity to the figure without utterly concealing the form. People straight from shoulder to heel would still have their prized defence, while those whom nature has made lithe might retain that lissom beauty which was the grace of girlhood till somebody in the interest of Sheffield developed crinoline into the “cage.” It is a double standard that is required, something to break up this horrible uniformity, this dressing of women, not to set off their God-given beauty, but to sell milliners' goods; and this the princess, if at the prayer of her sex she will but fight for a week, can give to those who for the past month have felt the prouder for her arrival.

“THERE might be keener knowledge of human nature ‘than was dreamt of in their philosophy,’ which passed with them for commonplace.”—LOCKHART, *Life of Scot*.

Hazy readers are apt to take that which their understanding acknowledges as true for that which their memory recognizes as old. It is just here that thorough and well-read criticism distinguishes, and shallow criticism confounds.

“LA jeunesse, noble, grande, exaltee qu'elle est !”
—ALPHONSE KARR.

Oh, yes ! Youth is full of grandeurs, generosities, independencies of spirit, etc. etc. ; but it

is curious how many of these somebody, perhaps no longer young, often has to pay for.

The next best thing to committing no follies is to commit none that we cannot fairly pay for out of our own pocket.

“ST. PETER'S at Rome seldom answers expectation at first seeing it, but enlarges itself on all sides insensibly.”—ADDISON, *Travels in Italy*.

This is also particularly the case with another temple, that of knowledge, to those who have been inside it for a little while; a truth trite enough, but I believe the simile is a new one.

From The Saturday Review.

EXPLANATIONS.

THERE are few words that carry a heavier weight of dulness, or are beset with more annoying associations, than "Explanation," and the verb "To Explain," in all its tenses. We do not remember that the poets give them a place in the armory of Discord; but in their dull, hypocritical way, none deserve it better, for every so-called explanation induces some element of discordance and separation, and puts the speaker in a sort of opposition of sentiment or inclination to the hearer. The words have, no doubt, an innocent use as applied to things; but when men come to explain a meaning that had previously seemed too clear, or to give an explanation of a questionable course of conduct, or to seek an explanation of a line of action which has displeased them—above all, when, under the privilege of intimacy, there is a mutual unfolding of motives and intentions with the professed design of explaining away some chance coldness or difference—it is rare that mischief does not come of it. And as for truth, which is the professed aim, who was ever thoroughly satisfied with himself, whose conscience ever came out quite white and clean, after some tooth-and-nail explanation on some intricate, knotty point in which his feelings or passions have been engaged? The sense of failure after these encounters is, indeed, so general that we believe the practice would be about given up by rational people but for a perversion of language which universally prevails. Wherever neighbors and acquaintances do not quite hit it, wherever there is some slight breach or halt in intimacy, the state of things is called a misunderstanding. The affair is politely attributed to the respective parties not knowing enough of each other's inner motives and opinions—it being assumed that the more people know exactly what goes on inside each other, the greater friends they will be. Now, of course, if ignorance lies at the bottom of the difficulty, an explanation has some chance of removing it; and thus the word "misunderstanding" suggests naturally the idea of explaining it away. But if misunderstanding, as we believe, always means collision, the recourse to explanation is manifestly absurd; and that the word does convey this meaning, those at least will not doubt who have, on the other hypothesis, tried what an

elaborate explanation of themselves can do. Pure, untinctured mistake has not much to do with human affairs out of novels. In fact, all minds brought into near contact are aware, except where the ties of a life-long family affection and unity of interests blind them, of certain incongruous elements and points of antagonism which untoward circumstances occasionally bring into prominence. There is some quality in each unit of the most attached pair of friends, or even lovers, which is not acceptable or agreeable to the other,—which, when uppermost, causes a rub, and results even in a sense of mutual blame—but which need not cause any lasting disturbance if recognized for what it is, an inborn difference or defect, a spot come into sight. For collisions are passing things—even serious collisions; if we weather the first shock, we may go on as before, merely learning a scarcely conscious lesson of caution. But in impulsive minds a desire arises to do something. Self has to be cleared, or another has to be called to account; we must needs get at the bottom of things, and see where the fault lies, and once for all make things straight. Now, whenever this craving arises, the friendship or familiarity has arrived at one of its inevitable hitches; and it is certainly wisest to go round it, if possible, not to make too violent efforts to remove what is deeper rooted and harder to shift than haste and inexperience will believe. Clashes of feeling or opinion must come, sooner or later, where there are hidden differences. The warmest friendship must be content with something short of absolute unanimity—must now and then endure tacit disapproval, must rely on a general estimate of conduct, must submit to be what it calls mistaken, while in reality there is as good an understanding as innate differences and opposing views and interests will allow.

Few persons are aware how seldom they act in the affairs of life on a formal array of reasons. All people who are fond of explanations have more than half their reasons to seek on the spur of the moment and in the heat of talk. In fact, men act on the principles that have formed their characters, but very seldom think of reasons till after an affair is over. Hence all sorts of temptations to be disingenuous. The mind must be very candid and transparent which comes out of one of these explanatory duels unconscious

of suppressions and special pleadings, and of glosses which a man may be sure his opponent has seen more clearly than himself, and which may unduly lower his opinion of his sincerity. When the Frenchwoman explained that she wished for a divorce because she could practise no virtue with the Dutchman; nobody would give her credit for the particle of truth which was possibly there. To persons who cannot follow the causes of your conduct intuitively, your reasons evoked at a moment's notice are not likely to make matters better, or better understood; for a reason which barely represents half your motives to yourself is sure to enter the other mind in such travestied guise as to convey nothing as you intend it. A man's principles may be good and the application of them nothing to be ashamed of, but he has found them hardly presentable without a little varnish. In fact, motives of conduct are such complex things that they often refuse to be put into words. In private and individual cases, moreover, they may have no possible disgrace in them, and yet there may be a pardonable reluctance to proclaim them. Self-respect and want of appropriate language drive people in these predicaments to the hypocrisy of a higher ground than they have a right to. Sydney Smith, arguing with "a good, honest Tory," on Catholic Emancipation, asks of what importance it is to him whether a Protestant or Catholic is made a judge? "None," is the disinterested answer; "but I am afraid for the Church of Ireland." "Why do you care so much for the Church of Ireland?" "I do not care so much for the Church of Ireland, if I was sure the Church of England would not be destroyed." "And is it for the Church of England alone that you fear?" is the insinuating rejoinder. "Not quite that," comes out at last, "but I am afraid we should all be lost—that everything would be overturned, and that I should lose my rank and my estate." In politics, a party may be made to explain itself in this fashion—may be driven to a confession of selfish as well as public ends, without leaving a soreness behind; but there are a hundred private motives and considerations in social life which will not bear such treatment, and which cannot be forced into words and made distinctly visible without a sense of humiliation, and yet which are quite as lawful as the Tory's regard for his own estate. Conversation and

all social intercourse is carried on under the notion of a certain masonic comprehension more subtle than language, and nothing is so embarrassing to our candor and sense of truth as to find this freemasonry at fault. Families, cliques, societies understand one another with this electric rapidity; wherever temper or opposing interests break the mystic link, friends and intimates are in the position of opposing classes, who have to lay down everything in the way of formal explanation. Words are powerless to restore the old flash of recognition, and it is very seldom wise to have recourse to them, where there are such hindrances on each side as impeded sympathies and perception blinded by eager self-vindication.

People, indeed, who have faith in explanations and periodical repairs of their friendships, had need of an exceptional amount of charity, or of some Lethe of their own wherein to bathe their memory after them; for we are comparatively indifferent to being misunderstood, or even misjudged, where it comes of our friends' blunder, or his dulness to our merits, but nobody can stand having his array of statements, his proofs, arguments, justifications, set at naught. It is intolerable, after condescending to a laborious vindication, to remain where one was—after an unanswerable display of grievances, to see one's friend unconvinced and impenitent; and yet some touch of this evil clings to every explanation, with whatever temper conducted. But what temper can come wholly unscathed out of the ordeal? In many hands, explanations, of course slip at once into mere recrimination, proceeding to the scandal of a quarrel and mutual loss of respect, even where reconciliation ensues. But short of this, and where principle, self-control, and politeness, are never lost sight of, this form of encounter brings out many awkward revelations. Few natures ring true through their whole depths. There is a savage, untamed spot in most hearts. Education and the discipline of society do not subdue the whole man. We do not slander humanity in saying that few men are gentlemen under every conceivable trial. Something rough and rude lurks, unknown, unseen, in many an elegant, refined bosom, civilized by all that culture can do, and proof against all attacks recognized as such, but which reveals itself under the insidious temptation of one of these friendly passages at arms. Of all possible forms of this evil, the

worst and the most dangerous is where members of the same household or family, ceasing to trust to instinct and experience in their perilous intimacy, throw themselves upon verbal explanations.

It may be observed, that people who keep their friends, and live in a state of harmony with the world, systematically deny themselves the luxury of explanations. Things go a little wrong, but they wait patiently until they right themselves. They trust to time, to patience, to the weight of a composed and forbearing attitude, to the powerful influences of reticence and self-respect. While people are much and variously involved in the world's business and pleasures, they hardly recognize the temptation to this undignified form of exculpatory vindication and self-assertion. Indeed, a fondness for explanations can scarcely possess persons in the brisk intercourse of life. It demands time to brood. It belongs to pauses in the hurry of existence—to the byways of life. Women are more given to it than men; dwellers in small towns than in great. Even the same people take to explanations in the country which they would never think of making in London. Apart from any sense of neglect or grievance, there is a constant tendency in some minds to explain themselves and right themselves in the eyes of the world. All people who do not come up to their own idea of themselves, and are afflicted with morbid misgivings that they do not do themselves justice have this habit. A person of this sort will plunge into any depth of new blunder in explaining away his last solecism. It is, in fact the way conceit works where it has rare occasions for display and wants a field. Most people's consciousness will tell them that, if ever a fit of explaining themselves has been upon them, it has been in some flutter of self-love, self-consciousness, or self-interest. This at once differs from, and is more pardonable than, that solemn sense of importance which impels some men to explain every step in their course of action—to give a reason for everything they do, under the notion that they are examples.

There are dull proserers whose lips are engaged all their lives in a running comment on their actions—who, like Mr. Collins, cannot take a hand at whist without detaining their hostess to explain why they think such a step justifiable and becoming to their position. Poor people are very prone to obtrude tedious apologetic explanations on their betters, sometimes to the suspension of all rational talk—not from conceit, but from an inevitable ignorance of the small hold which their chance ceremonial intercourse has on persons remote from their ways of thought, and full of other things. Nor does all their desire to be civil preserve them from the

common fate of explanations where self is necessarily prominent; as where the rustic, eager to atone for some fancied want of respect to a stranger at the Hall, opens his apology, on next meeting the distinguished visitor, with, "I'm sure, sir, if I'd had the least notion as you was a gentleman." But, indeed, in less clumsy bands, it needs the greatest tact to enter on an affair of this kind without making worse of it; and, generally, to explain the why and because of a failure in respect or appreciation is only to commit a fresh and more offensive blunder, and is not seldom taken for deliberate impertinence. It may be noted that persons who have the art of managing others never explain themselves. To give reasons for a course of conduct is at once to expose it to criticism, and to deprive it of the weight which belongs to action as the result of character. The *Times*, for instance, is as careful never to explain itself as it is never to apologize. Indeed it may be doubted whether the most powerful and influential wills ever explain reasons or probe into motives, even to themselves. They have an instinct of working their way and effecting their purposes, which is the exact contrary of the bore's state of mind—the man who influences nobody—whom we have represented as always employed in explaining to himself and other people why he does things.

We started with the admission that some explanations are both innocent and necessary. Children are entrapped, as it were, by their trick of questioning, into the trial of listening to formal explanations in answer. Some things must be learned by this method, however little "sympathy it has with the will of man." Not seldom we have seen a careless talker betray himself into the same snare, and writhe under the penance which, through nobody's fault but his own, he has brought upon himself. But we maintain that orators, teachers, conversers, should, one and all, be chary of the explanatory form, as being apt in its nature not only to induce tedium in the listener, but a dogged resistance. Thus between two preachers of equal power, the question of popularity will be decided by the mode in which their teaching is administered. The man who explains tires his hearers. The man who makes statements interests them. The demand on the attention in his case is less arbitrary, and it is given with less effort. In the one case, a man seems full of his subject—in the other, of his own way of putting it; and while there may not seem much in common between the "explanations" of social life and the didactic explanation of the teacher, there is this likeness—that the person engaged upon either of them is putting his case in his own point of view, and requiring us to see with his eyes.

THE COUNTESS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

OVER the wooded northern ridge,
Between its houses brown,
To the dark tunnel of the bridge
The street comes straggling down.

You catch a glimpse through birch and pine
Of gable, roof, and porch,
The tavern with its swinging sign,
The sharp horn of the church.

The river's steel-blue crescent curves
To meet, in ebb and flow,
The single broken wharf that serves
For sloop and gundalow.

With salt sea-scents along its shores
The heavy hayboats crawl,
The long antennæ of their oars
In lazy rise and fall.

Along the gray abutment's wall
The idle shad-net dries ;
The toll-man in his cobbler's stall
Sits smoking with closed eyes.

You hear the pier's low undertone
Of waves that chafe and gnaw ;
You start—a skipper's horn is blown
To raise the creaking draw.

At times a blacksmith's anvil sounds
With slow and sluggish beat,
Or stage-coach on its dusty rounds
Wakes up the staring street.

A place for idle eyes and ears
A cobwebbed nook of dreams ;
Left by the stream whose waves are years
The stranded village seems.

And there, like other moss and rust,
The native dweller clings,
And keeps, in uninquiring trust,
The old, dull round of things.

The fisher drops his patient lines,
The farmer sows his grain,
Content to hear the murmuring pines
Instead of railroad train.

Go where, along the tangled steep
That slopes against the West,
The hamlet's buried idlers sleep
In still profounder rest.

Throw back the locust's flowery plume,
The birch's pale-green scarf,
And break the web of brier and bloom
From name and epitaph.

A simple muster-roll of death,
Of pomp and romance shorn,
The dry, old names that common breath
Has cheapened and outworn.

Yet pause by one low mound and part
The wild vines o'er it laced,

And read the words by rustic art
Upon its headstone traced.

Haply yon white-haired villager
Of fourscore years can say
What means the noble name of her
Who sleeps with common clay.

An exile from the Gascon land
Found refuge here and rest,
And loved, of all the village band,
Its fairest and its best.

He knelt with her on Sabbath morns,
He worshipped through her eyes,
And on the pride that doubts and scorns
Stole in her faith's surprise.

Her simple daily life he saw
By homeliest duties tried,
In all things by an untaught law
Of fitness justified.

For her his rank aside he laid :
He took the hue and tone
Of lowly life and toil, and made
Her simple ways his own.

Yet still, in gay and careless ease,
To harvest-field or dance
He brought the gentle courtesies,
The nameless grace of France.

And she who taught him love not less
From him she loved in turn
Caught in her sweet unconsciousness
What love is quick to learn.

Each grew to each in pleased accord,
Nor knew the gazing town
If she looked upward to her lord,
Or he to her looked down.

How sweet, when summer's day was o'er,
His violin's mirth and wail,
The walk on pleasant Newbury's shore,
The river's moonlit sail !

Ah ! life is brief, though love be long ;
The altar and the bier,
The burial hymn and bridal song,
Were both in one short year !

Her rest is quiet on the hill
Beneath the locust's bloom ;
Far off her lover sleeps as still
Within his scutcheon'd tomb.

The Gascon lord, the village maid,
In death still clasp their hands ;
The love that levels rank and grade
Unites their severed lands.

What matter whose the hill-side grave,
Or whose the blazoned stone ?
Forever to her western wave
Shall whisper blue Garonne !

O Love !—so hallowing every soil
That gives thy sweet flower room,

Wherever, nursed by ease or toil,
The human heart takes bloom !—

Plant of lost Eden, from the sod
Of sinful earth unripen,
White blossom of the trees of God
Dropped down to us from heaven !—

This tangled waste of mound and stone
Is holy for thy sake ;
A sweetness which is all thy own
Breathes out from fern and brake !

And while ancestral pride shall twine
The Gascon's tomb with flowers,
Fall sweetly here, O song of mine,
With summer's bloom and showers !

And let the lines that severed seem
Unite again in thee,
As western wave and Gallic stream
Are mingled in one sea !

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

INNOCENT being, sleep, thy silken lashes
Now fringe thy peach-like cheek in soft repose ;
And the blue eyes, where joy so often flashes,
Slowly, unwillingly their portals close.

The dimpled hands unclasp their tiny fingers,
And on the shoulder droops the little head ;
On pouting lips the last smile faintly lingers,
That o'er thy happy brow its sunshine spread.

So, gentle slumberer, from earth's cares and trials
To peace celestial may you turn away,
Forgetful of the griefs and self-denials,
That crowd this weary life's unequal day !

Still, may bright visions, like a fair dream gather
Around thy spirit, and around thy home ;
'Till benedictions, from thy heavenly Father,
Fold thee *forever*, with—"My blessed, come !"

N. J. BISHOP.

—*Transcript.*

LOST DAYS.

THE lost days of my life until to-day,
What were they, could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell ? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for food, but trodden into clay ?
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay ?
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet ?
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
The throats of men in hell who thirst alway ?
I do not see them here ; but after death
God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self with low last breath :—
"I am thyself, what has thou done to me ?"
"And I—and I—thyself" (lo ! each one saith)
"And thou thyself to all eternity."

—*Rosetti.*

A NURSERY SONG.

As I walked over the hills one day
I listened and heard a mother-sheep say :
"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie with his nimble feet,
With his eye so bright
And his wool so white,
Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight.
The robin, he
That sings in the tree,
Dearly may doat on his darlings four,
But I love my one little lambkin more."
And the mother-sheep and her little one,
Side by side lay down in the sun,
And they went to sleep on the hill-side warm
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see,
But the old gray cat with her kittens three.
I heard her whispering soft—said she,
"My kittens, with tails all so cunningly curled
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.

The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe, she
May love their babies exceedingly ;
But I love my kittens there
Under the rocking-chair.

I love my kittens with all my might ;
I love them at morning and noon and night :
Which is the prettiest I cannot tell—
Which of the three—
For the life of me—

I love them all so well.
Now I'll take up my kitties, the kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm
stove."

Let the kitties sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten.
She clucked and she scratched and she bristled
away

And what do you think I heard her say ?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine:
You may hunt the full moon, and the stars if
you please,

But you never will find ten such chickens as
these.

The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lamb,
But they do not know what a proud mother I am ;
For lambs, nor for kittens, I wont part with these,
Though the sheep and the cats should go down
on their knees.

No ! no ! not though
The kittens could crow,
Or the lammie on two yellow legs could go.
My dear downy darlings ! my sweet little things !
Come nestle now, cosily, under my wings."

So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather-bed.
And there let them sleep in their feathers so
warm,
While my little chick nestles here on my arm.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 990.—23 May, 1863.

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NEW BOOKS.

CAMPAIGNS OF 1862 AND 1863, Illustrating the Principles of Strategy. By Emil Schalk. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE BOOK OF DAYS. A Miscellany of Popular Antiquities, in connection with The Calendar: including Anecdote, Biography and History, Curiosities of Literature, and Oddities of Human Life and Character. Edited by R. Chambers. In 2 vols.: vol. 1. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

FROM A REBEL.

THE Correspondent in Tennessee, whose letter was printed in No. 934, has sent us what she calls "a fabulous promise to pay Ten Dollars" (being a United States note), and orders *The Living Age* sent to her from April, 1862, when her subscription expired. We are sorry to say that this lady, who has suffered severe sickness from nursing the wounded of both sides, continues to be, in words, a sturdy rebel. But she says: "I would rather do without coffee, tea, sugar, or salt—either or all of them—than without my beloved *Age*." Surely, such a love for the "good and beautiful" is a proof that reason, humanity, and duty, still have power enough over her to bring her back to the house of her fathers, where she and all such wanderers will be joyfully welcomed.

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A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

DEAR Madam, I'm a soldier, and my speech is rough and plain,
I'm not much used to writing, and I hate to give you pain,
But I promised that I'd do it—he thought it might be so
If it came from one who loved him, perhaps 'twould ease the blow,—
By this time you must surely guess the truth I fain would hide,
And you'll pardon a rough soldier's words, while I tell you how he died.

'Twas the night before the battle, and in our crowded tent
More than one brave boy was sobbing, and many a knee was bent,
For we knew not when the morrow with its bloody work was done,
How many that were seated there, should see its setting sun.
'Twas not so much for self they cared, as for the loved at home ;
And it's always worse to *think* of, than to *hear* the cannon boom.

'Twas then we left the crowded tent, your soldier boy and I,
And we both breathed freer standing underneath the clear blue sky ;
I was more than ten years older, but he seemed to take to me,
And oft'ner than the younger ones he sought my company.
He seemed to want to talk of home, and those he held most dear,
And though I'd none to talk of, yet I always loved to hear.

So then he told me on that night, of the time he came away,
And how you sorely grieved for him, but would not let him stay ;
And how his one fond hope had been that when this war was through,
He might go back with honor, to his friends at home, and you.
He named his sisters one by one, and then a deep flush came,
While he told me of another, but did not speak her name.

And then he said, "Dear Robert, it may be that I shall fall,
And will you write to them at home, how I loved and spoke of all."
So I promised, but I did not think the time would come so soon,
The fight was just three days ago—he died to-day at noon.
It seems so sad that one so loved as he was should be gone,
While I should still be living here, who had no friends to mourn.

It was in the morrow's battle, fast rained the shot and shell,
He was fighting close beside me, and I saw him when he fell,
So then I took him in my arms, and laid him on the grass,—
'Twas going against orders, but I think they'll let it pass—
'Twas a Minie ball that struck him, it entered at the side,
And they did not think it fatal till the morning that he died.

So when he found that he must go, he called me to his bed,
And said, "You'll not forget to write when you hear that I am dead,
And you'll tell them how I loved them, and bid them all good-by !
Say I tried to do the best I could, and did not fear to die :
And underneath my pillow there's a curl of golden hair,
There's a name upon the paper, send it to my mother's care.

Last night I wanted so to live, I seemed so young to go,—
Last week I passed my birthday, I was but nineteen, you know,
When I thought of all I'd planned to do, it seemed so hard to die,
But then I prayed to God for grace, and my cares are all gone by."
And here his voice grew weaker, and he partly raised his head,
And whispered, "Good-by, mother,"—and so your boy was dead !

I wrapped his cloak around him, and we bore him out to-night,
And laid him by a clump of trees, where the moon was shining bright,
And we carved him out a head-board as skilful as we could—
If you should wish to find it, I can tell you where it stood.
I send you back his hymn book, and the cap he used to wear,
And a lock I cut the night before of his bright curling hair.

I send you back his Bible : the night before he died,
We turned its leaves together, as I read it by his side.
I've kept the belt he always wore, he told me so to do,
It has a hole upon the side, 'tis where the ball went through.
—So now I've done his bidding there is nothing more to tell,
But I shall always mourn with you, the boy we loved so well.

MARY C. HOVEY.

—*Evangelist.* April, 1863.

From The London Review, 18 April.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND THE
ACADEMY.

A VISIT from the French emperor to the French Academy is an unusual event. It was occasioned by the election of M. Octave Feuillet, the well-known author, to the vacant fauteuil in that body. For the first time since the inauguration of the Second Empire, compliments have been openly addressed by an academician to the reigning family, in the presence of his brother academicians, and an armistice seems to have been tacitly concluded for the occasion between Napoleon III. and his most relentless antagonists, the men of letters who belong to the French Institute. When Queen Christina, of Sweden, visited long ago the same illustrious assembly, she inquired of the chancellor whether the academicians ought not to stand before her instead of sitting down. On consultation, it appeared that there was a precedent to be found in the time of Charles IX., in whose presence more than one meeting of of literati had been held, at which all present seated themselves, without regard to ordinary etiquette. As soon, therefore, as Queen Christina sat down, all the members took their places in their respective chairs. Compliments were then addressed to her by the director, M. de Mezeray, and his companions. M. de Mezeray repeated to the royal visitor a treatise he had composed recently upon the Passions. M. Cotin recited some translations from Lucretius. Sonnets followed from a couple of abbés; and last of all, a dictionary sheet, which was in course of composition, was read aloud. The word under consideration was *Jeu*; and we learn that one of the proverbial expressions under this head which amused the queen heartily was "*The game of princes, which only pleases the player.*" The proverb would have had a much bitterer innuendo if it had been presented by the present French Academy to the present empress. Among the body are to be found the most persistent enemies of the present régime; and Paris derives no little amusement at the election of each academician from the piece of etiquette, which requires that he should be personally presented to his sovereign at the Tuileries by the director and the permanent secretary. M. Villemain, M. Guizot, M. Montalembert and others have had in turn to undergo their part in this uncongenial cere-

mony, and it is seldom that the visit passes off without some comical incident or *bon mot* to fix it in the memory of the diverted Parisians. His majesty, the emperor, is fully able to hold his own in these little hostile interviews, and the conversation has been known to approach as nearly the pleasant and polished repartee as would be consistent with respect for the throne. At the reception of M. Lacordaire three years ago, it fell to the lot of M. Guizot and M. Villemain to accompany the new member to the emperor's apartments, and to receive the congratulations of the chief of the state. "Ah, M. Guizot," said the emperor, "I am glad to see you again at the Tuileries; pourquoi ne venez vous pas plus souvent chez nous?" Leaving M. Guizot somewhat taken aback by the cordiality of this invitation, his majesty passed on to M. Lacordaire. "Mon père," he is reported to have said, "l'Impératrice a écouté votre discours avec beaucoup de plaisir [M. Lacordaire bowed with evident gratification] il y a dix ans à Bordeaux," continued the emperor, with a quiet smile, leaving M. Lacordaire to make the best of the reflection that his recent pulpit performances had excited less interest in the highest quarters. Napoleon III. came last to Villemain, the witty and ironical secretary of the Academy, whose sarcasms upon Cæsar and the things of Cæsar are generally supposed to be by no means limited in number or in pungency. "It was with the greatest possible pleasure, dear M. Villemain," observed his majesty, "that I signed the day before yesterday the nomination of your son-in-law to a sous-prefecture in the provinces." For a single instant, it is reported, even M. Villemain was completely silenced by the equivocal and satirical compliment, the Imperialist opinions of one of his connection being naturally a sore point with him. But M. Villemain was not the man to be beaten by an epigram. "Veuillez croire, sire," he quickly returned, "que j'en ai appris les nouvelles avec au moins autant de surprise que de satisfaction."

On the presentation of M. Octave Feuillet there seems to have been an interview of less asperity between the illustrious head of the French nation and the learned heads of the French Academy. M. Vitel and the emperor talked for some little time on the "*Life of Julius Cæsar*," which is being edited by imperial hands, and M. Vitel expressed the high

anticipations that had been formed of the coming work in the Parisian literary world. The emperor replied—according to the account that has been given of his words—that though something had been done already, much yet remained to be accomplished before publication, as there were researches to be undertaken, and, in particular, several of the old battle-fields to be hunted out which are supposed to be scenes of Cæsar's victories. M. Villemain remarked, that "it was a pleasanter task to hunt out old battle-fields than to have to make new ones;" and the emperor in return assured him that nobody could feel the truth of the observation so completely as himself, on whom the campaign in Italy had made an indelible impression. Among other incidents of the conversation the most curious was a casual expression which his majesty let fall, and which has since been interpreted to mean that he had some idea of presenting himself as a candidate for election to the Academy at a future time. The wags of the French capital are already speculating on the manner in which the canvassing of the other members (which, by the rules of the Academy, must be conducted in person by the applicant) is to take place. The directors of the Academy would be obliged to pronounce an eulogy on the newly elected academician; who, on his side, is bound to eulogize his recently deceased predecessor; and if the post of Victor Hugo or the Duke de Broglie, or of some similarly minded academician, is the vacant one to which his majesty succeeds, the complication will be increased. Napoleon III. pronouncing a funeral oration over Victor Hugo would be a quaint and instructive sight. It is, however, a little premature to speculate on the details of a ceremony which will not, probably, ever take place. It is true that the First Napoleon obtained, on account of his scientific attainments, a seat in the French Institute. He was not, however, an emperor when elected, but a simple general; and moreover he was the private and personal friend of several scientific men. Great as is his imperial nephew, the laurel wreath of the Academy is not within his reach. Though his own genius and education are of a decidedly high order, the present *régime* is too unfavorable to men of letters for the Academy and the emperor. not to remain in the position of antagonistic powers. Intellectual capacity does not seem

to be developed under the Second Empire, in spite of the obvious efforts of the present Ruler of France to gather men of learning and literary acquirements round his throne. There are no great generals who have been formed under the empire, say the French. There are no great authors who belong to the Imperialist cause any more than there are great generals. Whatever be the reason of this, the first seems incontrovertible. Possibly there is an element of vulgarity in Imperialism that upsets the somewhat refined cynics and critics who lead the literary world of France. Certainly the effect of Imperialism has been to close the avenue of political distinction against all literary men except those who have given in their adhesion to Napoleonism; and Imperialist sentiments would sit badly on the greater number of French Academicians. The emperor is not Augustus, and the Academy will never allow him to take the lead of French literature. The "Life of Cæsar" may prove that the French emperor deserves under better auspices to be an Academician; but it never will prove that there is not an impassable gulf between the Academy and the empire.

It is, however, tolerably certain that the French emperor possesses literary talents of a very high kind. The "Idées Napoléoniennes" contains passages of remarkable merit; and some of the disquisitions in the imperial work are models of clear and condensed thought. The style is somewhat inflated, reminding one, in the more sentimental parts, of Mr. Disraeli, whose oratorical vein, in many respects, is not unlike the emperor's. Both have the same grandiloquent way of generalizing upon political subjects, and expressing the result of such generalization in a sounding epigram. "France," says his majesty, "is the only country that goes to war for an idea." "England," said Mr. Disraeli, in the same magnificent manner, "does not love coalitions." When Louis Napoleon, from the fortress of Ham, tells us that the government of the Orleanists is an educational tyranny, we seem almost to hear Mr. Disraeli talking of Sir Robert Peel's ministry as an organized hypocrisy. Whether the French emperor has been as guilty as his great English antetype of sentimental and romantic writing, it is almost impossible to say. If he has written anything of the kind, it has certainly been suppressed. It is diffi-

cult to believe Napoleon III. a poet; yet if imagination and an impulsive temperament are distinguishing features of a poet, it is not impossible that Louis Napoleon may have sighed and sung in his day, like lesser authors. His political speeches are admirable, though they are only suited for a Continental audience: and his despatches eclipse the despatches of our humble and constitutional Foreign Office both in dignity and power of expression. Of his capacities for reasoning, Mr. Cobden is said to think extremely highly, and he has had no doubt an opportunity of judging; but it is perhaps natural that an apostle should lose himself in admiration of the reasoning power of his first imperial convert. What he has published on the subject of artillery was more valuable at the time of its publication than it would be at the present day, since rifled guns have altered in some measure the science of military tactics. Yet it is believed that all the late improvements in French artillery have been made under his direct supervision; and military men are by

no means unanimous in their condemnation of the conduct of the Italian campaign. His administrative abilities seem to be consummate; and the general organization of the war, which was undoubtedly admirable, was on all hands allowed to be entirely his own. His merits as a political thinker have frequently been criticised, and must be measured partly by his success. But his fertile powers of invention, his great activity and receptivity of mind, his breadth and liberality of view, his restless ingenuity, his turn for novel schemes and ideas, combined as they are with an extraordinary caution and sobriety, even apart from his mere political talent, would distinguish him as a man of extraordinary character. Whatever he had been—as a general, an engineer, or a merchant—he could have raised himself to fame and fortune; and though his rank and his circumstances exclude him from the French Academy, there is probably not a single academicien of the day who is mentally his equal.

Who cut off the head of Charles the First?—like the contemporary questions, Who wrote the Icon Basilike? and Where was Cromwell buried?—has puzzled writers and partisans for two hundred years. Mr. Robert Reece, while reading in the Colonial papers at the Record Office, has fallen upon a document which some persons will think sets the matter at rest. It is a letter dated St. Michael's Town, in Barbadoes, September 30, written by Jo. Nevington, and addressed to Mr. James Drawater, Merchant, at Mr. Jo. Lindupp's at the Buuch of Grapes, in Ship's Yard, by Temple Bar. The important paragraph stands thus: "All the matters I can write from hence is of one Hugh Peachell who hath been in this island almost twenty years, and lived with many persons of good esteem and now last with Coll. Barwick. It was observed that he gained much money, yet none thrived less than hee, and falling sick about three weeks past was much troubled in his conscience, but would not utter himself to any but a minister, who being sent for he did acknowledge himself ye person yt cut off ye head of King Charles, for which he had £100, and with much seeming penitence and receiving much comfort as ye Divine, one parson Lashley an eminent man here, could afford him he dyed in a quarter of an hour afterwards. This you may report for reall truth although you should not have it from any other hand. He had £100 for ye doing of itt. There is one Wm. Hewel condemned for the same I think now in Newgate. He will be glad you acquaint him of this if he know it not already.—*Athenæum*.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.—I have always understood that the first crude draught of *The Pleasures of Hope* appeared as a Glasgow High School exercise,—a seminary which Campbell, being a native of the immediate neighborhood, would possibly attend before entering the Junior Greek and Humanity Classes of the University. English poetry was, in my time, and no doubt still is, however, a regular class exercise in the college, but being confined to translation, the probability is that *The Pleasures of Hope* (Campbell's first piece, undoubtedly) could not have been produced, although it might have been published there, and in the manner asserted in *The Collegian*, for, strange as it may appear, Campbell seems to have experienced more than the usual difficulty of "getting into print." I myself have seen the newspaper notice in the *Greenock Advertiser*, preserved by a curious person in Renfrewshire, in which the editor, I believe an Irish gentleman, whose widow long continued to derive a pension or allowance from the paper, makes the following discriminating announcement:—

"*Notices to Correspondents.*

"T. C. The lines commencing—

"On Linden when the sun was low,"

are not up to our standard. Poetry is evidently not T. C.'s forte." SHOLTO MACDUFF.

—*Notes and Queries.*

From The New Monthly Magazine.
GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

IN an essay contributed in 1842 to the *Edinburgh Review*, by its arch-critic in questions literary and historical, Frederick the Great was called the greatest king that has in modern times succeeded by right of birth to a throne.* So ruled the author of our most popular History of England. For this sentence, his lordship, then plain Mr. Macaulay, was taken to task, some five years later, in the pages of the opposition review, by the author of another, and certainly not unpopular History of England. With very sincere respect for Mr. Macaulay's critical authority, the Lord Mahon of 1847 ventured to dissent from his conclusion.† Several royal and legitimate names occurred to the noble dissident, as deserving to stand higher than Frederick on the rolls of fame. Thus, upon the whole, and not without a consciousness of many blemishes and errors in that hero, his lordship would prefer to Fritz, the Fourth Henry of France. But without any doubt or hesitation he would assign the palm over both to Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden.

"As with Frederick, his grandfather was the first king of his race; to that king, like Frederick, he was lineal and peaceful heir. Succeeding to the throne at a far earlier age than the Prussian monarch, he fell in the field of glory when only thirty-seven—that age so often fatal to genius—yet within that narrow space, during those few and youthful years, how much had he already achieved for immortality! As a statesman he may be held to have surpassed, as a warrior to have equalled, Frederick. And if lofty principles and a thought of things beyond this earth be admitted as an element of greatness (as undoubtedly they should be), how much will the balance then incline to the side of Gustavus! The victory gained by the Prussian king at Rosbach was, we allow, fully equal to the victory gained by the Swedish king at Leipsic on nearly the same ground one hundred and twenty-seven years before. The two monarchs were alike in the action; but how striking the contrast between them in the evening of the well-fought day! Gustavus kneeling down at the head of all his troops to give God the glory! Frederick seated alone in his tent, and composing his loathsome Ode."‡

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 151, April, 1842.

† *Quarterly Review*, No. 163, Dec., 1847.

‡ See Historical Essays, by Lord Mahon (1849) pp. 239-40.

We shall not stay to examine into the merits or demerits of this comparison, triumphantly closed by Lord Mahon with so many notes of admiration (a slight weakness of his); nor again of a more recent historian's consignment of both heroes, the Prussian and the Swede, to the limbo of dullards as regards home government. "Even Gustavus Adolphus and Frederick," says Mr. Buckle, "failed ignominiously in their domestic policy, and showed themselves as short-sighted in the arts of peace as they were sagacious in the arts of war."*

Very general has been the agreement, both by native and foreign observers, that, invidious comparisons apart, Gustavus was truly great, because his goodness was equal to his splendid talents. In him is almost universally recognized—to apply a panegyric from Massinger—

"——a man but young,
Yet old in judgment; theoretic and practice
In all humanity; and to increase the wonder
Religious, yet a soldier."†

In early life, as we are told, he was induced to apply himself to learning, to military tactics, to the mathematical sciences, to the science of government, and above all, to the great doctrines of morality and religion. An anonymous essayist, who holds him to have been, beyond all question, the most enlightened and the most conscientious monarch of his age, and who quotes the inscription on his tomb, "He received his kingdom with two empty hands, yet deprived no man of his own by violence," pronounces his only defect to have been, ambition of military fame; for though Gustavus undertook no war without reference to a good end—none for which his own principles did not afford him a justification—he might, if he had so chosen, have abstained from more than one, or (what is virtually the same thing) have made peace on more occasions than one, without sacrifice of either principle or honor, and with great advantage to his overburdened subjects. "It is true that he drew no supplies of men or money from his people, except what they voluntarily granted him; but it is equally true that he dazzled them by his military successes like Charles XII. and Bonaparte, and thus led them blindfold to ruin."‡ No wonder that

* History of Civilization in England, by H. T. Buckle, vol. i. pp. 182-3.

† The Fatal Dowry.

‡ *Athenæum*, No. 944.

Charles XII., when pitching his camp at Altranstad, near the plain of Lutzen, went eagerly to see the place where his great predecessor conquered and fell. Standing on that memorable spot, and doubtless meditating many things, Charles after a while said to his companions: "I have endeavored to live like him; God will, perhaps, one day grant me a death equally glorious." Charles's French biographer aptly preludes the biography of his hero by commemorating the successes of Gustavus: how he made a conquest of Ingria, Livonia, Bremen, Verdon, Wismar, and Pomerania, besides above a hundred places in Germany, which, after his death, were yielded up by the Swedes: how he shook the throne of Ferdinand the Second, and protected the Lutherans in Germany, and was secretly assisted in this by the See of Rome, which dreaded the power of the emperor still more than that of heresy itself. It was this Gustavus who, by his victories, contributed, in fact, to humble the house of Austria; although the glory of that enterprise is usually ascribed exclusively to Cardinal Richelieu, who well knew how to appropriate the reputation of those great actions which Gustavus was content with performing.* "The famed Gustavus," Hume calls him, "whose heroic genius, seconded by the wisest policy, made him in a little time the most distinguished monarch of the age, and rendered his country, formerly unknown and neglected, of great weight in the balance of Europe."† He was one of those who cast a spell on all around them—towards whom the hearts of men are drawn, and for whom their "ruddy drops" are shed without grudging.

"Sweet in manners, fair in favor,
Mild in temper, fierce in fight.
Warrior nobler, gentler, braver,
Never shall behold the light."‡

For, as Mr. Chapman makes record, there were in Gustavus most of the advantages and amenities of person and character which render a popular king admirable and beloved as a man. In his latter years, indeed, he no longer possessed the graceful form that had belonged to him when he was the ardent and favored suitor of Ebba Brahé; but the slight inclination to corpulency that grew upon him as he advanced towards middle life detracted

probably little, if at all, from the commanding dignity of his person. His countenance to the last retained its captivating sweetness and expressive variety. It was a countenance of which the most accomplished pencil could give in one effort only an inadequate idea, and which Vandyke, to whose portrait of the king none of the engravings which I have seen do justice—has represented only in repose.** There need be seen in other aspects than that of repose, by whose would see him aright, the countenance of one who went nigh to realize the Shakspearian ideal, of "a true knight" (Ulysses the painter)—

"Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon
calmed;
His heart and hand both open, and both free."†

M. Michelet can only discover two men of blithe disposition (*deux hommes gais*) in the seventeenth century; which distinguished dual are Galileo and Gustavus Adolphus. The latter he hails as the creator of modern warfare—for even assuming it to be as this hero said, that he learned his strategy of a Frenchman, "at any rate he remains the hero who demonstrated it. True hero and great heart, the sweetness and unalterable clemency of which, not even in defeat his foemen could fail to bless. The most astonishing part of him was, above aught else, his astounding serenity, that smile of his in the heat of battle. Good Pantagruel's conception of the giant who from on high looks down on human affairs, seemed to be realized in this genuine warrior. He had neither the morose genius of our Coligny, nor the frigid seriousness of William the Silent, nor the rugged ferocity of Prince Maurice. Quite the reverse—a gay humor, traits of heroic *bonhomie*." Further on, M. Michelet depicts at full length this stalwart figure. He exhibits to us a man of exceeding height—some say the tallest man in Europe. With forehead of rare expanse; an aquiline nose; clear gray eyes (somewhat of the smallest, if the engravings report them aright), that look you through and through. Gustavus was short-sighted, however; to which defect M. Michelet annexes that of an early tendency to corpulence, "being German on the mother's

* Voltaire, Hist. de Charles XII., ch. i.

† Hume's History of England, ch. lii., A.D. 1630.

‡ M. G. Lewis: Durandarte and Belerma.

* History of Gustavus Adolphus. By Rev. B. Chapman. 1856.

† Troilus and Cressida, Act IV. Sc. 5.

side." His great strength of mind and body, his profound tranquillity amid the perils in which his life was passed, and the utter absence of fretting trouble, had contributed not a little to make him fat. This annoyed him rather; not many horses were to be found strong enough across the loins to bear his weight. But it had its advantages, too. A ball that would have killed a lean man, merely effected a lodgement in his fat. He was of a highly sanguine temperament, and was occasionally subject to moments of anger, very brief, at the close of which he indulged in a good laugh. He exposed himself too much in battle, as though he were a common soldier. But for these failings, the only ones with which he can be charged, he might have been believed to be of higher than human nature.

"He was an amazing lover of justice, and approved of his Swedish tribunals deciding against him in his private affairs. In the horrible Thirty Years' War, during which there was no law, and no God, he made his appearance as a divine avenger, a judge, nay, Justice itself." *

Nor is our historian unmindful of the hero's feats as a camp reformer: "*L'approche seule de son camp, irréprochablement austère, était une révolution.*" One of his men, who had just made off with a peasant's cows, felt a heavy hand laid on his shoulder. Turning round, he recognized good giant Gustav, who mildly addressed him in these significant terms: "My son, my son, you must go and be judged." The plain meaning of which, as no doubt the cattle-lifter knew too well, was, purely and simply and infallibly, "You must go and be—hanged." Hanged, cattle-lifting marauder, and no soldier of mine, hanged by the neck until you are dead; and the Lord have mercy upon your soul!

The Yager in the poem to Schiller's great trilogy, waxes as pathetic as his nature and neighborhood will allow, about the disciplinarian austerities of the Lion of the North:—"What a fuss and a bother, forsooth, was made By that man-tormentor, Gustavus the Swede, Whose camp was a church, where prayers were said

At morning reveille and evening tattoo;
And, whenever it chanced that we frisky grew,
A sermon himself from the saddle he'd read." †

* Michelet, *Hist. de France au XVII^{me} Siècle*, t. xii. ch. vi.

† Wallensteins-lager, VI. (Janus Churchill's translation.)

De Foe keeps close to facts, as usual, when in those Memoirs which—like other of his works—have been so often read and quoted as a real production of a real personage, he contrasts the discipline of Gustavus Adolphus with that of his enemy, the imperial general, Tilly. "When I saw the Swedish troops, their exact discipline, their order, the modesty and familiarity of their officers, and the regular living of the soldiers, their camp seemed a well-ordered city; the meanest countrywoman, with her market-ware, was as safe from violence as in the streets of Vienna." The soldiers, it is added, were well clad, not gay, furnished with excellent arms, and remarkably careful of them; "and though they did not seem so terrible as I thought Tilly's men did when I first saw them, yet the figure they made, together with what we heard of them, made them seem to me invincible; the discipline and order of their marchings, camping, and exercise, was excellent and singular, and which was to be seen in no armies but the king's, his own skill, judgment, and vigilance having added much to the general conduct of armies then in use." * Sir Walter Scott has observed † of this contrast between the opposing hosts, that it seems almost too minutely drawn to have been executed from anything short of ocular testimony.

Schiller's account of Gustav Adolf's strategy is well known. Familiar with the tactics of Greece and Rome, the king had discovered, we are told (or had learnt of a Frenchman, as M. Michelet would say), a more effective system of warfare, which was adopted by the most eminent commanders of subsequent times. He reduced the unwieldy squadrons of cavalry, and rendered their movements more light and rapid; and with the same view, he widened the intervals between his battalions. Instead of the usual array in a single line, he disposed his forces in two lines, that the second might advance in case of the first giving way. He made up for his want of cavalry, by placing infantry among the horse; a practice which frequently decided the battle. Europe first learnt from him the importance of infantry. ‡ M. Victor Cousin describes Condé's tactics as founded on the new manner of making war, *dont le seul Gustave-*

* De Foe: *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, ch. iii.

† *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, Art. Daniel de Foe.

‡ Schiller's *Thirty Years' War*, b. ii.

Adolphe lui avait donné l'exemple. Instead of seizing successively on petty advantages, of taking a place here, and a place there, dispersing his forces, and advancing slowly and by degrees, his method was to collect his troops, to hold them well in hand safe from attack, to risk no minor collision, and to seek out, whether near or afar off, some ground on which he could assail the enemy, after his own approved fashion, that is to say, by making use of unexpected manœuvres, the secret of which rested with himself alone. He thus struck one great blow and finished the campaign in a single day.* The troops which followed Gustavus, in the first instance, were few in number; but they were "veterans disciplined in a peculiar manner, active, persevering, and drilled with a precision totally unknown amongst the other armies of Europe." As Mr. James describes them, divested of much of the useless steel which encumbered rather than protected the soldiery of the day, their evolutions were performed with a celerity and a degree of accuracy which rendered each regiment equal to two of the enemy; while their fair-haired monarch, tall, powerful, and chested like a bull, was at once the greatest tactician and the stoutest soldier of his times. "The court of Vienna, less wise than Wallenstein, laughed scornfully at the invasion, and called the Swedish King, His Majesty of Snow, declaring that the cold of the North alone kept his power together, and that it would melt away as it approached the South." Even the Protestant Electors, coldly cautious, seemed to hold the aid he bought them cheap, and at all events failed to derive sufficient courage from his appearance in the field, to make any effort against the emperor.† It is in reference to this Protestant inertness and pusillanimity that Mr. Carlyle objurgates the Elector of Brandenburg, Gustav's brother-in-law, George Wilhelm, whose position during this sad Thirty Years' War was passive rather than active, and as far as possible from being glorious or victorious. Mr. Carlyle, indeed, accounts it pardonable in him to decline the Bohemian king speculation: "But when Gustavus landed, and flung out upon the winds such a banner as that of his—truly it was required of a Protestant governor of men to be able to

read said banner in a certain degree. A governor, not too imperfect, would have recognized this Gustavus, what his purposes and likelihoods were. . . . But Protestant Germany—sad shame to it, which proved lasting sorrow as well—was all alike torpid; Brandenburg not an exceptionable case. No prince stood up as beseemed.* . . . In fact, had there been no better Protestantism than that of Germany, all was over with Protestantism; and Max of Bavaria, with fanatical Ferdinand II. as kaiser over him, and Father Lämmerlein at his right hand, and Father Hyacinth at his left, had got their own sweet way in this world. But Protestant Germany was not Protestant Europe, after all. Over seas, there dwelt and reigned a certain king in Sweden" †—a king after the historian's own heart, and in the historian's own sense: no phantasm captain, but a born king of men. What, as Wallenstein is made to ask,—

"What rendered this Gustavus
Resistless, and unconquered upon earth?
This—that he was the monarch in his army!
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
Was never yet subdued but by his equal." ‡

This divine right to command, Gustavus asserted and proved by the power with which he made circumstances bend to his will, and from seeming incompetence still educed success. Limited in means and men, he made much of little means, and disciplined his forces to the mark of real fighting men. It was by supreme tact in his divisional arrangements, and forming his army, as Southey says, upon "good moral as well as military principles, that Gustavus became the greatest captain of modern times: so he may certainly be called, because he achieved the greatest things with means which were apparently the most inadequate." § He was,—and this in no narrow technical sense,—a consummate economist, on the march, and in the tented field.

When the inimitable Captain Dalgetty relates his services as *fahndrager*, or ancient, who afterwards became lieutenant and ritt-master, "under that invincible monarch, the bulwark of the Protestant faith, the Lion of

* Or only one, and he not a great one; Landgraf Wilhelm of Hessen.

† Carlyle's *History of Friedrich II.*, vol. i. book iii. ch. xv.

‡ Schiller: *The Piccolomini*, Act II. Sc. 7. (Coleridge's.)

§ *Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*, vol. iv. p. 26.

* V. Cousin, *La Soc. Française au XVIIIe Siècle*, t. i. p. 160.

† *Dark Scenes of History*, "Wallenstein," ch. v.

the North, the terror of Austria, Gustavus the Victorious," he is explicit as to the system of arrears which marked and marred that hero's payment of his men. Dugald himself professes to have never seen twenty dollars of his own all the time he served the great Adolphus, unless it was from the chance of a storm or victory, "or the fetching in some town or droop, when a cavalier of fortune, who knows the usage of wars, seldom faileth to make some small profit." His fellow-traveller beginning rather to wonder that Captain Dalgetty should have continued so long in the Swedish service, than that he should have ultimately withdrawn from it, "Neither I should," answers the ritt-master; "but that great leader, captain, and king, the Lion of the North, and the bulwark of the Protestant faith, had a way of winning battles, overrunning countries, and levying contributions, whilk made his service irresistibly delectable to all true-bred cavaliers who follow the noble profession of arms." Nevertheless, honest Dalgetty remembers to have seen whole regiments of Dutch and Holsteiners mutiny on the field of battle, "like base scullion, crying out 'Gelt, gelt,' signifying their desire of pay, instead of falling to blows like our noble Scottish blades, who ever disdained postponing of honor to filthy lucre."* The Dutch and Holsteiners who struck for wages were "base scullion," no subjects of Gustavus, and with no eye or heart for his fascinations. They were beggarly exceptions to the rule, and served as such to prove the rule,—which was, the charm exercised by the king over all with whom he came in contact, and myriads besides, who only heard of him with the hearing of the ear, but that ear tingled as it gave heed.

For, as a distinguished Romanist and philo-Austrian admits, of this truly polemic Protestant,—together with the penetrating sagacity which distinguished several of the heroes of his party, the royal Swede had inherited likewise from his ancestor Gustavus Vasa, "the art of winning by brilliant feats the enthusiastic love of his people. A power like his over the mind and feelings of the people had never been exercised by any of his party since the time of Luther." The confidence, the faith he felt in himself, it is added, inspired others also with a like invincible faith;

* A Legend of Montrose, ch. ii.

and with his ambition and love of conquest was combined and interwoven the conviction of fighting for the righteous cause.*

Although documents still exist stating the "motives which led the king to engage in the German War," it is not quite clear, a recent authority has observed, whether zeal for the Protestant cause or a desire to prevent the empire from becoming powerful in the Baltic, predominated: probably the Swedish Government felt that, in the interest of the Scandinavian powers, it was desirable to support a balance of power in Germany. "Denmark had been humiliated and greatly weakened by Wallenstein's victory, and though Sweden was not actually menaced, there was considerable danger that the imperial sway might become firmly established on the coasts of the Baltic. That danger was effectually removed by Gustavus carrying the war into Germany, instead of waiting to let his enemy obtain positions on the coast. There was a political as well as a religious object to be secured, both of which might be contemplated by the same mind without hypocrisy or fanaticism. Both were gained by the short but brilliant career of Gustavus. The Protestant interests in Northern Germany were saved—the independence of the German princes was assured—Sweden had no rival in the Baltic, and attained a rank among European powers which she held for a century afterwards." Nevertheless, the question is submitted, whether the immense drain which the war occasioned on the slender resources of so poor a country as Sweden was adequately compensated even by an addition of territory and a high reputation as a military power.†

Schiller will have it that the ambition of Gustavus aspired to establish a footing in the centre of the empire, such as was inconsistent with the liberties of the Estates,—that his aim was the imperial crown; which dignity, supported by a power, and maintained by an energy and activity like his, would become liable to more abuse, in his hands, than had ever been feared from the house of Austria.

"Born in a foreign country," writes Schiller, from a true German point of view, "educated in the maxims of arbitrary power, and by principles and enthusiasm a determined enemy to Popery, he was ill qualified

* F. Schlegel, Lectures on Modern History, Sec. xvii.

† See *Saturday Review*, No. 46.

to maintain inviolate the constitution of the German States, or to respect their liberties." Insomuch that Schiller hails his sudden disappearance from the field as a security for the liberties aforesaid, and consider it to have saved his majesty's reputation, while it probably spared him the chagrin of seeing his own allies in arms against him, and all the fruits of his victories torn from him by a disadvantageous peace. In evidence of this, the historian points to Saxony, already disposed to abandon Gustavus; to Denmark, viewing his success with jealousy and alarm; and even to France, the firmest and most potent of his allies, which, according to Schiller, was now terrified at the rapid growth of his power, and the imperious tone which he assumed, and was therefore now looking around for foreign alliances, in order to check the progress of the Goths, and restore to Europe the balance of power.* In quite another strain writes a brilliant French historian. M. Michelet is clear that, had Gustavus Adolphus lived, the Peace of Westphalia would have been signed ten or fifteen years sooner. The Lion of the North, he says, *ne fit qu'apparaître*, was a mere apparition, that came and fled like a shadow, yet was he, despite his evanescent transit, a veritable benefactor of the human race. His career of conquest involved two results which, in M. Michelet's opinion, have not been adequately attended to. It saved the imperial towns; not only Nuremberg,† but Strasburg, Augsburg, and the rest, all of which the brigand army would infallibly have visited. His own, his original Army of Liberation, *la primitive armée libératrice*, wasted away before Nuremberg and left its bones there. At Lutzen fell the Liberator himself. But not in vain. *Répétons-le, Gus-*

* See the closing pages of book III. of Schiller's *Thirty Years' War*.

† Here, however, it was that Wallenstein gained laurels at his adversary's cost—here was

"The Swede's career of conquest check'd. These lands Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland From all the streams of Germany forced hither The scattered armies of the enemy :

Hither invoked as round one magic circle The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstiern, Yes, and that never-conquered King himself ; Here, finally, before the eyes of Nurnberg, The fearful game of battle to decide."

Questenberg, the imperial envoy, is the speaker, —who subsequently adds :—

"In Nurnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left His fame—in Lutzen's plains his life."

The Piccolomini, Act II. Sc. 7.

tave ne mourut pas en vain. He wrought the great work for which he was born. He smote the dragon's head—the martial despotism which had made the civilization of Europe a thing of naught. "As often as ever I set my foot within Strasburg town, or Frankfort,—in Nuremberg, that vast museum, or in splendid Augsburg, in any of those potent centres of German genius whence arose Goethe and Beethoven and so many other shining lights, I call to mind, with a feeling of religion, the great soldier Gustavus, who saved Germany, and who knows? perhaps France as well. And I say to these cities: "Where would you have been but for him? . . . Amid the ruins and rubbish, the cinders in which Magdeburg ended.' All that ever fabulous history related of hero was here fulfilled, and to the letter : to save the world, and die, young and betrayed.

"We know how he died. At this furious battle of Lutzen he overwhelms Wallenstein, beats him, wounds him, winnows him, turns him over and over, slays his chieftains of renown, him in especial who embodied war itself, that Pappenheim who was born with two bloody swords imprinted on his brow. Gustavus returned from the terrible execution quiet and pacific, as confident as ever. He had nobody with him but a German, a pretty prince who had passed and repassed from side to side once and again. There is a blow, and Gustavus falls to the earth. The suspected man, his companion, takes flight, and makes his way straight to Vienna (November 16, 1632)."

In the only complete work of fiction ever published by Mr. de Quincey, this foul play is alluded to, as of probable truth. We are there conducted through a gallery of portraits of eminent leaders in the war—among them, for instance, Tilly, the "little corporal," with his wily and inflexible features, over against whom we see "his great enemy, who had first taught him the hard lesson of retreating, Gustavus Adolphus, with his colossal bust, and

—"atlantean shoulders, fit to bear The weight of mightiest monarchies."

He also had perished, and too probably by the double crime of assassination and private treason; but the public glory of his short career was proclaimed in the ungenerous ex-

* Michelet: *Richelieu et la Fronde*, pp. 126 sq.

ultations of Catholic Rome from Vienna to Madrid, and the individual heroism in the lamentations of soldiers under every banner which now floated in Europe."*

It was scarcely to be expected, as Schiller remarks, that the strong leaning of mankind to the marvellous, would leave to the common course of nature the glory of ending the career of Gustavus Adolphus. The death of so formidable a rival was too important an event for the emperor, not to excite in his bitter opponent a ready suspicion, that what was so much to his interests, was also the result of his instigation. For the execution, however, of this dark deed, the emperor would require the aid of a foreign arm, and this it was generally believed he had found in Francis Albert, Duke of Saxe Lauenburg, whose rank permitted his free access to the king's person, while it also seemed to place him above the suspicion of so foul a deed. This prince, however, adds Schiller, was in fact not incapable of this atrocity, and had, moreover, sufficient motives for the commission of it.

"Francis Albert, the youngest of four sons of Francis II., Duke of Lauenburg, and related by the mother's side to the house of Vasa, had, in his early years, found a most friendly reception at the Swedish court. Some offence offered by him to Gustavus Adolphus, in the queen's chamber, is said to have been repaid by that fiery prince with a box on the ear,—which buffet, though immediately repented of, and amply apologized for, laid the foundation of an irreconcilable hate in the vindictive heart of the duke. Francis Albert subsequently entered the imperial service, and rose to the command of a regiment, forming a close intimacy, too, with Wallenstein, and condescending to manage a secret negotiation with the Saxon court, which did little honor to his rank. Without any sufficient cause being assigned, he abruptly quitted the Austrian service, and appeared in the king's camp at Nuremberg, to offer his services as a volunteer. By his show of zeal for the Protestant cause, and his prepossessing demeanor and flattering ways, he gained the heart of Gustavus, who, warned in vain by Oxenstiern, continued to lavish his favor and friendship on this suspicious new-comer. The battle of Lutzen soon followed, in which Francis Albert, like an evil genius, kept close to the king's side, and did not leave him till he fell. He owed, it was thought, his own safety amidst the fire of the enemy to a green

sash which he wore, the color of the Imperialists. He was, at any rate, the first to convey to his friend Wallenstein the intelligence of the king's death. After the battle, he exchanged the Swedish service for the Saxons; and, after the murder of Wallenstein, being charged as an accomplice of that revolted general, he only escaped the sword of justice by abjuring his faith. His last appearance in life was as commander of the imperial army in Silesia, where he died of the wounds he had received before Schweidnitz."*

Schiller admits, therefore, that some effort is required to stickle for the innocence of a man like this: but contends, nevertheless, that there are no certain grounds for imputing to him

"The deep damnation of the taking off"

of Gustavus Adolphus. The king notoriously exposed himself to danger, like the meanest soldier in his army. "*Un seul défait (et d'Henri IV., aussi), d'avancer toujours le premier, de donner sa vie en soldat, par exemple, le jour où, contre l'avis de tout le monde, il passa seul le Rhin.*"† Where thousands were falling, he, too, might naturally meet his death. How it met him, by what hand it reached him, "remains, indeed, buried in mystery,"—such is the German historian's conclusion; but here, more than anywhere, does the maxim apply, that where the ordinary course of things is fully sufficient to account for the fact, the honor of human nature ought not to be stained by any suspicion of moral atrocity."‡ At the same time, by Schiller's own showing, as we have seen, Duke Francis was both capable of the atrocity alleged, and had motives that would account for his perpetration of it. But the narratives, such as they are, of the royal leader's fall at Lutzen, are discrepant enough.

A reviewer of Eric Gustave Geijer's History of the Swedes pronounces the death of the king at Lutzen "an eternal blot on the arms of the Imperialists, and the cause for which they were contending." No quarter, we are reminded, was to be expected for him, the hope of Protestant Europe. One shot wounded his horse, another broke his left arm, and, before he could be led out of the bat-

* Thirty Years' War, book iii.

† Michelet, Hist. de France, t. xii., Notes et éclaircissements, p. 425,

‡ Schiller, *ubi supra*.

* Klosterheim: or, The Masque. By the English Opium-eater (1832), ch. v.

tle, a third hit him in the back and brought him to the ground, while his horse dragged him along, his foot being entangled in the stirrups. "Here, one might have supposed, the most vindictive enemy would have been satisfied. No! hearing that it was really the king that had fallen, one of Wallenstein's heroes advanced and quietly shot him in the head; but lest even this should fail of its purpose, several other cuirassiers ran their swords through his body, stripped him naked, and left him brutally mangled on the field. This, at least, is the evidence of his own page, who stood by him till the last moment, and who himself survived his wounds only a few days; and in our opinion it is entitled to more credit than that given by writers of the opposite party." * At any rate, and by whatever means, Gustavus Adolphus was done to death, was henceforth and forever put out of the way. That conquering progress, which swept onwards like a flood, and threatened to carry all before it, was abruptly checked by a power that laughs conquerors to scorn, and loves to stop them in mid-career, that the world's preachers on Vanitas vanitatum may point a moral as well as adorn a tale. Yesterday, Gustavus was radiant with success, past success and present, and why not with large hopes of yet nobler gains to come? To-day, at hand-grips with grim Death, and worsted in the encounter.

"Thus far his fortune kept an upward course,
And he was graced with wreaths of victory.
But in the midst of this bright-shining day," †

his sun went down—went down while it was yet noontide—and left the soldiers of freedom darkling. That sunset may be truly said to have eclipsed the gladness of nations. Geijer declares that never has one man's death made a deeper impression throughout a whole quarter of the world. "Wheresoever his name had been heard, a ray of hope for the oppressed had penetrated. Even the Greek, at the sound of it, dreamed of freedom, and prayers for the success of the Swedish monarch's arms were sent up at the Holy Sepulchre. What, then, must he not have been for the partners of his faith?" ‡

"*Il avait fait beaucoup,*" says Michelet,

* *Athenæum*, No. 944.

† King Henry VI., Part iii. Act V. Sc. 3.

‡ History of the Swedes, by E. G. Geijer. (J. H. Turner's translation, 1845.)

"*et beaucoup lui restait à faire.*" Had he lived a few years longer, he would not only, his French panegyrist is convinced, have imposed a peace, by sheer irresistible force, but he would have obtained an immense moral result: he would have imprinted on the depressed heart of Europe an ideal truly great and fruitful and strong. The hero would have infected Christendom with his *allégresse héroïque*. * For a hero Gustavus was, in no sham or secondary sense. The name of hero is, indeed (as Michelet elsewhere complains), lavished on numbers of eminent, but not pre-eminent men. This confusion he attributes to the poverty of our languages, as well as to want of precision in our ideas. But it is a confusion from which really superior men, he maintains, are free: *they* are not stolid enough to challenge comparison with veritable heroes. He is certain that Turenne, that illustrious strategist,—Condé, "qui, par moments, eut l'illumination des batailles,"—Merci, penetrating and judicious,—"cold and clever Marlborough,"—brilliant Prince Eugene, etc., "would have thought you were laughing at them, had you compared them to the great Gustavus. At the name of *the King of Sweden*, they uncovered. The word was frequent in their lips, '*The King of Sweden* himself would not have succeeded in this. . . . He would have done so and so,' etc., etc. The grand shadow of that renown brooded over their every thought." † M. Michelet seems to feel, with all the liveliness of a militant contemporary, that Gustavus died years and years too soon.

It may be otherwise, both for his work and for himself, though to die at thirty-seven, and flushed with victory, may look premature. But, as the old poet argues,—and leaving out of sight the question of political expediency,—

"Thanne is it best, as for a worthi fame,
To dye whan a man is best of name.
The contrary of al this is wilfulnessse.
Why gruechen we? why have we hevynesse,
That good Arcyte, of chyvalry the flour,
Departed is, with worschip and honour
Out of this foule prisoun of this lyf?" ‡

We may apply to Gustavus (assuming that his work *was* done) what Southey says of Nelson at Trafalgar: "Yet he cannot be said

* Michelet, t. xii. ch. viii.

† Michelet, t. xii. ch. viii. Notes sur Galilée et Gustave-Adolphe.

‡ Chaucer, *The Knightes Tale*.

to have fallen prematurely whose work was done, nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honors, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr, the most awful that of the martyred patriot, the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory ; ”—and perhaps of *this* hero, as of Southey’s, it may be allowable to add, that “if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for his translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory.”* There are *two voices* to be heard on most questions : of the Two Voices in Mr. Tennyson’s poem, one at least utters a strain in harmony with our theme—where the speaker owns his aspiration.

* Southey’s Life of Nelson, ch. ix.

- “—not rotting like a weed,
But, having sown some generous seed,
Fruitful of further thought and deed,
- “To pass, when Life her light withdraws,
Nor void of righteous self-applause,
Nor in a merely selfish cause—
- “In some good cause, not in mine own,
To perish, wept for, honored, known,
And like a warrior overthrown ;
- “Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,
When, soiled with noble dust, he hears
His country’s war-song thrill his ears :
- “Then dying of a mortal stroke,
What time the foeman’s line is broke,
And all the war is rolled in smoke.”*

So stirbt ein Held! even as at Lutzen, beside the Swede’s Stone.

* Tennyson, *The Two Voices*.

“WHAT time he brushed the dew with hasty pace,
To meet the printer’s devlet face to face,
With dogs black lettered.”

MATTHIAS, *Pursuits of Literature*.

Our generation reads a good deal by scent, and its pursuit is mainly divided between the damp odor of the printing-press and the dry one of the dust of record-offices. It has rather too little taste for the calf of a hundred years back, the strong, sterling, middle-age literature of England, though its authors are occasionally re-edited, partly for a minimum of sincere readers, partly because they look respectable in a library, and partly as pegs to hang literary, or rather personal, gossip upon ; for there are many of our old worthies of whom everything is known and caught up—except the contents of their works.

It is, however, highly probable, in an age so extremely anxious as ours is, to walk backwards and forwards at the same time, that a reaction will set in in favor of these writers (as one did for the Elizabethan dramatists in Lamb’s time), from Dryden to Cowper inclusive ; extending, however, only to the higher class of readers, who can appreciate the strong sense and consummate finish and force of diction, as compared with the mingled slovenliness and mistiness of much of our rapid writing.

The complaint made above is not limited to England. The higher French critics lament the same neglect in France. “*Les vrais classiques, les vrais, dont le culte se perd de jour en jour.*” says Pontmartin, in his review of De Sacy ; and St. Beuve, in his recent work on “Chateaubriand and his contemporary group,” I find constantly harping on the same string.

“THOU to assenting Reason givest again
Her own enlightened thoughts.”

—THOMSON.

What a masterly exposition of one of the main aims of the journalist, shading and modifying, or illustrating and fixing, the ideas of most of his daily readers. Expression is his grand object, and he knows it. Too much knowledge of his subject may even bother a journalist, as Boucher, the painter, said that “Nature put him out.” His allusions to past history must generally be in some measure trite, that they may be recognized, and not act as non-conductors. His moral reflections should be lively, and not of such depth as to invite to reverie. It will not be the best quotation possible, but one of the old familiar ones, that will tell the most on the average reader ; and, for a passing allusion, the dear old *Pickwick* is safer than Sir Roger de Coverley. The writer of leaders has the double task of consulting the depth of the multitude of average readers and his own,—though no doubt in many cases there is no great difference between the two. I refer only to those very ready journalists who resemble a celebrated Irish saint, who could see to write and read by the light of his own radiant fingers, not requiring illumination from any more distant source.

“HAVE not even unjust rules some beneficial tendency in producing obedience to rule.”—RICHTER’S *Levana* (*English Translation*).

It is more wholesome for a man to submit to some few foolish social ceremonies than to feel himself at liberty to dispense both with submission and ceremony altogether.

From The London Review.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.*

IN this age of rapid writing, we seldom meet with a work which has been so deliberately planned and so carefully executed as the poem Mr. Patmore now publishes for the first time in its complete form. Fourteen years have elapsed since it was commenced, and during that period he has steadily remained faithful to his original design. Such constancy richly deserves success, and successful his undertaking has proved. For his generous enthusiasm for what is good and true, his appreciation of the nobility of virtuous love, and his courage in maintaining a long struggle with what he considers a poetic heresy, have won him the affection of many, the respect of all. His opponents, no less than his admirers, admit the skill with which he has handled a difficult theme, and allow him full credit for the fruitful labor he has bestowed on the language and versification of his work. And as to the originality of his plan they are agreed; it is his choice of subject on which they are at variance. It is a subject, say some critics, which all preceding poets have left untouched, or dwelt upon but lightly, considering it as belonging to the domains of prose rather than of verse. And at least the second part of "The Angel in the House" must be essentially prosaic, they affirm, inasmuch as it is devoted to the innocent loves of married people. A guilty passion, they admit, is always romantic, and love before marriage is the recognized source of a lyric poet's inspiration, but the wedded life which is unrelieved by intrigue is too dull and commonplace, they say, to be immortalized in song. The poetry of love is sacrificed on the hymeneal altar, and the words of the nuptial benediction break the spell of its ideal charm. For them—

"Mit dem Gurtel, mit dem Schleier
Reisst der schöne Wahn entzwei,"

and they hold that Psyche is no longer interesting when Eros has become her lawful owner. Mr. Patmore has thought otherwise, deeming that true love must ever be worthy of the noblest poetry, and that it is only in wedded life that it reaches its fullest development, and attains to its highest degree of refinement; and, therefore, that the poet who

*The Angel in the House. By Coventry Patmore. Macmillan.

seeks to analyze its nature and describe its influence, should trace it throughout its career instead of deserting it at the end of the first period of its existence. We fully agree with him, and consider the charge brought against his choice of subject as captious and unfounded.

Mr. Patmore has long been prized by thoughtful readers. The circle of his admirers embraces many of those whose good opinion is a certificate of merit, and whose esteem is an enduring reward. But hitherto, it must be said, Mr. Patmore has never done justice to himself. The poem, which we now possess in its entirety, has been published by instalments, and its fragments, though admirable in themselves, yet seemed somewhat hard and bare when standing alone, wanting the grace and harmony which become fully recognizable only when we see them linked together.

The first two books of the "Angel in the House" are devoted to "The Betrothal" and "The Espousals" of the hero. Their story is sufficiently simple, and no great exertion of the intellect is necessary for its comprehension. Through them the stream of true love runs smoothly, broken only by just sufficient ripple to render its surface a blaze of gold. Fortune has smiled on Felix Vaughan and bestowed on him the three blessings which the ancient Greeks chiefly desired of the gods—health, good looks, and independent means. Moreover, he bids fair to become statesman and poet, and he has in addition the appreciation of beauty which accompanies artistic tastes, and the capacity of loving, with which only generous natures are endowed. He falls in love with Honoria, the daughter of his neighbor, Dean Churchill, and in the first part of the work we witness the effect which a noble desire has on an ardent and chivalrous mind. Very attractive is the description of the sweet English home in which Honoria lived:—

"A tent pitched in a world not right
It seemed, whose inmates, every one,
On tranquil faces bore the light
Of duties beautifully done."

Very charming is the picture drawn of her, and most delicate is the rendering of the changing lights and shadows of his life, shifting according as she is near or distant. We may take as a specimen the description of his visit to the Cathedral Close during her absence:—

"How tranquil and unsecular

The precinct ! once, through yonder gate,
I saw her go, and knew from far
Her noble form and gentle state ;
Her dress had brushed this wicket ; here
She turned her face, and laughed, with looks
Like moonbeams on a wavering mere ;
This was her stall, these were her books ;
Here had she knelt. Here now I stayed,
While prayers were read : in grief's despite
Felt grief assuaged ; then homeward strayed,
Weary beforehand of the night.
The blackbird, in the shadowy wood,
Talked by himself, and eastward grew
In heaven the symbol of my mood,
Where one bright star engrossed the blue."

And how tender is the reserve, how deep is
the subdued feeling of these lines :—

"Twice rose, twice died my trembling word ;
The faint and frail cathedral chimes
Spoke time in music, and we heard
The chafers rustling in the limes.
Her dress, that touched me where I stood,
The warmth of her confided arm,
Her bosom's gentle neighborhood,
Her pleasure in her power to charm ;
Her look, her love, her form, her touch,
The least seemed most by blissful turn,
Blissful but that it pleased too much,
And taught the wayward soul to yearn.
It was as if a harp with wires
Was traversed by the breath I drew ;
And, oh, sweet meeting of desires,
She, answering, owned that she loved too."

At this point ends the first book. The prize has been sought and won ; its effect on the winner has next to be described. The second book traces the influence of happy love on the mind between the periods of betrothal and marriage. The revulsion which takes place in a man's feelings when his queen abdicates in his favor, when his goddess steps down from her pedestal and looks up to him instead of deigning to regard him from above ; the rush of love which then takes place to fill the space which reverence has left vacant ; the sudden fears and groundless alarms which startle him at times from his dream of bliss ; the strange uncertainty and the doubts as to the reality of passing events which beset the mind as the crisis of life draws near ; the varied emotions with which the lover's heart is then thrilled, and the shifting fancies which dance before his eyes, —such are the subjects of this part of the song, and very admirably are they treated. There can be but few readers who are not competent from personal experience to test the truth of Mr. Patmore's descriptions, and

the singular popularity which this portion of the work has obtained is the best possible proof of their fidelity. With the marriage, the book closes, and at the point where the author usually takes leave of his characters, commences the second and most important part of the poem.

As in "The Betrothal" and "The Espousals" we have watched love's sunny day from early morn to blissful eve, so in "Faithful for Ever" we see the reverse of the picture—the dreary night, lit at first by neither moon nor stars, which steepens in its cold shadow the life of one who has loved in vain. Frederick Graham is as passionately devoted to his cousin, Honoria Churchill, as is his successful rival, Felix Vaughan. But he keeps the secret from her ; only his letters to his mother express his feelings. He divines the influence which Vaughan exercises over her, and goes away without daring to ask her to be his. For two years his duties as a sailor keep him from home, and on his return he hears of Honoria's marriage. Then comes the blank despair which blots out the sun from heaven, and even draws a veil between God and man, followed at first by the impulse to seek relief in lower pleasures, and then by the tranquil sorrow which strengthens even while it pains. He sees his lost love and him who has won her, and the effort to conquer himself and worthily to welcome them restores somewhat of his peace of mind. He is hopeless, but his sorrow is no longer a merely selfish indulgence. It is a sadness which enables him to sympathize with all who grieve, a suffering which purifies and exalts the soul. Six months pass away, and he takes the step to which so many men commit themselves who have given up the one great hope of their lives, and think that all else is of little consequence. He marries a woman whom he esteems and likes, although he can hardly be said to love her. He declares that he is contented and almost happy, and generally he is so, but sometimes, he says, when she is sitting beside him, there falls

"Dejection, and a chilling shade.

Remembered pleasures, as they fade,
Salute me, and in fading, grow
Like footprints in the thawing snow.
I feel oppressed beyond my force
With foolish envy and remorse.
I love this woman, but I might
Have loved some else with more delight ;

And strange it seems of God that he
Should make a vain capacity."

Meanwhile his wife perceives that she does not hold the first place in his heart, but she strives hard with proud humility to render herself more worthy of him, and to make him as happy as she would be if she could but please him. She is of a commonplace nature, but Love works miracles with her, and some subtle sense within tells her how to make herself dear to her husband. Day by day her natural and acquired faults grow less perceptible, her mind expands, the generous impulses which a cold and rigorous training had numbed are quickened by the sunbeams of happiness, and after a while the woman whom Frederick had taken in despair proves herself worthy of his deliberate choice. The book ends with the seventh year of his married life. He has not yet fully recovered from his old love-fever, nor can he yet calmly witness the wedded bliss of the former mistress of his affections. But he has found a tranquil contentment in his own position, and wanders on through the world with his wife and children, fully acknowledging her worth, and wondering at times why he should still cling to the Past, when the Present bestows on him such precious gifts.

And now come "The Victories of Love." At the commencement of the book we find Frederick and his wife staying at the Vaughans' country-house. Four years more have passed away, and Time, the consoler has played his appointed part. Frederick has not bated one jot of his admiration for Honoria, but he is able to be in her presence without experiencing any longer a pang of sorrow or remorse. He loves her, he confesses, no less than ever he did, but it is no longer with the feverish passion which once swept across his heart, but rather with the quiet joy which the presence of what is beautiful and noble inspires.

"For, somehow, he whose daily life
Adjusts itself to one true wife,
Grows to a nuptial, near degree
With all that's fair and womanly.
Therefore, as more than friends, we met,
Without constraint, without regret;
The wedded yoke that each had donned,
Seeming a sanction, not a bond."

He feels that his wife is to him a blessing beyond all that he could have hoped, though he says the lyric time of youth has passed away

with him, and he does not possess the joys which once he might have had. Some unrecognized discontent still lurks in his mind, and his wife fears, at times, that he is more resigned than happy, but still goes on quietly winning her way into his heart of hearts. At last she feels that Love has gained the final victory, but it is only when her earthly career is drawing to its close. Death marks her for his own, and she slowly fades away. Then, as the shadows of night blot out the garish light of day, and the heavenly brightness of her character shines with a clearer, steadier radiance, all other influences give way to hers in Frederick's heart. One night, she says, as she lay apparently locked in slumber, and he sat watching by her bed,—

"I heard, or dreamed I heard him pray :

'O Father, take her not away !

Let not life's dear assurance lapse

Into death's agonized "Perhaps,"

A hope without Thy sanction, where

Less than assurance is despair !

Give me some sign, if go she must,

That death's not worse than dust to dust,

Not heaven on whose oblivious shore,

Joy I may have, but her no more !'"

Then her last doubts and fears vanish ; she feels that his heart at length is hers, and hers alone. All troubles and sorrows flee away. In the presence of this great joy the sorrow of parting is silent, the misery of by-gone years is forgotten. In the tenderest, the most touching language, she bids him farewell. It would be difficult to find in the poetry of any time or country as delicate and pathetic an expression of a true-hearted woman's noble affection. In it this poem reaches its climax, speaking in its most thrilling tones, and most clearly unveiling the meaning with which it is fraught throughout. The hope which remains for individual love in death is, from first to last, the burden of the song. In the earlier parts it speaks chiefly in simile and metaphor ; as the story unfolds itself, the allusions to the future state and mutual recognition in it become more distinct ; and, finally, we have the full assurance of love's immortality expressed in Frederick's letter to Honoria after his wife's death :—

"All I am sure of heaven is this :

Howe'er the mode, I shall not miss

One true delight which I have known.

Not on the changeful earth alone

Shall loyalty remain unmoved
Towards everything I ever loved.
So Heaven's voice calls, like Rachel's voice
To Jacob in the field, 'Rejoice!
Serve on some seven more sordid years,
Too short for weariness or tears;
Serve on; then, O Beloved, well-tried,
Take me forever as thy Bride!'"

With this extract, we must take leave of Mr. Patmore's noble poem. We have not the space in which to quote the lines which describe the full perfection of the love of Felix and Honoria, of their happiness so complete that it leaves no bliss to be desired. In their case, we have watched the progress of the stream of true love, fretting at little obstacles, or singing as it goes between banks rich with fruits and flowers; becoming by degrees a wider and a deeper stream, and at length gliding tranquilly along, a gleaming river, enriching the land through which it flows, and assuming towards the end of its course somewhat of the majesty of that vast ocean into which it will be absorbed. We have seen, while watching the fortunes of

Frederick Graham, how the day-star of true love can dispel the darkness of despair, and how the sweet influences of womanly affection can gradually loosen the bands which sorrow has drawn round a wounded heart: and we are shown that deep religious feeling is not only consistent with the existence of passionate love, but is even necessary for its fullest development, and an indispensable agent in its perfect continuance.

Before closing the book, let us draw the reader's attention to the miscellaneous poems which are comprised in the second volume. "Tamerton Church Tower" will be familiar to many, but the shorter pieces which follow it will be new to the majority even of Mr. Patmore's admirers. Those who remember their first appearance will be surprised and gratified to see the alterations which they have undergone. In their case, as in that of the "Angel in the House," the greatest pains have been taken to insure perfection, and no sacrifice has been thought too great which could possibly conduce to it.

"ONE touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."
—*Troilus and Cressida*.

The mistress and the maid are never so much alike as when both are in a passion.

Death itself scarcely shows us our common nature more plainly than any human passion in its intensity. Love, rage, panic, in extreme, are thorough levellers. Perhaps it is a dim consciousness of this that leads men of pride and fashion to aim above all things at an imperturbable demeanor.

Madame de Stael, I see, in the *Corinne*, makes extreme sorrow one of the equalizers: "Depuis le sauvage, jusqu'au roi, il y a quelque chose de semblable dans tous les hommes, alors qu'ils sont vraiment misérables." Not merely the internal but the external tends to a level in such cases, as men, thus violently affected, become negligent of appearance, dress, and manner. Another lady (Jane Taylor) has added "curiosity" to the list of levellers.

"Tales of scandal, strife, and love,
Which make the maid and mistress hand and glove."
—*Essays in Rhyme*.

I ought not to have omitted joy in excess, when, as at the old-fashioned harvest homes,

"Distinction low'rs its crest,
The masters, servants, and the happy guests
Are equal all."
—BLOOMFIELD.

"QUANDO leoni
Fortior eripuit vitam leo?"—JUVENAL.

This refusal of the lions of the den and the desert to destroy one another, as asserted by the Roman satirist, is at least doubtful, and on the whole I would rather accede to Dr. Watts's opinion; but as to the lions of the drawing-room, they are generally rather intolerant of each other, flourishing by the extinction of their rivals.

"SEVIS inter se convenit ursis."—JUVENAL.

The satirist proceeds, and Hudibras Butler translates and endorses him: "Savage bears agree with bears." There may be more literal truth in this than in the preceding, to judge from Berne and the Zoological Gardens; but in our social zoological collections the bears generally either quarrel or keep out of each other's way altogether.

"ANTEUS . . .
cadit, majorque accepto robore surgit."
—LUCAN, *Pharsalia*.

"Pride will have a fall." Scarcely one of our household proverbs is so frequently verified. But pride is too often like the giant Antæus, all the more bristling, self-asserting, and aggressive for its successive falls. To be cured, it must be taken up and crushed in the arms of a divine Hercules.

From The Athenæum.

A Memoir of Charles James Blomfield, D.D., Bishop of London, with Selections from his Correspondence. Edited by his son, Alfred Blomfield, M.A. Two vols. Murray.

It is the saying of Erasmus, that "Bishops have forgotten that in their title is the signification, literally,—labor, pains, application." Whether this could be said of the threescore and ten prelates by whom the London diocese had been administered from the year 1051 to that of 1828, we will not inquire, but we may safely assert that it is in nowise applicable to Bishop Blomfield, who presided over the see of London from the latter date until his resignation of the see in 1855.

Bishop Lowth was in the last year but one of his occupation of the metropolitan see when Charles James Blomfield was born, in 1786, the son of a schoolmaster at Bury St. Edmunds. Suffolk, so renowned for its milk, its maids, and its stiles, that all three make part of ancient county proverbs, is hardly less famous for the prelates which it has given to the Church, both before and since the Reformation; complacent Losing, scholarly Angerville, aristocratic Paschal, Wycliffe-hating Sudbury, courtly Edwardston, well-descended Peverel, humbly born Wolsey, and fierce Stephen Gardiner are Suffolk prelates of the earliest period. Wentworth's convert, Bale, experienced May, that "discreet professor of conformity," Overall; Maw, who accompanied Prince Charles to Spain, as Edwardston did Lionel, Duke of Clarence, to Italy, Brownrigg, born, like Wolsey, in the county town of Ipswich, and Charles James Blomfield are of the second epoch. Of this goodly list, three were born in Bury,—namely, Angerville, or Richard de Bury, as Dr. Holden, of Durham calls him, Gardiner and Blomfield. The last possessed all the restless activity of Angerville, with more than his scholarship, and all the administrative power, with the tenacious memory of Gardiner. We may add, that, in another respect, Blomfield closely resembled Brownrigg, who was a born wit and humorist, and of whom it was prettily and creditably said that his wit was "Page and not Privy Councillor, to his judgment." It may be that many of these names and the fortunes of those who bore them were not unknown to the Bury schoolmaster's little and delicate

son, when, on being asked as to his views of a profession, replied, "I mean to be a bishop!"—and kept his word.

Sixteen or eighteen hours a day at his books, a couple devoted to rowing or walking, and three or four to sleep, helped him to gain great honors at college and to injure his health, for his hours of relaxation bore no comparison with the extent of time he devoted to labor. Yet, even when thus toiling for distinction, few persons were equal to him for the point and liveliness of his talk; and his contemporary and friend, Chief Baron Pollock, adds the crowning testimony: "I never heard him originate or repeat an expression which, as a bishop, he could wish unsaid." This could not be said of another prelate whom Suffolk furnished to episcopacy—Losing, notorious for his greed, the vices of his youth, the wisdom of his later years, and for his droll, self-complacent maxim,—“When young, go astray; when old, mend your way!”

It was not, however, the very highest motive which influenced Blomfield in selecting the Church for a profession, and the throne of a bishop for his ultimate seat there. His son is justified by the evidence of his father's letters in saying that his sire probably preferred the clerical profession "rather as affording means and leisure for literary pursuits, than as offering in its own peculiar duties that wide field of usefulness which, ere long opened upon him." He was at that time, too, of so nervous a temperament that, on sudden alarms, he could not stand without clinging to a tree or a railing until the nervous tremor had passed off. To a scholar,

“Sicklied o'er with the pale-cast of thought,”

the prospect of a quiet country living, with abundance of leisure for literary pursuits, must have been a look forward in the direction of an earthly paradise. But that attained, labor and not leisure was his portion.

Meanwhile, Blomfield began life by editing Greek plays and contending fiercely with his critics, one of whom, George Burges, is still alive, in extreme old age, and is not quite so much "forgotten" as Mr. Alfred Blomfield takes most of his father's adversaries to be. As a critic in Greek literature, Blomfield first appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, for at that period he was a Whig, accepted Jeffrey's fee, took the arm of Sidney Smith, ad-

vocated Catholic Emancipation, and was, altogether, as different a man in the beginning and the end of his career as his Christian namesake, Charles James Fox himself.

Thoroughly honest, though sometimes inconsistent, he appears to have been from first to last. After his ordination he preferred being curate of Chesterford and taking pupils, to being the tutor to the sons of Bishop Pretymann, "with the salary of £400 a year and the *promise of a living*." But he did not decline, on his first marriage, in 1810, to hold the rectory of Quarrington with the curacy of Chesterford (residing at the latter place), although it made him a pluralist and a non-resident incumbent, "a class which, in later life," after he became a bishop, "he was bent on exterminating."

In 1811, Lord Spencer added to his other benefices the Buckinghamshire rectory of Dunton, where Blomfield resided till 1817, working well as a rector, and fiercely as a critic of Greek scholars with adverse views to his own, of one of whom, Barker, who had a hand in Valpy's "Stephens's Greek Thesaurus," Mr. Alfred Blomfield makes this extraordinary statement: "This gentleman practised the art of writing criticisms *upon himself*, in periodicals, disguised under the initials of other scholars, in order to have the satisfaction of answering them in his own name. This, at least," adds Mr. A. Blomfield, after the above positive statement, "Elmsley thought he did." We suspect those Greek controversies "bothered" the University old stagers, for we find Blomfield longing for the time "when a man may mention a Greek or Latin author to a company of Cambridge seniors without exciting a general thrill of horror and surprise." Awaiting that good time, the non-resident incumbent of Quarrenton became a Buckinghamshire magistrate, riding to Sessions in yellow overalls! Rector and justice of the peace! but "in later years, as a bishop," says his son, "he disapproved of such unions." We may add that, if his lordship had heard of a curate in his diocese riding through the mud in yellow overalls, the young man would have certainly come to grief.

The great scholar took the measure of the Buckinghamshire clergy, and treated them with as much scorn as he had lavished on George Burges and the other critics who had been severe upon him as an editor of Greek

plays. In 1816, he had to preach the Visitation Sermon to the clergy at Aylesbury. In writing to a friend on the choice of a subject, he says: "I was thinking of discussing the utility of learning to the clerical profession, but the mention of this might give offence to my worthy brethren in the Archdeaconry of Bucks; as it would be unpolite to hold forth in praise of a fair complexion to a party of negresses." This sort of smartness, combined with peremptory manners in transacting parochial business, gained for him a mixed reputation. He was quite as much feared as admired by the country folk, one of whom remarked, "I call him Mr. Snaptrace."

And to these country folk the Greek scholar was not always the most efficient preacher. When the livings of Great and Little Chesterford, and of Tuddenham, in his native county, had been flung into his lap, he preached at Chesterford, on the text, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." He preached *ex tempore*, for the first and only time in his life, having forgotten his written sermon. Anxious to know how he had succeeded, he asked one of his congregation, on his way home, how he liked the discourse: "Well, Mr. Blomfield," replied the man, "I liked the sermon well enough; but I can't say I agree with you; I think there *be* a God!"

In later life, his speeches in the House of Lords were remarkable for what this discourse wanted—clearness; but in that assembly, the bishop never spoke without great previous preparation, his MS. notes for his harangues being made with the utmost care. At the former period, however, congregations were not critical, and people generally, between squires and supreme pastors, were very much in the case of the poor, as reported by the poet:—

"'God cannot love' (says Blunt with tearless eyes),
'The wretch he starves,'—and piously denies;
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits and leaves them, Providence's care."

Patrons then gave livings to useful young fellows who could help them in agricultural matters, and though a new race of bishops was rising, there was the old leaven in some of those who were left. There was Bishop North, whose chaplain and son-in-law "examined two candidates for orders in a tent on a cricket-field, he himself being engaged as

one of the players." Another candidate, calling on Bishop Pelham, received word, through the butler, to go and write an essay. Bishop Bathurst was known as the "lax bishop," even among lax bishops; but he was hardly more careless than the chaplain of Bishop Douglas, who examined candidates, as Garrick did young actors, while shaving, but unlike the great player, "stopped the examination when the candidate had construed a couple of words!"

Under pastors like these a whole generation had grown up; and when Blomfield was at Chesterford, the jolliest day in the year was Easter Sunday, not because of the festival, but because of the nobility and gentry posting down to the Newmarket Spring Meeting, which commenced on Easter Monday. There were crowds and a fair in front of the inn, which adjoined the church, and while the rector was administering the sacrament, the aristocratic sportsmen would drive up to the inn, in open carriages, playing at whist, and, throwing out their cards, would call to the waiter for fresh packs. The rector and his diocesan, Howley, endeavored to remove this scandal, but it was not till long after that the opening day of the Spring Meeting was changed to Easter Tuesday. The strongest resistance to a change in the day came from the Duke of York, who said that "though it was true, he travelled to the races on Sunday, he always had a Bible and Prayer-Book in the carriage!"

At the time when a prince made such a remark to a prelate, it was the custom to consider the lower orders of rural people as hopelessly ignorant and besotted; but we find instances of their acuteness and right way of thinking combined with a simplicity savoring of wisdom, and this even in the young. Take, for instance, the reply of the little rustic lad, who being asked what was meant by the words in the Catechism, "succor my father and mother," answered, "Why, giving on 'em milk!"

In 1819, Lord Bristol called the attention of his brother-in-law, Lord Liverpool, to Mr. Blomfield, the son of Lord Bristol's old friend, and accordingly he became rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, the gross value of which was £2,000 a year. The rector, now a D.D., had to do with a new race of people; city knights, like Sir W. Rawlins, who said, at a public dinner, that he hoped to see the day

prophesied of, "when every man should do right in his own eyes;" others like the obstinate Quaker who *would* remain covered at a vestry meeting in the church, but who was overcome by the resolution proposed by the rector and adopted by the meeting, "that the beadle be directed to take off Mr. ——'s hat," which was accordingly done, and the Nonconformist having saved his conscience, submitted. Then there were men, and women too, of another quality, people of the lowest order and highest smartness, people on whom Dr. Blomfield and other gentlemen constantly called in the terrible winter of 1822-3. The people were relieved partly according to their families. Dr. Blomfield thought he detected the same children in different rooms, and at last discovered that, as he went up and down stairs, the people let down children by the window, from one story to another. He was just the sort of man to encounter such persons; and knights, Nonconformists, rough-and-readys, undoubtedly, respected him. Even the Jews of Houndsditch sent their children to his parochial school; and one clergyman, at least, paid him the compliment of stealing his sermon, in which he stoutly denied that the fall of the Brunswick Theatre was a divine judgment on the particular sufferers, and applied it to the visitation of the cholera.

His own compliments to the clergy were not many. He confessed that he had never heard but one good preacher, and that was Rowland Hill. Dr. Malthy accompanied Dr. Blomfield, and greatly admired the discourse; but when Mr. Hill floundered in attempting two pieces of Greek criticism, the two future bishops sat and winked at each other. We may add, that when they became bishops, they pretty strongly protested against all such visits, whether to fashionable, semi-schismatical, or sensational preachers generally. Hill, at all events, in no one point resembled Andrewes, of St. James's, Piccadilly, who "had the merit of preaching not his own sermons; he used to preach Paley;" and when asked to publish his sermons, "declined, saying he could not publish his manner with them."

When Dr. Blomfield became Archdeacon of Colchester, he certainly made the clergy of the archdeaconry feel that there was a man among them of the new stamp, who understood his business, did it himself, and compelled others to perform their own. Suddenly,

in 1824, Law passed from Chester to Bath and Wells, and then the ladies seem to have resolved that Blomfield should go to Chester. Lady Spencer was "all on tiptoe" for it, and exhorted him accordingly:—

"My dear doctor," she writes, "I hope I need not tell you that I trust I shall soon have to shake you by the hand as Bishop of Chester. Don't be so indiscreet as to refuse it because it is a sadly poor one—remember it is the step which you must tread on to a richer one. All the old twaddles have dropped—young ones don't depart so readily; and I am myself so old, that I am impatient to see you seated on that bench, where you will be so admirably placed and so usefully disposed of. If the Metropolitan is translated, which his looks portend, the Bishop of London replaces him; and who so likely as yourself, with all your London knowledge and experience, to be the bishop of this diocese, if you *are* on the bench—but then you must be, or my plan can't take place. Seriously, Lord Spencer and I are all on tiptoe to hear of your acceptance; for, though it may be present ruin, yet it will be *soon* future affluence. And why should you not keep your St. Botolph? Indeed, pray, pray give me a line, and pray think, reflect and ponder with all your powers, before you refuse; for, indeed, I do think it a very different thing to refuse now than it would have been to have refused some time ago. I am so hurried and so bothered with all sorts of perplexities, that I am sure I must have written nonsense, and I cannot now read it over to be sure I have done so. Excuse me, my excellent friend, and take the intention of this note in good part, although it may be so inadequately expressed.

"Ever affectionately yours,
"LAV. SPENCER."

This rattling Countess was Lavinia Bingham, daughter of the first Earl of Lucan; and Dr. Blomfield, under such inspiration, accepted Chester, retained St. Botolph's, and was not yet of opinion that pluralities and non-resident incumbents were stumbling-blocks in the Church. The new bishop speedily appeared in the light of a reformer. Tillotson was the first prelate, we believe, who preached without a wig, but that old-fashioned episcopal appendage had never been, as yet, entirely laid aside. Blomfield asked Carr of Chichester to unite with him in asking the sanction of George the Fourth for a dispensation from wearing wigs, at all. Nothing came of it; but when William the Fourth was told that the Bishop of London, in obeying his commands to dine with the king,

would be glad to come without his wig the monarch replied, "I dislike wigs as much as he does, and shall be glad to see the whole Bench wear their own hair." And the prelatie wig went out of curl forever!

Bishop Blomfield's lifelong characteristic was a desire to set things in order, and now he indulged it to the uttermost. He put unwelcome stumbling-blocks in the way of candidates for ordination, announced that he would ordain no person who had been in the army, navy, or trade (the tent-making of St. Paul would have disqualified the apostle); and would no more admit an Irish ordained clergyman into the diocese of Chester than Illinois would a negro into its administration. The old intimation, "No Irish need apply," was practically sustained by him to the end of his days.

Mr. A. Blomfield thus describes his father in his Chester period:—

"In speaking or writing on the subject of clerical duties, the bishop would sometimes convey his admonitions with a certain sharpness of manner, which concealed the real kindness of his heart; nor was he careful to make that difference which the Cheshire clergy expected in his treatment of the mere curate, of narrow means and no position, and of the independent squire-parson of good family. When some one remarked that his portrait, painted soon after he became bishop, represented him with a decided frown, 'Yes,' he replied, 'that portrait ought to have been dedicated, without permission, to the non-resident clergy of the diocese of Chester.' He used to tell a story of one clergyman, whom he had reproved for certain irregularities of conduct which had been brought to his notice by his parishioners, and who had replied, 'Your lordship, as a classical scholar, knows that lying goes by districts; the Cretans were liars, the Cappadocians were liars; and I can assure you that the inhabitants of — are liars too.' Intoxication was the most frequent charge against the clergy. One was so drunk while waiting for a funeral that he fell into the grave; another was conveyed away from a visitation dinner in a helpless state by the bishop's own servants. A third, when rebuked for drunkenness, replied, 'But, my lord, I never was drunk on duty.'—'On duty!' exclaimed the bishop; 'when is a clergyman not on duty?'—'True,' said the other, 'I never thought of that.'"

There can be no doubt that Bishop Blomfield was by nature a less stern man than he seemed. To him the tenets of Calvinism were repulsive; and the damnatory clauses

of the Athanasian Creed he declared to be no part of Christian doctrine, but simply the individual opinions of those who had compiled the articles of that doctrine previously recited in the Creed. This common-sense view of the case we owe to his natural kindliness of feeling. After his sick-visitations, the visited used to say of him, that he was "the most forgiving man" they had ever met with. He certainly was not too exacting with regard to his clergy at this time, for he expressed an opinion that two full services on a Sunday were all that was needful, and that Wednesday evening lectures and similar services were not required.

In the House of Lords he at once took a distinguished place, for "his speeches were those of one who had something to say, not of one who had to say something." He had strong opponents, but they were chivalrous adversaries. In his first speech in 1825, he thoroughly defeated an assault of Lord Holland with great honor to the vanquisher. Upon which Lord Holland himself generously crossed the House, shook him warmly by the hand, and predicted his future success as a debater. We only wonder that a man of the bishop's perceptions could ever have fancied that the cause of the Church might suffer if the new pleasure-grounds in St. James's Park were not closed against the public on Sunday mornings.

The bishop promoted to London in 1828, voted against Catholic Emancipation. He had previously listened to a five-hours' speech, in private from George the Fourth against the same measure, and he had afterwards to meet the Duke of Clarence, who did not hold the same opinions as his brother:—

"Bishop Blomfield's acquaintance with the sovereign who now succeeded to the throne had a singular commencement. He addressed a letter to the Countess of Dysart, at Ham House, requesting permission to see that ancient mansion. The countess, hospitable as she generally was, at first declined, saying, 'I never saw any bishop here in my brother's time.' Afterwards, however, she relented, and, as the most agreeable arrangement to all parties, desired Sir George Sinclair, who had married her granddaughter, to fix a day for the bishop to dine there, adding that he might invite William the Fourth, then Duke of Clarence, and a large party to meet him. Sir George was not aware that the duke had taken great offence at the bishop for his recent speech and vote on Catholic Emancipa-

tion. Observing that they took no notice of each other, he presented the bishop to the duke, who immediately addressed him in a voice loud enough to be heard by all the company, 'I had lately the pleasure of seeing the Bishop of — along with me in the lobby of the House of Lords, but I had not the pleasure of seeing the Bishop of London.'—The bishop courteously replied, 'It is with regret that I ever vote on a different side from your royal highness.'—The duke resumed, 'I was the more surprised, and I consider you the more in the wrong, because I thought I had reason to expect the reverse.'—'Whether I was actually in the wrong or not,' replied the bishop, 'my conscience told me that I was in the right.' The duke was about to continue, when dinner was fortunately announced. At table, the bishop drew him into conversation, and so completely conciliated his good opinion that some days afterwards he said to Sir George Sinclair 'I like the bishop far better than I expected, and I do not care how soon you invite him to meet me again.' He felt that he had gone too far, and asked, 'How did the bishop look when I told him my mind?'—'I did not see,' replied Sir George, 'for my eyes were fixed upon the ground.'—'Did any one else observe how he looked?'—'No; I believe their eyes were turned in the same direction.' This anecdote is given on the authority of Sir George Sinclair."

The bishop was as much opposed to the emancipation of lazy incumbents of his own Church as he was to the political freedom of another. He insisted on incumbents residing on their livings, even if these were in the worst part of the Essex marshes. If a curate could live there, a rector might. "Besides," as he said, "there are two well-known preservatives against ague. The one is a good deal of care and a little port wine; the other a little care and a good deal of port wine." He preferred the former; but, he added, "if any of the clergy prefer the latter, it is at all events a remedy which incumbents can afford better than curates." Then he was seldom off his guard, even when another was decrying pluralities. Lord Tavistock was once doing this in the House, but the bishop silenced him by the remark, "I say that it is impossible to do away with pluralities without doing away with *impropriations*,"—on which Lord Tavistock's family had waxed from maceration to fatness.

With a high hand did he subsequently rule or try to rule; but with all his seeming

pride there was abounding love, and people who disliked, learned to regard him like the roughs of Bethnal Green, who began by sending a mad bull into the company who were laying the first stone of the first of the fifty new churches proposed by the bishop to be built in the metropolis, and who ended by uncovering as the procession passed, preceding them, when the church was finished. Still, his ungovernable passion for business which led him to be the first where an attack was to be made, exposed him to satirical remark:—

“The bishop had been bitten by a dog in the calf of the leg, and, fearing possible hydrophobia in consequence, he went, with characteristic promptitude, to have the injured piece of flesh cut out by a surgeon before he returned home. Two or three on whom he called were not at home; but, at last, the operation was effected by the eminent surgeon, Mr. Keate. The same evening the bishop was to have dined with a party where Sydney was a guest. Just before dinner, a note arrived, saying that he was unable to keep his engagement, a dog having rushed out from the crowd and bitten him in the leg. When this note was read aloud to the company, Sydney Smith’s comment was, ‘*I should like to hear the dog’s account of the story.*’ When this accident occurred to him, Bishop Blomfield happened to be walking with Dr. D’Oyly, the Rector of Lambeth. A lady of strong Protestant principles, mistaking Dr. D’Oyly for Dr. Doyle, said that she considered it was a judgment upon the bishop for keeping such company.”

But the bite of the dog was as nothing compared with what he had to bear from recalcitrant clergy. Young curates of that section in the Church which professed unaffected veneration for bishops, when the latter are not opposed to them, would snub him for holding opinions quite contrary to St. Basil! It would be difficult to say whether his pity for these was not greater than his contempt for another class of young curates, who make such a business of sucking oranges and taking voice-lozenges in the vestries, as if their two or three hours’ work in the day were a labor to consume them. He offended such men as these, who would have refused, in country districts, all allotments to Dissenters,—wondering that the people in such districts were not *all* Dissenters. Not less did he offend another extreme party when he expressed his opinion that the writer of Tract 90 could

hardly be a member of the Reformed Church. There certainly was no *sham* in him. He was the first to denounce Mr. Oakley’s theory, that a Church of England minister might lawfully believe Romish doctrine, if he did not teach it!

Little inconsistencies are hardly worth noticing. He who had played at picquet in his early church days would not tolerate cards in his later, and he who now supported the daily service system had once been satisfied with Sunday services only. His dislike for churches exclusively for the poor was, perhaps, founded on his experience of the jobbery which would creep into such projects, the subscriptions for such alleged churches being sometimes converted into funds for churches with highly rented pews and fashionably dressed congregations, fellowship with whom was not to be thought of by miserable sinners in fustian. Setting aside, however, all smaller matters, Bishop Blomfield will be honorably remembered for three things—having introduced order and becomingness into the service of the Church, promoted church building, and set going the colonial church system. In all this, individuals may have suffered wrong, but the community profited; and the bishop had to work under many disadvantages:—

“As an instance of the interruptions to which he was obliged to submit from persons who brought their real or imaginary grievances before him, the following anecdote may be related. A deputation, headed by a colonel in the army, waited upon him at London House, to represent to him the condition of the inmates of lunatic asylums, and to request him to make provision for their being regularly visited by the parochial clergy. The bishop replied that he did not know whether the clergy would be prepared to undertake this additional burden; and that, even if they were, he did not think that the security thus afforded for the proper treatment of lunatics would be a very great one. ‘But,’ rejoined the colonel, ‘we would hail with satisfaction any additional security: for I can assure your lordship that there is not a single member of this deputation *who has not himself, at some time or other, been an inmate of a lunatic asylum!*’ It may be imagined that, after this confession, the bishop was not a little relieved when the deputation withdrew, and its members were soon quietly making their way past Norfolk House into Pall Mall.”

Mr. A. Blomfield states that his father gave

away a third of his income in charitable purposes; a little more stress is laid on his munificent almsgiving than is, perhaps, desirable. We prefer looking at the good man on his humorous side, of which there are many new instances given in these volumes, where some of the capital stories afloat might well have been preserved. However, here are samples of his humor:—

“Lord Althorp, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, having to propose to the House of Commons, a vote of £400 a year for the salary of the Archdeacon of Bengal, was puzzled by a question from Mr. Hume, ‘What are the duties of an archdeacon?’ So he sent one of the subordinate occupants of the Treasury Bench to the other house, to obtain an answer to the question from one of the bishops. The messenger first met with Archbishop Vernon Harcourt, who described an archdeacon as ‘*aide-de-camp* to the bishop;’ and then with Bishop Copleston, of Llandaff, who said, ‘the archdeacon is *oculus Episcopi*.’ Lord Althorp, however, declared that neither of these explanations would satisfy the House. ‘Go,’ said he, ‘and ask the Bishop of London; he is a straight-forward man, and will give you a plain answer.’ To the Bishop of London accordingly the messenger went, and repeated the question, ‘What is an archdeacon?—‘An archdeacon?’ replied the bishop in his quick way, ‘an archdeacon is an ecclesiastical officer, who performs archidiaconal functions;’ and with this reply Lord Althorp and the House were perfectly satisfied.”

With a neat application of a text he could illustrate a Christian opinion:—

“When a friend of the bishop’s was once interceding with him on behalf of a clergyman who was constantly in debt, and had more than once been insolvent, but who was a man of talents and eloquence, he concluded his eulogium by saying, ‘In fact, my lord, he is quite a St. Paul.’—‘Yes,’ replied the Bishop drily, ‘*In prisons oft.*’ And when,

at the consecration of a church, where the choral parts of the service had been a failure, the incumbent had asked him what he had thought of the music, he replied, ‘Well, at least, it was according to scriptural precedent: *The singers went before, the minstrels followed after.*’”

And here is a happy saying to an unsuccessful grumbler:—

“A clergyman, who had sought preferment in many quarters and had failed, once said to him, ‘I never got anything I asked for.’ And I,” replied the bishop, with characteristic quickness, ‘never asked for anything I got.’”

A little “poke” at one of his older friends was an enjoyment to him:—

“On a former occasion, when Bishop Maltby, had objected to receive the diminished income which the arrangements of the ecclesiastical commission had fixed for the see of Durham on the death of Bishop Van Mildert, Bishop Blomfield, in allusion to Dr. Maltby’s former classical labors, had remarked that, probably, he did not wish for an *abridgment* of his *Thesaurus*.”

To the last, this turn for humor was the bishop’s characteristic, of which we could add many illustrations not contained in this book. That last came in 1857, two years after infirmity had caused him to resign his office. He was permitted to reside in the old palace at Fulham, the moat around which is as old as the time of the Danes, and where he had found relaxations in music and gardening. His greatest opponents in the day of battle will be ready to acknowledge his merits, his services, and his good qualities generally, and to admit that he was no unworthy successor in a line of metropolitan bishops, some of whom bear the brightest names in our ecclesiastical history.

“THE jealous keys of Truth’s eternal doors.”

—SHELLEY.

The locks of the Temple of Truth are neither to be picked by cunning, nor forced by clamorous violence. The noise of furious arguers is the noise of shutting rather than opening the temple doors. The loud shouts with which some people appeal to reason imply that reason lives a considerable distance off. If their hearers feign conviction, it is for the sake of peace rather than of

truth. The very style in which the autocrats of opinion (“brought up in the school of one Tyrannus”) state their proposition, is a warning that they do not mean to have it questioned; and their fate, as far as the chance of arriving at truth is concerned, seems well described in the following words of Soulie: “Ils considerent le silence comme une victoire, leur vanité s’en gonfle, et ils arrivent à un état de demidieux, ou rien ne peut plus les atteindre.”

From The Spectator.

MR. CONINGTON'S HORACE.*

A PROFESSOR of Latin at any of the great universities needs no apology for undertaking the translation of one of the great classics. But, if any apology were needed, there is a good-humored modesty about Professor Conington's preface which he might well hope would disarm unreasonable criticism. A translation "which may serve as a piece of embodied criticism," is not indeed likely to be a successful translation. But we fully concur in our belief of the advantage which Mr. Conington anticipated from placing before his pupils the most condensed expression of his own views concerning the conditions of success, for, as he gracefully says, "the experiment may impart to others a quality which it is itself without." We hasten to add, that his translation is very much more than "a piece of embodied criticism." Mr. Conington is an artist, and the acquirements of the professor have only lent coolness to his art, and purity without pedantry to his taste. His translation of Horace's Odes is really a remarkable contribution to English literature. There is a maturity of thought in almost every line, and an evidence of slow determination and purification of expression, which are the first, though not the only condition, of classical translation. Having said this, we are compelled to admit that Mr. Conington has only added another attempt to solve a problem which, from the nature of the case, cannot be solved. The tide of translation surges on, each wave only bearing us further from the past, and only shifting the position from which, with strained eyes, we try to pierce through the distorting, though fixed, kaleidoscope of time. The past petrifies behind us as we move, and all we can do is to compare different aspects of the same thing as it is viewed by different minds in different times.

In this respect it is instructive to compare the experiments of the Oxford professor with the recent efforts of Mr. Theodore Martin. Mr. Conington is more wary, more deeply saturated with his subject, fully armed, equipped, and sustained by his learning, but less versatile and less nimble. Mr. Martin has more fire, is under less artistic restraint,

or rather, his art is more balladic, less learned and compressed. But if he is sometimes happy, his sins against the spirit of Horace are often far beyond anything of which Mr. Conington would ever be capable. The following lines of Mr. Martin have been very highly praised:—

"TU NE QUAESIERIS.

"Ask not of fate to show ye,—
Such lore is not for man,—
What limits, Leuconoe,
Shall round life's little span.
Both thou and I
Must quickly die!

Content thee, then, nor madly hope
To wrest a false assurance from Chaldean
horoscope."

We cannot concur in the praise bestowed upon them. It would have been impossible, we think, to employ talent to better purpose, if the *aim* had been to depart from Horace as far as possible. Horace's ode to Leuconoe is essentially grave, almost paternal, in its tone, very compressed, very quiet and kindly, full of idiomatic *bonhomie*. We quote the Latin, to enable our reader to judge at once for himself. It might almost have been spoken in conversation.

"Tu ne quaesieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem
tibi
Finem Di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros. Ut melius, quidquid erit,
pati!
Seu plures hiemes, seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam."

We venture to say that nothing can be more remote from the whole spirit of these lines than the balladic jocoseness of Mr. Martin's version, deformed, moreover, by a host of cant expressions such as "to show ye," "such lore," "nor madly hope," and a general flippancy of effect most essentially alien from the polished reserve and studied sincerity of Horace's advice to a woman, whom whatever she was, he addressed as a lady and a friend, not as a flirt, to be treated as a bouncing simpleton. Mr. Conington has not fallen into such an error, and has kept very close to the spirit of the original:—

"Ask not ('tis forbidden knowledge), what our
destined term of years,
Mine and yours; nor scan the tables of your Babylonish seers.
Better far to bear the future, my Leuconoe, like
the past,
Whether love has many winters yet to give, or
this our last."

* The Odes and Carmen Seculare of Horace, translated into English Verse. By John Conington, M.A., Corbus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. London: Bell and Daldy.

There is a gravity and sweetness in these lines, which are the counterpart of the sentiment in the original. On the other hand, they are very far from perfect. " 'Tis forbidden knowledge " sounds heavy after the chryselline "scire nefas." "What our destined term of years" has a conventional, rotatory ring, a Lord Dufferin twang, alien to the simple crusted "Finem Di dederint" of Horace. We are inclined to think that the "Leuconœ" of the Latin, taken with the context, does not warrant the lighter interpretation, "my Leuconœ." The whole tone of the address varies essentially from the lighter and more playful pieces, such as the "Carmen Amœbæum," the odes to Pyrrha, Lydia, and others. We do not suppose Horace to have written a sermon to Leuconœ; but Alcibiades paying his addresses to the Queen of Sparta, and Alcibiades writing to Aspasia, would write in a very different mood. "Mine and yours," coming where they do, are a parody of the Latin "quem mihi, quem tibi," which are, indeed, emphatic, but in the plainest idiomatic genius of spoken Latin.

And here we wish to observe upon a point which in all the controversies about translation seems to be lost sight of, and which appears to us to be the root of the whole matter. Translators make the whole controversy turn upon the choice of metres; and the question of metres is only incidental to one far deeper, namely, the hidden relation of metre to the *spoken* language. All genuine vernacular and indigenous poetry, if we look to *expression* merely, lies close on the confines of the language in general use. The most poetical idioms in really vernacular poetry grow out of some common parlance which they naturally embody. When Horace calls Mercurius "facunde nepos Atlantis," the expression, though, no doubt, spontaneous, is, in its familiar, half-colloquial form, analogous, we only say analogous, to our slang term, "a chip of the old block;" but when Mr. Conington translates "facunde" by "wise of tongue," he simply puts essence of dictionary for essence of language. "Wise of tongue," though it comes near to the exact meaning of "facundus," lies near to nothing English, nor would anything English ever have suggested it. To show how the metre of a vernacular poetry comes out of the easy colloquial prose of the day, compare, for instance, the following trifle of Cowper's:—

"Cocoa-nut naught,
Fish too dear,
None must be bought
For us that are here.

"No lobster on earth
That ever I saw,
To me would be worth
Sixpence a claw.

"So, dear madam, wait
Till fish can be got
At a reasonable rate,
Whether lobster or not," etc.

Or again:—

"News have I none, that I can deign to write,
Save that it rained prodigiously last night."

This is, no doubt, a kind of prose in verse, but not much more so than a good deal of Horace's Latin. And though no one would exactly speak so, yet the verses lie quite close to our habitual English rhythm. There is something very Horatian in the simplicity of some of the lines to Delia—

"Delia, the unkindest girl on earth,
When I besought the fair,
That favor of intrinsic worth,
A ringlet of her hair,

"Refused that instant to comply,
With my absurd request,
For reasons she could specify,
Some twenty score at least."

But the "ring" and sound is throughout of a spoken language, not built up, but falling naturally, like a ripe fruit, into place. On the other hand, how halting and artificial is the sound of the lines in which Mr. Conington translates the "Carmen Amœbæum."

"DONEC GRATUS ERAM TIBI.

"While I had power to bless you,
Nor any round that neck his arms did fling,
More privileged to caress you
Happier was Horace than the Persian king."

The language is tolerable—but what English heart would have put that appeal in that shape? Who would talk of blessing an Englishwoman? Roman matrons were less particular, perhaps; but they would have resented even Professor Conington's arms *flung round them*. Nor can the language claim to be Horatian. The sleek, idiomatic pathos and simplicity of Horace's words exactly fit the feeling.

"Donec gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat,
Persarum vigui rege beatior."

The real object, then, is not so much to ob-

tain a metre as to find vernacular language in the same sense in which the Latin itself is vernacular, and the true difficulty seems to lie in the fact that when one or more idioms which most nearly represent the original have suggested a metre, that metre excludes other equally necessary idioms. In other words, to use a mathematical expression, the curves of the two languages coincide only in infinitesimally small portions.

But when all the questions arising out of the mere sense and the metre of a poet are settled (and that of the metres is still in hopeless obscurity), there comes the far more subtle and indefinable element of personal color and genius. And these in Horace are more than in most other Roman poets peculiarly his own. It has been well said by the latest English historian of Roman literature that Horace is the most subjective of the Roman poets. Perhaps this is not saying much, considering the very objective character of ancient poetry in general. But although Horace, when compared with some modern poets, with Mr. Tennyson, for instance, is very objective, he is by comparison with his predecessors and contemporaries, very subjective. His life was a chequered one, tending to overlay a fundamental ground of melancholy and disappointment with the varnish of content. He had escaped the early storm and lived to see his happiness secured. But throughout a long life of court favor and well-earned celebrity, you feel somehow that the chain, though gilt, lay very near his skin, and that he only prevented it from chaffing by persistent reflection on the littleness of all things, and the jealous cultivation of his own personal superiority. He spent his life in securing his dignity, without endangering his

comfort. His early enthusiasm was for liberty. In later years he persuaded himself that the esoteric grandeur, the *aere perennius* of the artist's life, was both higher than, and, at the same time incompatible with, the rudeness of the *profanum vulgus*. In wit he was a Roman About, who went over to the imperial side and preached to the legitimists, and in maturer years imperceptibly patronized the victor of those younger days before whom he had thrown away his shield and fled. In life he was a sort of Augustan Rogers and man about town—a puritan in art and a purist in pleasure. Add to this his commercial antecedents, and it becomes very easy to see how more than usually rich for a Roman were the cross veins of thought, feeling, and worldly wisdom which seem to have made his works a household book even among ourselves. All these are elements which the translator must infuse before he can rise to the heights of translation. There is, too, in Horace, a dryness of masculine feeling, common to all who have encountered fate face to face, but which can never stand with the *humile quid* of the professorial heart. In spite of all his art, an academic touch still lingers over Mr. Conington's coldest efforts, and a faint reminiscence of Spenserian conceit and courtliness of effect. This is, of all other things, the very last which even the most sober Oxonian can throw off, but also one which is essentially alien to the old Roman *bonhomie*—infinitely less in Mr. Conington than in Mr. Worsley, we admit, yet the echo is still heard, though afar off, throughout his lines. But it is enough to have dared so much and so well, and, in conclusion, we beg to offer our sincere congratulations to the Corpus Professor of Latin at Oxford on the result of his well-spent labors.

"AMONG the various powers of the understanding, there is none which has been so attentively examined by philosophers, or concerning which so many important facts and observations have been collected, as memory."—DUGALD STEWART.

But there is one light in which the value and importance of memory has been far too little regarded, viz., as *an index of the aptitudes*. If you want to find out what subjects will best repay your studies, you have chiefly to observe what you remember best.

"MULTA Diræum levat aura cyenum,
Tendit, Antoni, quotiens in altis
Nubium tractus."—HORACE.

Genius, without the wind of excitement, often, to use the expressive words of Sir Philip Sydney on the heron, "rises upon its wagging wings with pain." It requires the gale and the wide scope of ether, and makes large circuits of doubt before it strikes out upon its course, or descends upon its quarry. The cock-robin is on its wing and at its worm in an instant.

GARDEN SEEDS.

THE following extract from an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* may convey to our country readers a clearer idea of the extent and details of garden-seed culture, than heretofore entertained. Bloomsdale, the estate referred to, is the seed farm of our friends, David Landreth & Son, of Philadelphia:—

“Though our sketch of the present state of horticulture among us is quite imperfect, affording but an indistinct glimpse of the ample field which invites our view, it would scarcely be pardonable were we to overlook a branch of rural industry, in which horticultural success is interested, and without which the practical pleasures and family comfort of rural homes would be greatly abridged. We refer to garden seed culture. It may be that the purchaser of a paper of seed for the kitchen garden seldom stops to consider the minute care which has been required to secure its purity; most probably, in many cases, he makes the purchase as though it were the mere product of mechanical skill, which, after the machinery is perfected, and the steam-engine, has been set in motion, turns out the finished article, of use or ornament, with scarcely an effort of mind to direct its movements. Not so in the production of seeds; many are the hours of watchful care to be bestowed upon it, and stern and unyielding are its demands on the skilled eye and the untiring hand. It is because, in some cases, the eye is not skilled, and the hand often tires, that so many seeds of more than doubtful worth are imposed upon the market, filling the village and cross-road shops with the germs of disappointment. The history of the seed culture in the United States, is not without interest to those who, like many readers of the *Atlantic*, reside in the quiet country; to every family thus situated, the certainty of obtaining seeds of trustworthy quality—certain to vegetate, and sure to prove true to name—is of more importance than can be appreciated by those who rely upon the city market, and have at all times and seasons ample supplies of vegetables within easy reach. On looking around for some individual establishment, which we may use as a representative of this branch of industry, we naturally turn to Bloomsdale, as the most prominent and widest known of seed farms; and if the reader will join us in a trip thither, we shall be pleased with his company, and perchance he may not wholly regret the time occupied in the excursion. The period we shall choose for the visit is the close of the month of June.

“On a bright day we take our seats in the cars at Jersey City, provided with the talisman to insure an attentive reception. Onward we whirl through fertile fields and smil-

ing villages; Newark, Brunswick, Princeton, are successively passed; shortly we reach the Delaware at Trenton; a run of a few miles through Penn’s Manor, the garden-spot of the Proprietary Governor, brings us to Bristol, the station from which we most readily reach our destination. As we approach the grounds from the front, a prominent object meets the eye, a noble white pine of gigantic proportions, somewhat the worse for many a winter’s storm, but which still stands in all its majestic grandeur, as it has stood whilst generations have come and passed away. On entering the premises, we find ourselves in the midst of a lawn of ten acres in the English style. To enumerate the various trees, in groups or single specimens, which most invite our notice, would interfere with the main object of our visit. We have come for a special purpose, and we can only allude to a very few of the species to which our attention may be supposed to be directed. A white spruce, in rich luxuriance, measuring, as the branches trail upon the sward, upwards of sixty feet in circumference; the Himalayan white pine, with its deep fringe-like foliage, twenty-five feet in height; the Cephalonian fir, with leaves as pungent as an Auricularia, twenty feet high, and many specimens of the same kind of nearly equal magnitude; yews, of more than half a century’s growth; a purple beech, of thirty feet in height, its branches as many in circumference, contrasting with the green around; numerous specimens of balm of Gilead, silver firs, and Norway spruces, unsurpassed in beauty or form, the last presenting every variety of habit in which it delights to sport: these are some of the gems of the lawn. But we must hurry onward to the practical business in view.

“The harvest, which, in seed culture, lasts for many consecutive weeks, has just commenced. The first important crop that ripens is the turnip—which is now being cut. The work is performed by the use of grass-hooks or toothless sickles; stem after stem is cut, until the hand is full, when they are deposited in canvas sheets; as these are filled, boys stand ready to spread others; men follow to tie up those which have been filled; others succeed, driving teams, and loading wagons, with ample shelvings, with sheetful piled on sheetful, until the sturdy oxen are required to test their strength in drawing them to the drying-houses; arrived there, each sheetful is separately removed by rope and tackle, and the contents deposited on the skeleton scaffolding within the building, there to remain until the seed is sufficiently cured and dry enough to thresh. These drying-houses are buildings of uniform character, two stories in height and fifty feet square, constructed so as to expose their contents to sun and air, and each provided with a carefully laid threshing

floor, extending through the building, with pent-house for movable engine. When the houses are full and the hulk in a fit state for threshing, the engine is started and the work begun. One man, relieved by others from time to time (for the labor requires activity, and consequently is exhausting), feeds the thresher, which, with its armed teeth, moves with such velocity as to appear like a solid cylinder. Here there is no stopping for horses to take breath and rest their weary limbs—puff, puff, onward the work—steam as great a triumph in threshing as in printing or spinning. Men and boys are stationed at the rear of the thresher to remove the straw, and roughly separate the seed from the shattered hulk—others again being engaged in thrusting the dried crop from the scaffolds, and placing it in suitable position for the feeders. When one drying-house has thus been emptied, the engine is removed to another; the same process is pursued until the circuit of the buildings has been made, and thus the ceaseless round (ceaseless at least a season) is continued. As soon as the crop in the first house has been threshed, the work of winnowing is commenced, and skilled hands thus engaged follow on in the track of the engine. As each crop is cleaned and put in merchantable order, it is placed in bags of two bushels each, and carried to the storehouses and granaries, to await a requisition from the city warehouse.

“We have just witnessed the process of saving the crop of turnip seed. And how much may that reach? is a natural inquiry. Of all the varieties, including the ruta baga, about one thousand bushels is the response. We should have thought a thousand pounds would supply the entire Union; but we are reminded it is in part exported to far distant lands. And what is the crop so much like turnip, but still green, and apparently of more vigorous growth? That is one of the varieties of cabbage, of which several standard kinds are under cultivation. Another adjoining is radish; still another, beet; and thus we pass from kind to kind, until we have exhausted a long catalogue of sorts.

“Let us stop our walk over the grounds for a few moments, taking seats under the shadow of a tree, and make some inquiries as to the place itself, its extent, the course of culture, the description of manures used, etc. Our cicerone assents to the proposal, and proceeds to answer our general inquiries. Bloomsdale contains, in round numbers, four hundred acres; it has a frontage on the Delaware of upwards of a mile, is bounded on the West by the Delaware Canal, and is divided into two nearly equal parts by the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad. The soil is a light loam, easily worked, suited to rapid percolation, admitting of labor immediately after heavy rain, and not liable to suffer by

drought. The manures used are principally crude, obtained from the city, and landed on the premises from shallops continually plying, laden with the ‘sinews of farming.’ Street scrapings are more used than stable manure; bone dust and guano enter largely into the account; and the aggregate annual expenditure foots up a sum almost equivalent to the fee-simple of an ordinary farm. The culture is that denominated drill; but of course much of it is simply straight lines drawn by the plow, in which the roots for seeding are planted by hand. The ground, with the exception of the lawn and a portion occupied from time to time by grass for home use, is divided by wagon-roads into squares and parallelograms; cross fences are not used; and each crop forms a distinct feature, accessible at any stage of growth. The several varieties of each kind, as, for instance, those of turnip, cabbage, beet, lettuce, are planted widely apart, to guard against possible admixture; but the chances of that result must be much less than is popularly supposed, efforts having been used experimentally to test its practicability, and that between kindred closely allied, without success. Although the extent of the grounds would appear to be formidable, even for a farm conducted in the usual mode, it is insufficient for the demands on the proprietors, without diligent exertion and prompt recropping—two crops in each year being exacted, only a small part of the land escaping double duty, the extent annually plowed thus amounting to nearly twice the area of the farm. The heavy hauling is performed by oxen, the culture principally by mules, which are preferred to horses, as being less liable to injury, and better adapted to the narrow drill culture practised.

“The seeds of Bloomsdale have attained a world-wide reputation, and, to quote an expression used in reference to them, ‘are almost as well known on the Ganges as on the Mississippi or Ohio.’ They are regularly exported to the British possessions in India, to the shores of the Pacific, throughout the West Indies, and occasionally to Australia. The drier atmosphere of this country, ripens them better than the humid climate of England, adapting them to exportation; and it is no slight triumph to see them preferred by Englishmen on English soil. At home, thousands of hamlets, South and West of Philadelphia, until interrupted by the war, were supplied with Landreth’s seeds. The business, founded nearly three-quarters of a century ago, is now conducted by the second and third generations of the family with which it originated. Thus has success been achieved through long and patient industry steadily directed to the same pursuits, and a reputation built up for American seeds, despite the want of national protection.

From The Spectator.

NURSERY NOVELISTS.*

MISS SEWELL and Miss Young are writers marked by some very strong differences. They labor in the same field, but each succeeds where the other fails. The authoress of "The Heir of Redclyffe" has a keen appreciation of gay, active characters, who turn naturally towards a genial, kindly, and religious life. Her greatest successes have been in painting energetic, worthy gentlemen, such as Dr. May or Lord De La Poer, who are religious, but who are also by nature friendly and warm-hearted. She has, moreover, a quick eye for half-comic peculiarities, especially in children. Countess Kate, seated before her two aunts on a high chair, with her feet twisted round its legs, and unable to mutter more than "In!" is an amusing picture, rendered almost farcical by the contrast between the awkward acts and the high-flown thoughts of the clever, vehement, and ungainly little countess of eleven. But when Miss Young attempts an elaborate mental analysis, she at once shows that she has undertaken a task suggested not by artistic impulse but by religious sentiment. Norman May, for instance, the religious hero who is to convert New Zealanders, and who can find nothing better to do with his "lionesses" at Oxford than to drivel to them about the spread of infidelity: or Sir Guy rushing round the garden on a rainy night, because he heard Charles I. called a liar, are portraits too grotesquely absurd to have been ever drawn by Miss Sewell. She excels in the analysis of some kinds of character. Good old ladies, whose shrewd sarcastic satire is kept in check by their Christian charity, and whose Christian benevolence derives a flavor of pungent causticity from their natural shrewdness, are the persons she describes to perfection. She can also draw with the minute detail and elaborate skill of a Dutch painter all the varying feelings of a nervous, self-conscious, intelligent young lady, like Mira Cameron, who is alive to her own faults and to the faults of her neighbors, and who, while she notes other persons' failings—especially those of her parents and sisters—succeeds by the exercise of high principle in remedying her own. Into

* *A Glimpse of the World.* By the author of "Amy Herbert," etc. London: Longman, Green, and Longman.

Countess Kate. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," etc.

the characters which she does understand Miss Sewell penetrates much deeper than Miss Young. There is, moreover, a profoundness about some of her remarks, as, for instance, in her description of the effect of prayer on Mira Cameron, which raises her occasionally into the position of a real religious teacher, and there is a savor of hard common sense running through every line she writes which is, as it were, the salt which makes palatable the somewhat wearisome minuteness of her descriptions or reflections. But her sympathies and her knowledge are limited. That she should have failed when she attempted to describe a smuggler is not wonderful. That all her gentlemen should be prigs is at least curious, the more so, when we find that Miss Young can paint the manners, at any rate, of an English peer with great success.

If there are many points of contrast between the two ladies whose most recent books we have placed side by side, their common characteristics are much more marked than are their differences. They are the two leaders of what may fairly be termed a literary school; they each excel in producing works to be found, we suspect, in no country but in England, and which in England have a widespread and most important influence. Having gained their reputation in writing books for children, they have produced that class of didactic tales, of which it is hard to say whether they are intended for little boys and girls still in the nursery, or for papas and mammas cursed or blessed with large families. *Countess Kate* is avowedly a child's story. *The Glimpse of the World* nearly oversteps the shadowy boundary which divides novels from tales, but there is little reason to doubt that *Countess Kate* will lie on drawing-room tables, and that Mira's troubles and scruples will be read by girls who have not yet left the schoolroom. Both works belong essentially to the same class, both are produced by what, for want of a better name, we have ventured to call "nursery novelists."

Nursery novelists are known by two or three invariable features. They may be good story-tellers, they may even have considerable dramatic power, but their real and avowed aim is always to teach. They look upon their readers as good children, who want, above all things, moral and religious instruction. The proportion of story to teaching,

the skill with which tale and moral are mingled together, vary according to the taste or talent of each particular writer; but the true nursery novelist always administers a moral, how artfully soever it may be concealed. When a nurse beguiles Master Tommy into swallowing a powder, she may mix it in treacle or sugar, of what thickness she will, but however greasy the treacle or sweet the sugar, at the bottom of it all will invariably be found the powder. The same class of writers are distinguished by another trait. They do not always end in the nursery, but they always begin there. Hence their more elaborate works have a sort of literary hobble-de-hoyism. They are overgrown children. This is very apparent in Miss Sewell's last book. Mira's early life is narrated almost day by day. We know more of her childhood than we should care to know of our own; and if the work were carried on, say to her twenty-first year, on the same scale in which the early days of her life are narrated, Miss Sewell might, we suspect, rival Eugene Sue in the production of gigantic novels. There is something awkward in the arrangement which gives more than five hundred pages to Mira's girlhood, and two or three at the most to the married and later life of herself or her friends. But we cease to censure this inartistic want of proportion when once it is perceived to be an essential peculiarity of that class of writings in which Miss Sewell excels.

Didactic tales have, in fact, an object very different to that aimed at by ordinary novelists. To show how religious principles should be made to apply to the guidance of everyday life is the end for which Miss Young or Miss Sewell write. Here, again, they deal with the world as with children. It is considered, rightly or wrongly, to be a great gain if children can be made to act, as the expression goes, on principle; and if this be granted, it is a not unnatural inference that it is advisable those of all ages should be shown what, without doubt, many persons overlook, that the smallest affairs of life may be regulated by the most exalted principles. Countess Kate gets into a carriage before her aunts. It might, perhaps, to ordinary minds, seem enough in the way of moral to point out that such an act is unbecoming in a child and ill-bred; Miss Young reminds her readers of the texts which enjoin taking the lowest place. Mira's history is really, in essence, nothing

but an elaborate and most ingenious analysis of the way in which religious experience and progress teaches her to triumph over the minor troubles and perplexities of a young lady's existence. It would seem at first sight that this constant reference of petty acts to high principles, and the accompanying analysis of motives which are always to be found in the writings of didactic story-tellers, would make her works unpopular. In truth, it is to these very qualities that the popularity of nursery novels is to be attributed. Men and women seek some relief from the smallness and insignificance of their own daily round of duties. They obtain it, or think they obtain it, when they have connected petty duties with great moral laws. To answer civilly when spoken to, to be kind to one's relations, to be respectful to parents, to be careful even about one's dress, to say you are at home when the greatest bore of your acquaintance calls, are each in themselves trifling actions; they seem, however, to acquire a certain grandeur when they are done with direct reference to the position of a Christian. The ladies and gentlemen who read of Mira's struggles are not much interested in the slow movement of a languid story, but they feel a keen interest in analyzing their own grounds of action, and when they read of Mira or Rosamond, think a great deal of their own duties, and a great deal more of their relatives or friends.

Yet some few readers of *A Glimpse of the World* may be inclined to ask themselves whether, after all, the view of life which delights to regulate every thought and deed by the influence of religion is correct. It has, we believe, two defects. It is only partially true. Many actions are morally indifferent; many more ought to be ruled, not by the highest, but by the secondary moral laws. A man may eat his breakfast because it is his duty to preserve his life; it is better and more natural for him to do so because he is hungry. For the second defect of the theory of existence advocated by Miss Sewell is, that it inculcates a waste of moral force. "*Sit dignus vindice nodus*" is a maxim as true in ethics as in the art of poetry. Great principles should not be introduced where small ones will serve the turn. In some manufacturing visitors are shown a steam hammer which, while it has force to crush bars of iron, can be so regulated, the wondering traveller is told, as to crack a nut. The machine is curious; but, in practice, crackers are found the most convenient means of cracking nuts.

COMMEMORATION WEEK AT OXFORD.

(BY ELLIS YARNALL, ESQ., PHILADELPHIA.)

WE reached Oxford on Saturday, June 16, 1860. I had previously written for rooms at the "King's Arms," but on arriving at the inn we were told all their rooms were engaged three weeks ago. "What chance was there elsewhere?" we asked. "Possibly at the 'Star,'" was the reply; and happily we obtained apartments at the Star, but on condition that they would be given up on Monday. This answered our purpose, for the ladies of my party were to go back to London the afternoon of that day, while I remained over Wednesday for the Commemoration. I could find quarters of some sort after Monday, I was sure. The Commemoration I would not again miss the sight of, for was it not upon my conscience that I had failed to be present, as I might have been, in 1855, when Tennyson received his degree?

We strolled about that Saturday evening, and felt how manifold the charm was of Oxford. The spire of St. Mary the Virgin's, we looked at long, and I recalled a message which a friend of mine gave me to bear to it when I was starting for a previous trip to England. "Give my love" said he, "to St. Mary's, that most beautiful of spires." Sunday morning we went to St. Mary's to hear the sermon to be preached before the University—the last of the Bampton lectures for that year. All the dons were assembled—the vice-chancellor in a pew raised above the others, and sitting alone, the other authorities around him. A large congregation was present. It was eleven o'clock; there was no service because in all the colleges there had been morning service at eight. A metrical psalm was sung by the choristers present to a lovely tune, and then the preacher read that admirable collocation of words—the bidding prayer. It is a calling upon men to pray for the sovereign, for the nobility, for the magistrates, for the institutions of learning, for all in short, who are in any way in authority, and for every earthly means through which blessings can come; and then there is a giving of thanks for all the good which has flowed to men in times past—for the great departed whose labors have blessed the world—"and herein I am especially bound to name the founder of the college of St. John, and Dr. William Laud and Dr. William Juxon, successively heads of that col-

lege and Archbishops of Canterbury." These last are some of the words I recall of this most impressive prayer. The preacher was, of course, a member of St. John's College; he was Dr. Hessey, Master of Merchant Tailor's School, London. The sermon was on the exact obligation of the observance of Sunday, and though the subject seems an unpromising one, the ability of the preacher and the pains he had bestowed on the discourse and the exquisite modulations with which it was uttered made the hour that we listened to him pass very pleasantly indeed.

When the services were over a young man in cap and gown came up to us—an old friend of M——'s—Mr. J——, an undergraduate of St. John's, and a Fellow of that college, having gained this position by good scholarship, before taking his degree. He devoted the rest of the day to us, and, indeed, his kind thought for us was unceasing during our stay. I owed it to him, moreover, that when I was left alone and had to give up my quarters at the inn, I obtained shelter under the venerable roof of St. John's College. We went at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon to a grand service at the Chapel of Magdalen College, and at half past six to another at New College. On this Sunday, the college chapels shine out in their services—hence its title of Show Sunday. In part, however, this designation may be owing to the grand promenade there is, during the evening of that day, in the broad walk in Christ Church Meadows. The daylight lingers until near ten o'clock, and the throng is great until the last. We were in hopes we should meet the Prince of Wales, but he was probably unwilling to encounter the multitude.

Monday we spent at the Bodleian, and at the New Museum, and at other sight-seeing of the greatest interest. The most wonderful old manuscripts were shown us at the Bodleian. We saw the two new chapels which have been built lately—Exeter, which is Scott's work, and Baliol, which is Butterfield's. The former cost, I believe, £20,000, the latter, £6,000, and the smaller outlay has yielded, as I think, a better result. Butterfield is a man of original genius, whose love for the best work of the old builders does not hinder him from seeking ever to adapt ancient forms to modern uses while adhering strictly to all essential rules. These two

chapels, with the New Museum, form attractions in the way of architecture which are a great gain even to Oxford.

We lunched with Mr. J——, at St. John's, and had the old college plate—huge tankards of silver and massive wine-coolers, and the cheer was bountiful as well as scholastic. I should mention that J——, while he entertained us with university gossip, was briskly compounding the *love-cup*. It proved a delicious beverage, and it contained the borage which is, I believe, indispensable to give mystic significance to the draught. The tankard used for it was especially antique in form, and so heavy that the two handles had to be grasped to raise it to the lips.

Late in the afternoon M—— and her sisters went back to London, and I at once moved my quarters to St. John's. Mr. J—— and I went in the evening to see the procession of boats—one of the spectacles of Commemoration week. It was a stirring scene—all Oxford, town as well as gown, looking on. The long boats, each with eight oarsmen, so narrow that they would capsize with the utmost ease, yet of extreme lightness, went shooting by. They would pause at a certain point on the river, to salute the university boat—the one which had gained the prize at the last great contest. As each boat came alongside of this, the acknowledged flag-boat, the usual salute was given of the raising of oars. Unless this was done by all the oarsmen at the same moment the chance was that a boat would be upset. The multitude looked on in the hope that something of this sort might happen, and at length the Baliol boat went over, and the eight men were seen swimming for their lives. Shouts of laughter came from the merciless English crowd. The men were soon rescued, however. For every college there was one boat, and for several there were two. The second boat, where there is one, is known as the "torpid." The men are called the "Brasenose torpids," the "Wadham torpids." The Prince was in the Christ Church boat, but I did not know of it until afterwards. A walk with my companion through the beautiful Christ Church meadows ended the evening. How lovely these green spaces are at Oxford, with their noble trees, the whole looked down upon by such towers as those of Magdalen, or of Merton, or such a spire as that exquisite one of St. Mary's!

On Tuesday morning I breakfasted at Dr. A. P. Stanley's. Dr. Stanley is Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church, but his fame in America is chiefly as the biographer of Arnold. His house is a part of the Christ Church buildings—the inner quad (quadrangle). The Tom quad is the outer one, so called from the great bell which hangs over it. Dr. Pusey lives in the Tom quad. Our company at breakfast was Lady Stanley of Alderley, Major Fendry, of the Highland Borderers, who was Dr. Stanley's companion in Syria, and two or three others. Dr. Stanley is a bachelor; his sister was our hostess. I must not violate proprieties by my details, but perhaps this little passage will be forgiven. A young girl of about fifteen came in after we were seated at the table. She was full of excitement. There had been a ball the night before which her sister had attended. "Did she dance with the Prince?" was the eager question of some one at the table. "She did, twice," was the quick reply. Then the belle herself appeared—the Hon. Miss ——, a bright, pretty girl. She told us more or less about the ball. Lady Stanley asked me how the Prince would be received in America. I replied there might possibly be inconvenience from the rush of people to see him, but that the desire would be universal to show him every courtesy. I may add here that in Guizot's *Memoires*, etc., volume five, there is a reference to Lady Stanley of Alderley, as "very Whiggish in feeling, extremely alive to the interests of the party and the Cabinet." Lord Palmerston used to say of her, "She is our chief of the staff." She arranged a party for Guizot that he might meet O'Connell.

On the staircase leading to the breakfast-room was a portrait of Matthew Prior, the poet, belonging to the house. In the breakfast-room itself were other portraits, a goodly number—the predecessors of Dr. Stanley. One of them, the doctor told me, he had the good fortune to ascertain was of Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of Lord Bacon. An antiquarian friend had aided in this discovery by making out the crest which was on the old worthy's signet-ring; once this was known, the rest of the portrait was found to agree. A whistle which hung round the neck was a further means of identifying the portrait. Sir Thomas Pope bequeathed such a whistle

to Sir Nicholas, and thus the whole was made out. My readers may imagine the delight with which Dr. Stanley would enter upon such an investigation as this and the pleasure he would have in telling the story. I could not quite forgive my host for his minute explanation in regard to another portrait. "That," said he, "is Dr. Robert South, a witty preacher of the time of Charles II." I was reminded of what Charles Sumner once told me of an experience of his own. "What picture is that?" he asked Lady B——, pointing to one in an English country house, at which he was staying. "Oh, that is by a celebrated painter, of the latter part of the last century—Sir Joshua Reynolds."

Dr. Stanley had to go away very soon, for he was to preach a sermon that morning at St. Mary's, in behalf of one of the ancient charities of Oxford. We all followed him to the church before long. The sermon was an interesting one.

The afternoon of Tuesday I was at a flower-show in the gardens of Worcester College, at which the Woolwich band was in attendance—one of the best bands in the service, as Major Fendry, whom I met there, informed me. I met there also Mr. Mountague Bernard—with whom I had had an acquaintance of some years' standing—Professor of International Law at Oxford, and a very accomplished man. He asked me to breakfast with him the next morning, previously to his introducing me at the theatre.

The flower-show over, I dined with Mr. J——, in the common hall of St. John's. A curious Oxford scene that was; the dons, at the high table, on the dais at the upper end of the hall, and also at a table at right angles with it, extending down the centre, had their friends with them, many of them ladies, who had come up for the Commemoration. Among the dignitaries was Professor Mansell, the chief ornament, at present, of St. John's—a robust, well-looking man. All the college plate was displayed, and there were flowers and other decorations. From the walls portraits of Laud and Juxon and others looked down on the scene, and far above was the open-work oaken roof. My place was with J——, at the undergraduates' table, where there was, perhaps, a trifle more freedom than at the high table. My companions were certainly a jolly set. One of them declared that the Warden of St. John's—the august

head of the college—had just sent for gooseberry fool for himself and his especial guest, and that the order which went sounding from the hall to the buttery adjoining was—"warden and friend—two fools!"

We adjourned before long to J——'s room, and then followed what is known as an *Oxford wine*. J——'s scout was sent out to order dessert, and soon oranges and ices, etc., were brought, and sherry-cobblers were made, and claret was produced, and talk went on, and the thing was like a chapter out of Tom Brown. The ways of the Oxford men with each other are peculiar; there is the utmost freedom, of course, and yet there is courtesy and evident good feeling. They *chaff* each other constantly, and are down on any man who utters what they object to. They love Oxford intensely, and all belonging to it. The wine-drinking, I am glad to say, was very moderate indeed.

At length the great day dawned—Wednesday. I was punctual to my appointment at All Souls. At breakfast, Mr. Bernard entertained me with some account of the changes which the university commission had effected, which he considered altogether beneficial. He is a capital talker, and I listen to him always with delight. It was soon time for us, however, to go. Putting on his cap and his embroidered gown,—being that which his professorship entitled him to wear,—my host conducted me to the entrance to the theatre. All was excitement there. A mob was assembled to see the privileged ones go in, and carriages were going about, and there was all that movement and stir which marks a great day. Under Mr. Bernard's protection, I passed safely through the files of university police, and entered the theatre. What a scene it was! A huge, semi-circular room, with seats all around it, those in the middle being for ladies, tier above tier; and over their seats a gallery in which the undergraduates were gathered, piled, as it were, thick upon each other, and roaring and yelling like madmen. My place was on the floor,—standing room only; there were no seats.

It was ten o'clock; the ceremonies would not begin until eleven. The ladies were nearly all in their places, but a few who were late came dropping in. Of course, the undergraduates thought it necessary to remonstrate with them for being late; they thought it right also to urge the venerable proctors to

find seats for these fair ones without delay. "Do your duty, Ben," was their cry addressed to the Warden of Wadham, who, in his red robes of office, was the chief figure. The ladies themselves, on whom all eyes were thus turned, looked sufficiently uncomfortable. Then the attention of the young men would be drawn to persons entering the theatre without uncovering. "Hats off!" was the peremptory cry. Once a straw hat was observed: "Out with that straw!" "Officers, do your duty!" was the long-continued shout.

Names were called to be cheered. The "Bishop of Oxford," was among the first proposed; then "Garibaldi," who had just begun his splendid Italian career. Gladstone's name was much disputed over—cheers and groans; so, too, the Bishop of London's and Bryan King's, a London clergyman of momentary celebrity. Groans for John Bright were given very heartily. Cheers for "the ladies in pink," in "more," for "the ladies under twenty-one;" tremendous cheers for the Prince of Wales; then for "ourselves," for "everybody;"—"except John Bright," a single voice added. It was all very exciting. The ladies assembled showed lively interest in all that was going on; they were a brilliant company—their morning costume making a splendor of color in the midday light.

The vice-chancellor's seat was, as it were, flanked by the seats of the ladies, and it was directly opposite the grand entrance. To the right of the vice-chancellor's chair was a seat on the back of which was a richly gilt crown or crest, surmounted by gilded plumes. It was the chair used by the prince regent at the visit of the allied sovereigns to Oxford, and was now to be occupied by the Prince of Wales.

Eleven o'clock at length struck: the great doors were thrown open, and "God save the Queen," was given forth by the organ. First of all in the procession, as ranking all, came the Prince—a fair, slender boy. True, he was between eighteen and nineteen, but he had a very youthful look. A weak face, yet having a certain sweetness—a grave, pensive expression. He smiles pleasantly as he bows, and he shakes hands a good deal, and you would say he was thoroughly amiable; he has a guileless look indeed, and his eyes are soft and tender. There is little that is intellectual in his countenance, yet he seems inter-

ested in what goes on around him, and talks a good deal with those nearest him. One fancies in him, too, a certain repose or serenity of manner and of look befitting a royal personage. To me there was the utmost fascination about the youth. Doubtless it was the remembrance of the long line of kings from which he has sprung; and there was something, too, in the thought of his tender years, and the cares which are by and by to come on him. A storm of applause greeted him as he ascended to his seat. The ladies stood up. He bowed again and again to those of them he knew. Mrs. Gladstone, who was nearest him, he shook hands with,—a handsome woman, sprightly in manner, with flashing eyes and beautiful hair.

The vice-chancellor took his seat, and the other dignitaries, conspicuous among them the Bishop of Oxford, all in grand costume, ranged themselves in their allotted places. Bishop Potter, of New York, sat next to Oxford. Canon Stanley was in professorial robes of scarlet, or black and scarlet. Mr. Boyer, M.P., was present in his doctor's robes, and with the cross, etc., of a Knight of Malta, a decoration conferred by the pope, around his neck—a piece of questionable taste, especially as his being there at all was purely voluntary.

The first business of the day was the reading, by the vice-chancellor, of a Latin paper setting forth the especial claim or merit of the persons on whom degrees were to be conferred; and then the proposing to the members of the university their names for approval or otherwise. "Placetne vobis Domini Doctores?" said he, addressing the doctors present, and then "Placetne vobis Magistri?" turning to two Masters of Arts who stood in cap and gown to figure that entire portion of the academic body.

Lord Brougham was one of those who were that day to be honored. The time had at length come when Oxford was willing to recognize the eminence of the great Whig leader. When his name was read in the list there was tremendous applause, and it was some time before the vice-chancellor could go on. The Swedish ambassador and some other foreign dignitary were two of the names read and accepted without much disturbance. Next in order was the name of Sir Richard Bethell; no sooner had this been uttered than shouts of dissent came from the galleries, and

there was prodigious uproar. The undergraduates, it was plain, were utterly opposed to this Whig lawyer's receiving a degree. He was obnoxious to the Conservative party as being a leading member in the Whig interest of Lord Palmerston's Government, and as the author of the Divorce Bill. I may add that he is now lord chancellor under the title of Lord Westbury. The vice-chancellor waited, as well he might, for no word of his could have been heard. At length there was a slight lull; the "*Placetne vobis*," was hurried over as quickly as possible, but not without the yells of disapproval being again sent forth. Then came the name of Sir Leopold McClintock, the Arctic voyager—discoverer of the North-West passage. An adroit arrangement this, for a popular name would appease the incensed crowd. Instantly a shout of approval burst forth, and cheer after cheer was given. Last of all was the name of John Lothrop Motley; this was received respectfully but calmly.

Now came the entry of the men who were to be thus honored. The public orator, Dr. Twiss, conducted them singly towards the vice-chancellor, and then, in flowing Latin, set forth their achievements, or their fame. First, the Swedish ambassador: his merits having been recited by Dr. Twiss, the vice-chancellor addressed him as *vir illustrissime*, or something of that sort, and then conferred the degree. The ambassador was in flowing robes of scarlet over his foreign uniform, or court dress. He ascended the steps, and the vice-chancellor gave him his hand, and he took his seat among the other dignitaries. Lord Brougham was the next, and his appearance was the signal for such a frenzy of cheering as, I fancy, has not often before been heard within those walls. I was close to the old man, and watched the play of muscles in his countenance, as with downcast eyes he received the recognition of the young men of England of his great name and fame. It is wonderful how *Punch* and the portrait painters generally have caught his features. True, they are sufficiently marked. His hair is entirely white, but there is a good deal of it, and his appearance is that of vigorous health. I thought as I looked at him of the great part he had played in modern English history—of the trial of Queen Caroline—the stormy debates in regard to Catholic Emancipation and the Re-

form Bill—the long struggle for the freedom of the West Indian slaves. I could not foresee then that, when the great cause of Emancipation in my own country was in sore need of moral support from Lord Brougham, that support would be coldly and cruelly withheld. But it is charitable to suppose that age has in these last days dimmed faculties that were once so bright. Better this than the thought that the temptations of rank have beguiled Henry Brougham from fidelity to the cause in which so much of his fame was won.

At last the public orator was allowed to go on, but again and again the cheers broke forth. When the vice-chancellor addressed the venerable man, there was a renewed burst of enthusiasm, and when he gave him his hand there was another. Turning round and facing the assembly, the aged peer bowed with dignity in acknowledgment of his great reception, and then the excitement seemed to get even more wild. At length, there was quiet. The other foreign personage was introduced and moderately cheered, and now appeared Sir Richard Bethell. At once there were groans and hisses and cries of all kinds—a fearful din. Again I watched the countenance of the man who was standing thus the object of all eyes and of every one's thoughts. His brow, I thought, grew dark, as well it might; it seemed, too, that the proceedings would hardly go on. Dr. Stanley had told us at breakfast the day before, that the vice-chancellor had resolved, if the uproar exceeded a certain limit, he would at once break up the convocation. By and by there was a pause: hastily the concluding words of the orator were said, and quickly, too, the vice-chancellor did his part, and then Sir Richard ascended the steps, and turning round, looked up at the galleries and bowed, as though he had something to thank the young men for. This unexpected act seemed to awaken their better feelings, and there was at once applause; and so the matter ended better than it began.

What a contrast there was when McClintock appeared. The Oxford men appreciate hardihood; here was a hero they could thoroughly understand. One thought what a reward it was for long trials and endurance to receive honors from this renowned university. McClintock is a small man, unpretending in look. He wore, of course, his naval

uniform under his doctor's robes. When he ascended the steps, it seemed difficult at first to find a place for him. He took a low seat, but immediately room was made for him higher up, quite among the ladies. "None but the brave deserve the fair," came in a clear voice from the undergraduates' gallery, and immediately there was a shout of laughter and of cheers.

Mr. Motley was next in order, and with him the list of doctors closed. To many of my readers his form and features are familiar, but to me he was until then a stranger. I certainly saw no finer face in all that company than his. He wore all his beard as a gentleman and a Christian should, and as matters are in England, this served to mark him in some degree as an American. The young Oxford men seemed not to have read his book however (only his "Dutch Republic" had then appeared), for they received him with but moderate cheers. I should mention that when, at the beginning of the proceedings, the vice-chancellor recited his claim to the honor it was proposed to confer, and dwelt on his merits as an author, he used the word *luculentissime* (most luminous, perspicuous), and for some reason or other it caused a laugh. The vice-chancellor himself smiled. Whether it was that the phrase was a stilted one the learned must decide. I remember further that when the question "Placetne," etc., was put, "Oh, by all means!" was the prompt reply from the gallery. Now, however, that Mr. Motley had appeared, there was, as I have said, but a limited amount of cheering, though I confess I lent my voice to swell it; certainly no man that day received honor who was more worthy of it.

I must mention here a little incident as showing how pitiless young men are. One of the eminent personages on whom a degree was to be conferred had, as a measure of precaution, brought his umbrella into the theatre with him, and supposed he had it quite hidden under his scarlet robes. A quick-sighted, and at the same time unmerciful, youth in the gallery got a glimpse of it, however, as the new-made LL.D. was taking his seat with such dignity as he could command, and at once there came the sharp, shrill cry, "Three cheers for the umbrella!"

A degree of a different sort—that of A.M.—was conferred on a Mr. Harris who had been chaplain at Lucknow. He was pre-

sented by another orator whose Latin was in a high degree eloquent and impassioned; the gallery appreciated it, and cheered it vehemently.

Now came a new set of proceedings. At a rostrum in another part of the theatre suddenly appeared the tall form of Matthew Arnold, Professor of Poetry, who, addressing the vice-chancellor, began the "Crewe oration, commemorative of founders and benefactors." I am sorry to say nobody listened, as the speech was in Latin. Mr. Arnold had told me beforehand that such would be the case. Then the young men who had taken prizes recited successively the English essay, the Latin essay, the prize poem, etc., but they seemed all rather heavy after the excitement which had just ended.

At length the vice-chancellor rose and dissolved the convocation. The Prince of Wales led the way, as the great people retired. As he reached Lord Brougham's place, the white-haired man was ready to receive him. The two shook hands, and the old man made, as it were, obeisance to the prince—the coming sovereign. It was a touching sight—youth and age thus meeting, and on each side reverence and respect.

Torrents of rain were falling as the company withdrew. But rain in England during that summer of 1860, was almost a daily visitation. I spent an hour or two in the pleasant reading-rooms of the Oxford Union. The upper part of the walls of the library, or principal hall, are adorned by a series of frescoes of Rossetti, a gift from him to the Union. They are after the pre-Raphaelite manner. The Oxford Union is the chief club, so to call it, of the university. It is the arena in which oratorical displays are made—the school in which young men who are preparing for public life train themselves as speakers. I am glad to note here that the last important debate of the Union was on the American question, or rather, on the propriety of the course taken by England in regard to it. After a lengthened discussion, it was decided by a large majority, "that the moral support given by England to the cause of the Confederates was a disgrace to the nation." This news has been received as I write these recollections. I see in it a cheering indication of a change of sentiment on the part of even the aristocracy of England upon American affairs.

In the afternoon of Commemoration day I

went to a *fête* at the gardens of St. John's. The flower-show was a beautiful one, and there was, besides, a full military band. The well-dressed company walked about in that quiet way which is characteristic of the English. One could fancy old Froissart, in his French heart, mistaking this repose of manner for sadness. The Prince, attended by Col. Keppel, was there, and I was sufficiently near him several times to observe him very closely. It was impossible not to look with extreme interest on the youth who is one day to be King of England. In the minds of all there was evidently a deep and tender interest in the lad, and "God bless him!" was the inward utterance doubtless of many, as it certainly was mine. I observed that people did not raise their hats to him as they passed, or notice him in any way. From all I heard in regard to the Prince's life at Oxford, I inferred that he did not study much, yet the general impression was that it was an excellent thing for him to be there. It was thought, too, to be good for the university. I was told that he was greatly liked by the students and that he loved Oxford warmly. It was almost his first experience of ordinary life among men, and it was the beginning of a training such as no English sovereign had ever had.

I dined in the evening of this same Wednesday at Professor Stanley's, in company with Mr. Motley and others. My place was next to Professor Jowett, who has of late become a conspicuous figure in the world of Oxford. It was a pleasant occasion. I could not but be amused at the lively sallies of a pretty young American girl who sat opposite to me, and who seemed to be quite a match for the quick-witted youth who had handed her to the table—the Hon. Mr. S—. How the two rattled away, to be sure. "Did you ever read Henry Taylor's 'Notes from Life?'" asked Mr. S—. "It is such a charming book," he continued, "and it is only a small book. You could read it in a moment." "Hear him," said Dr. Stanley, who was near, "he speaks of a book which can be read in a moment." "There is one essay in that book," I remarked, "which is certainly a weighty one—'On choice in marriage.'" "Oh!" said my young countrywoman, quickly turning to her companion, "you don't mean to say you read *that* in a moment."

Major Fendry was of our company; he

was, as I have said, of the Highland Borderers, who were then encamped near Folkestone. He asked me to visit him, promised me a Scotch welcome and the hearing of the bagpipes, as well as a sight of camp-life. I little thought that such a spectacle was so soon to be a common one in my own country—that, besides innumerable camps, there would be all the terrible realities of war. And now my narrative draws to a close. I spent a part of Thursday in the study of the famous cartoons of Raphael and Michael Angelo, the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence, purchased for the university for the sum of £7,000, raised by private subscription. As Mr. Emerson relates in "English Traits," £3,000 had been raised by the committee charged with the affair, when Lord Eldon was applied to. He subscribed at once £3,000. The committee said they would have no difficulty now in raising the remainder. "No," he said, "your men have probably already contributed all they can spare; I can as well give the rest," and he withdrew his cheque for £3,000, and wrote £4,000.

I have said little by way of description of Oxford as a whole, for I shrink from attempting to define its especial dignity and charm. Again and again I have been there, and each time—

"Smit with its splendor and its sweetness."

I have felt envy of the men whose minds have been moulded under influences so peculiar and so enduring. I have experienced what Newman describes as the "fascination which the very face and smile of a university possess over those who come within its range." Oxford has indeed attractions quite indescribable, and it would be well if more of our countrymen, when in England, would seek to enter into the spirit of the place and experience, as they assuredly would, its manifold impressiveness.

I spoke in the beginning of my narrative of certain ladies who were my companions during the first days of my visit. From a letter of one of them I give the following, which I deem a fit ending of my story:—

"Surely, never was there a place that had such a subtle charm as that old city, sitting like some ancient sybil among her deep, flowery meadows and embowering trees, with such a mystery of learning and wisdom in her musing eyes!"

From The Spectator, 25 April.

DRIFTING TO WAR.

THE Continent is becoming uneasy, not, we fear, without cause, for all the signs which in Europe precede a great war are once again abroad. The chancelleries repeat, every day more hurriedly, that there is nothing at all in the wind and "official" journals deny with anxious audacity every incident which looks important. Financiers recount the embarrassments which bind France to remain at peace, and statesmen talk of Mexico, and think of the lesson which the emperor learnt in Italy. Conservatives argue that Austria must in the end for her own sake declare against intervention, and Liberals doubt if Great Britain will permit a contest of which she cannot foresee the end. The Premier of Prussia, with all his arrogance, still abstains from fulfilling the agreement he also refuses to publish; and the British ministry consents to reductions, as if it were sure of peace. The emperor himself orders the journals to be a little more moderate in their opposition to Russia, retains M. Fould who represents economy, rebukes Prince Jerome who represents war, and thanks M. Bonjean, Conservative orator, for the accuracy with which he has reproduced his own imperial sentiments. What can be more satisfactory? and yet the uneasiness only increases. Parisians whisper to each other small things—how the emperor has written an autograph letter to Vienna, how the Prefect of the Seine allows *cafés chantants* to ring with songs in favor of Poland, how M. de Seebach, *agent de police du monde*, is flying from capital to capital, and how the Russian embassy can scarcely conceal its growing alarm and annoyance: and draw therefrom conclusions not favorable to the peace of the world. Then stories are told identical with those which preceded the Italian campaign. The emperor is always studying maps. Orders have been sent to put the fleet in commission. The commissariat is buying vinegar, useless unless a great fleet is about to proceed on a voyage. Troops seem to observant eyes to be collecting at the point where they would gather were their chief meditating a sudden spring on the Rhine. The emperor deprecates all "incitements to the public mind," but never attempts to prohibit them, the Ultramontanes are quiet and hopeful, Zouaves give a dinner to M. de Rochebrund, and every

Pole who chooses travels to Cracow under French protection. One-half of these stories are false, mere inventions of salon and boulevard, and the other half are grossly exaggerated; but they all increase while explaining the swell in the public mind. The truth is, the political gossips have discovered that it is possible to reach Warsaw without, as Earl Russell sneered, "sailing there," and without, as somebody said, "sending the Zouaves in balloons." For the first time since 1815 they have recognized the existence of Sweden, have remembered the Swedish army and Swedish fleet, and have recalled certain projects which were to have been carried out had the Crimean War endured. Divided from Russia only by a sea which is more like a strait, Sweden has been specially exposed to the pressure which for fifty years the czars have exercised on all around. She has seen her richest provinces taken away, her influence in Europe destroyed, her rights in the Baltic assailed, her capital threatened by Russian fortresses not thirty miles from her shore. Her aspiration for union with Denmark has been persistently resisted, and her safety is menaced by the enduring thirst of Russia for the possession of Hammerfest, a port which, below the range of the ice, would seat the great empire on the Atlantic and, render the freedom of the Baltic a matter of minor importance. The relation between the royal houses, moreover, has never been very cordial, the Romanoffs looking on the Bernadottes as interlopers, whom they could not well put down. Add to the fretful irritation nourished in the people by the encroachments of forty years, the permanent dislike of the reigning family, and we may easily explain the enthusiastic approval with which the Swedes have welcomed the Polish revolt. The agent of Poland at Stockholm, Prince C. Czartoryski, who goes to buy arms, is received by the people with acclamations, by the nobles with dinners, and by the heir apparent with a feast at which toasts are drunk such as Kosciusko might have accepted with pleasure. Now is the time, say the Swedes. If France will but heartily assist, Poland may be emancipated and Finland restored, the Baltic enfranchised, and the Scandinavian powers relieved from a state of armed preparation which renders progress impossible. For such an end Sweden will run great risks, perhaps even furnish the army round which

the Poles may rally. So loud is this talk that the Government of St. Petersburg is seriously annoyed, and the reported suspension of intercourse between the two courts, though so sharply denied, is probably only premature.

No one in England, perhaps, save Earl Russell, knows precisely how far the Swedish Government accept these views of their people. Their agreement is, however, at least possible, and that is sufficient to explain the agitation in Paris. The adhesion of Sweden would bring an otherwise impossible task within the category of merely difficult enterprises. A war with Russia, with Sweden for base, is a widely different thing from war with no base save ships' decks. King Oscar commands an army, of which, as there is no internal discontent to suppress, at least fifty thousand men must be disposable, and a mosquito fleet, strong in numbers, and specially adapted to warfare within the Baltic. The arsenals are fully supplied, and though the country is poor, its finances are in good order and its credit is unimpaired. Above all, it has those advantages of position the want of which cripples the Western Powers. It is within striking distance of Russia, near enough to make the transport of armies possible, and the introduction of arms very easy; to afford refuge for French fleets, and to simplify all difficulties of commissariat. We all remember what Piedmont accomplished for Italy, and the aid of any organized State, even of one so weak as Sweden, would change the whole aspect of the Polish insurrection, and make the eight or nine millions of men now affected by the revolt available as recruits against Russia.

It is the perception of these facts, of the possibility of assisting Poland, which has so greatly increased the previous excitement in France. To jump in after a drowning friend is one thing, to throw him a rope is another, and one much more likely to be enthusiastically done. The pressure, therefore, on the emperor increases, and as he yields his concessions increase the force which he begins to obey. Nor is the excitement diminished by the diplomatic proceedings which are slowly oozing out. If the sketch published in the *Pays* is accurate, and it must at least have been authorized by a minister, the French note to St. Petersburg was unexpectedly stern. The disturbances are de-

clared to be merely the symptoms of "an inveterate disease," they may "produce the most regrettable consequences;" their cause must be "definitively removed." These are phrases which governments seldom employ, except when they are prepared to support covert menace by open action, and we are not surprised at the lively sensation which they have produced in St. Petersburg, or at the statement circulated in the *Globe* that the czar referred to Berlin before considering his formal reply. There is, of course, the chance that, alarmed at the attitude of Europe, fettered by his recent emancipation, and with his finance in disorder, the czar may resolve on concession; but what can he concede which would at once content the Poles, the West, and his own people? He cannot give Poland her freedom, as the English Liberals desire, for the Russians will not be refused a boon which their subjects have obtained. He cannot give Poland half freedom, as English Conservatives ask; for the insurgents would either continue the contest or demand a national army as a guarantee, which army would be the instrument of a still deadlier strife. He can only grant Poland her independence, and what more could he lose, even if defeated after an exhausting war? Central Russia is not a land to invade, and the border is surrounded only by weak or impotent powers. Unless there are forces at work within Russia, of which the West knows nothing, and which paralyze the czar, even within the vast regions in which there are no Poles, his policy must be in accord with his inclination, and both lead to a blank refusal to submit to external force. It will then be for Napoleon to decide whether or not to let France loose, and he, of all men, remembers what Paris thought of the king whose minister announced with complacency that "order reigned in Warsaw." Bonapartes can face hatred but not contempt, and the power which, able to free Poland and committed to diplomatic action for Poland, left Poland once more to be crushed, would be in the eyes of most Frenchmen simply contemptible. It is but a sentiment, perhaps, which dictates this feeling for Poland; but then French sentiment is the one thing in France which is always noble, and which no French ruler who comprehends France will venture to disregard. The emperor can do much in France; but it would be safer for him to send a thousand electors to Cayenne,

than to call those electors "subjects." The pope is about, it is said, to pronounce an allocution in favor of Poland, and with the Reds and the Ultramontanes, Montalembert and Louis Blanc, the empress and the minority of the Chamber, for once in unison, it is not an emperor who understands at once France and his epoch who can afford to resist. While the Poles, with a wisdom patient of suffering, keep up the war without meeting the troops in the field, there is ample cause for the uneasiness now stealing over every capital of the Continent. Orders to journals to "moderate" their tone will scarcely serve to re-assure men who remember M. de Persigny's remark, "The empire dreads, above all, moderate opposition."

From The Spectator, 25 April.

THE SECRET GOVERNMENT OF POLAND.

THERE must be high political talent somewhere among these Poles. The secret Government in Warsaw, which faces death every hour, and meets an efficient despotism with decrees better obeyed than its own, is apparently succeeding in a task no such association has hitherto ventured to attempt. Hitherto secret societies have devoted their power almost exclusively to restraint and destruction, the nearest approach to affirmative action being that made in Germany in 1814. The *Vehme gericht*, even if its success has not been exaggerated by romance, only essayed to punish crimes which the law was too feeble to reach, and was probably, if not certainly, supported by one independent power, and by the higher ranks of the priesthood. The societies of the Middle Ages only governed and defended themselves, and the associations which honeycombed Europe under the feet of Napoleon directed their energies solely to preparation. They acted, moreover, with the consent of the legal if not of the virtual authorities, and succeeded in the end only in driving the kings into promises which produced a *levée en masse*, but which the associations had not the power to enforce. The secret societies of France, however powerful, establish nothing, and have usually for practical aim only a redistribution of property. The Marianne, the strongest of these societies, is supposed, but only supposed, to cherish ideas even "redder" than those involved in the project of an agrarian law.

The Carbonari and Illuminati of Italy did much to prepare the way for 1860, but their tactics did not involve open administration, and even the National Committee of Rome, by far the most perfect of Italian secret organizations, only attempts to guide and to restrain the people. That of Venice simply lives to save sufferers from despair, by pointing, as some new outrage is committed, to that future of which all Venetians dream, and which enables them to endure a monotony stirred only by a taxation which, on all but the highest fortunes, amounts to plunder. The Polish Committee alone essays to turn the weapons of despotism against itself, to found a subterranean government working with all the moderation and all the severity of a legitimate despotism, sanctioning conscription, levying taxes, raying out ambassadors, and concluding treaties with foreign powers. The experiment is a new one in history, and its success will place in the hands of the Revolution a weapon of new and almost immeasurable force. It gives to the Revolutionists, in fact, precisely the agency which makes established governments so strong, the organization which enables a weak king like Frederick William, and a powerless class like the Prussian *junkers*, to defy the rage and hostility of an entire people, though educated, drilled, and armed.

As yet the Warsaw Committee has been successful, for it has combined the energy of a Committee of Public Safety with the moderation which regular governments are usually compelled to learn. Its theory is the convenient or necessary one that it is the sole legal government, sanctioned by the obedience everywhere paid to its behests. It does not, therefore, confine itself to acting upon opinion alone, but, like all other governments, considers disobedience an individual offence which must be punished by the collective State. It claims, therefore, the right of inflicting death, but, with unusual moderation, inflicts it only for cases of open "treason," i.e., efforts to upset it by forcible resistance to its officers, or the betrayal of its agents and plans. A curious instance of its self-restraint lately occurred in Warsaw. The correspondent of a Prussian journal, with the usual contempt of a German for every civilization but his own and the English, quizzed the revolt and its leaders. The ridicule seemed an atrocity to men fighting

for their lives, but the Committee only warned him to abstain from insult. He was at liberty to attack them as much as he pleased, and "express his political convictions as he chose," but not to make fun of dying heroes. Fortunately for its authority, the Committee possesses, though without prisons, the means of inflicting a terrible secondary punishment. It can sentence a man to infamy, and, from the strange devotion of Poles to the national cause, he is thenceforth infamous. He had better be dead, for the excommunication of the Catholic Church had not in the Middle Ages a more deterrent effect. Life under the sentence is life under the scorn of all you love—is but the endurance of one protracted insult, and the Pole, like the Frenchman, is a man to whom insult is simply unbearable, who would commit suicide rather than endure to be pointed at with the finger. Armed with these weapons, and the ready obedience of the mass of the upper and middle class, who, like Italians, seem to have had moderation instilled into them by tyranny, to have hardened under it like clay under pressure, the Committee have been enabled to organize an administration as effective as that of the Russian Archduke. They appoint, without question, to all commands, and the officers selected quote their commissions as irrefragable claims to authority. They ordered a general a fortnight since to be tried by court-martial for retreating, and his officers brought him to trial. They have threatened all insurgents who retreat into Galicia with death as deserters, the opportunity of retreat diminishing the energy which springs from despair. They have ordered Warsaw to "wait," and that boiling populace is as quiet as the people of London. They recently issued a decree, dividing Poland into one hundred districts, and ordering a conscription of four hundred men per district, and the order has been obeyed. As they name the commandant of each, and in each some few of the fifty thousand youths enrolled in the society stand ready to execute their orders, an impulse given by them spreads immediately over the kingdom. The mode in which they spread orders and news with such rapidity, seems to puzzle the Germans, but will surprise no one who has ever travelled in the East. People forget that a steady five miles an hour is one hundred and twenty

miles a day, that runners relieved at each village can always keep up this pace, and that in Poland, where horsemen abound, the rate is for much of the distance doubled. They forget, too, that with the exception of the telegraph, there is no instrument of communication so rapid as the human voice; that London, for example, if awake and attentive, could, by a properly managed system of repeats, be informed of a short piece of news in twenty minutes. The Committee, however, work evidently through relieved couriers, and generally reach the confines of their authority in less than three days. It is more difficult to ascertain how they transmit instructions beyond the confines, but they "reward" service pretty liberally, and Russians have an insatiable thirst for perquisites other than pay. Passports, regularly signed by the archduke, are not infrequent among the agents of the Committee, and there are Germans and Austrian Poles. With an army, a system of communication, ambassadors, and allies, the next step was to raise a revenue, and for this purpose the Committee have issued a decree wholly without a precedent in history. They have from the first had considerable command of money, possibly French, but much more probably collected by private subscription from the land-owners, by terror from Jews, and by the use of a credit based partly on patriotism, partly on fear. This resource, however, has proved insufficient, and on the 8th inst. the Committee, which now calls itself the Provisional Government, issued a decree imposing an income-tax on Poland. Under this decree all men with £250 a year and upwards—corresponding, say, to £1,000 in England, necessities being exceedingly cheap—must pay two shillings in the pound, persons with £100 one shilling, and all below them fourpence. Peasants and day laborers are duly exempted, partly because the expense of collection would make the receipts worthless, but chiefly to avoid irritating the masses who have just paid Russian taxes with the idea of a double impost.

But surely, remarks the reader, this must be a paper measure. A people may subscribe most liberally, but who can believe that an income-tax, established by an invisible authority, will be paid on demand. That objection would be just, were the Committee without the power of coercion, but it is in

their possession of this power that they differ so widely from all other secret authorities. In each district there is already a local chief controlling the force ordered by the conscription. He is to appoint five residents known to be patriotic, and in nine cases out of ten, members of the society. They draw up the lists from personal knowledge, and have no more interest in making blunders than similar officers in Great Britain. Those lists are laid before the chief, and if confirmed by him, a warning to pay within five weeks is sent to the householders named. The majority, being devoted to the movement, will, if they can, pay up, and how are the rest to resist? If they denounce the tax-gatherers they are declared guilty of "high treason," and infallibly put to death. If they passively decline to obey, the tax is simply taken in kind and in property by the guerillas, with a cess for the expense of transport, and the names of the delinquents published in the secret press. Thenceforward, besides losing their property, they are regarded as doubtful, and while the Russians will not protect them, the guerillas will select them first for every requisition. The peasantry, too, whose pay for supplies depends on these collections, will regard them with special hostility. It strikes us that an English landlord thus urged, and sympathizing intensely with the object for which the money is to be spent, would, under this pressure, do as he does under similar pressure from the State, grumble, but pay.

The Committee, with a moderation which impresses us more even than their administrative skill, have given the tax-payers every advantage consistent with the necessity of the case. Time is granted to all who are willing to pay, but temporarily unable, and the receipts previously given for supplies for voluntary donations, or for any other demands, are all received as cash. All other taxes heretofore levied are abolished, and the people instructed to resist any claim made in the name of the nation, save this single tax, which again, except when expended for the absolute needs of the army, is to be collected in the district treasuries, and then forwarded to the "secret provincial exchequers." The money will be collected, and the Committee, with the Russian Government in possession of the capital, of all fortresses, of most towns, of all railways, and of all telegraphs, has succeeded

in levying a conscription, framing a civil Government, and raising a national revenue. The whole strength of Poland in money and men is fairly arrayed for the national defence. And yet the Germans, who cannot even organize themselves so as to resist Von Bismark, pronounce a people now giving these proofs of high political capacity, noble but still uncivilized; and the *Quarterly Review* declares that the oppression which has induced the nation to support such efforts is but the result of an ancient household quarrel, in which the Poles are as much to blame as the Russians.

But surely these decrees imply, as the Austrian Government says, a system of terrorism? Certainly, and so do the English revenue laws. The Committee do not, except in the single case of betrayal, in which they cannot help themselves, inflict cruel or unusual punishments. They do precisely what the British Government does, levy the tax by distraint; and the additional punishment, advertisement in a newspaper, shows a morbidly high, instead of a demoralized, condition of public opinion. The only moral question involved in the matter is the right of the subterranean Government to levy taxes at all, and that seems to be settled by the mere statement of facts. There are modes of election other than balloting, and the Government which, originally without a soldier, raises troops, keeps excited cities quiet, decrees a conscription, appoints, dismisses, and shoots generals, and levies an income-tax of two shillings in the pound, must be pronounced by all impartial men an elected Government.

From The Spectator.

LORD LYONS AND THE DEMOCRATIC LEADERS.

New York, April 10, 1863.

THE English Blue-book reveals a secret which everybody knew, namely, that the Democratic leaders in this country are traitors to the struggle in which we are engaged, and hypocrites in their pretended support of it. The only new thing that Lord Lyons tells us, in his letter to Earl Russell, is that they are also fools, for nobody supposed them so weak as to confess their treachery by an attempt to influence a foreign Government—a penal offence by statute—in the matter of intervention, or so incautious as to acknowledge to a

foreign minister that their pretended patriotism was only a sham. Nevertheless, the publication of Lord Lyons's letter, in which he reports the interviews between himself and these "certain Democratic leaders" has caused a good deal of excitement. Some of these men have said, in public speeches, that they would welcome any intervention that would put an end to the war; some of them have avowed their hostility to its progress and success with a frankness and energy which, under any other Government but ours, would have consigned them incontinently to a state prison; and no fact, in regard to the autumn election in this State, is better known than this—that whereas the campaign was begun, on the part of the Democrats, with avowed hostility to the war, their tactics were speedily changed when they found this to be an unpopular doctrine, and they finished the canvass with a pretended opposition, not to the war, but to the want of energy with which it had been conducted. All this we knew as well before as since the publication of Lord Lyons's letter. But the evidence coming from a new, an unexpected, and a disinterested quarter, makes a public conviction of what before was only a private belief. On the one hand, it arouses indignation; on the other, it carries dismay. It makes the issue clearer, opens the eyes of many who were blindly following treacherous guides, and gives new strength to those who are fighting with Southern treason and Northern treachery. We can easily understand why Lord Lyons should have made such a revelation to Earl Russell, for as minister at Wash-

ington it was simply his duty. But that Earl Russell should give it to the world is not so explicable. If we may not assume him to be absolutely the well-wisher of the rebellion, we certainly have no reason for believing that he is anxious that the Government should succeed in its suppression. Yet he has done much to help us at a critical moment. The only hope of the rebels is in a divided North. Even the ignorant mass of the Democratic party will not be led by traitors if they can be made to understand that such is the character of their leaders. Earl Russell deserves the acknowledgment of our most distinguished consideration for the important evidence he has given us on this point. We have some things to complain of in the course of the British ministry, but for this exposure of political treachery among us we owe it, whatever may have been his lordship's motive, nothing but the most hearty and unequivocal gratitude. Whatever unites and consolidates the North in this struggle for national existence, helps to save us. Nothing but division among ourselves can jeopardize that salvation. What difficulties and dangers, what perils and privations, we may yet have to pass through, no man can tell. Doubtless, they are many. But this we may, at least, be sure of, that united and true to ourselves we have nothing to fear. It may be that a foreign war is impending over us; but even if that dire calamity should come, it will only unite us, and by that unity lead us to the final triumph which, it may be, can only come through much, and just such tribulation. * * * *

"But you are far too prodigal in praise,
And crown me with the garlands of your merit.
Our own swift motion
Makes us believe another nimbly rows."

—DAVENPORT, *City Nightcap*.

When we are masters of a subject, especially if it lies a little out of the way, we have a natural tendency to fancy ourselves monopolists of it; hence our indulgent surprise at, and frequent over-estimate of, those who know ever so little of that of which we ourselves know a good deal.

"FAC plurima mediocriter, si non possis facere
unum aliquid insigniter."—PLINY, *Letters*.

"It is better to do a good many things in a

middling style, if you cannot do one thing thoroughly well."

We demur. For instance, if, as is often the case, the twenty verses which a man might make in one hour, and the one verse about which he might be puzzling for twenty hours, are likely to be exactly of the same quality, we should greatly prefer his devoting himself to the one.

"UN rayon fait briller la goutte qu'il essuie."

—LAMARTINE, *Jocelyn*.

Just as wine often does to genius, making it sparkle and burn,—and burn out.

From The Examiner, 25 April.

Recognition: A Chapter from the History of the North American and South American States. By Frederick Waymouth Gibbs, C.B. M'Dowall.

"THE object of these pages," says the author, "is to give an account at greater length than is possible in a treatise on International Law of the two cases in which the principles have been most fully discussed that govern the Recognition as a Sovereign State by other States, of a province or colony which has revolted from its parent State and has erected itself into a separate community." Mr. Gibbs has certainly executed the task he has set to himself very effectually, for his essay is clear, full, and judicious.

Vattel and the other older writers on the Law of Nations had no satisfactory examples from which they could have argued. The provinces of the Roman Empire had been separated from the parent State, either by foreign conquest or by relinquishment of authority arising out of sheer decrepitude, and even the revolt of the Netherlands from Spain was more a case of intervention than of recognition. Between recognition and intervention there is a broad line of demarcation, and Mr. Gibbs very clearly defines it. The separation of Greece from Turkey and of Belgium from Holland were clear cases of intervention. The first authentic example of the successful revolt of colonies from a parent State was that of our own provinces in America, and this arose, not because they were worse governed than the colonies of other European nations, but because they were better governed, and therefore in a riper state for maintaining the rights of free men. Even this was more a case of intervention than of legitimate recognition. France lent its countenance to the revolt from the very outset and finally, its open aid by fleets and armies. Spain and Holland followed, and England overpowered, recognized the independence of her colonies after seven years' struggle, much to her own advantage, although at the moment unconscious of it. Exclusive of blood, she had wasted a hundred millions of her wealth in a worthless contest, all because of pride. With this wholesome example before them, and the enlightenment which ought to have followed an experience of eighty years, the "Independent Colonies," utterly regardless of the example, have now

got up a mighty quarrel among themselves, and in two years' time have already wasted probably five times as much treasure as we did in seven.

The only genuine instance of legitimate recognition is the separation of the American colonies of Spain from the mother country, and even that we owe to the weakness of Spain and the overwhelming power of the civilized nations which recognized the independence of her colonies. These colonies had been in a state of revolt since 1810, and our own recognition of their independence did not take place until 1825, so that we had allowed the struggle to go on for fifteen years. Even the United States of America, although more directly interested than ourselves, did not recognize the Spanish colonies until 1822, so that they allowed a contest for independence on their own continent to proceed without interference for twelve years. During the long struggle Spain had been offered, and had even solicited, our own mediation and the inevitable recognition only took place after the armies of Spain had been defeated, and her authority on the Continent of America had virtually ceased to exist. "This," says Mr. Gibbs, "is the great case which contains all the international law on the subject of *Recognition*, and to which appeal is always made. The United States contributed no less than England to fix the principles of the law. England has uniformly declared her adhesion to these principles." On this occasion the law for our guidance was laid down for us by two highly enlightened authorities, Sir James Mackintosh and Mr. Canning; and Mr. Gibbs justly and properly quoted largely from both.

The law for recognition, as now acknowledged by civilized nations, is stated by Mr. Gibbs in the four following propositions:—

"1. When a rebellion or insurrection has become a civil war, a foreign power should consider the contending parties as two distinct parties, both entitled to the rights of belligerents. 2. While the civil war continues, a foreign power desirous of preserving neutrality, should remain an impartial spectator. If, however, its own relations with the revolted province require, and the facts warrant such a recognition,—the foreign power may recognize the separate political existence of the revolted province, so far as regards its foreign relations, without prejudging the question as to its ultimate and abso-

lute independence of the parent State. 3. When the contest is really terminated, and the revolted province has established its independence of the mother country, the foreign power may recognize the new State, without waiting for recognition by the mother country. 4. When independence is effectually established, recognition is a simple question of policy on the part of the foreign power."

Upon these propositions he adds the following judicious comment:—

"These principles of law are clear, and the foreign power, in applying them, has to decide two principal questions of fact arising at two different stages: first, whether the insurrection has reached the magnitude of a civil war; and secondly, whether independence is actually established. Of these facts the foreign power is the sole judge. It is obvious that, during the civil war, the revolted province and the mother country are not on the same footing in relation to the foreign power. The mother country has diplomatic relations, and almost always treaty engagements with that foreign power. The revolted society is endeavoring to bring about such a change of circumstances as to annul those engagements, so far as they relate to itself; and, if successful, claims to have brought about the change, and to be in a position to substitute new engagements. The claim is in derogation of existing treaty engagements, and ought, therefore, to be examined with due regard to the sanctity of their obligations. To be good, it must be based on fact. The circumstances must be completely changed, and the sovereignty of the mother country ousted by the sovereignty of the revolted province. If less than this be the case, the recognition of the independence of the revolted province by the foreign power involves some breach of faith to the mother country. Conducted thus with bad faith, or even with rashness, recognition is not only dishonorable to the foreign power, but prejudicial to the revolted province. It justly exasperates the mother country, and gives fresh force to her efforts. Recognition can serve the interests of peace only when conducted with regard for precedent, and in a manner not unfriendly to the mother country. It then becomes the verdict of an unprejudiced bystander, that the time has come for the mother country to retire from a hopeless contest. This verdict may carry weight with the calmer portion of the mother country. Earlier recognition cannot.

The propositions so laid down by Mr. Gibbs apply to the case of the Confederate States of America in the following just re-

marks, and with these we close our criticism of this able and instructive brochure:—

"If," says he, "we apply these principles to the case of the Confederate States, it must, I think, be clear that they have not achieved independence. Their case differs from that of the Spanish American States in one respect; there is no doubt of their having an established government. No rival faction opposes President Davis. But the government is not in full and undisputed exercise of sovereignty within the territory over which it claims authority. 1. War is being waged in Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana. A portion, at least, of the last is subject to the authority of the North. From the mouth of the Potomac to the mouth of the Mississippi, the Northern States have never receded from the command of the waters which form an integral part of the country. The blockade is effective. The impossibility of erecting prize courts has caused the Confederate States to deviate from the rules of war, and send out a public vessel—the *Alabama*—to capture prizes, with the intention of not carrying them in for adjudication by a prize court. Their justification rests on necessity; the necessity proves their want of sovereignty. There is nothing to call for even limited recognition. The dominion over the ports of St. Domingo acquired by the negroes, which justified the limited recognition of the 'anomalous black government,' in order to change the character of the island from one of hostility in law into one of friendship in law, in accordance with fact; the extensive commerce which rendered necessary the recognition of the separate political existence of the Spanish American States, apart from their ultimate independence; both these circumstances—the extensive commerce and the dominion over the ports—are wanting here. 2. The territories of the Confederate States are undefined. The northern and western boundaries, and the south-western boundary towards New Orleans, are all unsettled. President Davis has made an army—he has probably made a nation; but he has not led the nation into the promised land; he has not made an independent sovereign State. Still, no one who has watched the contest can doubt the result; the boundaries will be settled, the Northern States will be driven from the possession of the waters which they now command, and the Confederate States will be independent and sovereign. Recognition will then become a question of policy. Till then, the inconveniences of absolute neutrality are not so great as often represented. Recognition, apart from intervention and its accompaniment, war, will not open the ports, or

bring over one bale of cotton. The real inconveniences of non-recognition begin when the time for recognition has arrived; when the cessation of the contest leaves the energies of the nation free for trade, and diplomatic intercourse is required in the interests of commerce. When that time arrives, the valor, the skill, the self-denial, and the patriotism displayed in the formation of the Confederate States, will command a favorable hearing for their claim to be admitted into the community of nations. The claim will be allowed, as it ought to be allowed, not only for the protection and regulation of our own interests, which, protected or unprotected, must be affected by the new State, but also for two more cogent reasons — in order not to leave any civilized nation without the pale, and therefore only partially under the influence, of the public opinion of other nations; and in order to follow the great principle of acknowledging facts. But no Englishman, I should hope, can feel for the Confederate States the smallest enthusiasm. Most of us believe that the world will gain by a division of the overgrown empire of the United States. Many of us anticipate that the cause of negro emancipation will also gain. Very few have any faith in the anti-slavery professions of the

North, nor has our faith been strengthened by the late proclamation. On the other hand, it is impossible not to think that the negro population will occupy a stronger position in relation to their masters, when those masters are no longer supported, as hitherto, by the moral and physical power derived from union with the North. The greater facilities for escape on a long frontier, and the jealousy with which the North will watch the South, must tend to improve their condition. There is no inclination among us to underrate the difficulties of emancipation; for the security of the State it should be gradual; we should hail a step towards freedom — the slightest advance from slavery to serfdom. But no such prospect is held out by the statesmen of the South. Slavery is put forward as a fundamental institution. The English minister to whose lot it may fall to make the recognition, after recording his admiration of the struggle thus crowned with success, will have to add, that England would be false to her traditions if she could welcome with heartiness a State which, at the moment of its entrance into the community of nations, openly professes principles solemnly condemned by the whole Christian world.

“THE Lunatic, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

And many a love ditty has shown how admirably all three characters are combined in the composer.

“GRIEF framed in numbers never is so fierce:
For he tames grief that fetters it in verse.”

—DONNE.

The elegiac poet is like the Æolian harp, that moulds the bitter night-wind into music.

“FINISHED the whole, and labored every part,
With patient touches of unwearied art.”

—POPE.

It is only the greatest and truest poets that can keep the metal warm while these touches are given. There may be extreme delicacy and finish, but there will always be a perceptible stiffness when the fire has gone out before the work is ended. Compare with this wonderful second line of Pope the parallels in Thomson's *Liberty*:

“With the cool touches of judicious toil
Their rapid genius curbing;”

and Milton's in *Thy Apology for Smectymnus*:

“Such a subject as the publishing thereof might be delayed at pleasure, and time enough to pencil it over with all the curious touches of art, even to the perfection of a faultless picture.”

But let us remember that elsewhere Milton demands for poetry, that it should be also “simple, sensuous, *passionate*.”

“USING the plausibility of large and indefinite words to defend himself at such a distance as may hinder the eye of common judgment from all distinct view and examination of his reasoning.”—MILTON, *Eckonoclastes*.

Of the two, give us the narrow-minded man, who fancies that he severely reasons with Aristotle, rather than the muddle-brained one, who conceives that he sublimely speculates with Plato.

“COMELY Courtesy,
That unto every person knew her part.”

—SPENSER, *Faerie Queen*.

It is easy enough dealing with those who are clearly our superiors, inferiors, or equals. By far the nicest touchstone of conduct is our bearing towards those whom we conceive to be slightly our inferiors.

THE LIVING AGE.

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OUR FIRST LOST.

Sit close beside me, dearest wife ;
 We are together, if alone ;
 The dew upon the bloom of life
 Is gathered, and the bloom is gone ;
 And part of us is in the grave,
 And part is in the heaven above ;
 But stronger is the tie we have
 In mingled cords of grief and love.

Sit very near, and let me dry
 This tear that trickles down thy cheek,
 And this that trembles in thine eye ;
 For it is time that we should speak :
 The choking stupor of the hour
 Is past, when weeping was relief ;
 Now yield thee to a gentler power—
 The tender memory of grief.

Let's talk of her—our little one
 Who walks above the milky way,
 Arrayed in glory like the sun
 That lightens the eternal day ;
 The little gift that we did make
 To God, by whom the boon was given—
 He wished it, deeming she would take
 Our hearts away with her to heaven.

Remember that sweet time when hope
 Sat brooding o'er its future joy,
 And low, fond laughter wakened up
 With bets upon a girl or boy ;
 And little caps, in secret sewn,
 Were hid in many a quiet nook :
 You knew the secret to be known,
 Yet hid them with a guilty look.

Remember all the gush of thought
 When first upon your arm she lay,
 And all the pain was all forgot,
 And all the fears were smiled away ;
 And looking on her helplessness
 Awakened strong resolve in you,
 And mother-love and tender grace ;
 And all was beautiful and new.

For you were sure, a week before,
 That you should never live to see
 A baby laughing on the floor,
 Or placid lying on the knee,
 Or laid on my ungainly hand
 That always feared to let her slip,
 Or held up, with a fond command,
 For pressure of a father's lip.

Oh, sweet bud flowering dewy bright
 To crown our love's rejoicing stem !
 Oh, great eyes wondering in their light,
 With long dark lashes fringing them !
 And over these the forehead broad,
 And then her full and parted lips,
 And rounded chin, meet for a god,
 And pink shells on her finger-tips !

Oh, beautiful her life ! and we
 Were just too full of happiness :
 As dewy flowers hang droopingly,
 O'erburdened with the weight of bliss,

And, fearful lest the treasure spill,
 Close up their petals to the light,
 So we forgot all, good or ill,
 To clasp to us that dear delight.

Remember how we noted all
 Her little looks and winning ways,
 And how she let her eyelids fall
 As I was wont in wooing days,
 And held her little finger up
 In curious mimicry of mine ;
 But when the smile was on her lip,
 Lo ! all the beaming face was thine.

Oh, say not she was only seen,
 Like song-bird lighting on the tree,
 A moment, while the leaves were green,
 Filling the boughs with melody,
 And then, when hope arose serene,
 She left us sadder than before ;
 And better she had never been,
 Than leave us stricken to deplore.

And was it nothing then to feel
 A mother's love, and do her part,
 While soft hands o'er the bosom steal,
 And soft cheeks press against the heart ?
 Nay, let us kneel together, love,
 And bow the head, and kiss the rod ;
 We gave an heir to heaven above,
 A child to praise the Christ of God.

He would have infant trebles ringing
 The glories of the great I AM ;
 He would have childish voices singing
 The hallelujahs of the Lamb ;
 And shall we faint in grief's desire
 Because this grace to us is given,
 To have a babe amid the choir
 White-robed around the throne of heaven ?

We had a joy unto us given
 Transcending any earthly pleasure ;
 We had a messenger from heaven ;
 Let us be better for her presence.
 Our mother earth where she is laid
 Is dearer to my heart for her :
 We have such kindred with the dead,
 The very grave is lightsomer.

ORWELL.

—Good Words.

AURORA BOREALIS.

'Tis midnight, and the world is hushed in sleep ;
 Distant and dim the Southern mountains lie ;
 The stars are sparkling in the cloudless sky ;
 And hollow murmurs issue from the deep,
 Which, like a mother, sings unto the isles.
 Sure, spirits are abroad ! Behold ! the North
 Like a volcano glares ; and starting forth,
 Red streaks, like Egypt's pyramids in files—
 Lo ! Superstition, pallid and aghast,
 Starts to his lattice, and beholds in fear,
 Noiseless, the fiery legions, thronging fast,
 Portending rapine and rebellion near.
 For well he knows, that dark futurity
 Throws forward fiery shadows on the sky.

D. M. MOIR.

From The Quarterly Review.

The English Cyclopædia: a New Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. Conducted by Charles Knight. 22 Vols. 4to. London, 1861.

IN a work which is not yet a quarter so well known as it deserves to be—the “*Nouveau Manuel de Bibliographie Universelle*” of MM. Denis, Pinçon, and De Martonne, which forms one of the series of the “*Manuels-Roret*”—a list is attempted of all the encyclopædias which have left the press since the invention of printing, and the number of which the names are given amounts to a hundred and eighty-nine. Among them, however, we find the “*Novum Organon*” of Bacon, and the “*Essai sur l’Origine des Connaissances Humaines*” of Condillac; to say nothing of an *Essay on Nomenclature*, extracted from the works of Jeremy Bentham, and a volume entitled “*Studies of the Historic Muse*,” published at Dublin in 1820. These have surely no valid claim to be put on the register. The “*Novum Organon*,” magnificent as it is, must be considered as a grammar only of the sciences; a cyclopædia is not a grammar, but a dictionary; and to confound the meanings of grammar and dictionary is to lose the benefit of a distinction which it is fortunate that terms have been coined to convey.

In the case of languages, indeed, there is another valuable but more subtle distinction, which has found its way to expression in words,—the difference between a “dictionary” and a “vocabulary.” A “dictionary” is now generally taken to be a collection of all the words of a language, arranged in alphabetical order; and a “vocabulary” a collection of words not necessarily arranged in alphabetical order, though often on some other system. The notion of an ordinary dictionary—such as of French and English, for instance—with two alphabets, first of one language, then of the other, is now so familiar to us, and seems so much in the natural order of things, that some surprise is occasioned by the reflection how many centuries had rolled over the heads of teachers and pupils before the idea was ever thought of. The Romans studied Greek through all the classical ages without the assistance of a Greek and Latin dictionary; nor, indeed, did such a work come into existence till both of the languages were dead. The earliest is the pro-

duction of Crastoni, an Italian monk of the fifteenth century, who was contemporary with the fall of Constantinople, and the introduction of printing. The fact is the more singular that the invention had been all but hit upon more than a thousand years before. The Greeks had begun, towards the close of the classical ages, to make partial collections of obscure and difficult words, and to arrange them with their explanations in the order of the alphabet. The alphabetical arrangement of the subject matter of a book of any kind was in itself no small achievement. That idea was the germ of all books of reference, of volumes for occasional consultation, instead of continuous reading; and the man who originated these was almost as great a benefactor to literary mankind as he who invented an index. The distinction between a cyclopædia in the order of the alphabet and one in any other order is as great as that between a “dictionary” and a “vocabulary,” and as deserving of being embodied in set terms whenever such terms can be agreed upon. At present there are two rival words, “cyclopædia” and “encyclopædia,” which have long carried on a contest for preference to represent the same meaning; and of the two great undertakings which have recently divided the attention and the patronage of the English public—the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*” and the “*English Cyclopædia*”—one bears the shorter and the other the longer title, though the alphabetical arrangement is happily common to both.

Under the trifling variety of designation to which we have referred, the two cyclopædias equally illustrate the character now attached to the name by the almost unlimited variety of their contents. A modern cyclopædia is a whole library in epitome, with almost the single exception of the literature of the imagination. It is not a dictionary of the arts and sciences only, but of history, geography, antiquities, biography, of general knowledge, and miscellaneous information. The inhabitant of a lone house in the country who places in his bookcase the two-and-twenty volumes of the “*English Cyclopædia*” expects, and not without reason, to find in them, on occasion, the essence of the twenty thousand volumes of reference that line the walls of the British Museum Reading Room.

This meaning of the term, however unhesitatingly accepted now, is very different from

that which it bore a century ago, and the progress of the change is a curious point in literary history. The first work that bore the name in England was the famous "Cyclopædia, or Universal Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences," by Ephraim Chambers, published in 1728, the remarkable success of which, both at home and abroad, led to its imitation and expansion, about twenty years afterwards, in the still more famous "Encyclopédie" of Diderot and D'Alembert, which was the first that bore the name in France. But Chambers's "Cyclopædia" was, as the second part of the title distinctly stated, a "Dictionary of Arts and Sciences" only; and it retained that character in all its numerous subsequent editions till its metamorphosis into "Rees's Cyclopædia," when its original pair of volumes expanded into five-and-forty, and its character expanded with its bulk. Chambers made no claim to having invented a new species of publication. "I come," he says in his Preface, "like an heir to a large patrimony gradually acquired by the industry and endeavors of a long race of ancestors. What the French and Italian academists, the Abbé Furetière, the editors of Trevoux, Savary, Chauvin, Harris, Wolfius, Daviler, and others have done, has been subservient to my purpose."

The name of Harris—the only English one that appears in this list—is that of the author whose work no doubt directly suggested Chambers's own. In the list of subscribers prefixed to Harris's volume occurs the name of "Mr. John Senex," the bookseller to whom Chambers was an apprentice, and on whose counter he is said to have written during his apprenticeship some of the articles in his Cyclopædia. The "Lexicon Technicum" of Harris was, in fact, the work which was in possession of the field that Chambers proposed to occupy; and its author claimed, as we shall see, the original invention of the plan which Chambers adopted.

The full title of Harris's work is "Lexicon Technicum, or an Universal English Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, explaining not only all the Terms of Art, but the Arts themselves." The plan is developed at length in his Preface:—

"The best Account I can give of the following Work," he says, "will be to lay before you in a short View what it contains, wherein it differs from other Books which may

seem to be of the same Nature, and from whence I have collected the Substance of it. That which I have aimed at is to make it a Dictionary not only of bare Words but Things, and that the reader may not only find here an Explication of the *Technical Words* or the Terms of Art made use of in all of the *Liberal Sciences* and such as border nearly upon them, but also those *Arts themselves* and especially *such and such Parts* of them as are most Useful and Advantageous to Mankind. In this which was the chief of my Design, I found much less help from Dictionaries already published than one would have expected from their Titles: *Chauvin's Lexicon Rationale* or *Thesaurus Philosophicus* is a well Printed Book, and the Figures are finely Graved, but 'tis too much filled with the School Terms to be usefully instructive, and is as defective in the Modern Improvements of Mathematical and Physical Learning, as it abounds with a Cant which was once mistaken for Science.

"The *Grand Dictionnaire des Arts et Sciences* par M. de l'Académie Française hath no Cuts or Figures at all, and is only a bare Explication of Terms of Art, and it seems rather to have been design'd to improve and propagate the *French Language* than to inform and instruct the Human Mind in general. And, which I have often wonder'd at, 'tis filled everywhere with *Simple Terms*, so that you are told what a Dog, a Cat, a Horse, and a Sheep is, which though it may be useful to some Persons who did not know that before and may shew very well that such Descriptions can be given in *French*; yet how the bare Names of Animals and Vegetables, of Metals and Minerals, can be reckoned as *Terms of Art*, and consequently make the greatest part of a *Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, I confess I cannot see. And therefore though his and Mr. Furetière's *Dictionary* may be Books very well done in their way and are certainly very useful for those who would be perfectly acquainted with the *French Tongue*, yet I did not find much assistance from them, with regard to my Design."

The work to which this is a Preface is one that would apparently reward a more minute examination than it has yet received. The "Lexicon Technicum" first appeared in one folio volume, in 1704—not as has been sometimes stated, in 1706 or in 1708—and among its list of subscribers there is one name beside which all the others sink into the shade, that of "Mr. Isaac Newton, Master of the Mint." The name of Newton is cited with striking frequency in the volume; and in the Supplement published in 1710, there is an article "De Acido," by Sir Isaac himself,

inserted with the permission, as Dr. Harris informs us, of its "illustrious author." In the same year, 1710, Dr. Harris became a secretary of the Royal Society, under the presidency of Sir Isaac. His fellow secretary, appointed at the same time, was Sir Hans Sloane; but the subsequent fortunes of the two colleagues were remarkably different; while Sir Hans was elected to the presidential chair in succession to Newton, and at his death, full of years and honors, left the will which gave birth to the British Museum, the unfortunate Harris was dismissed from his post before the close of the first year of office, apparently for some now unknown misconduct, struggled with poverty for the remainder of his life, and at his death, in 1719, was buried at the expense of a charitable friend, who had known him in better times.

The most cursory examination of the "Lexicon Technicum" shows that, as the author claims, it is not a mere explanation of words, but of things. Under the head of "Engine," for instance, he gives a full description, illustrated with plates, of two engines of no slight importance, which are described as "the Invention of one of our own Nation, Captain Thomas Savery, a Gentleman very skilful in all Things of this Nature." The first is for rowing ships by means of paddles; the other "for raising Water by the force of Fire," in which, says Dr. Harris, "he hath shewed as great Ingenuity, depth of Thought, and true Mechanick Skill as ever discovered itself in any design of this Nature." Savery's engine is in fact, as is well known, one of the steps or strides in the progressive invention of the steam-engine.

To return to Dr. Harris's Preface: it appears, on an examination of the French works to which he refers as likely to be compared with his own, that the Dictionary of Thomas Corneille,—that of "M. de l'Académie Française,"—bears the nearest resemblance to it. In the "Biographie Universelle" it is indeed expressly advanced, that "Corneille's work may be regarded as the first basis of the Encyclopedias of Chambers and Diderot." But the plan of Corneille's Dictionary appears to have been the mere result of accident—the outgrowth of a singular combination of circumstances, of some interest in literary history. Among the Forty of the French Academy engaged in compiling the famous Dictionary of the French Lan-

guage, the Abbé Furetière was one. It came to be discovered in 1684 that, while taking part with his colleagues in the "magnum opus," he had privately obtained a privilege for printing a dictionary of his own, which he originally styled a "Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences" only, but afterwards proposed to convert into a dictionary of the language in general. The Academy took the alarm, accused the disloyal member of plagiarism, appealed to its own exclusive privilege for printing a dictionary, and, refusing the plausible offer of the abbé to allow to be struck out of his manuscript all that did not relate to the arts and sciences—an offer in which from his previous underhand conduct it not unreasonably suspected an ambush—voted Furetière out of its list of members, and obtained the suspension of his privilege. The abbé aimed at them in return a volley of pamphlets in the disguise of pleadings, so full of pungent wit that the whole series was reprinted, with notes and an introduction by M. Charles Asselineau, in 1858, and compared by him, not unjustly, to the famous "Provincial Letters" of Pascal. Before the end of the conflict the abbé died, but not before he had brought his work to a conclusion. It was published in Holland; and though it did not appear till 1690, two years after his death, even then it anticipated by some years the publication of the slow labors of the Forty. As the Dictionary of Furetière was particularly rich in terms of art and science, while the Academy had determined to exclude many of such technical terms from the accredited vocabulary to which its stamp was attached, the measure was adopted by the abbé's opponents of issuing a supplementary Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences, not by the French Academy in a body—"MM. de l'Académie Française"—but by a single member; and the member who did duty on the occasion was Thomas Corneille, a brother of the great dramatist, Pierre, and himself a dramatist, some of whose productions still keep possession of the stage. In the Preface to his Dictionary, Corneille did not even name Furetière's; but, without naming it, attacked it with great acerbity, and certainly pointed out a few blunders of a discreditable character, but taken so far apart as to show that the scrutiny for faults had been very searching. The Dictionary of Furetière was, in fact, one of considerable merit, and con-

tinued for almost a century to rival the Dictionary of his offended brethren, but with countless alterations and augmentations, not the least important of which was that of its title; for it was known, not as the Dictionary of Furetière, but as the "Dictionnaire de Trevoux," the place at which it was published. Trevoux being, under the old régime, a town not within French jurisdiction, attained a degree of literary importance as a spot where books might be printed which had not received official sanction; and the "Journal de Trevoux" and the "Dictionnaire de Trevoux" were long famous as the organs of the Jesuits before their suppression. The "Dictionnaire" assumed more and more in its expanded editions the character of a Cyclopædia, till it was finally driven from circulation by the Encyclopædia of Diderot, which was partly aimed against it. On the other hand, the Dictionary of Thomas Corneille seems to have sunk, after a few editions, into the same oblivion as the main body of his dramas, and as a voluminous Gazetteer which he also compiled, and which, though very inaccurate, was for a time the best of existing gazetteers.

The three Dictionaries of Furetière, of Corneille, and of Harris, stand thus in a singular relation to each other; and the plan of that by Harris, the supposed original of our all-embracing Cyclopædias, is evidently the most contracted of the three. While Furetière's volumes aim at comprising the whole stores of a language, Corneille's are restricted to a part, and Harris makes a merit of omitting much that Corneille inserted. But all, in spite of the distinction which Harris affects to draw, are, in a considerable degree, dictionaries of things, not words; neither Furetière nor Corneille confined himself to an explanation of the terms they collected merely as elements of language. By the manner in which Harris speaks of the "Lexicon Rationale" of Chauvin, it may be supposed that the plan of that work approached his own still more nearly; but we have looked in vain for the opportunity of examining a copy. The real merit of Harris must be sought in the ability of his execution, rather than the originality of his plan, and in this ability his follower Chambers appears to have decidedly surpassed him.

The idea having become popular in England by the success of Harris and Chambers,

a swarm of "Dictionaries of the Arts and Sciences" arose, the production of which was favored by the new practice of publishing in parts or numbers, which was peculiarly adapted to such works as these. None of them, however, could dispute pre-eminence with the work of Chambers, which was called by Bowyer, the learned printer, "the pride of booksellers, and the honor of the English nation." It even filled a space in the eye of Europe, till the great French Encyclopædia rose to eclipse it, and give its own name to an epoch and an era in the literary history of the eighteenth century.

The leading idea of the French Encyclopædia, so far as the title expressed it, was, that it was to be a Dictionary not only of the Arts and Sciences, but also of Trades and Handicrafts, a "Dictionnaire raisonné des sciences, des arts, et des métiers." The real distinguishing feature of the publication was that it aimed not only at supplying information, but at directing opinions, its articles being often as distinct in character from those of an ordinary cyclopædia as the leading article in a newspaper from its ordinary paragraphs of news. There have since been published some professed Protestant cyclopædias, and some professed Catholic cyclopædias; the work of Diderot and D'Alembert might have been appropriately styled the "Cyclopædia of Sceptics." Originally founded on a translation from the English of Chambers, it still resembled it in many particulars, though the conductors thought fit to speak of their model both in the Preface, and in the article "Encyclopédie" with undisguised disrespect. The main feature of the French publication in which the plan of Chambers was conspicuously departed from, was that the names of places were introduced, though Biography was rigidly excluded. Above all, the scale of the work was that of a modern cyclopædia, instead of the scale of Chambers and Harris. Including the Supplement, which was begun a few years after the main work was ended, it occupied twenty-two folio volumes of text, to which were added eleven volumes of plates, making the set thirty-three in all. Its issue from the press occupied more than a quarter of a century—from 1751 to 1777. Finally, it is to be noted that it was not the work of an individual, but of a distinguished company of select contributors.

This last important feature in the renowned French Encyclopædia was adopted in the project of an English one, which, had it ever been carried beyond a project, would doubtless have made its mark in the literature of the eighteenth century. Dr. Goldsmith wrote the prospectus of a cyclopædia, of which he proposed to take the editorship, and articles for which were promised by Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds. The plan was checked by the unexpected coldness of the booksellers, but only finally put an end to by the premature death of Goldsmith in 1774. Three years before—in 1771—a similar work, destined for a wide celebrity, had appeared in Edinburgh under singularly different auspices. The “*Encyclopædia Britannica*” professed to be “by a society of gentlemen in Scotland,” but the “society of gentlemen” consisted of Mr. William Smellie only; who, according to his biographer Kerr, compiled single-handed the whole of the first edition, and “used to say jocularly that he had made a Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences with a pair of scissors.” Between modesty and jocularly Smellie did not do himself justice, for many of the articles were written, and well written, by himself, who, while following the trade of a printer, had a degree of learning which would have qualified him for a professorship, as well as a fund of humor which made him a favorite companion of Robert Burns. The chief ground on which the new cyclopædia appeals to public favor was that it was “compiled on a new plan, in which the different Arts and Sciences are digested into distinct treatises or systems, and the various technical terms, etc., are explained as they occur in the order of the alphabet.” “This plan,” we are told in the Preface, “differs from that of all the Dictionaries of Arts and Sciences hitherto published;” and the writer was so confident of its value, as to add that “whoever has had occasion to consult Chambers, Owen, etc., or even the voluminous French “*Encyclopédie*,” will have discovered the folly of attempting to communicate science under the various technical terms arranged in alphabetical order. According to a notice in a subsequent issue of the “*Britannica*,” written by its editor, Mr. Macvey Napier, the plan which Smellie adopted was not even novel, but had been used in 1745 by a Mr. De Coetlogon, a Frenchman, naturalized in England, in a cyclopædia entitled “A

Universal History of the Arts and Sciences.” Whether novel or not, its value was more than questionable. Those who “have occasion to consult” a cyclopædia are in a different stage of progress from those who are commencing the systematic study of a science. If it be really of no advantage to a particular reader to find the information he is in search of in a detached form, he is probably in the position of one who attempts to use a dictionary before mastering a grammar. The arrangement, which is a stumbling-block to him, is the most convenient of stepping-stones to others. There is of course a limit to the utility of dividing, as well as a limit to the utility of bringing together, in a work of the kind, and it is in the judicious distribution of the materials of a cyclopædia that a great part of the work of its editorship consists; but to solve the difficulty by Mr. Smellie’s method is to solve it with more loss than gain.

The final success of the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*,” instead of being traceable to Mr. Smellie’s device, was owing to the adoption of a plan which led to his indignant secession. The “*Cyclopædia*” of Chambers had been characterized, even in its enlarged editions, by its restriction to scientific and miscellaneous subjects; it contained no article whatever on a proper name, either geographical or biographical. The French “*Encyclopédie*” had, as has been already mentioned, innovated on this plan by admitting some geographical names, and in the Supplement a few biographical names were also allowed to slip in. A new edition of the “*Encyclopédie*,” which commenced in 1782 under the title of “*Encyclopédie Méthodique*,” with great alterations in its plan, which will be touched on more particularly hereafter, contained in addition to dictionaries of Geography, a “Dictionary of History,” in which biography was admitted. This important extension was adopted in a second edition of the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*,” at the instance, it is said, of the then Duke of Buccleuch. Smellie, after opposing it in vain, refused to have anything further to do with the “*Encyclopædia*,” and by declining to take a share in the property of it, which was offered him, unwittingly declined a fortune. His place was taken in the second edition by a Mr. James Tytler, whose co-operation is thought to have been of so little advantage to

the credit of the work, that those who seek his biography will seek it in vain in the columns of the modern "Encyclopædia Britannica." He was, as we learn from Chambers's "Eminent Scotsmen," one of those drunken men of letters who were then as common as they have fortunately since been rare, and, lodging at a washerwoman's, it is said he had no other desk on which to write his articles than her inverted tub. But the second edition of the "Britannica," under whatever auspices, had a much more brilliant success than the first, and was soon followed by a still more successful third. Its subsequent history was treated at length in an article in the seventieth volume of the *Quarterly Review*; and a new edition has been lately completed, enriched, chiefly on the more popular subjects, with contributions by many distinguished writers. From the time of the second edition of this work, every cyclopædia of note in England or elsewhere has been a cyclopædia not solely of the arts and sciences, but of the whole wide circle of general learning and miscellaneous information.

It would thus appear that the meaning, or rather the application, of the word cyclopædia has entirely changed. About a century ago, as we have seen, it denoted a dictionary of the arts and sciences exclusively; it now denotes a dictionary of universal information, of which the arts and sciences form but a part, and that not the most important one. Are we hence to conclude that the modern cyclopædia was unknown before this course of experiments was begun? If we were to do so, we should fall into error. The thing existed before, but under another name; and the class of work now prevalent is in reality of earlier origin than the class it appears to have superseded. An examination of some of the older books of reference will demonstrate this curious fact.

The "Historical Dictionary" of Louis Moréri was one of the most indispensable sets of books in a well-appointed library for about a century from the date of its first appearance at Lyons in 1673. It ran in the original French through two-and-twenty editions, the last of which was in ten volumes folio. It was translated, imitated, and enlarged in English and Dutch and German, and even in Spanish; and Peter the Great is said to have ordered its translation into Slavonic. The original volume which was the father of so

numerous a progeny was mainly a dictionary of the names of persons and places—a gazetteer and biographical dictionary in one; and it is important to remember, in estimating the merits of Moréri, that no such work as a general biographical dictionary was at that time in existence. His was the first book in which a reader would find assembled sketches of the lives of Cæsar and Columbus, Ariosto and Calvin, Charles I. of England and Charles V. of Germany.

The great work of Moréri was projected when he was twenty-five, and produced when he was thirty. He died in 1680, at thirty-seven, worn out by the labor of preparing a second edition, in two volumes, of which he only lived to complete the first in print. The second was issued by other hands; the work was more successful than before; and in 1689 it had already reached a fifth edition at Paris, which was augmented by a third volume of supplement, by the Abbé de Saint-Ussan. The Preface to this supplement is remarkable in many points of view. "The real use of this Dictionary," says the writer, "is to obtain at once on all sorts of subjects, of some degree of importance either in history or science, information which is not found elsewhere, or only to be found after a tedious search, and in books which treat of matters at length; besides which it would be necessary to have at one's disposal libraries of great extent to search out what was wanted to be known. It has now been endeavored to complete the subjects which were not treated at sufficient length in the first two volumes of M. Moréri, and to include in this Dictionary everything curious and worthy of remark. Many persons of learning and capacity to execute this great design have assisted in this labor." Some have composed articles on the subjects which they have made their principal study, and others have made abstracts from the principal authors, ancient and modern, French, Latin, Italian, etc. These abstracts are sometimes from a single author who has treated the subject profoundly, and often from several whose information has been combined in one article." In place of a single author we find here in full operation the modern system of Editor and Contributors. The Preface also called the attention of the reader to the character and variety of the articles which the work contained. Not only, it was pointed out, did it embrace the

names of illustrious personages of all kinds, forming thus what has since been called a Biographical Dictionary; the names of heathen gods and goddesses, forming what now constitutes a Mythological Dictionary; the names of countries, towns, and places, now looked for in a Gazetteer; but the names of dignitaries, such as Pope, Admiral, Baron; of public bodies, such as Parliament and Sanhedrim; of parties in the State, such as Royalists, Agitators, the League; of remarkable buildings, such as Coliseum, Mausoleum; of remarkable books and documents, such as Genesis and the "Augsburg Confession;" of remarkable objects and actions, such as Crown, Cross, Mummies, Duel, Bed of Justice, etc., etc. In glancing through the volume we come upon articles on Antipodes, Artillery, Canal, Comedy, Greek Fire, Enamel, Medals, Oriflamme, Phosphorus, Banyan-tree, Comets, Meridian, Stars, Zodiac, Printing, Architecture, Painting, Sculpture. "There are few of these sort of articles," the Preface remarks, "in the first two volumes, but it is easy to perceive that M. Moréri intended to comprise them in his dictionary, or in a work that he designed to add to it; for in the two first volumes we find" a number of articles of various kinds which are enumerated, including "Cardinal, Parliament, Cabal, Pleiades, Sagittarius," etc. Moréri said in his Preface of 1673, that one of his friends had told him that the work he was writing was an "Encyclopædia of History." In the form to which it was brought by the supplement of 1689, it was already an Encyclopædia of something more. Articles of the kind enumerated do not belong to a modern Biographical Dictionary or Gazetteer: they are found in a modern "Cyclopædia," and in no other work of alphabetical arrangement, save, indeed, a Dictionary. The value of these additions seems to have been at once recognized in the manner then usual—in the instantaneous piracy of the work by the booksellers of Holland, at that time the great literary freebooters of Europe. A new edition appeared under their auspices, with the supplement incorporated with the original stock, and numerous corrections, additions, and alterations by the industrious scholar Le Clerc. For many years afterwards the cheap and excellent Dutch editions commanded an extensive sale, till the French retaliated by issuing new editions augmented with the spoils of

the Dutch. The work was so popular that it attracted a "parasite," and the famous "Critical Dictionary" of Bayle was originally intended to form a running criticism on a book so universally in request.

The statement taken from Moréri's Preface, that a friend had told him his work would be an Encyclopædia of History, shows that the term Encyclopædia was already in common use to describe a work of comprehensive character; and it may be worth while to diverge for a moment to trace the word to its origin. It is well known that it is applied by Pliny and Quintilian—who both treat it as a foreign word, inserting it in the original Greek in the midst of their Latin—to denote the whole circle of instruction or field of learning, but it was never employed by the ancients as the title of a book. Pliny's own work, indeed, which embraces a survey of the whole knowledge of his time, was named by himself "Historia Naturalis." The first use of Encyclopædia as a title is now generally, but erroneously, ascribed to the Arabs. It is said in the account of Encyclopædias, by Mr. Macvey Napier, prefixed to the "Britannica," and also in many other similar notices, that an Arabic treatise on the Sciences, by Alfarabi, a great Oriental luminary of the tenth century, is described by Casiri, in his catalogue of the Arabic manuscripts in the Escorial, published at Madrid in 1769, and that Casiri "mentions that it is inscribed with the title of Encyclopædia." But a reference to the catalogue in question will show that this is a mistake, though a pardonable one. Casiri does, indeed, describe the book (at vol. i. page 189) as "*Opus in primis eruditum ac perutile Encyclopædia inscriptum*;" but in a note to the word "Encyclopædia," he gives the Arabic title, *Ihsa-el-olûm*, "Description of the Sciences," which he had aimed at translating by the European term. The work would appear to be of no great extent, for Casiri catalogues it as the third tract in a single manuscript volume; and he afterwards gives a list, taken from an Arabic bibliographer, of sixty works by Alfarabi, among which the "*Ihsa-el-olûm*" is not pointed out as of any particular bulk or importance. Another assertion which is current with regard to the title is equally open to correction. "The first person who conceived the idea of an encyclopædia or universal dictionary," we are told in Timperley's

"Encyclopædia of Literary and Typographical Anecdote," "was Andrew Matthew Acquaviva, Duke of Atri and Prince of Teramo, in the kingdom of Naples. He was one of the greatest luminaries of the age in which he lived. He published a work under this title in two volumes folio, which, though scanty and defective, was sufficient to give some hints for conducting a compilation of that kind. He died in the year 1528." Timperley probably copied this statement *verbatim*, as was his practice, from some author whose name he does not give; but the statement is inadmissible as it stands. The sole authority for the existence of Acquaviva's books appears to be an ambiguous sentence of the careless and inaccurate Paulus Jovius, the contemporary of the author, who adds to the assertion that no Prince of Italy surpassed Acquaviva in learning, the words "*uti præclare constat ex eo libro nobili pariter ac erudito qui Encyclopædia inscribitur.*" Mazzuchelli, the most diligent of Italian bibliographers, says in his "*Scrittori d'Italia*," that he had not been able to discover such a book; and Afflitto, who in his "*Scrittori di Napoli*" has a very full notice of the whole family of Acquaviva, remarks that "of this book apparently nothing remains to us but the title." Adelung thinks that the work really meant by Jovius is a volume by Acquaviva, still extant, of Comments on Plutarch, in which we are told in the title that "*omnis divinæ et humanæ sapientiæ arcana patefiunt.*" The conjecture seems very likely to be a correct one.

The first extant work of magnitude which really bears the name we are tracing is the "Encyclopædia," a century later than Acquaviva, of John Henry Alsted, a Protestant clergyman, who was born in 1588 at Herborn, in Nassau, but migrated to Transylvania, where he died in 1638. Alsted's "Encyclopædia" saw two editions in his own time—the first in 1620, and the second in 1630; dates which are given from his own statement in the first case, and from the book itself in the second, and which differ from those to be found in several works of some reputation. The second edition, the entire product of his own pen, except where he was guilty of plagiarism (to which Thomasius asserts he was much addicted), runs, in two folio volumes, to two thousand four hundred and forty-four pages of very small type in double columns

of eighty lines to a page. This vast mass of matter is drawn up in a manner which peculiarly unfits it for consultation, and was evidently intended by its too-complacent author for continuous reading, the divisions and subdivisions of every subject being carried to an extreme unusual even in that age of pedantry. Alsted seems, indeed, to have been particularly adverse to alphabetical arrangement, except in the case of an index. One of his other works is a "*Compendium Lexici Philosophici*," published in 1626, and here—even in a dictionary—he avoids in general giving the words which he defines in the order of the alphabet. He lays down as a definition at the beginning of his "Encyclopædia:" "*Encyclopædia est methodica comprehensio rerum omnium in hac vitâ discendum.*" His work had the honor of being reprinted in 1649 at Lyons; but though his contemporaries complimented his diligence by pointing out that "*Sedulitas*" was the anagram of Alstedius, their opinion of his judgment was probably not heightened by his belief that the germs of all knowledge whatever are to be found in the Scriptures, and that the Millennium would commence in the year 1694. In the introduction to his "Encyclopædia" he does not assert that his work is the first of its kind; on the contrary, he speaks of several authors as having preceded him with works of a character similar to his own, and particularly mentions Fortius Ringelbergius and Matthew Martinus as the authors of "Encyclopædias." There is a work of Ringelbergius, of which there are two editions, each in a moderate-sized duodecimo volume—one, printed at Basil in 1541, bearing the title "*Lucubrationes vel potius absolutissima Κυκλοπαίδεια*;" the other, printed at Lyons in 1556, bearing the title "*Ringelbergii Opera*," without any mention of Cyclopædia—the contents of both being exactly the same. The volume consists of a series of dissertations on grammar, dialectics, rhetoric, etc.: and towards the end there is a division called "*Chaos*" into which the author has thrown whatever he could find no fitter place for. The book is composed in a most ambitious vein, and in one passage the author bursts out: "I would rather be torn in a thousand pieces (and may I perish if I speak otherwise than I feel) than give up the hope of reaching the very summit of immortal fame." Such were the aspirations of an

unhappy writer, who, if he had really formed the first plan of a Cyclopædia, might possibly have attained the object of his ambition, but who, as it is, has not even found a niche in the "Biographie Universelle." The Martinus whom Alsted mentions appears to have published an "Idea brevis et methodicæ Encyclopædiæ seu Adumbratio Universitatis," at Herborn, the native town of Alsted, in 1606, when Alsted was eighteen years of age, and thus, in all probability, to have first inspired him with the idea which he afterwards carried out. If, therefore, we put aside the obscure and dubious claim of Acquaviva, it would appear that to Ringelbergius belongs the merit, whether large or small, of having first used the word *Κυκλοπαίδεια* as the title to a book, and to Alsted that of having first used it as the title of a vast system of knowledge which did not differ in the principle of its arrangement from many compendiums of knowledge which existed before him. The plan of Alsted did not in the slightest degree anticipate that of Moréri, to whom we now return.

Only four years after Moréri's first edition, there appeared at Basil, in the Latin language, in two closely printed folios presenting an enormous mass of reading, the "Lexicon Universale Historico-Geographico-Chronologico-Poetico-Philologicum" of John Jacob Hofmann, a professor at the University of Basil. This was in 1677; and in 1683, before the appearance of any supplement to Moréri, Hofmann had produced a supplement to his own Lexicon in two more copious folios than the Lexicon itself. The original and the supplement were incorporated, with numerous additions by the author, in an edition issued by the ever-active Dutch booksellers in 1698; but, in this instance, the author was in league with the Dutchmen, and his Swiss publishers commenced an action against him for having assisted the pirates. The Dutch edition of Hofmann continues to this day a valued book of reference. It is a striking proof of the declining fortunes of the Latin language in the eighteenth century, that, while the French Moréri ran through its two-and-twenty editions, its Latin competitor was never reprinted after 1698. The plan of Hofmann is markedly coincident with that of Moréri. The geographical notices are particularly copious; though it is said that Hofmann, in the course of a

long life, had never been out of Basil: the biographical comprise a large array of the dead, and even a few of the living, including the contemporary sovereigns Louis XIV. and Charles II. It might have been argued with some plausibility that the same plan must have occurred simultaneously to the Frenchman and the Swiss, since the four years which elapsed between the first appearance of the two dictionaries seem altogether insufficient to the compilation, by one hand, of the mass of curious matter which fills the pages of the first edition of Hofmann; but, as in the six years which followed he undoubtedly added a still larger quantity to the original stock, the objection falls in his case to the ground. It is to Moréri, therefore, that we must award the undivided honor of having struck out a plan, which found so early an imitator, and which has never wanted imitators from that day to this.

The "Lexicon Universale" of Hofmann was soon followed by the commencement of an "Universal Library" in a modern language, and on a much more extensive scale. This was the *Biblioteca Universale, o sia Gran Dizionario Storico, Geografico, Antico, Moderno, Naturale, Poetico, Cronologico, Genealogico, Matematico, Politico, Botanico, Medico, Chimico, Giuridico, Filosofico, Teologico, e Biblico*, of Fra Vincenzo Coronelli, of which the first volume appeared at Venice in 1701. Coronelli's was indeed a "gigantic genius fit to grapple with" or even, to compile whole libraries. In the portrait of him, which is given in the first volume of his Dictionary, he is depicted as surrounded with scrolls bearing the titles of his writings; and he is stated to have been the author of a hundred and eleven printed volumes, in various languages, chiefly on matters of geography. He tells us that he had been engaged for more than thirty years in collecting in Italy, France, and England the materials of this vast "farrago," a date which brings him close to the date of Moréri, who commenced the compilation of his Dictionary in 1668. The "Biblioteca Universale" was to consist of five-and-forty folio volumes; and Coronelli announced that even if Providence were to terminate his life before the completion of his undertaking, he had taken measures to continue it beyond the grave. "The materials," says the Preface, "are already arranged, and several

learned persons provided with instructions, who will have the power to enforce from the printer the obligation he has contracted to continue the printing, and who will have every facility to carry out the plan." The work had, however, advanced only to its seventh volume, when in 1718 Coronelli died, and, after all his precautions, his work died with him. It forms a monument to his memory on the shelves of great libraries, not unlike the broken shaft of a column that is now so common in the cemeteries.

The intended five-and-forty folios of Coronelli were surpassed in actual achievement by the sixty-four of the "*Grosses vollständiges Universal-Lexikon*," the most colossal of German compilations. The work was so enormous and so various, that it required to be edited by nine editors at once, who have the honor of being compared in the Preface to the Nine Muses. The names of all nine have been consigned to oblivion, while the work is generally quoted as "*Zedler's Lexicon*," from the name of the daring bookseller who projected, and who, in a certain sense, completed it. Commenced in 1732, the work was carried in about twenty years right through the alphabet; but it had unluckily been announced at the very beginning, that a Supplement would be published, and the Supplement stuck fast. Four folios carried it no farther than the letter C; and there, in 1754, with the sixty-eighth volume in all, the great Lexicon came to a stand-still, and remains with less hope of being resumed than the great Cathedral of Cologne. The title-page describes it as "the great Complete Universal Lexicon of all Sciences and Arts which have yet been discovered and improved by human understanding and ingenuity," in which "not only the geographical and political description of the globe, and all countries, cities, and ports, the lives of emperors, kings, learned men," etc., are included; but also "mythology, antiquities, numismatics, philosophy, mathematics, theology, jurisprudence, and medicine." This abridgment of a title-page, which, if given at full length, would occupy two or three pages of the *Quarterly Review*, is sufficient to show that Zedler's gigantic undertaking was an Encyclopædia in all but the title. Its execution is, as might be expected, very various. The part of it which is most successful is the genealogical and biographical, which contains innumer-

able notices of families and persons who are found in no other general dictionary. Its value in this respect has been largely recognized of late years, and the long array of substantial folios, which might once have been procured almost at the price of waste paper, are now treated with due respect in booksellers' catalogues.

That the works we have now been passing in review, the Dictionaries of Moréri, Hofmann, Coronelli, and Zedler, are the real and direct ancestors of the great Cyclopædias of our own day, is a proposition that can, we think, hardly be disputed. The Cyclopædia of Ephraim Chambers and the Cyclopædia of Charles Knight are works distinct in character, but alike in name; the Cyclopædia of Charles Knight and the Dictionary of Moréri are works distinct in name, but alike in character. Of the four divisions into which Knight's Cyclopædia is distributed, the geographical and biographical, occupying ten volumes out of twenty-two, have no representatives in Chambers, but are the very marrow of Moréri. In short, in the great work of the Frenchman were first assembled a number of branches of information which were afterwards put asunder and have now been united again, and the union is what bears in modern language the name of Cyclopædia, originally applied to one of its members.

The honor, however, that has hitherto been generally ascribed to Moréri's Dictionary is not that it was the first of cyclopædias, but the first of historical, and therefore, by implication, the first of biographical dictionaries. Moréri himself was so far from laying claim to any invention in the matter, that his own words are the strongest evidence against him. After stating in his Preface that several authors had labored on such a work as his own, "even before St. Isidore and Suidas, but that their works have not come down to us," he goes on to say, "perhaps the curious would wish to hear what has been the fate of historical dictionaries, and who in the last age took the pains to work at one. Erasmus states in some part of his writings that he had the intention to compose one for the purpose of assisting those who are beginning to read the poets. An anonymous writer, who calls himself the friend of Erasmus, published one about the year 1534." Moréri has here, as was unhappily his custom, fallen

into several errors, and the book which he mentions as anonymous is shown by Prosper Marchand to have been a work by Torrentinus, a learned Dutchman, the first edition of which was published with his name long before the date of 1534. But even Prosper Marchand, whose article on Torrentinus, in his *Critical Dictionary*, is one of the most ingenious pieces of literary research anywhere to be found, has fallen into oversights and errors which those who come a century after him can easily correct by the aid of the more elaborate catalogues of the early literature of Europe which are now in existence. The current ideas on the history of biographical dictionaries abound in mistakes which it would be neither useless nor uninteresting to rectify; but the task is one which our limits will not allow us to pursue. It may suffice to say that while separate gazetteers or geographical dictionaries have existed from the time of Stephanus Byzantinus, who is assigned by the best critics to the fifth century, the earliest exclusively biographical dictionary in European literature is of the eighteenth, and the earliest bearing the name of Biographical Dictionary is the English publication commenced by Osborne, the bookseller, of Johnsonian fame, in 1761,—the same book which in its third edition is still well known as Chalmers's Dictionary, from its editor, Alexander Chalmers. The earliest biographical dictionary sprang from the historical dictionary of Bayle. Bayle, as we have seen, grew out of Moréri; and we believe after examination that in this respect also Moréri was different from all who preceded him, and essentially a founder. It is now time, however, to return to the main subject.

The Cyclopædia might be expected to prosper in Germany, the land of erudition. The legitimate successor to the great work of Zedler is the great work of Ersch and Grüber, the "*Encyclopädie aller Künste und Wissenschaften*," commenced in 1818 and still slowly advancing towards completion. As in some gigantic tunnel, for the execution of which three shafts are obliged to be sunk, operations were till lately carried on at once in this cyclopædia from three different points of the alphabet. The first division, beginning of course at A, has now advanced in seventy-five volumes to nearly the end of G; the second, beginning at H, in thirty-one volumes to Junius; and the third, beginning at

O, in twenty-five volumes to Phyxius; making one hundred and thirty-one volumes in all. But the number of volumes sounds more formidable than it really is, for the quartos of Ersch and Grüber are particularly thin for German quartos, amounting to less than five hundred pages each. The work is solidly, perhaps too solidly done; for in the case of the four Georges, Kings of England, the Cyclopædia absolutely gives us two lives of each individual—one written by an Englishman, the other by a German. Many of the articles would of themselves fill octavos of the usual dimensions. The work will probably surpass in number of volumes and regularity of publication the "*Oekonomisch-technologische Encyclopädie*" of Krünitz, which is of itself a marvel. It commenced in 1773, and was completed in 1858, in two hundred and forty-two octavos. It is scarcely a wonder that it is recorded as a fact in its history, that at the time that the volume had been published which closes with the article "*Leiche*,"—a corpse,—the original editor, Krünitz, was stretched on his bier.

The great work of Zedler had been preceded in point of time by a small publication, the title of which, "*Conversations-Lexicon*," is now universally familiar. It was in the year 1704 that the "*Reales Staats-Zeitungs und Conversations-Lexicon*" was first issued in a single octavo volume at Leipzig, by the firm of Gleditsch, one of those venerable German bookselling firms the history of which can be traced for centuries. According to the practice of the time, an eminent author was applied to to write the preface; and though Johannes Hübner wrote nothing else, the book was usually known from him as Hübner's Lexicon. The contents of the volume are similar to those of Moréri on an abridged scale, except that biography is omitted, and Hübner, to show the utility of the new publication in the perusal of newspapers, gave a list of a hundred words, very like those we have quoted from the preface to Moréri's Supplement—Whigs, Tories, Cameronians, etc. The book was so successful that it ran through five editions by 1712, and in 1713 Hübner was called on to write a preface to a second part, "*Curieuses Natur-Kunst-Gewerb- und Handlungs-Lexicon*," intended to form one of a series of "*Real Lexicons*" or Cyclopædias, in one volume, each on a different subject, on a very similar plan to those

which have been issued within the last forty years by the Messrs. Longman. One of these Lexicons was the famous "Gelehrten Lexicon," or Biographical Dictionary of Authors, first known as Menckenius's, then as Joecher's, the last edition of which, in four quarto volumes, and its incomplete continuation by Adelung and Rotermond, in six other quartos, are known and prized by every literary inquirer. The "Conversations-Lexicon" of Hübner continued its triumphant course for upwards of a century. The last edition of it we have traced is the thirty-first, in four volumes, at Leipzig, in 1824.

Meanwhile the name had been borrowed for another publication, which has made the name famous and also made an epoch in the annals of cyclopædias. A certain Dr. Loebell projected and commenced in 1796 a cyclopædia for the ladies under the title of "Frauenzimmer Lexicon," and, though he died in 1798, the work was carried on and finally completed after many delays in 1810. The stock of the work was then sold to Brockhaus, a bookseller in Amsterdam; the title was altered, the contents improved, and in his hands it prospered so amazingly that before a second edition could be completed, a third and fourth were called for. The leading idea in "Brockhaus's Conversations-Lexicon," as it was universally called in honor of its publisher who was also partly its editor, was that it should be an "Encyclopædia of Modern Times," much prominence being given to subjects of every kind after the date of the first French Revolution, in comparison to those before it. Especial attention was also paid in it to literary matters in preference to scientific. One of the elements of its original success was, no doubt, its paucity of volumes; but it has gone on increasing and increasing, till it has now assumed the proportions of a full-grown cyclopædia, and the last edition, completed in 1855, nominally consists of fifteen octavo volumes, but really comprises sixteen, the two last being called the first and second divisions of the fifteenth. It has in consequence been deemed advisable to publish an abridgment in four octavos, to suit the convenience of its less affluent patrons.

That the success of the Lexicon of Brockhaus should have called forth numerous or rather innumerable imitations in Germany, is not calculated to excite surprise; but the

extent to which it has been made the basis of similar undertakings in other countries is a phenomenon without a parallel. The most prominent fact in the literary aspect of modern Europe is the large number of languages now under cultivation, compared to the number a century ago. That period has witnessed the rise of German literature from obscurity and neglect to the position of one of the three principal literatures of Europe; the revival of Danish and Swedish from a condition of languor; the rapid development of Russian under every circumstance of favor; the steady advance of Polish against every conceivable obstacle; the sudden emancipation of Hungarian and Bohemian from a state in which they were both supposed to be on the verge of extinction. One of the signs of life in many of these languages has been the call for newspapers and periodicals, and latterly for cyclopædias; and by all the other nations the German Conversations-Lexicon has been taken as a model. The "Dansk Conversations-Lexicon" of Kofod and the "Dansk Conversations-Lexicon" of Larsen are both founded on the work of Brockhaus; but with substitutions of other matter where Danish interests are in question. Those who look for their information on the affairs of Sleswick and Holstein in the Danish Lexicon will soon perceive that the articles present no German tinge. The articles of Scandinavian biography are also in general rewritten, and with much advantage to their fulness and correctness; for, although to Western and Southern Europe the Germans are still the chief authorities on Scandinavian matters, the natives are far from admitting the depth of their information or the justice of their criticism. The Hungarian "Esmeretek Tara" is also founded on the basis of Brockhaus, with all that relates to Hungary rewritten—a process which has the effect of clothing a skeleton with flesh. The Hungarians have, however, of late grown more ambitious; and, in addition to other works of the kind, the St. Stephen's Society, a Catholic literary association, has commenced a new undertaking, the "Egyetemes Magyar Encyclopædia" or "Universal Hungarian Cyclopædia," of which the first three substantial volumes extend no farther in the alphabet than "Asa." On all Hungarian matters the information of this cyclopædia is most copious; but on foreign matters, it is of no good augury that

they speak in the highest terms of a certain English History of the Reformation, and ascribe it not to Cobbett, but to Cobden. The Russian "Entsiklopedichesky Lexikon," commenced by Grech in 1835, was also to be founded in non-Russian articles on the work of Brockhaus; but grew to such an amplitude that, in spite of imperial patronage, it collapsed at the seventeenth volume in the fourth letter of the Russian alphabet, which consists of thirty-six. The succeeding Russian Cyclopædia, of more modest dimensions, was completed by Starchevsky, in twelve volumes, in 1855; and two new competitors in the same walk are now contending for the favor of the Russian public. The Polish Cyclopædia of the bookseller Orgelbrand, the twelfth volume of which has just appeared at Warsaw, bringing it to the letter H, is another offshoot of Brockhaus; but appeals particularly to the sympathies of the Catholic public, which was duly informed in the "Biblioteka Warszawska" that some masses had been celebrated at the expense of the publisher to inaugurate its commencement. The Bohemian Cyclopædia of Riegar, also largely indebted to Brockhaus, began its course in 1861, and it has been stated that in so limited a country as Bohemia, in which only a portion of the population speaks Bohemian, it has found no less than seven thousand subscribers. Literary enthusiasm has seldom at any time blazed higher in any nation than now, fanned by an ardent spirit of nationality, in some of the awakening populations of Eastern Europe.

Even in Western Europe moreover the "Conversations-Lexikon" has served as the basis for large literary enterprises. The "Dictionnaire de la Conversation et de la Lecture," a successful and meritorious work, which was commenced at Paris in 1832, was avowedly founded upon it, as the title shows; and the "Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde," which was its rival, borrowed also largely from the German prototype. As in so many other cases, the French served as conductors for introducing a new idea to the acquaintance of Southern Europe. Italy, which had until then no general cyclopædia in the modern sense, — that of Coronelli being imperfect, and that of Pivati being of the now obsolete school of Chambers, — was indebted to Pomba, the spirited publisher of Turin, for an "Enciclopedia Italiana," which was brought to

a successful termination, and is now passing through a second and improved edition. Spain, which had hitherto made but one abortive attempt, followed with an "Enciclopedia Moderna," from the press of Melado, who had already given to Spanish literature an "Historical Dictionary," which is a valuable mine of information on the "things of Spain." Portugal is the only country of literary antecedents which remains without a Cyclopædia.

The "Conversations-Lexikon" was first translated into the English language in 1829–32 in the United States, by the German, Francis Lieber, under the very inappropriate name of "Encyclopædia Americana;" and in 1841 and 1862 it was reprinted at Glasgow, with some additional introductory matter, under the title of the "Popular Cyclopædia." This cyclopædia was less an imitation than a translation of the German work, though it contained several original American articles; and it is scarcely a matter of surprise that it did not take root either in America or England. With all its merit, there is a certain dryness about both the matter and manner of the "Conversations-Lexicon" that does not suit the taste of the Anglo-Saxon public on either side of the Atlantic. Too much information is often condensed into too small a space, with an effect too nearly approaching that of the contractions in printing, of which the Germans are so fond, and ourselves so much the reverse. A translation of the latest edition is now being published in London and Edinburgh, under the familiar and somewhat confusing name of "Chambers's Cyclopædia;" but the Chambers, on this occasion, is not the Ephraim Chambers of whom we have had to speak so often, but the Robert Chambers whose name will be memorable as having originated so many valuable literary enterprises in the nineteenth century. The work contains a quantity of original matter, which is at least equal in merit to the translated; but a foreign work appears hardly likely to supplant in England the native cyclopædias. A different plan, which seems sufficiently obvious, might perhaps have given the work a claim to attention which it at present lacks. As there are now in existence Danish, Hungarian, Russian, Polish, Bohemian, French, Spanish, and Italian Cyclopædias on the plan of the German Conversations-Lexicon, but in

which the articles on national subjects are rewritten by natives, why should not an English edition be produced in which on all these points the native authorities should be referred to, in place of the German, thus producing a genuine "European Cyclopædia"? We doubt if such a work would ever supersede, for English use, an "English Cyclopædia;" but it would, at all events, be a standard work of a valuable character,—and indeed we understand that in the biographical part of the "English Cyclopædia" some approach to this plan has been attempted.

Our island has carried on for many years an extensive manufacture of cyclopædias. England and Scotland have often met in rivalry, and Wales has produced one cyclopædia in Welsh, and is now producing another. It is said at one time there were no less than six English competitors in the field. The most extensive cyclopædia in our language is that in forty-five volumes, which goes by the name of Rees, but which is a new edition of that of Ephraim Chambers. With many excellent articles it has been generally condemned as on the whole too diffuse and too commonplace. The "Britannica" stood in public estimation above all its competitors till the appearance of the "Penny Cyclopædia" in 1832. The "Edinburgh Encyclopædia" of Brewster, the "Encyclopædia Perthensis," and the "Encyclopædia Edinensis," the "Encyclopædia Londinensis," the "London Encyclopædia," and the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana" failed to reach the same level. Of the "Metropolitana" we shall soon have occasion to speak in its character of a "divisional" cyclopædia. Of the "Cabinet Cyclopædia" we purposely say nothing, because, not being in alphabetical order, it does not belong—whatever its title—to the class of works which we consider to have been originated by Moréri and Saint-Ussan.

The particulars that have now been given have shown that during the last two hundred years two adverse impulses or principles have been continually in operation in the cyclopedic world, each of which has won its victories, and been hailed as triumphant at different periods. There has been an impulse to bring together the various elements of knowledge, and an impulse to part them asunder. At one time it was considered a point of progress to amalgamate geography and biography; at

another, to treat each in a separate form; and at a third to bring them together again with a host of additional ingredients. It is now time to notice the attempts which have also been made at different times to unite the advantages of combination and separation by means of "divisional" cyclopædias, some of which deserve especial notice.

We have already mentioned the series of "Real Lexicons," commenced by the German firm of Gleditsch, but this was hardly more than a foreshadowing of the great enterprise of the same kind to which the French gave the name of the "Encyclopédie Méthodique." The project was to issue a new and improved edition of the work of Diderot and D'Alembert, in which the great encyclopædia was to be broken up into a series of small cyclopædias, each embracing in alphabetical order a separate science, and the whole thus covering in combination the field of knowledge. It is obvious that much of the value of this plan would depend on the skilful distribution of its parts, and in this respect the "Encyclopédie Méthodique" was, we think, particularly unfortunate. There are of special dictionaries or divisions in the whole series not less than forty-eight, which, even if well-chosen, would have been much too numerous, but which are far from being well-chosen. It would, indeed, be cruel to reproach the editors with having assigned one section to the debates of the "National Assembly," and proposed to give in the alphabetical order of the subjects the speeches of all the members—a plan which, as may be supposed, was never carried out beyond a single volume, comprising the letter A. It must be remembered that the "Encyclopédie Méthodique," begun in 1782, had to make its way through the stormiest days of the French Revolution; and an extravagance of this kind may be forgiven to editors and publishers, whose heads it probably assisted in keeping on their shoulders. But there can be no similar excuse for dividing the Geography into three portions—Ancient Geography, Modern Geography, and Physical Geography; for separating the Natural History into five divisions, and for divorcing the Surgery from the Medicine. On the whole, it is remarkable that in so vast an undertaking all the parts, with the exception of the unlucky "National Assembly" division, were finally brought to completion. The "Encyclopédie

Méthodique" fills one hundred and sixty-six quarto volumes of text and fifty-one of plates, and it took just half a century in publishing—from 1782 to 1832. It is in magnitude the greatest cyclopædia that has yet been completed.

There is, however another French cyclopædia on much the same plan as the "Encyclopédie Méthodique," which, while professing to treat only of a single science, approaches within a few volumes of the same enormous bulk, and yet was completed in fifteen years instead of fifty. The "Encyclopédie Théologique" of the Abbé Migne, the first series of which consists of fifty volumes, the second of fifty-two, and the third of fifty-seven, making in all the stupendous amount of one hundred and fifty-nine, is one of the most astonishing of the astonishing publications, of the great book-factory of Montrouge. It was issued between 1845 and 1860. The projector, the Abbé Jaquese Paule Migne, came to Paris in 1833, at the age of thirty-three, to found the first daily religious newspaper that was ever published—*L'Univers*, afterwards so famous under the editorship of Veuillot. It was probably from the habit of witnessing the wonders of the daily newspaper press that he conceived the idea of organizing permanent publications on a more gigantic scale than had ever hitherto been tried. It is evident that if the power which is daily applied in producing the ephemeral sheets of the *Times* were turned to the production of octavo volumes intended for preservation, the shelves of our libraries might be very soon stocked. The Abbé commenced his series of publications with two "courses," as they are called, of Commentaries, the first on Scripture, the second on Theology, both in the Latin language; and it is said that, being priced remarkably cheap, and being suited to the wants of a large class of purchasers, the Roman Catholic clergy, these publications at once found twenty thousand subscribers. His next great undertaking, now on the eve of completion, was a series of the Greek and Latin Fathers, extending to three hundred and thirty volumes, to which he proposes to add a series of two hundred indexes, drawn up with a minuteness hitherto unknown, on which a staff of thirty individuals is now employed.* The dream of his life is to com-

plete a "Universal Library for the Clergy," consisting altogether of two thousand volumes, similar to the many hundreds he has already published, of a quarto or rather royal octavo size, closely printed in double columns, each volume comprising about the matter of five usual octavos, so that the whole mass would be equal to a library of about ten thousand ordinary volumes. He has already done so much, and has been so remarkably well supported, that the idea cannot by any means be pronounced chimerical. His publications fill several presses in the reading-room of the British Museum: his establishment at Montrouge is one of the marvels of the environs of Paris. The three sets of his "Encyclopédie Théologique" embrace altogether more than ninety distinct dictionaries or cyclopædias. As might be expected, some of them are only theological in part or in name, as for instance the valuable "Dictionnaire de Bibliologie Catholique" of M. Gustave Brunet, which is only "catholic" in the sense of its containing "universal information on book-sales, catalogues, and libraries; or the "Dictionary of Museums, Religious and Profane," which comprises a list of the pictures in the London National Gallery. Others are Roman Catholic to a degree which vitiates their utility as books of reference. On the whole, however, though we cannot subscribe to the opinion of the Abbé Migne, expressed in his catalogue, that his triple range of dictionaries is a "publication sans laquelle on ne saurait parler, lire et écrire utilement, n'importe dans quelle situation de la vie," we are disposed to concur in the opinion that no library of twenty thousand volumes should be without these one hundred and fifty-nine.

In England it was endeavored to carry the principle of a "methodical cyclopædia" still further than in the "Encyclopédie Méthodique." The "Encyclopædia Metropolitana" was to be distributed into divisions, some of which were to be alphabetically and others philosophically arranged. It had, at least, the advantage over its French predecessor that the divisions were fewer—four, instead of forty-eight. The first was of the pure sciences, the second of the moral and

Fathers already published, ending with Photius, fill 106 volumes; making a total of 323 volumes. Vol. II. of the Index is out; and a continuation of each series is in preparation, which will bring the Greek down to the Council of Florence, and the Latin to the Council of Trent.

*The Latin Fathers already published, ending with Innocent III., fill 217 volumes, and the Greek

applied sciences, the third of biographical and historical matter in chronological order, the fourth of lexicographical and miscellaneous matter in alphabetical order. Philosophy had here not taken a lesson from experience. The biographical and geographical articles which had been so often united in historical dictionaries were not only disjoined, but arranged on different principles: the names of places were considered as belonging to the "miscellaneous" department, and placed in the order of the alphabet, while the names of persons were inserted in the historical portion in chronological order, and only discoverable by a troublesome search. Principle was thus sacrificed, no less than convenience; for if the biographical names were to be arranged in order of time, the geographical ought, by analogy, to have been arranged in order of place. The plan was the proposal of the poet Coleridge, and it had at least enough of a poetical character to be eminently unpractical. It sufficed to obscure for a time all that was excellent in the execution. Richardson's "Dictionary of the English Language," which was part of the miscellaneous department, did not receive its proper meed of reputation till disengaged and re-issued in a separate shape. A great portion of the Cyclopædia was, as it were, dug out of the ruins and re-issued in separate volumes by fresh publishers who acquired the property of the work, and thus distinctly recognized it as a mere quarry of valuable materials. The "Metropolitana" ran to twenty-nine quarto volumes, and was finished in 1845.

The "British Cyclopædia," published in ten octavo volumes, under the editorship of C. F. Partington, from 1835 to 1838, was also distributed into four divisions—Arts and Sciences, Natural History, Biography, and, lastly, in one division, Literature, History, and Geography. The arrangement of the several divisions was alphabetical throughout. The work was of inferior dimensions compared to the great cyclopædias, and would probably have enjoyed more consideration had it been in twenty volumes instead of ten. A biographical dictionary in two octavo volumes can hardly aspire to a higher character than that of a useful compendium; and biography, which, on a large scale, is as entertaining as instructive, is apt on a small scale to sink into a mere matter of names and dates. The "British Cyclopædia" met with only moder-

ate success—with less than in our opinion it deserved.

The "English Cyclopædia," which is now before us, is thus the third of English "divisional" cyclopædias, and, like its predecessors, is distributed into four departments only. In making these divisions, its experienced editor, Mr. Charles Knight, so well known for his "History of England," and his edition of "Shakspeare," appears to have followed an entirely different principle from that which presided over the "Metropolitana." He has taken as a guide the voice of the public as shown in the literary history of the past century and a half. The brilliant success of the "Biographie Universelle," and, still more, the partial success of many works of the kind which have no claim to distinguished merit, have stamped the biographical dictionary as a class of work the utility, not to say the necessity, of which is generally felt. One division of the Cyclopædia is, therefore, a biographical dictionary on so liberal a scale that it exceeds even that of Chalmers in extent, and is thus the most copious that has yet appeared in the English language. A Gazetteer is another class of publication the demand for which is incessant, though the supply has never yet produced a work to compare in popularity and attraction with the best on biography. There is, therefore, a separate Geographical Dictionary, embracing, with large additions, the articles on that head from the "Penny Cyclopædia"—certainly the best that had ever appeared in any work of the kind. The limits of both these divisions are so plainly and strongly marked by nature and custom, that hardly any doubt can be felt as to what they admit and what they exclude. There is still another great distinction which can easily be drawn with sufficient sharpness, and a third division is accordingly made of a Dictionary of Natural History. But then the difficulty comes. The mass of matter that remains is miscellaneous indeed. It here forms one division, under the title of Arts and Sciences; but attached to it is a sort of table in which some of its contents are distributed into eleven sub-divisions, and the very heading of these sub-divisions shows how easily many of them might be sub-divided. One of them, for instance, is "Philology, Mental Philosophy, Government, and Political Economy;" and comprises articles on Buddha, Logic, the

Sanscrit Language, and the Warehousing System. These are, indeed, "strange bed-fellows," yet we judge that Mr. Knight has judged rightly in bringing them together. It is because heterogeneous subjects are brought together in it that a Cyclopædia is in demand, as it is because homogeneous subjects, are brought together in it that a Biographical Dictionary is in demand. In what he has done and what he has left undone, Mr. Knight has followed the decisions of the public—has trod in the path that the history of books of reference indicates, but with such deviations, or rather corrections, as logic requires to make the decisions agree. The two most popular species of books of reference are a Cyclopædia including a Biographical Dictionary, and a Biographical Dictionary in a separate shape. Mr. Knight has harmonized the two incompatible requirements by a slight modification of plan, which enables him to avoid presenting the same matter twice over; while, by a general list of the contents of all four divisions, which has now been issued, he places it in the power of his readers to ascertain by a glance what all the four divisions of the work contain.

The "Biographical Dictionary of the English Cyclopædia" is one of its most prominent features, being, as we have already said, the most copious Biographical Dictionary in the English language, though from its compactness of printing, it occupies only six volumes, while Chalmers's extends to thirty-two. It presents an important innovation on the practice of other cyclopædias, which appears also to be founded on a public wish, pretty clearly expressed. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" contains the biography of no living person, and the "Penny Cyclopædia" was in that respect equally defective. In the "English Cyclopædia" are given many hundreds of the biographies of the living, some of them of considerable length, many others for the first time in print. On numerous occasions since the publication of the Cyclopædia these memoirs have been transferred, with acknowledgments, to the columns of the newspapers, to accompany the notice of the decease of the subjects. That a degree of reserve and reticence should be observed in writing the biographies of living persons which is unnecessary in the case of the long deceased is a point which hardly requires to be enforced, but that such

biographies should be left unwritten is a measure for which it is difficult to perceive a reason. To comprehend fully the history of recent politics and recent science it is absolutely necessary to be acquainted with the biography of Napoleon I. and Napoleon III., of Lord Wellington and Lord Brougham, of Sir Humphry Davy and Professor Faraday; and to omit the notice of some of these conspicuous names because the wearers are still alive is only one degree less unreasonable than it would be to omit the recent history of France, of law reform, or of electric discovery, because they cannot be treated of without mentioning these living names. That the curiosity of the public in this respect is very eager is shown by the favor with which it received the volumes of "Men of our Time," and some others of the same class which followed it. The articles in the Cyclopædia are generally of a far more elaborate character than these; and while much more attention is given to foreign names of importance, insignificant names of all kinds are more carefully excluded—a mark of the watchful superintendence of a judicious editor. With such superintendence the addition of living names seems to us an important addition both to the immediate and permanent value of the "Biographical Dictionary." Abroad the practice has been long adopted, and with general approbation. In the German and other "Conversations-Lexikons" it was one of the main elements of success. In France the "Biographie des Contemporains," by Arnault and Jouy, which was commenced in 1811—the same year as the "Biographie Universelle"—ran to twenty volumes, and a new edition to twenty-five, to say nothing of various rival compilations, many of which contain valuable materials for the history of the time. The "Biographie Universelle" itself adheres to the old practice of noticing only the deceased, but its formidable competitor, the "Biographie Générale," is pursuing the opposite plan on a scale which makes it no unimportant element in a comparison between the advantages offered by the two. The French have also recently commenced a work on a plan entirely novel—the "Dictionnaire des Contemporains" of Vapereau—which it is intended to publish yearly, after the manner of a directory, omitting on each occasion the names of those who have died and insert-

ing the names of those who have emerged into notice during the preceding twelve-month. This work is on the gigantic scale which so frequently excites our admiration in recent French enterprises, the first volume being of the largest octavo size, extending to nearly two thousand pages, and comprising about five thousand lives. The interval between one volume and its successor is certainly too brief, and might be advantageously extended to five years, or even to ten; but the work is a boon to all who desire not only to read but to understand the newspapers.

It is, however, not only on the plan but on the execution that the utility of a work of reference depends. As a city, to be beautiful, requires not only wide and straight thoroughfares to give effect to the buildings, but magnificent buildings to give effect to the thoroughfares; so without the excellence of individual articles no Cyclopædia can be good. It is no small advantage to the "English Cyclopædia" that it is in effect a second edition. It is founded on a work that has already been mentioned as the great rival of the "Britannica," a work that was fortunate in almost everything but the name,—the "Penny Cyclopædia" of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, edited by Professor Long. The literary expenditure on this publication was upwards of forty thousand pounds; but the trivial circumstance that it was first issued in weekly penny numbers led to its receiving a title that refers to cheapness only, and thus seems at first sight to imply the confession that it is of an inferior class, while in reality it has long taken rank with the proudest cyclopædias of any age or country. It counted among its contributors not only such English names as Airy, the Astronomer Royal; Professor Key, the philologist; and Professor De Morgan, the mathematician; Broderip, the enterprising naturalist; Ford, the unrivalled traveller in Spain; Sir Charles Eastlake, the President of the Royal Academy; Sir Edmund Head, the acute art critic and Governor of Canada; Sir George Cornewall Lewis, the classical scholar and War Minister; the late Dr. Donaldson, one of our very best scholars; with a host of others, "our country's honor;" but many foreign names of equal rank, such as Rosen, the Sanscrit scholar; Gayangos, the Spanish Orientalist; and Carl Ritter, the first geographer of Ger-

many. To Ritter, who had devoted years to the study of the geography of Asia, the Cyclopædia was indebted for an article on Asia in which was embodied in a few pages the essence of all his labors. In many other instances a peculiar felicity was displayed in securing for a particular subject the very pen that belonged to it. There was an excellent general article on Weights and Measures by the equally lively and learned Professor De Morgan, but the portion of the article relating to Standard Weights and Measures was by Mr. Sheepshanks, who afterwards superintended the operations for fixing a national standard of measures at the request of a Committee of the House of Commons. It is one of the great advantages of a cyclopædia that it often leads to the composition of treatises like this when probably they would otherwise have remained unwritten. The whole field of knowledge is traversed by the telescope of a vigilant editor, who is naturally led to apply in every important case to the best man whom he can influence, and the best man would often not have thought of taking pen in hand but for such an application. We believe that it was in the French *Encyclopédie* that the example was first set of naming the authors of prominent articles, and in the "Biographie Universelle" of naming the writers of all. The practice has evidently had a strong effect in the improvement of works of reference, and we are sorry it has only been partially followed in the "English Cyclopædia." A list of the chief contributors and their principal articles is given in the division of Arts and Sciences, but in that division only. It should, we think, have been given in all.

There is sufficient, however, in this list to show that almost all the surviving contributors to the "Penny Cyclopædia" of twenty years ago have taken part in its successor, while fresh auxiliaries have been enrolled in almost every branch. We notice, for instance, as the author of the article on "Pottery," Mr. Birch of the British Museum, whose two volumes on Ancient Pottery are only part of his numerous contributions to antiquarian learning; as the author of the article on the "Vedas," Dr. Goldstücker, Professor of Sanscrit at University College, and editor of the new edition of Wilson's "Sanscrit Dictionary;" as the author of the article on "Cuneiform Characters," Mr. Ed-

win Norris of the Foreign Office, the learned coadjutor of Sir Henry Rawlinson. There are many other names which guarantee the high value of the articles to which they are attached, and have no living superiors in the subjects to which they belong. We are sorry not to notice the editor as a frequent contributor, for the pen of Mr. Knight has been very felicitous in those short contributions to the periodicals which have been recently collected in some charming volumes bearing his name; but his assistants in the editorship, to whom he returns thanks in the Preface,—Mr. Alexander Ramsay, of the “Penny Cyclopædia,” and Mr. James Thorne, of the “Rambles by Rivers,”—have contributed to the new “Cyclopædia” some of the best of its articles.

Though the “English Cyclopædia” is, as we have said, in part a reproduction of the “Penny Cyclopædia,” it is also in great part original. The skill of the new editorship is shown in a strong light by the difficulty of detecting where the old ends and the new begins. The principal danger in the case of a re-impression is that of leaving untouched observations and statements that have become obsolete: and it is a danger that in the editions of some cyclopædias has not been avoided. There are disadvantages no less than advantages in the uses of stereotype. If there are oversights of this kind in the “English Cyclopædia,” they are certainly unimportant ones; and the whole of the work, from first to last, leaves the impression of having been produced at a single casting.

The average length of the important articles is that of the articles in a Quarterly Review, and in this also Mr. Knight appears to have studied and followed the voice of the public. It is found by experience that forty or fifty pages of an ordinary-sized octavo, pretty closely printed, are enough to contain a general view of the main points of such a subject as the electric telegraph, or photography, or Post-office statistics; and ten or a dozen of the very compact though clear and legible pages of the “English Cyclopædia” contain just about that quantity. At the same time, the error seems to have been avoided of confining editorial attention to the longer and more conspicuous articles, and the briefer ones have evidently received their due proportion of care—one of the points in the editorship of a cyclopædia that has an important bear-

ing on its real value and utility. In short, the “English Cyclopædia” is a work that as a whole has no superior and very few equals of its kind; that, taken by itself, supplies the place of a small library; and, used in a large library, is found to present many points of information that are sought in vain in any other cyclopædia in the English language.

We have hitherto spoken in a tone of almost unmixed praise, but it will readily be supposed that in so immense a work there are sure to be shortcomings and inequalities. The whole subject of law appears to be treated throughout in too limited a manner, with too exclusive a reference to English law, and even that only in its present state. With the exception of an admirable article on Roman Law by Professor Long, who is confessedly a master of that branch of learning, we meet with scarcely anything in which the subject is treated from the scientific instead of the professional point of view. Again, in comparison with the German Conversations-Lexikon, or even with the new “American Cyclopædia,” by Ripley and Dana, the languages and literatures of the different nations of Europe receive too little attention, and are anything but systematically treated. There is, indeed, a long and elaborate article on the Welsh language and literature, but Gaelic is dismissed with a very scanty notice, and under the head of “Scandinavian Literature” we are merely referred for the history of its modern development in Sweden, Denmark, and Norway to the notices which will be found in the “Biographical Dictionary” under the names of the more eminent authors.

These deficiencies will, we hope, engage the attention of the editor of some future edition or of some future supplement, both of which we have no doubt will be called for. The French, to whom all Europe is indebted for so many discoveries and inventions in the field of literature, have lately set an admirable example in the matter of supplements to cyclopædias. They have commenced an “Annuaire Encyclopédique,” a publication to be continued yearly, in which a notice of all that has occurred in the preceding twelve-month in the world of politics, literature, art, and science is embodied in articles in the usual encyclopædic form, arranged in alphabetical order. The purchaser has thus in his possession a supplement to every preceding

cyclopædia, with the intelligence brought up to within the shortest practicable date, and made as easy of reference as possible. The history of the year is given under the names of the different countries, and is thus far more accessible than in an Annual Register; while much is given that no Annual Register has yet afforded. France is at present unprecedently rich in annual periodicals; there is in addition to the "*Annuaire des Deux Mondes*," certainly the best Annual Register ever issued, an "*Année Agricole*," "*Année Littéraire*," "*Année Musicale*," for affording annual synopses of the progress of agriculture, literature, and music; but not one of all these publications is, we think, calculated to be so useful as the "*Annuaire Encyclopédique*." We should rejoice to hear that the proprietors of the "*English Cyclopædia*" had resolved to issue a similar annual supplement to their own and every similar publication.

Our survey of alphabetical cyclopædias is now brought to a close. A survey of encyclopædias of unalphabetical arrangement would carry us over a much wider expanse of time—from the "*Historia Naturalis*" of Pliny, or the lost work of Varro, to the "*Cabinet Cyclopædia*" of Dr. Lardner, and the "*Manuels-Roret*"—embracing in its course the numerous encyclopædias of the Middle Ages, of which that of the Englishman Bartholomæus de Glanvillâ was one of the most popular, and that of the Frenchman Vincent of Beauvais one of the most complete. It would comprise many of Arabic, Persian, and Turkish origin, from the Arabic collection of the "*Brothers of Purity*," to the Turkish *Mejmua-i-Fenoon*, which is stated to be issuing in monthly parts at Constantinople in 1863. It would lead us to compare the enormous folio of George Valla, in 1501, bearing the singularly clumsy title "*De expetendis et fugiendis rebus opus*," and the enormous folios, already alluded to in passing, of the industrious Alsted, whose title has had such perennial success. It would extend above all to the numerous works of this class which have been produced by the Chinese, who invented printing, tho'

without an alphabet, and approached as near to the invention of cyclopædias as the want of an alphabet would allow them. Even their ordinary histories exhibit many of the characteristics of an encyclopædia in the variety and compass of their contents; and Bazin, the Chinese scholar, in his analysis of the catalogue of the Chinese library, founded by the Emperor Kang He, states that he found among the 10,500 works it contained no less than three hundred and three distinct works of the nature of cyclopædias, some of them of large extent. Almost the only European work that has been spontaneously translated into Chinese by the Chinese themselves, is Hugh Murray's "*Encyclopædia of Geography*," one of Longman's series, a version of which was issued in 1844 to the public of Canton as the work of Commissioner Lin, and speedily ran to a second edition, in twenty volumes. No works in the Chinese language are more full of interest to European readers than the native cyclopædias. An analysis of the most celebrated, that of Ma-Twan-Lin, first printed in 1322, a more modern edition of which, presented by Queen Victoria, is in the British Museum, was given by Klaproth in the "*English Asiatic Journal*" of 1830. In the eleventh volume of the "*Notices et Extraits*" of the manuscripts in the Imperial Library of Paris, an analysis is also given by Abel Rémusat of the Japanese translation of the pictorial Chinese encyclopædia "*San-Tsae-Too-Hwuy*," which is much more extensive and valuable than the small Japanese work of the kind in the British Museum, or than that in the Japanese department of the International Exhibition of 1862, which has, we hear, been transferred to the Museum since the close of the Exhibition. To these very curious notices we must refer our readers who are desirous of further information on this branch of the subject; and for much that is valuable on every class of cyclopædia, we may also refer to the article "*Dictionaries*" in the *English Cyclopædia* itself, in which, under the heading "*Dictionaries of Things*," will be found an excellent summary of information on their history and bibliography.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MY UNCLE AND HIS HOUSE: A STORY
OF DANISH LIFE.

BY M. GOLDSCHMIDT.

DANISH grammar-schools have two vacations of about a month each, the one in summer, and the other at Christmas time. During the summer vacation I generally visited my uncle, a merchant of the old school, at the little town of Wordingborg. He used to send his small craft to Norway and England laden with corn, of which part was grown on his own farms. The colonial produce, and iron, cotton, linen, and silk goods, brought from England, were sold in his own shop; and the timber from Norway was stored in his own timber-yard. He had a brewery and a distillery, and for a farthing you might drink your dram in his tap-room. This extensive business was carried on in an establishment of adequate size; my uncle's house, in fact, stretching itself from the main street of the town to the beach, a distance of more than six hundred yards in length, by about fifty in width. It was an irregularly built house, even the building facing the street looking like two distinct houses—one rather low, containing the shop and offices; the other lofty, that is to say, with two stories, the lower of which contained the drawing, dining, and some sleeping-rooms for the family, while the upper contained the "guest-rooms" and some empty apartments. On passing from the street, through a broad, lofty gate, you entered a square yard, the four sides of which were as follows: the main building now behind you; a low, dark, irregular row of chambers for the shopmen and men-servants on the left; the kitchen, laundry, the servants' hall, and the tap-room on the right; and, parallel with the main building, the brewery and distillery. Through a gate in the last-named building you passed into another square yard, with storehouses on the left, stables on the right and in front; and a third gate opened into the timber-yard, at the bottom of which was the garden bordering the sea.

Almost every part of this structure had its own tale, which, when told, would, as it were, explain its character, or size, or *raison d'être*. These tales are, no doubt, more interesting to me than to you, because they revive my recollections of that dear old place, and put before my eyes, in a bright, ideal-

izing light, the sweet faces of lost or living friends. But even you, reader, may be interested in some of them. And so, fancying that, some fine summer day, on crossing the Baltic and passing our little green islands, "emeralds floating on the blue waves," you enter the Bay of Wordingborg, and, attracted by the round, red tower and the red roofs of the town amid woods and gardens, you resolve to visit its streets or its street,—for it has but one, a very long one though it be,—allow me to be your *cicerone*, and to conduct you to my uncle's house. There it is. It bears, you see, neither sign nor name; but, twenty miles around, every child knows where *John Parker* lives.

* * * * *

And, first, sitting here with me on one of these benches, shaded by lime-trees, which surround the well in the street, at a little distance from my uncle's house, you will at once perceive that the lower part of the front building is not quite consistent with itself. Especially that broad, protruding flight of steps, of massive, roughly hewn stone, will strike you as protesting, by its grandeur, and by the brass balls with which its iron balusters are ornamented, that it never could have been conceived at the same time with the low, whitewashed shop-building in the brain of any architect. And you are right. The low shop-building is, in fact, the very oldest part of my uncle's house—an inheritance from those past times when Wordingborg, after its period of splendor in the Middle Ages, had sunk into a village—while the incongruous flight of steps, which you see tacked on to it, was placed there by my uncle himself, and is a monument of the first step of his rising fortunes. I will tell you how:

On a calm autumn night, in the year 1802, young John Parker, then living in the town of Ringsted, drew near a window of his father's house, and, preparing to enter it, met an unexpected hindrance—to wit, old Martin Parker, his respectable father, who calmly said to him, "This is the way of thieves and prodigal sons, and I would rather not see either in my house. To-morrow morning you may send for your mother-lot;* and so good-by, John."

* According to the law of Denmark, a widower, when he marries again, must share his property with his children. I have expressed this share, belonging to John, by the term "mother-lot."

While John yet stood stunned, the window closed, and he had to seek shelter for the night in the house of a friend—with whom, to say the truth, he had been gambling.

Martin Parker, his father, was a man of the old school; he never spoke passionately, and never retracted a word; so John the next day received his money, and, bidding adieu to Ringsted, went to Wordingborg, some twenty miles off, and settled there, at twenty years of age, as a trader.

Matters, for a time, went on smoothly and agreeably enough with John, who had nobody now to find fault with him, and, when he chose to come home late at night, needed no window—having, as a matter of course, the key of his own street door. One day, however, discovering that he had a bill to pay in a short time, whilst his till was almost empty, and pacing the shop slowly with bowed head and his hands behind him, he suddenly said to his shopman:—

“I say, Peter, isn’t it Mogenstrup fair the day after to-morrow?”

“Bless you, master, the idea is good,” answered Peter.

“Now, Peter,” said John, “first, there was no idea at all in my question; and, secondly, it is not for you to judge if my ideas are good or bad. Now run, please, and fetch Jens Nielson, the carrier.”

Mogenstrup fair was held at Whitsuntide, on a meadow in the woods, and attracted a great number of visitors, among whom that year was my father. He had scarcely time to shake hands with John before he saw him surrounded by a crowd of young traders or traders’ clerks, farmers, and horse-dealers, joyously greeting him—“Welcome, Johnny, my boy! A bottle of wine to-night, John! Come along, John!” And, as soon as John had given directions for the pitching of his tent on the meadow, he was carried off, like the knight by the mermaid in the German ballad, “half willing, half unwilling.”

When my father, an hour later, found him at the inn, whither the gay companions had retired, John heard his entreaties and admonitions in stubborn silence; and my father, although he was, I respectfully believe, fond of a song and a glass of wine, retired in dismay from the boisterous scene to his own lodgings. Here he was startled towards morning by the sound of heavy steps on the

staircase and violent knocks at his door. It was John, who entered with a flushed, almost swollen face, and red, burning eyes.

“John, John!” exclaimed my father, “have you lost?”

“Lost? lost? lost?” cried John, pulling banknotes and silver coins from out of his breast pocket, his waistcoat—nay, from the legs of his boots; “get along, dress, be quick; go, awaken Jens Nielson, the carrier; I’ll go home!”

“But, John, how did you come by all this money?”

“How came I by it? Honestly, of course. Did you ever hear anything of me to the contrary?”

“Well, as far as gambling itself is honest, I have not.”

“But,” said John, his voice suddenly faltering, “gambling is *not* honest! it is not! Look here! I have taken this from poor devils like myself, nay, poorer than I, for some of them are married, and have children. I cannot offer to return it, for they would believe I had cheated them, and, chicken-hearted, would make atonement. Even now, having thrown it off, it burns me; I am on fire!”

“Now, John, be sensible. If you are to gamble, I prefer seeing you burning with gain, to trembling from losses and despair.”

“But you do not know all,” said John, peevishly. “Listen! There was a moment when I had lost my all up to a single dollar. On throwing it down I said to myself, ‘Old Nick, I am told, is walking, prying about for souls to buy: why doesn’t he come to-night and make a reasonable bargain with me?’ Next moment the card was drawn, I won, but I distinctly heard somebody giggling close to my ears. So it went on, I always winning—he always giggling; and the horrid sound followed me to your door. Let me remain here till daylight, whilst you go and fetch Jens Nielson.”

My father was about leaving the room, when John said to him, “Brother, listen to me. I give you my hand and my word—I promise by all that is sacred—that never in my life will I gamble again; so help me God Almighty and his holy Word. Now begone, and fetch Jens Nielson!”

Some time after, old Mr. Parker, on learning what John had promised, and that he kept his word, announced his intention of

paying him a visit; on which John, scrupulously surveying his house, found the old flight of wooden steps, before the shop, too decayed for his father to step upon. There being no time to order a new one to be made, he bought at an auction, on a nobleman's estate, that noble flight of stone with brass ornaments, and had it, *tant bien que mal*, affixed to his shop. His father's step was the first he allowed upon it; and he, no doubt, entered the house with a blessing, for much bliss followed him.

* * * * *

At that time the whole building facing the street was one low, straight-lined house, and, as was often observed to John by elderly ladies who had daughters to marry—and who, after the visit of his father, showed him a marked friendship—there was plenty of room for improvements; but Uncle John did not understand their hints, the house remaining empty and decaying, and he himself a confirmed bachelor.

But let all who are defying the god Hy-men beware! It was the destiny of my uncle to be caught at sea, although on board a ship where no female being was present.

It was his own ship, his first ship, and he had, to the astonishment of the town, made known his determination to proceed to Lubeck himself to make purchases. In those days this was a journey before undertaking which a citizen made his will, and took leave of his friends with moistened eyes. But it was more—it was a commercial revolution; for never, since the long-forgotten days of the *Hansa*, had such a thing been heard of at Wordingborg, as that a trader should get his merchandise direct from abroad, instead of from Copenhagen. My uncle's little craft bore the pennant of emancipation and independence, and he knew it, little suspecting what errand his good ship had to perform besides. On their return, a violent tempest burst over them, the mast broke, a man fell overboard, and my uncle, having just escaped the same fate, lay helpless in the cabin, when, remembering perhaps the good effects of his former vow, he said, "If it please Heaven to save me from this, I promise to marry the first honest girl I meet when I get home!"

"What!" I hear my fair readers exclaim, "did the man dare to fancy Heaven would perform a miracle, because he condescended to offer an honest girl his hand? Did he be-

lieve that all the honest girls in Denmark stood ready to accept him?" Madam, you are quite right; but although he was my uncle, I cannot make him greater than he was. Every man must be judged according to the ideas prevailing in his time and surroundings; besides, a man lying sea-sick, cannot be expected to measure the exact bearing of his words. But, lastly, I feel inclined to think that my uncle expressed exactly what he intended. Feeling, perhaps, in his conscience, that he had offended Hy-men, he, repentant, said to the god, "Now, let me not go down, but give me a fair chance of retrieving myself." Whether the god heard him and used his influence with Neptune, I am unable to say; all I know is, that my uncle got safe on shore, and I got an aunt—my own blessed Aunt Elizabeth.

On that occasion, when his bride was to enter his house, he pulled down half of the low front building, and the lofty two-storied part of the house arose. In this part of the house he prepared apartments for his father, who, on retiring from business, was to come and live with him; but, old Martin Parker having meanwhile died, some of the rooms were left unfinished.

* * * * *

We will pass through the gate and enter the first yard. To the left you see, as I told you before, an irregular, low building, with the roof protruding as in a Swiss cottage, and darkening the interior. One-half of this was allotted to the shopmen, another half to the male servants. You, with your ideas of comfort, would find the rooms dark, chilly, uncomfortable; but they were not so to that hardy race of men who, even on a winter's morning, would come out into the yard and break the ice from the pump in the corner to perform their ablutions. One of the rooms was called *Falstaff's chamber*, without my ever being able to discover why. I am led to infer that there had flourished in the town, in pre-historical times, a literary knowledge and taste, that disappeared until the new teachers came from Copenhagen to the public school, and spoke to the young ladies during tea, of Shakspeare and other celebrities. Farthest to the left, close to the second gate, squeezing itself into the corner, stood a small square house or hut, falling into decay, with broken windows, and half filled with rubbish, such as oakum, broken tiles, and tim-

ber. My uncle, every evening when he made his rounds to see that all was right in his house, would peep for a moment into that ruin and this habit of his had, to the inmates of the house, surrounded the spot with a singular, indefinite awe.

The following tale, which my uncle himself told me in later years, will account for the habit :—

“There was a time,” he said, “when I was—not poor, for a young man who will work is never poor—but I had no capital. At that time all the buildings you now see between this and the beach were either miserable sheds, or did not exist at all, and all my commodities could be stored in this square room—in fact, it was my warehouse. Some time after the death of my father, I wanted an important paper relating to property of his, but could not find it, till at last, in sheer despair, I ransacked this old chamber. How the paper came here I am at a loss to guess, but here it was. The following night I dreamt that, on passing the room, I saw my father there, standing in his usual way, straight upright, and looking gravely at me, whilst he said, ‘John, you must take these three numbers in the lottery, and you will be enabled to make all around you happy.’ On awakening, I could not remember the numbers; but the next night I had exactly the same dream, and with the same result. I tried so hard to recollect the numbers that I got almost into a fever: but in vain. On the third night the same dream, but this time my father had his nightcap on, and a lance in his hand, and, angrily shaking the lance at me, he said, in his deep, calm voice, that, in my youth, frightened me more than thunder, ‘John, I shall be obliged to shut the window if your wooden head cannot retain fifteen, thirty-seven, eighty-one.’ ‘Fifteen, thirty-seven, eighty-one!’ I exclaimed, and awoke, yet unable still to recollect the numbers; but your aunt had caught them. As we at that time had no lottery-office in this town, I rode to Nestved, and, taking the numbers, requested my brother-in-law, if they should not come out at once, to take them again and again, and to stake five dollars on them. They did not come out the first week, nor the next; but the third week, one morning, on reading the newspaper, I found my three numbers parading in its columns. ‘Lizzy,’ I cried to your aunt, ‘we

shall see your brother in the course of the day; let’s have a pair of ducks roasted, for he is fond of ducks, the old chap.’ Two hours later, a carriage rattled at a furious speed along the street, and, stopping at my door, emitted my worthy brother-in-law. Remarking his solemn countenance, I said to myself, ‘Well, he is the bearer of forty thousand dollars.’ But, when I came out to welcome him, he stopped short, saying, ‘John, I am a rogue.’

“‘Charley,’ said I, ‘if you are a rogue and will cheat me out of my forty thousand dollars, or any part of them, I will give you into custody, be you a hundred times my brother-in-law.’

“‘Upon my soul, Johnny, cried he, ‘I have not got the money; I am a fool, a rogue, a criminal, whatever you please; but I have not got it. Last week on seeing the lottery-collector, and learning that the numbers had not come out, I got impatient, and said, “It is a folly to throw more five-dollar notes away upon that nonsense; let us stake fourpence.” Here is the ticket—fourpence, John, and I am very sorry.’ Well, what could I say or do?”

“And what did Aunt Elizabeth say?” I inquired.

“She, poor thing! Putting herself between her brother and me—for I could not cease grumbling—she said: ‘Even without forty thousand dollars you can eat my ducks.’ And so we did. But I’ll tell you,” my uncle gravely added, “that, to my belief, my father, supposing it was he, only appeared in order to tease me in his own sarcastic way. For, I will own to you, I once, in early youth, won a sum of money, the accumulated interest of which at ten per cent.—and I can make ten per cent. at least in my business—would, as I calculated the other day, make forty thousand dollars. It was just like my father to promise me what, unknowingly, I had, as it were, got already; and the dream, perhaps, only signified that I was to make those around me happy by the means I was possessed of.”

“This, uncle, is truly a noble explanation,” said I.

“No, he answered, “not at all; it is only calculation. But, since then, it has become a custom of mine to stop a moment every night before the old crumbling building. It is sometimes well, too, to remember how one felt when poor.

"No, it is not true," my uncle added, with a sudden change of tone, the change extending almost to his whole person—it was as if a host of thoughts suddenly rushed on him, and as if, bending under their weight, he looked on me as a staff to lean on. "No, it is not true! In that corner, now darkened by my foolish buildings, was once stored the greatest treasure I ever possessed. I was about thy age, boy—yes, you are now between nineteen and twenty. Listen, my dear boy. I am not of the opinion that parents and old people should never talk of love to younger ones. Once and for good they may do so. And I say, if ever thou findest a girl of whom, on going at midnight to the churchyard and calling her name thrice, thou canst say thou lovest and respectest her, stick to her, boy, through life and death. Mark, boy, what thy old uncle now says. Paradise, from which our first parents were driven, is once in life shown to each of us, and we may enter it—for a time at least—like a station on a journey: thou mayst, my son, if thou hast a true, innocent, and bold heart, and findest its match. Should it happen to thee, then break through all hindrances, and, if all the world forsake thee, come to me."

At these words of my uncle I stood almost terrified. If any of the green hills around Wordingborg, where cattle used to graze, had yawned to emit volcanic fire, it would not have amazed me more.

But Uncle John, without perceiving my agitation, added:—

"You now know that, before God, you have another aunt who is in heaven; but do not love and respect your Aunt Elizabeth the less for that, for a truer and nobler wife was never given a man; you may take your oath upon that."

"Were you ever married before, uncle?" asked I.

"You are a d—d fool!" said Uncle John; "how could I marry in my twentieth year, being at that time my father's clerk and living under his rule? Bah! you are a university student, and your thoughts cannot be as foolish as your words. Would that I had! But, one night, coming home from them—Her father was an officer on half-pay, and her brother, a naval officer, had fallen fighting at the battle of Copenhagen against Nelson. I tell thee, boy, there are no families in the world to be compared with those of the

military who have lost a son, or a father, or a brother, in the battles of their country. They have a pride and consciousness of their own, and they look upon matters of this world so, that I, recollecting them, feel disgusted with my counter and my brewery, and—no, not with my ships. She played the cithar, and, one night, whilst she played, I looked into her eyes, and she looked into mine, and on coming home I wrote a poem; yes, I did, but my father came and saw it. The next day he went to her father, and, when I went there in the evening, her father said to me, 'John, my dear boy, you are just in time to take leave of my daughter, who is going to Copenhagen.' She then came forward, very pale, but very calm, and shook hands with me. How I came home that night I do not know; but, the next day, I took to gambling and drinking—else, I believe, I should have committed murder or suicide. Did you ever hear that I have been a gambler?"

"I was told that you had played sometimes."

My uncle smiled, and was silent.

I felt, instinctively, that he wanted a bridge over which to pass from his memoirs and his tone of confidence to real life and his usual behavior; and, for the purpose of affording it, I said,—

"You told me, uncle, that in yonder corner was once stored a great treasure of yours."

"Ay, there was. On the morning after that night my father's housekeeper secretly gave me a letter from *her*, the only one I ever had. When entering this house, I laid it down there, in a safe dug in the ground. It became the corner-stone of my house; it made it secure; it spread something of *her* around. But, the day I married, I took it out and burnt it. Here comes your aunt; go and kiss her hand."

I was accustomed from my infancy to kiss my aunt's hand on bidding her good-morning and good-night; so this mark of respect or reverence did not surprise her, or betray its hidden meaning. I have often since marvelled at the ease, the practical sense, with which my uncle, having stooped to confidences of a delicate nature towards his young nephew, at once assumed his wonted authority and command.

* * * * *

The small old building, the subject of the preceding story, stood in a corner to the left, close by the gate leading from the first to the second yard, through the brewery. This gate, of a massive lofty character, looked almost like a triumphal arch ; and, whether intended or not as a monument of triumph, its erection was closely connected with a victory.

Uncle John had been already for years not only one of the first traders of Wordingborg, but *the* trader of the town, when it was rumored that a new trader was about establishing himself there on a grand scale, and, by the superior cleverness of the new school, was to defeat the old one, as well as to confer great benefits on the town and surrounding country. The rumor soon proved true, inasmuch as Mr. Lange, the new-comer, on his first arrival, and on his taking possession of his splendid new house, in the town, did not, as was customary, pay a visit to my uncle. Besides this, he went himself on a journey to London. This metropolis was, at that time, to most of the Wordingborg people something nebulous—like certain stars, a dim, distant immensity ; and Mr. Lange's journey thither entirely eclipsed Uncle John's old Lubeck voyage. Mr. Lange, indeed, publicly announced that, owing to his recent purchases, made personally in London, and to his connections in that city, he was in a position to buy at higher and sell at lower prices than were hitherto known at Wordingborg. In every line of the advertisement was seen a squib at my uncle. The consequence was a feud as intense, if not as passionate, as that between the Montecchi and Capuleti, and just as reasonable. Wherever my uncle's shopmen, brewers, laborers, carmen, etc., met with those of Lange, they fought, not with swords, but with heavy fists. But, as no one in the house ever told anything to my uncle without being asked—all news and incidents being conveyed to him through my aunt—he seemed perfectly unaware of what was going on, and never mentioned Mr. Lange's name, thus ignoring his existence in the town.

The whole town divided in a cautious, and, as it were, underground, feud. With my uncle sided the old-fashioned people, who hated the new because it was new, and the poor, who loved the old state of things for the protection it had afforded them. Against my uncle stood, I am sorry to say, all who

claimed rank among the enlightened party of progress—young ladies, officers of the garrison, royal functionaries, teachers at the grammar-school, etc. Some did so because they really believed the town to be in need of new strength, of fresh blood ; but most of them, I think, because Mr. Lange and his young wife had an establishment reflecting Copenhagen fashion, where elegant dinners and balls were given, whilst my uncle's house, grand in its inner life, gave but three solemn, stiff entertainments annually, on the birth-days of the king and of my uncle and my aunt.

The corn trade, always hazardous to speculators, was at that time, owing to your sliding scale, particularly difficult and dangerous ; and, in the autumn, whilst Mr. Lange happened to make a successful expedition to England, my uncle sustained a severe loss. On the Sunday after the disaster was known none of our servants went out into the street ; but, about a week later, they all, one after the other, brought their little money, hitherto deposited in the savings-bank, to uncle's counting-house, invariably giving the same reason—that the bank was not safe enough. Uncle John, neither by word, nor by mien, betrayed that he could for a moment doubt the reason assigned ; but he made a codicil to his will, conveying his requital to the servants and their children's children. But, the next autumn, two expeditions were undertaken by my uncle, one to Norway, another to England ; and both were successful, whilst Mr. Lange's broke down. Mr. Lange, chiefly trading upon credit, was unable to bear the shock ; and, one morning, one of my uncle's shopmen rushed into the sitting-room exclaiming, " Master ! Mr. Lange has run away from the town ! "

Uncle John, having preserved his equanimity in adversity, was not less stanch when fortune smiled, and said to the volunteering newsbringer, " May I ask you, sirrah, who sent for you ? " The shopman slunk back to the shop like a beaten dog.

In the course of the day, came a message from Mrs. Lange, requesting to see Mr. Parker, and inquiring when he would be at home.

" Had I not better go to her, poor thing ? She is such a nice young woman," said uncle to aunt.

But this Aunt Elizabeth strongly opposed ;

and the reply was given, that Mr. Parker would be at home between four and five o'clock.

At four o'clock all the town knew that Mrs. Lange was going to John Parker's, and behind the blinds and the flower-stands in the windows a hundred eyes watched her—Carthage humiliating itself before Rome.

My aunt, dressed in her heaviest silk robe, and laden with all her ornaments, looking to the dazzled eyes of her servants like a Spanish queen, sat awaiting the arrival of her conquered rival. But Aunt Elizabeth, God bless her, as soon as Mrs. Lange entered the door, began to cry, and kissed her; and Mrs. Lange cried; and, before a word was said about business, it was arranged that she should remain to tea.

At last Mrs. Lange said, "Your kind reception gives me courage to perform my errand. I am afraid we have not deserved it; we have not behaved politely to you."

"Do not mention it," said Uncle John.

Mrs. Lange—"My husband, on leaving, said to me, 'You can depend on none but Mr. John Parker; he is an honest man.'"

Uncle, stretching his hand towards her, "You can indeed depend on me."

Mrs. Lange—"My husband thinks that, on looking over his books, you will see that he wants to come to an honorable agreement with his creditors; and, if you would undertake to manage it, he would submit to any condition you might impose."

Uncle—"Why, I shall impose no condition; circumstances will do so. Look here, Mrs. Lange; from the beginning I had my misgivings about your husband's embarking in the corn trade without sufficient capital. That won't do. But here is plenty of room for a young, active merchant who will work and live according to his means. I shall do my best for your husband, who is—I have observed him—a clever man of business. He has many good notions which I wish I could adopt and carry out; but it is of no use to pour young wine into old leather bags. It is the destiny of man that the old shall die and the young succeed them; but let the old ones have an honest burial."

Some time later, Mr. Lange, having returned, removed from his large, splendid house to a more modest one, situated on the other side of the street, opposite the beach.

Carthage was removed eighty *stadia* from the sea.

And at that time was built the lofty gate through the brewery, looking like a triumphal arch, but in reality well adapted for the increasing traffic.

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The next story can only be understood through some acquaintance with its scene of action, the timber-yard. This yard, the last of the four within my uncle's premises, extended from the stables down to the beach, at a length of more than nine hundred feet, but of a very unequal width. Its upper part formed a square of one hundred and eighty feet, surrounded by stables and storehouses, and almost filled with piles of planks, poles, deals, boards, beams, and laths, resembling broken towers and scattered spires; but, at its lower end, it contracted itself into a lane, thirty feet at its broadest part, and, running between the garden-wall on its left and a fence on its right, which separated it from a neighboring meadow, opened at last into an irregular polygon on the sea-shore. At one spot, where the lane became so narrow that a wagon had difficulty in passing, the narrowness had been caused by the sea, or rather the ice, which, one winter had screwed itself up on the beach, and snatched a bit out of the soil. The ice, however, on retiring, had left the place open for repairs; but, when my uncle began the work, his neighbor, Petersen, the hatter, stepped in, asserting that this was trespassing on his property.

My uncle then offered to purchase part of the meadow; but Petersen, who was a Holsteiner by birth, and very obstinate in what he believed his rights, would not hear of any bargaining until my uncle had indemnified him for the trespass. Hence, a terrible feud, a legal feud, arose. My uncle, wounded in his pride, undertook to conquer, as his lost property, what Petersen refused to sell him. Justice is generally cheap but slow in our country: this lawsuit, however, owing to circumstances, became not only exceedingly slow but very expensive, from its repeated appeals and returns to the superior and supreme courts. It began when I was nine years old; and, in my eighteenth year, when I was a student at the university, it was still pending. Then, however, the position of the

contending parties had altered considerably. To both it had become a passion, a question of honor; but to Petersen it was, at the same time, a question of life and death. In warfare, generals do not make fight with the front of their armies alone, but with the wings likewise; nay, they try to get at the rear of each other to cut off supplies, etc. My uncle, acting on these principles, had commenced trading in hats and caps; and from that moment, his neighbor, the latter, could calculate the time when actual want would stare him in the face.

Nevertheless, he went on unflinchingly with the lawsuit, comforting himself with exaggerated hopes of the damages that would be wrung from his opponent. Some of my uncle's friends, perceiving the prospect of Petersen's ruin, and foreseeing how unpleasant this would prove to my uncle, endeavored to effect a compromise. But, my uncle's invariable answer was, "He called in the lawyers. Well, now they are about it. When they have done, we can talk honestly." During all the years of litigation there was, of course, not a soul in the house that at all doubted my uncle's right, or did not look on Petersen as some singular, incomprehensible, demoniac being, for daring to oppose old John Parker. But of late I observed a feeling that slowly, as it would appear, had crept into their minds and gained power over them. Whenever Petersen himself was mentioned, he was at once given up. Yet all the human sympathy denied to him reverted intensified to his wife and daughter. This feeling seemed to be imparted through the very air, for it came over me too; and I never passed Petersen's windows, where, according to Danish fashion, his wife and daughter might be observed seated behind the flower-pots, without, on seeing the white neck and auburn hair of Lotte Petersen, as she sat there bent over her work, feeling something like attachment, pity—nay, I might even have fallen in love with her, had such a thing been possible for my uncle's nephew.

My uncle's dog, Hercules, was a noted part of his establishment. The first dog he had had to watch his timber-yard, and whose kennel was placed at the entrance of the narrow part of the yard, had been called by that name; and all its successors, male or female, had inherited it, even without "the

first," "the second," etc., being added, as is usual in dynasties. When I was eighteen years of age, the Hercules then reigning was a young, clever, vigorous, yellow Danish dog, gentle by day, as though he felt that all, who then carried goods away, paid honestly, but at night a grim beast, which my uncle himself did not like to approach.

About this time my uncle had sent a venture to Spain. Considering the state of commerce in a small Danish town, this was a great and daring feat, worthy the spirit that had once planned and executed the Lubeck voyage. The master of the ship, Christian Kroier by name, and some fifty years of age, was an old comrade of my uncle in his naval exploits, and had a part-share in the ship. Kroier's son, a young man of twenty-three, had been educated at my uncle's expense, and was now a clerk in his service—a handsome, vigorous fellow, with something sailor-like in his nature, always seeking his holidays' pleasure in boating or sailing.

When I came on my visit in the summer of that year, the ship was daily, hourly expected, but did not come; and, news arriving of its having been seen in a strong gale in the Bay of Biscay, all the house began to fear for her safety. Uncle John, always silent in emotion, was only once heard to mutter "D—— the ship, if needs be, were only my gallant Kroier safe!" But even his last wish did not seem likely to be realized.

It was observed that my uncle, during this time of anxious uncertainty, either did not speak to young Kroier at all, or, when compelled to exchange a few words with him, did so in a hurried, almost harsh tone. Knowing my uncle's character, I easily explained this, as arising from his dislike to all show of sentiment, and the fear of losing his dignity and self-restraint when the effusion had once commenced; but the inmates of the house ascribed his behavior to anger, from the fact that young Kroier, by his presence, reminded him of his loss. Although this explanation was founded on a presumption doing little honor to my uncle, yet—so singularly deep was the veneration for the patriarch of the house—nobody seemed to blame him.

One night I was startled out of my sleep by my uncle, who, but half dressed, with a musket in his hand, stood at my bedside, saying,—

"Up, lad, come along—I know I may depend on you."

"What is the matter, uncle?" I exclaimed.

"Hush! Don't you hear Hercules? They are stealing the timber! I will not accuse the rogue Petersen without proof. But make haste; let us go and see."

Whilst hurriedly dressing, I distinctly heard the huge dog bark; and, feeling sure that we should have to encounter some evil-doers, I armed myself with a rifle that always hung loaded in my room.

On our reaching the gate of the timber-yard, my uncle's hand—to say the truth—trembled so much that he could not, for some time, get the key into the hole. But the dog, informed by his sharp senses of approaching help, now began to bark with fury; and, to judge from the sound, he seemed at this moment, with a violent rush, to have broken his chain and dashed off against the intruders. Then a shot was heard, and a long growl of pain from the dog, and all became silent.

My uncle having at last succeeded in opening the gate, we entered the timber-yard, lit up by the moon; but no one was to be seen. The enemies, certainly, might have hidden themselves behind some of the many squares and piles of timber; but these very piles and squares, with their deep shadows, had, at the moment, something unearthly about them—resembling, in fact, ruins of castles and churches, haunted by spirits more than by men. My uncle did not show any inclination to proceed; nor, I confess, did I insist upon an adventure which, were even our best wishes fulfilled, might terminate in a deadly conflict for the sake of a little timber. Convinced that we had for the present alarmed the thieves, we went back to the house, and, after arousing some of the servants, returned with them to the yard, to have the dog cared for, in case his wound should not prove mortal. It was found, on examination, that the bullet had just grazed his forehead, and had stunned him, without, perhaps, causing any lasting injury. He was laid upon a mattress in the servants' hall and carefully bathed with water, whilst almost all the inmates of the house, one by one, dropped in to see him for a moment. Left alone with the dog, I observed that his eyes, on a sudden, half opened, glowing with fury, his legs, at the

same time, moving convulsively, as though he would rush against some one, but could not. Turning round, I saw young Kroier, who, last of all, and fully dressed, had approached; but, as it was he, I did not pay further attention to the singular movements of the poor animal.

Next day, however, something uneasy and restless in Kroier's behavior led me to observe him; and, in the afternoon, on seeing him enter the storehouse between the buildings and the timber-yard, I resolved to be on the watch. Soon after his having left the storehouse, as he believed unobserved, I entered it, and found a window unfastened and a ladder secreted close by. At this discovery the symptoms displayed by the wounded dog acquired a clear and fearful significance. It was deeply repugnant to me to believe young Kroier a thief. I determined to watch him more closely before taking any further steps. Acting as stealthily as he, I provided myself with a bottle of wine, some bread and meat, and the key to one of the storehouses surrounding the timber-yard; and, when at nightfall the gates were closed, having allowed myself to be locked out in the timber-yard, I concealed myself among the hemp in the storehouse to which I had got the key. Towards midnight the full moon, rising on a spotless, deep blue, star-spangled sky, threw her lustre over the yard; and whilst the shadows of the varied, singularly shaped timber-piles, played on the ground and built airy castles, sweet Nature provided the scene with adequate music—the gentle hum of the waves on the beach, "the mermaid's dancing steps."

Seated on a bundle of hemp, close to a broken but iron-barred window, that commanded most of the yard and part of the adjacent meadow, I deeply enjoyed the scene—the glorious yellow or golden-tinted, intensely bright, yet, at the same time, gentle, soft moonlight; the shadows, in which I discovered so many charming shades, from the deepest velvet black to a floating transparent tint, like the breath of night passing over bright ground; and, above all, perhaps, the musical silence, if I may say so, or the distant, harmonious, gentle sound that was wafted into the stillness around me. Without any will or aid of mine, what I heard and saw changed into new shapes before my inner eye, or suggested to the brain nimbly passing dreams,

visions, tales, songs without words or distinct meaning, but exceedingly pleasing to the heart. Suddenly, in the midst of such dreams, I heard a scratching sound from the stable window. Recalled by this sound to wakefulness, I saw the shutter opened, and Kroier, swift and noiseless, jump down into the yard. After listening awhile, and convincing himself that he was alone, but, nevertheless, instinctively seeking the shadow of the store-houses, he passed so near to me that, by stretching out my hand, I might have touched him. Then, crossing the spot where the narrow part of the yard commenced, he took his stand at a little distance from me, concealing himself in the shadow of a huge pile of planks. Soon I heard the shriek of a sea-gull; and, in spite of the unusual time, I should have thought it proceeded from the shore, had it not after awhile been repeated, rising, as it were, close to my ear. This time I felt convinced that young Kroier acted the sea-gull; and another person, doubtless, held a like conviction, for I saw a shadow advancing across Petersen's meadow. Now, I thought, my uncle is going to pay his penalty in timber, but it will be the last time! The shadow advanced to the border of the hollow that separated the yard from the meadow; and as the parties being thus at some distance from each other, were compelled to speak rather loud, or in a heightened whisper, I very soon discovered that the stranger was a woman. A few moments later I knew who the woman was—Lotte Petersen, our neighbor's daughter! O Love,—for that it was thou, I knew and felt instantaneously; in our eighteenth year we are not slow to Love's comprehension,—how hast thou contrived to unite those whom men and circumstances have most sadly separated, from the times of those two royal children betwixt whom the broad arm of the sea was running, until those of Romeo and Julietta, kept asunder by the cruel feud of the Montecchi and the Capuleti, and now of Peter Kroier and Lotte Petersen, separated by the feud between my uncle, John Parker, and Petersen the hatter? How didst thou first bring together these two fate-separated beings? To be sure, there are two great public balls every year—one at Christmas-time in the town-hall, another at Whitsuntide in the wood; and there they may have met and seen each other, and fallen victims to thy cruel though sweet ordainings. But how did

they afterwards correspond, exchange bewitching vows and promises and assurances, and make appointments? I don't know—ask of Love! Nor had I much time for guessing, intent as I was on listening to the conversation that ensued. You will say, perhaps, that I was wrong in so doing; but fancy yourself in my place. Should I have stopped my ears with hemp? I had come to detect theft and robbery; and resolved to observe with all my faculties, I could not catch the right moment wherein to cease observing. The conversation, I am bound to say, did not betray much of love's sweet secrets; on the contrary, it was sad and melancholy, and interwoven with matters of business. The young girl was in such a state of alarm that she shivered and trembled as if, lightly clad, she had ventured out on a winter night. Doubtless she would not have renewed the disturbed meeting of the previous night, had it not been for the potent feeling that prevents lovers from parting without taking leave of each other. For a parting meeting it was—a farewell forever. I understood that young Kroier had expected some happy interference by his father, if he had returned in safety with ship and cargo; whilst I learned from the girl that, unable to keep up the struggle against my uncle any longer, and with the prospect of having his house in a few days, sold up for rates and taxes, her father had resolved to leave the town, and she, as a matter of course, was going with him to work for him. She even expected happier days for him, when his mind would not be preyed upon by feverish passion. But she was to go with him—to share his fate whatever it might be. Nor did the poor fellow contradict her, or even insist upon assertions on her part, that she was sorry to leave him. That sorrow spoke distinctly enough through her voice, through her delicate, quivering frame, through the very circumstances under which she had risked so much to meet him. He only in a soft, broken voice, called down blessings upon her, and at last begged her to try and touch his hand, which he stretched out towards her; but the hollow was too broad and deep, and she could not reach him. I cannot describe the sympathizing agony I felt, at seeing the two unhappy lovers trying to snatch this little favor from the hand of fortune. I could have torn down my uncle's

fence and opened a way for thieves and robbers, only to let Kroier out for once and for good. At last, when giving up her vain efforts, Lotte was about retiring, a similar thought entered the poor fellow's brain, and was rapidly executed. At one grasp he wrenched off a stake from the fence, and next moment, after a mighty bound, he stood at her side, clasped her in his arms, kissed her pale lips, and let her go. He did so, perhaps, not entirely of his own free will, for at this moment, another shadow approached—as far as I could discover, the shadow of a woman; no doubt her mother's. A moment later he was alone.

Returning to the precincts of my uncle's premises, he first fastened, or concealed, as well as he could, the opening in the fence. He did it mechanically, as people accustomed to perform their duties will do even in great grief. But, when the stake was in its place, he knelt down behind it, believing himself unseen by man, and, perhaps, abandoned by God. Fain would I have gone up to him to share his grief, had I not felt that it would be a profanation.

He arose and returned to the house the same way he had come. Alone now with the bright night, I felt almost angry at the calmness which remained undisturbed, although it had witnessed a drama of human grief. But, somehow or other, after awhile I must myself have become calm or indifferent; for, without having observed the fading of the moon, I suddenly felt my eyes pain from the effect of the sun rising over the beach and casting his rays through the window by which I was lying.

Having made good my retreat, before the stir of the house began, I felt myself possessed of a great and important secret with which I did not know what to do. So great, unusual, romantic, was it, so different in character from the quiet house, that I almost doubted its reality, and suspected it was a dream, until I again came out and touched the loosened pale in the fence. But then the thought, stronger than before, recurred to my mind—What should I do with the secret?

Whilst engaged in the solution of this problem, I met my uncle coming from the beach. He looked majestically solemn and wrathful, as one might fancy Jove when about darting his flashes; and in his right

hand was something which at a distance might be taken for the bolts. As soon as he saw me, he said, "Now I have them!"

"Whom, uncle?" asked I.

"The rogues who are stealing my timber! Look here! I felt sure that the fellow who shot poor Hercules had entered the timber-yard. The shot was not fired from without; there was no reason for firing, except to escape from my ground. Well, how did the fellow effect his retreat? He would not dare to leap over the fence, as the night was bright, and he might have been seen. How, then, did he escape? No doubt by the beach, where the fence meets the sea. But, as that place is very muddy, was it not probable that he would have left some trace? Whilst ruminating this last night, I could not sleep, and I had a great mind to go down there at once and take you with me. But now I have been there, and here is the proof. This wooden shoe is marked *J. O. S.*; that is, Jens Olsen,* the cowherd. I will give him into custody at once; and, if the latter in any way has aided and abetted him, woe betide him!"

The serious turn matters now took at once relieved me from all scruples about the secret. In order to save the innocent from persecution and my uncle himself from a false step, I felt it necessary to tell him the whole truth; but, at the same time, being afraid of his first outburst of anger, I said, "Uncle, if you will promise me not to be harsh, I will tell you all about the matter."

"Why, wiseacre, you do not mean to say that you know more of it than I?"

"Well, uncle, I happen to know something in a direction you do not suspect; but, as the weal and woe of others depend on it, I must entreat you to promise to take it gently—nay, kindly."

"I emphatically declare," said my uncle, "that I will not screen the offenders from the law."

"Well, dear uncle, I do not think that criminal law will be resorted to in this case. I beg your pardon for touching a delicate subject; but you told me, some time ago, that I had an aunt who is in heaven. She will look down upon you to-day."

My uncle, dropping the wooden shoe, said calmly, but very earnestly, "I have been a

* Jens, son of Ole. In this manner people of the Danish peasant-class mark their garments.

fool to tell you—but never mind—whatever you have done, boy, speak freely.”

“I have done nothing, uncle,” I replied; and began to tell him the incidents of the night.

We were walking up and down near the beach, where no one could overhear us, and my uncle listened in the deepest silence till I had finished.

After musing awhile, he began cross-examining me. Every word the young couple had said was scrupulously weighed; and my uncle appeared above all anxious to discover traces if the girl at any time had overstepped his frontier. Satisfied, as it seemed, in this respect, he at last asked me, “How does she look?”

“Why, uncle, she is our neighbor’s daughter, and you must have seen her.”

“If I had seen her, I would not ask; how does she look?”

“Well, she looks good; she has dark blue eyes and auburn hair.”

“Auburn hair? You say that by courtesy.”

“No, uncle, her hair needs no flattery; it is really auburn.”

“Is it?” said Uncle John, with a singular delight, as if a pleasing recollection were awakened within him; “well, I am glad to hear it. Of course,” he added, “I need not tell you that a woman’s honor depends on your discretion.”

“Of course not, uncle,” I answered, rising to my full height.

“Well, well, go and find out where Kroier is, and tell him I want to see him in the counting-house.”

Feeling quite sure that young Kroier would escape with a slight rebuke, I sauntered at my leisure through the yard in search of him; and, having at length found him in one of the storehouses, busy measuring out pig-iron to a farmer, I delivered my message. At once leaving the farmer and his business as entirely as if he had embarked on another planet, he took off his white apron—his face appearing almost as bloodless as the apron. Whilst we walked together to the counting-house, I enjoyed a feeling of superiority, like that of a being gifted with more and higher senses than those of my fellow-creature; for I could, as it were, see through him and perceive his conscience smiting him, making him uneasy, conjuring up visions of dangers which

his reason tried to combat; and I could have cheered him up, had it been right on my part to hint at his want of being cheered up. But, as it turned out, although leading Kroier like his providence, I had not the faintest idea of what was to come.

On our entering the counting-house, where my uncle was seated with the old bookkeeper, he said, blandly, “Peter Kroier, I am sorry to say that, from information I have received, I am led to suppose that it is you who killed or wounded my dog Hercules, having thereby not only broken the rules of my house, but wantonly exposed my establishment to danger of several sorts. From the facts that have come to my knowledge, I do not draw any inference injurious to your character; but they constitute by themselves a serious charge against you as a clerk in whom I always have shown confidence. Have you anything to say in your defence?”

“No, sir,” Kroier replied, looking more like a corpse than a living man. “I only beg your pardon, sir. It shall never occur again—never.”

“I certainly forgive you,” said my uncle; “but from this moment I dismiss you from my service.”

“Is it really so, sir?” said Kroier, with the deepest despondency.

“It is,” replied my uncle; “but we may find somebody to recommend you to. I am willing to give you a good character.”

I was quite taken aback at this unexpected turn of the affair, when my uncle, bending over to me, whispered a few words which made me bound like a young foal. They were neither more nor less than an order to go and invite Petersen, the hatter, to come in at once, with his wife and daughter, to have the matter about the meadow settled in a friendly manner.

I may safely say that never have I created more sensation, or made a deeper impression on people, than I did on appearing under the roof of Petersen. The hatter, at the sight of John Parker’s nephew in his room—though old and tough and accustomed to reserve—was perfectly amazed; but in his glance was, at the same time, an expression of hatred, that reminded me of the eyes of the wounded dog at the approach of young Kroier. The mother and daughter, thinking, perhaps, less of the feud than of another matter, turned deadly pale. At the next moment, when I had

executed my errand, there was a new, strong current of feeling ; but this time the surprise was evidently mingled with hope and joy—in Petersen with some suspicion, too ; whilst the women undoubtedly could not clear themselves from some fear and misgiving, for we seldom or never feel entirely confident in the world's ignoring our secrets. After a short, secret consultation, Petersen resolved to comply with my uncle's wish, saying in an almost grumbling tone, "It is my duty to my wife and child." Half of my message—that the ladies were comprised in the invitation—appeared not to have been understood ; and I had some difficulty in making it acceptable, till Petersen said, "Well, when my wife and daughter are with me, he cannot mean to insult me ; put on your bonnets and shawls." The poor women, however, felt not only afraid but humiliated at being ordered into the house of a stranger and a foe ; and although willing to obey, tears made their obedience rather slow.

At last we entered my uncle's counting-house. Without any preface or introductory remarks, my uncle said : "Mr. Petersen, I offer to give up any claim on your meadow or any part thereof, if you will give your daughter in marriage to this young man, Peter Kroier, who leaves my service this day."

Petersen, at once turning round and seizing his wife and daughter by the arm, said : "Let's be off, let's be off ! he would insult me."

"Stop a moment, Petersen," said my uncle ; "the oak does not fall under the first stroke of the axe. I'll do more. I will purchase of you that part of the meadow which I claimed as my own, or the whole meadow ; and I will establish this young fellow at Nyraad ;* and, besides, I will give up trading in hats and caps."

Petersen had stood with his back to my uncle, listening. Now, turning round, he took off his hat, and said in a faint voice, "You are an honest man, Mr. Parker. May God bless you !"

"Well," said my uncle, "it now remains for us to ask the young lady whether she consents to marry—hold your tongue, Peter Kroier, and sit down—whether she consents to marry my son ; for, as I am afraid he has no other, I must be his father."

"Not yet," said a gruff voice from the background ; and, the next moment, my uncle was seen entirely to lose his dignity, for, with a tremendous bound, he rushed across the room, and throwing himself into the arms of a square-built, grizzled-haired, sailor-like man, and embracing him, he exclaimed, "Kroier, my friend ! my gallant Kroier !"

Old Kroier, stretching out his left hand to his son, said, "All's well ; the brig rides at anchor at the mouth of the bay. I could not bring her up against the wind, heavy as she is ; so I dropped her anchor, and pulled in for the shore to report myself home."

My uncle, having meanwhile resumed his usual calm and composed bearing, asked the captain, "Could you not tug her in with your boats ?* I will have a hogshead of wine ready for the men, if they bring her in to-day."

"I will first hold out the prospect of a barrel," answered the captain ; "if that wont do, we can talk of the hogshead."

So, without waiting to see my aunt—to visit whom the whole party withdrew—Captain Kroier hurried off to his boat.

As usual, the household knew all that had passed. Shopboys, climbing up the timber-spars in the yard, sat for hours on the frail tops, acting as scouts or telegraphs as regarded the progress of the brig. At last, her approach being announced, my uncle, with my aunt on his arm, and accompanied by the young couple, the latter, his wife, and myself, passed through the yard to the beach, all the household following at a respectful distance—their breach of the rules and order of the house being officially unobserved by my uncle.

The ship having been brought to anchor, the boats pulled on towards us, and, at their coming within earshot, my impatient uncle, taking off his hat, cried out, "Welcome, my men !" But the sailors, without taking heed of him, pulled on, till, at a signal from the captain, the oars were raised, the boats gliding gently on shore. The master, then raised himself and taking off his hat, cried, "May God bless old Denmark and old John Parker forever !" To which the men, taking off their hats, gave three cheers—such cheers as I could have said I never heard, had

* A little town close by Wordingborg, almost its suburb.

* In those days the town had neither steam-tugs nor telegraphs.

not the household behind us, utterly past thinking whether it was respectful or not, advanced and given nine cheers in return. There is a singular power in vigorous, heart-felt cheering—in the unanimous outburst of a strong unegotistical feeling. My uncle turned round pale and mute, quite incapable of delivering the speech I suspect him of having prepared, and led the way to the house, tottering and halting, as if he could not see the road. My aunt's face was hidden in her handkerchief, and the procession would have reminded you of a funeral, had it not been for the sailors who kept on singing and cheering lustily.

Towards sunset my uncle asked young Kroier and his betrothed to take a walk with him. I am not sure that I was distinctly invited to accompany them; but I did go. On our entering the timber-yard, it was wrapt in the glowing colors of the setting sun—as if Nature this time sympathized with the destinies of man, and rejoiced that the pale, desolate lover had become as a bridegroom with his rosy bride. In the yard the business of the day was done, and through the stillness was heard the gentle, rustling sound of the waves; whilst, in the air, humming insects would make you fancy, under the impression of the incidents of the day, that good angels were soaring around.

On passing the hemp stores and approaching the narrow part of the yard, my uncle said, “Kroier, you are no longer in my service, you know; but there is a service I'll beg you to do me.”

“What is it, sir?” replied young Kroier;

“if in any way it is in my power to do it, it shall be done.”

“Well,” said my uncle, touching the unfastened paling, “take a hammer and a four-inch nail and fasten up this fence.”

Peter Kroier, blushing almost as deeply as Lotte, said, “How is it possible, sir? How do you know?” Upon which my uncle, pointing at me, said, “There stands the traitor who watched and reported you.”

Lotte Petersen ran up to me, and, as though she would seal the secret, kissed me.

Once more my uncle lost his dignity; for, with a singularly youthful, cunning smile, and with uplifted hand, he said to me, “You rascal, I am the owner, and *you* get the rent of my timber-yard!”

* * * * *

More tales I could tell about my uncle and his house; and I could tell you tales and legends also about the little town of Wordingborg, whither, that you might see my uncle's house, I have carried you in fancy—tales and legends wild and old enough, and which might not be uninteresting to you at a time when the naturalizing among you of one fair Dane, whose graceful bowing head and happy bridal beauty myriads of you are still remembering, has established a new and sweetly golden link of feeling between Denmark and the British Isles. But, as I gaze on my uncle's house, sadness steals over me. I think of the fine old man now no more on earth, and of her, his faithful partner, who followed him; and the thought of the house, inhabited by strangers now, brings a feeling akin to pain.

MR. GLAISHER and Mr. Coxwell, the aeronauts, have narrowly avoided a dip in the Channel. They ascended at 1.17 P. M. this day week, and reached the height of four and a half miles, when it became apparent that they must descend quick, unless they wished for a dip in the sea. At 2.46 Mr. Coxwell perceived Beachey Head, naturally became nervous, and let off ballast so rapidly that they descended the last two miles in four minutes, alighting near the railway station at Newhaven, and breaking most of their instruments with the impact. The most curious result of this ascent is the different chemical effect of

light at higher strata in the atmosphere. Mr. Glaisher took slips of sensitized photographic paper, and arranged that similar slips should be exposed at the same time at Greenwich Observatory, and the amount of “coloration” noted every five minutes. The paper in the balloon was exposed to the full rays of the sun, with this extraordinary result—that at three miles high, the paper did not color so much in half an hour as in the grounds of the Royal Observatory in one minute. This would seem to indicate that the chemical effects of light are largely due to its passage through the atmosphere, or at least to the density of the atmosphere through which it has recently passed.

From The Press, 25 April. This paper is D'Israeli-ite—Tory.

OUR RELATIONS WITH AMERICA.

OUTRAGES upon the British flag, which constitute the grossest violations of international law ever perpetrated by one civilized State against another, have thoroughly roused the spirit of our people. The vindication of our honor is happily no party question; and whilst the Peers, on Thursday evening, proved quite as indignant in their censure of these proceedings, and quite as earnest in their demand for immediate reparation as the representatives of the people in the Lower House of Parliament, politicians of various shades of opinion, were unanimous in pressing upon the Government the necessity of decisive action. The hostility of the Yankees to this country has now assumed such proportions that even statesmen in office are compelled to speak out. Step by step have they advanced in this course of aggression. They not only assail our commerce abroad, but strive to carry out the most unwarrantable interference at home.

Unhappily, to the negligence and remissness of our own Government the evil is to be in a great measure attributed. It could never have assumed its present dimensions had our ministers consistently pursued a firm, temperate, and patriotic policy. Had they dealt boldly with the first illegal act committed by Yankee officers, Mr. Lincoln and his advisers, perceiving that we were in earnest, would not have incurred the risk of a rupture with this country. But Lord Palmerston and his colleagues have dealt with this matter precisely in the same manner as they did with the dispute between Turkey and Russia, and have again caused the country to drift amongst the shoals. Had they at the first hint of an invasion of the rights of Turkey as an independent power, given the late Emperor Nicholas fully to understand that war must be the inevitable result of his perseverance in his aggressive policy, a conflict would have been prevented. But before disclosing their intentions they permitted the czar to go so far that retreat involved dishonor, and therefore became almost impossible. They followed a vacillating course of action, and were at length plunged into hostilities which they imagined to be impossible, and for which they were totally unprepared. Precisely the same course has been pursued with regard to those repeated violations of international law by American officials, that have created general indignation throughout the country. Earl Russell has temporized instead of acting boldly and energetically; and as he has receded the Yankees have advanced. The consequence is, that a crisis of the most alarming character has arisen in the relations between

the Governments of Great Britain and North America; and at this moment despatches are on their way to the New World to demand reparation, which would not have been required had our Foreign Minister from the first displayed proper determination. After tolerating so many indignities, Earl Russell is at length compelled to make a stand, at a moment when great irritation prevails on both sides of the Atlantic.

As a proof that a vacillating policy has been pursued by the Government, we need only refer to the *Trent* outrage. No sooner were they satisfied, by the opinion of the law-officers of the crown, that international law had been violated, than they resolved to obtain immediate reparation. In this resolve they were supported by the nation almost as one man, and their efforts were crowned with complete success. Delighted with the victory which they had achieved, and at the popularity their single display of vigor had secured, they at once relapsed into their old error of conniving at the illegal proceedings of American naval officers, who sought to flatter the passions of the most ignorant portion of their countrymen, by acting in a hostile, and consequently an offensive, manner towards England. They ought, in arranging the *Trent* difficulty, to have stipulated that the notorious Wilkes, who concealed neither his antipathy to England nor his intention of wreaking his vengeance upon our commerce, should not be employed in any capacity which would enable him to carry out his threats. Yet his appointment to the West Indian station passed unchallenged, and he has committed illegal acts which have involved the two Governments in acrimonious discussions. Earl Russell is, therefore, clearly responsible for this lamentable result.

The replies of Earl Russell to deputations and his fellow Peers, and the refusal of Lord Palmerston to answer Mr. Roebuck's question respecting the conduct of Admiral Wilkes, convince us that the Government are, even at this crisis, drifting. Their policy is a kind of compromise between vigor and undue concession. At one point they make a stand, at another they recede. The premier, who directly refuses to say whether the Government have come to any determination with regard to the conduct of Admiral Wilkes, and whether they have addressed any remonstrance to the American Government, will not even state the course they have resolved to pursue. His subordinates take refuge in the stereotyped excuse that the slightest allusion to any of these topics ought to be sedulously avoided as dangerous to public interests. In the Upper House Earl Russell raises hope by the tone in which he speaks of the injudicious conduct of Mr. Adams, whilst he

causes us to despair by the absurd manner in which he proposes to deal with his offence, and palliates the illegal proceedings of officers of the American navy. Thus, with respect to the former, our Foreign Secretary declares: "There can be no doubt that the conduct of Mr. Adams is entirely unwarrantable, but I should not think of complaining to Mr. Adams. I shall bring that conduct before the consideration of the United States Government. It is for them to say in what manner such an act should be visited." His condemnation of the proceedings of the American minister is so far satisfactory, but it is neutralized by a dangerous admission. It does not rest solely with the United States Government to decide upon the manner in which his act is to be visited. The United States Government did not consult our ministers when, a few years ago, they dismissed our representative. They constituted themselves both judge and jury in the case; and, altho' we might not in this instance counsel an imitation by our own Foreign Secretary of their summary mode of procedure, yet we do not consider it becoming in him to weaken the effect of his censure by such an uncalled-for admission that with them alone lies the right of deciding how such conduct is to be punished.

And in respect to the outrages against our flag a similar course is pursued. Instead of at once protecting our commerce, Earl Russell invents excuses for the aggressor. In the case of the *Dolphin*, whilst admitting that "two evident violations of neutrality have taken place with regard to that vessel," he hints "there may be facts unknown to me and unknown to them (the law officers of the crown) with respect to the master of that vessel, which may have afforded sufficient ground for sending that vessel to a Prize Court." This is positively affording encouragement to Yankee audacity, and must to a certain extent diminish the force of the remonstrances which he declared he should despatch by the next mail. His reliance upon the instructions given by the United States Government is equally fallacious, because it is well known that these instructions are not observed by the officers, who receive no reprimand for setting them at defiance. Questions of reparation, of the illegal manner in which the right of search is conducted, the seizure of mail-bags, of the violation of official seals, were all dealt with in an apologetic tone that cannot fail to lead the United States people and the United States Government to suppose that our rulers are not in earnest: and in this want of decision and firmness the chief peril lies.

As this crisis occurs in the middle of the session, our only hope is, that the influence

of our legislators may yet be brought to bear in time to avert a catastrophe. This vacillation must be at once stopped. The vessel of the State must not be allowed to drift any longer. The warnings we uttered ere the war with Russia broke out, we repeat at a crisis that may involve consequences of a much graver character than those which resulted from that conflict. In the indecision and the want of firmness and vigor in the English Ministry, the real danger of the hour consists. They have brought matters to this issue, that unless an immediate change is made in our policy, war will become not only probable but inevitable. So many infringements of our rights as a neutral power have been tolerated, that it is only by the exercise of the greatest caution, combined with firmness, our authority can be vindicated without an appeal to arms.

From The Press.

ILLEGAL CAPTURE OF BRITISH SHIPS.

THE discussions which took place on Thursday in both Houses of Parliament relative to the high-handed proceedings in which Federal naval officers have lately been indulging against our commerce with a neutral country will, it is to be hoped, be attended with beneficial results. No doubt whatever can be entertained of the feeling of Parliament and the country upon the subject; and notwithstanding the deprecating tone which ministers adopted, the results amply proved that the almost unanimous expression of opinion elicited on the occasion, and the general condemnation of the illegal acts which have lately been committed by the Federal cruisers, were anything but ill-timed. If we wish to preserve peace with the Northern States of America, we must at once make it distinctly known that such conduct as the Washington Government have lately tolerated can never be submitted to by the people of this country. Upon this point both Liberals and Conservatives were fully agreed. Thursday's discussions, however, did not touch the main point, concerning which we have the strongest cause to feel aggrieved. The general question of the rights of neutrals to carry on trade without molestation between neutral ports was alluded to only as incidentally connected with the comparatively minor, but still most important, subjects that formed the groundwork of the debates. It is true that the illegal captures of the *Dolphin*, the *Adela*, and the *Peterhoff* were commented upon in fitting terms of condemnation by many speakers, but the extraordinary decision of the Foreign Secretary in regard to merchant vessels carrying mails, and the still more extraordinary

conduct of the American minister in granting certificates to vessels sailing from our shores, were the subjects which chiefly attracted the attention of both Houses, and met with the well-merited reprobation of all parties.

After making every allowance for the circumstances in which the Federals are placed, even Lord Russell could not but admit that the aggressions of which their officers had lately been guilty were perfectly unjustifiable. In the case of the *Dolphin* two distinct acts were adduced for which no fair reason could possibly be alleged. In the first place, a Federal cruiser made use of a neutral port for the purpose of watching British merchant vessels, in order to follow and capture them as soon as they had sailed three miles from harbor, or beyond the limits of the neutral power. Thus neutral ports, as well as those in her majesty's possessions, are to all intents and purposes blockaded by Federal cruisers. Again, the crew of the *Dolphin*, when thus illegally captured, were carried prisoners on board the Federal war steamer, and subsequently landed in a destitute state at St. Thomas's, the territory of a neutral. The crew of the *Peterhoff* have also been detained prisoners of war on board that vessel contrary to all precedent—an act which induced Lord Russell to declare that the Federal authorities had, in that case, "gone beyond what they fairly had a right to do." These cases are not now heard of for the first time. It is more than seven months ago since the *Adela* was captured, and she still remains unadjudicated upon in the hands of the Federals. She has been condemned contrary to all evidence, and the appeal which has been made against that judgment may not be finally decided for another twelvemonth. The case of the *Dolphin*, too, has yet to be determined, and in the mean time, as Lord Robert Cecil remarked, we are meekly resting under the gross outrage of having our sailors turned adrift in a destitute state upon the territory of a neutral. Our commerce is thus left to the mercy of men who habitually act contrary to "law or justice," and the result is that our merchants are advertising for French ships to carry their goods, because, as Lord Clanricarde justly said, they know that "French ships are protected, and English ships are not."

All these cases of illegal capture, as well as that of the *Peterhoff*, are undoubtedly to be attributed to the appointment of the notorious Commodore Wilkes to the command of the West India station. That officer stated, shortly after the *Trent* affair, that "he would lose no opportunity of insulting the British flag and injuring British commerce wherever he found them." Of what use, therefore, are

Mr. Seward's orders when it is a tacitly understood thing that the Federal officers can indulge in their piratical tendencies whenever they please? One of those orders was the very simple one, with which all Federal naval officers, one would imagine, ought to be perfectly acquainted, without receiving explicit directions on the subject from the American Secretary of State,—“that a vessel actually bound and passing from one friendly or so-called neutral port to another cannot lawfully be seized.” Immediately afterwards an officer who has publicly declared his intention to insult this country whenever he can do so is ordered to a station where he has the best possible opportunity not only of accomplishing his object, but also of disobeying Mr. Seward's instructions. Yet he is not called to account for this disobedience; and when a question is raised about it in Parliament, the illegal act is disregarded by ministers, and the order alluded to quoted in defence of the Washington authorities. It is by such tame and spiritless conduct as this that we have brought upon ourselves the indignities and insults which have yet to be atoned for; and the only way in which that can be done is not only by apologizing for the illegal acts which have been committed, and making full compensation for the losses which have been sustained by British subjects, but also by removing from his command an officer who has proved himself to be not only disobedient to his own Government, but most inimical to this country.

The great question, however, which was discussed on Thursday night had reference to the decision of the Foreign Secretary regarding the carrying of "ship mails" between British ports and the neutral port of Matamoras. Lord Russell, there cannot be a shadow of doubt, proved himself guilty of great weakness and inconsistency in regard to that matter. The owners of the *Sea Queen*, applied to him for some guarantee that if that ship were captured by a Federal cruiser she should not suffer on account of any letters which she might carry, for the contents of which neither the owners nor the shippers could be responsible. It was argued by the owners that as her majesty's mails had not been respected heretofore by Yankee naval officers, they might not be so again, and that letters sent through the post-office might be designedly despatched by the *Sea Queen*, with a view to compromise that ship in the opinion of the Federal authorities. Lord Russell's reply to this request was that ships sailing to Matamoras, although a neutral port, should, for the present be relieved of the obligation of carrying "ship mails." This decision was arrived at notwithstanding that in August last Mr. Seward, among other

instructions, peremptorily laid it down that "official seals or locks or fastenings of foreign authorities are in no case, nor on any pretext, to be broken, or parcels covered by them read by any (Federal) naval authorities; but all bags or other things covering such parcels, and duly sealed or fastened by foreign authorities, will be delivered to the Consul, commanding naval officer, or Legation of the foreign Government, to be opened." If Lord Russell had any faith in the due observance of those instructions, why should he have informed all parties concerned that, "*under the peculiar circumstances of the present time*, vessels bound to Matamoras, either from ports in this country or from ports in her majesty's colonies and possessions, should be relieved from the obligation of carrying ship letter mails"? Under the shallow pretext of not obliging a vessel to carry letters according to law, the Foreign Secretary has timidly backed out of what he conceived to be a dangerous difficulty, and in this has done the greatest injury and injustice to the convenience and interests of the mercantile public and the reputation of this country. It now, however, appears that the real cause which induced Lord Russell to arrive at this ignominious decision was his apprehension that Federal naval officers, as they have already frequently done, would again act "against law and justice," and "in entire contravention of Mr. Seward's instructions." In that case we are clearly renouncing our rights, lest we should at any time be called upon to defend them.

The argument which took place on this point between the Foreign Secretary and the Earl of Derby showed in the clearest manner possible how deplorably weak, timid, vacillating, and inconsistent the policy of the Government has been on this question. It is extremely to be regretted that a more dignified course and a firmer tone has not been adopted. The answer which ought to have been returned to the owners and shippers of the *Sea Queen* is as follows: "You can carry these mails with impunity. If they are illegally seized and opened due reparation shall be demanded; and nothing which they may contain adverse to your interests, if obtained in that forcible and unjustifiable manner, shall be used against you in any prize court in America." And it now further appears, from what took place in the House of Lords last night, that Lord Russell has actually authorized our consuls to open sealed mail-bags, and to read the letters contained in them, in order to ascertain whether they contain any information which could implicate our ships, with a view to such information being communicated to the Federal Government. No wonder that the utmost

indignation is generally felt at the exhibition of so much weakness on the part of our Government, and the renunciation of some of our dearest rights.

Only one opinion was expressed as to the unprecedentedly insolent assumption of authority on the part of Mr. Adams, the American minister, in this country. His letter to Messrs. Spence and Co. proved the authenticity of his first one, which it is impossible to characterize in fitting terms. For the present, as Mr. Roebuck justly remarked, he is Minister for Commerce in England. Ships that sail without his certificates will be liable to seizure, on the assumption that such have been applied for and refused for special reasons. It certainly demands no inconsiderable degree of self-control to speak or write about this matter in a temperate spirit. A person holding a diplomatic position could not possibly have committed a graver offence, nor more grossly insulted the honor of the country to which he was accredited. And all this was done in the boasted name of neutrality! The enterprises by which the Confederate States are occasionally supplied with arms and munitions of war from this country are characterized as "fraudulent and dishonest," though Mr. Adams thinks it no abandonment of the principle of neutrality to assist the Mexicans against the French, and to grant his permits for that purpose to vessels carrying arms and munitions of war from this country. As Mr. Bentinek pointedly remarked, in Mr. Adams's opinion "everything was honest to suit his own purpose, and his neutrality consisted in supplying a neighboring power with contraband of war, to be used against a country with which his own country was at peace."

From what Lord Russell said, it would seem that the Government have already acted in a manner becoming the dignity of the country with regard to this matter. Indeed, the only portion of the Foreign Secretary's speech which elicited the marked approval of the Upper House was that in which he referred to this case. It were greatly to be wished that the Government had acted with as much spirit in every other instance, for there can be little doubt that if the Government of the Federal States do not forthwith express regret for Mr. Adams's unparalleled insolence, and also if they have not the good taste to replace him by another person who will be more likely to conduct his duties in a more conciliatory disposition, the least that can be expected is that the minister who has so far forgotten his own position and the honor and dignity of this country, will be ordered to leave our shores.

From The Economist, 25 April. This paper is Commercial and Ministerial.

THE TRUE ATTITUDE OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THIS COUNTRY TOWARDS THE FEDERAL STATES.

THERE has seldom been a more peculiar set of diplomatic relations than that between the Federal States and England at the present time. The natural and reasonable policy of the Federal States was a conciliating and almost apologetic policy towards this country. They were doing us great harm; the blockade of the South which they maintain has ruined many thousands of the most deserving classes among us, and is the one unfavorable feature just now in the general picture of our prosperity. It is inevitable that belligerents should indirectly injure neutrals; war is too great a calamity to be restricted to the mere parties by name concerned in it; the happiness and welfare of all the better part of mankind is so bound up with that of the rest, that it is impossible to injure any one considerable nation without injuring many other considerable nations. Blockades are the particular mode in which a belligerent injures a non-belligerent more plainly and immediately than in any other. Naturally, under such circumstances the combatant nations should be courteous to the non-combatant nation, and should at least give verbal assurances of good-will, at the same time that it inflicts real suffering. This is a policy yet more obvious where the consent of the neutral is essential to the success of the plan of the belligerent; if the success of your strategy depends on the acquiescence of a bystander, surely, you should be civil to that bystander. Yet the Federal States have never been civil or courteous to England: the habitually unpleasant tone of Washington diplomacy to us has been more unpleasant since the secession of the South even than it used to be. Just at the time when their one effectual method of harming the South might be annihilated at once by a movement of the English fleets, which France has been ready to second and accompany, the Federal States have blustered as they used to bluster when they were in the height of prosperity, and when the good opinion of England did not vitally concern them.

A short time since, we called the attention of our readers to the re-appointment of Captain Wilkes to the very position in which he nearly caused a war with England in the case of the *Trent*, and to the seizure of the *Peterhoff* under his orders. And since that time the American minister *here* has assumed to license one or two ships to proceed to the port of Matamoras, thereby implying that no others are trading there with good intentions, and making himself the judge what English

trade is to be permitted and what is not. No Foreign Minister before has ever dreamed of giving permits to English vessels. These are but instances of a general policy. Ever since the commencement of the present disturbances, and indeed before, though no one thought about it—for, while American affairs were prosperous, they were immaterial—the Federal Government has been much less than courteous, and not much less than insolent to England. If the blockade which has ruined our greatest single industry had been an inestimable advantage, they would scarcely be justified in using the tone which they have in fact used.

What is the explanation of this strange policy, and what should be the policy with which we respond to it? The fact is that in consequence of a singular combination of historical accidents,—many of them due to democracy, many to the curious structure of the American Constitution, and some to the peculiarities of the Anglo-Saxon race, which is theirs as well as ours,—the Government of the Federal States has fallen into the hands of the smallest, weakest, and meanest set of men who ever presided over the policy of a great nation at the critical epoch of its affairs. The President means well, but he does nothing else well. He was not selected by any competent person or set of persons to be the ruler of the destinies of his country at a crisis of revolution: he is the “accident of an accident” in quiet times: the inexplicable caprice of a forgotten caucus selected Mr. Lincoln as a candidate because no one knew much about him, and therefore scarcely any one could object to him. His ministers are nearly as feeble as he is, without being nearly as good as he is. The whole tradition of Federal politics is a concatenation of paltry arts which their own word “dodge” and no other will describe. These feeble and mean persons believe that it is a good electioneering expedient, an excellent stratagem for keeping their party in power and office, to subject England to small affronts. They do not wish war: they had an opportunity for war in the case of the *Trent*, and they made no use of it. They well know that if they cannot conquer the South alone, they cannot conquer the South aided by England: the vulgar American may fancy that he can “fight and beat” all the world, but no responsible rulers, with the inevitable information of office before them, can ever believe so. All which the Federal Government wish is to subject England to a few petty outrages which shall flatter their countrymen, but not be really dangerous.

What then, lastly, shall be our policy? It could not by possibility be better explained than in the speech of Lord Russell on Friday

night. We must firmly and calmly require that international law shall be enforced, but we must not be led to imitate the aggression of our opponents. We must not exact more than our rights, or exact our rights sooner than accepted law will give them to us. There must be one weight and one measure. When we were belligerents, we laid down rules of law which pressed harshly upon neutrals, and from which neutrals—the Americans among others—suffered. We must not depart from those rules now; we must require what is due, but we must be most careful not to ask for an atom more than is due.

As to the "license" which Mr. Adams has proposed to issue, Lord Russell has notified that piece of misconduct to his Government, and he could have done no more. It would have been very harsh to send Mr. Adams his passports for an act which probably was not directed by his Government, and which at any rate *may* not have been so. Mr. Lincoln will be bound to reprimand or recall him.

The case of the *Peterhoff* is more difficult. There is an inherent and universal difficulty in such cases. All of them are adjudicated in courts situated in the capturing country. During the war between England and France, all ships of whatever nation that we seized on the high seas we adjudicated on in our courts, and sometimes upon grounds not entirely acceptable to other nations. So now the American court or courts—for there is an appeal—will have to decide on this capture. If, indeed, it could be shown that there was no *prima facie* ground whatever for the seizure, our Government would be justified in requiring the Government at Washington to anticipate the course of justice and at once to surrender the vessel. But such a negative is very hard to prove. It is nearly impossible to say what may have been other people's reasons for doing anything. We must wait till they tell us. We cannot say with absolute certainty that there were no reasons before Commodore Wilkes's mind which gave apparent plausibility to the legality of seizing the *Peterhoff*; we can say with complete certainty that he has a very strange judgment on such matters, and that after his proved incompetency he ought not to be there to decide them; but we cannot foresee what seeming evidence he may have had. Nor, without proof, must we question the fairness of the American court. It is an inevitable incident of similar litigation that it is tried by a court which may always be accused of leaning to the interest of the country to which it belongs. But we must accept this defect, because it is a necessary defect. We must permit the court to decide, and, unless upon sufficient ground, we must not question its fairness when it does decide.

Lastly. We must be dignified, impartial, and calm. A war with the Federal States would be a great evil to us as well as them; but it would be a great crime likewise if it were engendered by our competent rulers imitating the restlessness and the errors of their incompetent ones.

From The Economist, 25 April.

SHIP MAIL-BAGS.

THERE can be little question that Lord Russell was right in not requiring the *Sea Queen* to carry the mail-bag to Matamoras; it would have been a hardship on the owners to compel her so to do. As Lord Russell said, the Americans have no right to open the mail-bag, but they may; if they do, they may find matter they think suspicious or treasonable, and they may take the ship itself to a Federal port. This would be illegal, and the owners might obtain ultimate compensation; but still, to a shipowner who takes a present income from his ship, such captures and the mysterious legal incidents thereto attaching are exceedingly unpleasant.

Primâ facie it is a hardship on any ship to be obliged to carry mails. Generally speaking, the trouble of so doing is so slight, and the inconvenience so insensible, that it would be foolish in shipowners to object. But when there is even an imaginary evil in patent proximity of some importance, the shipowner ought to object, and the Government ought to release him from the compulsory obligation. Some speakers in the House of Lords seemed to think that it was the duty of the Government to make the *Sea Queen* take the mails, *because* it was the duty of the Government to forward letters which might be important and which it usually forwarded. But on principle it is not the duty of a Government to compel casual individuals to perform its own voluntary contracts. The Government must pay such a sum for the carriage of the mails as will induce shipowners to *wish* to take them. Ships should be *hired* to carry letters, not compelled.

The Government were also right in not putting a mail agent on board the *Sea Queen* or any ship, though the owners of ship and cargo be ready to bear the expense. It is very undesirable for Government to give any sort of *endorsement*, if we may use that word, to particular vessels: the worst vessels would be the ones most likely to apply for it, for it would give them greater facilities for breaking the blockade; and, generally speaking, it is inexpedient for Government to mark with special approval the ventures of particular traders, with the merits of which they can have no peculiar acquaintance.

From The Economist, 25 April.

THE CONTINENTAL POSITION.

THERE is little to surprise us in the shudder of excitement which is just now passing through Europe. The power of France is so great and so ready for use, her activity for the moment so morbid, her resources so completely at the disposal of one very competent man, that *any* disturbance in which she is known to be keenly interested is sure to assume huge proportions. It is certain that France is greatly interested in the Polish revolt, and equally so that her ruler meditates with absorbing interest on the policy which events may compel him to adopt. At the same time the direction of that policy is an obscure and much-debated question, and all the interest of a great riddle is therefore added to all the excitement of great political events. Just at present the doubtful force seems to tend in the direction of war, or rather the rumors about its direction are tinged with warlike hue. Consequently, and very rightly, the Bourses are becoming excited. There may be nothing in all the stories so busily circulated, but then also there may be much, and if there is, the approaching danger is one of a kind and magnitude which makes all men who understand either politics or finance pale with hope or anxiety. It is nothing less that a grand European war for a redistribution of the map, and it is hard to conceive an event which would more permanently influence the position and fortunes and hopes of this generation of men. It is the fashion of the hour, which affects even mercantile men, to under-rate everything; but France in arms and in *motion* is a portent which concerns every human being,—a figure whose action the keenest observer will watch with the most alarm. This is the truth which gives to the Polish question all its European interest. In itself it is but a struggle of immense importance to the actors, but not very vital to the world,—not half so vital, for example, as the American civil war. If Russia wins, the world is, politically speaking, much where it was, except that one military monarchy will be a trifle weaker; while if Poland should win, Europe will have one more free nation, and therefore, one more security for the peace this generation finds it so hard to attain.

Still the very magnitude of the stake very often disturbs the judgment, and it is well to examine occasionally the forces at work on both sides. It is the misfortune of the world that the conservative forces in politics, the reasons which make rulers unwilling to do very striking or very dangerous things, are usually so little apparent. Everybody can count the ships of war in a port, and estimate the result of their attack, but the facts that

they cannot sail without biscuit and that the biscuit is not yet baked, do not strike the popular eye. Of all the stories now alarming the Continent, one-half are stories merely, with no better guarantee than the word of the half-informed persons who prepare "news of interest" for MM. Ruter and Scharf's correspondence. The remainder are probably facts, but their value strictly considered is not perhaps very great. It seems clear that some negotiation of some kind has been going on between France and Sweden, the power which, in the event of war, could most readily assist the Poles, and that the Swedes are enthusiastic anti-Russians. It is also clear that the Polish insurgents, so far from faltering, are becoming bolder, and have succeeded in placing an income tax, varying from two to ten per cent., upon most of the property-holders in Poland. The French emperor, moreover, does not discourage the strong Polish feeling in his capital; indeed, rather lends it weight by gentle recommendations to caution and patience. All these things, and particularly the sudden talk about Sweden, are in their degree ominous, and so is the language of the note addressed by M. Drouyn de Lhuys to St. Petersburg, and analyzed in the *Pays*. It is not a pleasant letter at all for the Russian Government to receive, is unusually harsh in meaning, and abounds in those expressions which diplomatists, justly or otherwise, are apt to consider "grave." The Russian Government is by no means accustomed to be told that its acts may produce "regrettable consequences," or that the causes of a rebellion must be "definitively removed." M. Drouyn de Lhuys is himself a moderate writer, not by any means given to menace, and there may be ground for the belief that the emperor wrote the despatch, and that he will not tamely endure a negative or evasive reply. It is more than probable also that the Emperor of Russia, unaccustomed to yield, relying on the complicity of his copartners in the partition, and aware that to grant anything short of independence would be merely to place new weapons in the hands of the Poles, may stand upon his rights as King of Poland, and decline any and every offer of mediation between himself and unsubdued rebels. That, at all events, would be his *natural* attitude, only to be abandoned under intense pressure, to which he can at any time yield.

These few facts, crusted over as they are with verbiage and inventions, are ominous, but they are much more discussed than the huge facts on the other side. In the first place, it is always assumed that the French nation as a whole desires war. That is no doubt true of the educated classes, who have a deep if sentimental regard for Poland,—of

the army, which at once thirsts for "glory" and desires to avoid Mexico,—and of the priests, who hope to inflict a great blow on a rival and hated Church. But it is not equally clear that it is desired by the *bourgeoisie* who will have to pay in money for the idea, or the peasants who must provide the extra "*impôt du sang*." On the contrary, every warlike rumor sends the funds down sharply, and the peasants are murmuring that their children are superseded by volunteers. Now it has been the emperor's policy ever since 1848 to foster material wealth, and the classes who produce it, and to represent the opinion of the silent millions of France. Consequently, despite all the gossip, it is not quite so certain that he feels himself under pressure from French opinion. That he relaxes the usual restraints on discussion in favor of intervention is true, but he is always slow to restrain any opinion favored by Ultramontanes, and knows well that till he decides, loud talk on foreign affairs is a good safety-valve for much surplus steam. His character, too, forbids him ever to close the door on a chance, and as long as the insurrection lasts there is always a chance that some German *létise* may open his path to the Rhine. Then the enterprise, vast in the eyes of any politician, must to him appear specially large. English observers perceive that it will cost a great deal of money, which M. Fould will be very unwilling to raise,—that the Mexican expedition, however onerous, cannot be lightly abandoned,—and that the neutrality of Austria is a very doubtful assumption. Austria does not want to fight, and does not regard Galicia as she does some other of her many alien provinces; but Austria gives up nothing for nothing, and the Hapsburgs, with all their failures, have a tenacity not pleasant to those who intend to coerce them. But Napoleon sees, besides all these things,—and remember, he fears coalitions,—other dangers more personal to himself. He learnt in Italy that, though a good strategist, he must avoid command in the field, and he is keenly aware that the general who should conduct the armies of France to great and successful fields, who should redeem Borodino and efface the disaster of the Beresina, would be a more formidable rival than the Count de Chambord, or any prince of the house of Orleans. Yet he cannot afford to fail, for failure would at once consoli-

date all those elements of opposition, which are only kept down by his unbroken success. He knows, too, how difficult the task itself will be even if he can induce Sweden to run the tremendous risk of a war with a power whose regular army is nearly equal to the Swedish *levée en masse*. Empires are not conquered in a day, and a winter campaign in Poland is a contingency which would cause a shudder in the bravest soldier in France. Then his habit is to fight with allies, and they are not in this instance forthcoming. If Austria could be induced to join, then indeed he might advance freely; but Austria is slow to move, and the paragraphs so frequently circulated in the papers about compensation are often the feeblest dreams. Austria is usually to have the Principalities, two States which belong to Turkey, which cannot be alienated without English consent, and which have a very peculiarly bitter feeling towards the Austrian soldiery. Then there are reports about Italy, and no doubt Italy would free Poland or anything else if in so doing she could free Rome. But what can Italy do, if Austria is not to be attacked, beyond lending a contingent—valuable indeed, but a long way from the shores of the Baltic? Sweden, no doubt, can afford most important assistance,—assistance so valuable, that with her, Poland, and Italy, France might defy Russia and Germany united; but Sweden will run great risk, and will demand an equally great compensation. Finally, France does not war for ideas alone, and what proof have the alarmists that when she asks *her* compensation, England will consent either to its amount or its form? The emperor up to a point is the most cautious of human beings, and has weighed well all the jealousies, interests and risks which he must face, if for the third time in eight years he plunges into that dangerous sea—a great European war.

There are reasons for hesitation no doubt, but the balance of probabilities is always in favor of things remaining as they are, and in this case that balance is most unusually weighted. Only one chance, the emperor's determination, can produce the war; while the suppression of the revolt, a refusal from Sweden, a caprice on the part of Austria, or the death of any one of six or seven individuals, may all avail to prevent it.

From The Economist, 25 April.

HERR VON BISMARK'S LAST ESCAPADE.

HERR VON BISMARK, First Minister under the Prussian Government, is becoming a public nuisance. At a moment when "red," i.e. anarchical, ideas were slowly dying away, and constitutional government was regaining the public esteem of which dreamers and doctrinaires had tried to deprive it, he is teaching the people of Germany that this form of Government is impossible,—that kings cannot be taught except by dethronement, or parliaments made respectable except by the assumption of irresponsible power. His object during the past three months has been to discredit the Prussian Chamber by exhibiting it to the nation as powerless, and by repeated bursts of calculated and unpunished insolence. His first declaration, that the Cabinet would carry on the Government without a Budget, struck at the very root of Parliamentary power, and announced the determination of the king to reign alone. His second, the blank refusal to explain the situation in regard to Russia and Poland, taught the deputies that they had no hold over the monarchy even when menaced from abroad; and his third, made on the 17th instant, showed the Chamber that it could not depend even on outward official courtesy from the executive. Herr Twisten had proposed that the Prussian Parliament should advise the king to menace Denmark with war, and then refuse the necessary supplies,—a stupid, though legal proposal. Herr Von Bismark jumped up in a rage, and, after a short and impudent speech, told the Chamber, "In foreign countries people are not quite so credulous as here. If we find it necessary to go to war, we shall do so with or without your approbation." The speech, besides its impudent denial of the existence of any constitutional check whatever, hit a point upon which the Chamber is specially sensitive. Its leaders have always hoped that on the first menace of war the Government would yield from the impossibility of moving armies without a loan, and the extreme difficulty of raising one without a vote of the Chamber. The assurance, therefore, that the king would try to carry on war by the prerogative, chilled the one hope which had restrained the majority within the bounds of an excessive, not to say pusillanimous, moderation. The Chamber felt after the declaration that it had nothing to hope from the throne,—that absolutism was proclaimed as a permanent system of rule. This was well expressed by Dr. Löwe, who, with the wit of a professor rather than a statesman, accused the premier of talking "the Russian dialect." This was, however, a trifle compared with what followed. Dr.

Virchow remarked that the debate was intended to instruct the minister-president, and was useless in his absence, whereupon Herr Von Bismark, who had been in a room at the side of the House, sneeringly asserted that "the speaker was perfectly intelligible in the next room." A deputy complained of this insolence only to elicit a repetition, the premier not seeing why, if a speaker had a loud voice, he should not while the speeches went on transact business in the next room. And then the sitting terminated, the vice-president declaring that Herr Von Bismark had said nothing for which he could be called to order!

There can be but one meaning attached to utterances such as these. Herr Von Bismark is very possibly an impulsive man, given to bursts of insolence and apt to say a great deal more than he intends, but he has had the education of a gentleman and the training of a diplomatist, and knows perfectly well when he intends to insult. His object palpably is to treat the Chamber as if it were a noisy debating club, tolerated out of good-nature, but possessing and deserving no influence whatever on the course of public affairs. His frankness is the frankness of assumed contempt, embittered by a lurking consciousness that for all this there may one day come a terrible retribution. He cannot make in this instance any blunder as to the constitutionality of his course,—for though the king asserts that he is not bound to take the advice of his Parliament, he has admitted all through that he is bound to ask it, and the Constitution distinctly provides for the minister's presence at the debates. He means to degrade the House, and succeeds in producing that and one other effect. Prussians who read the debates cannot help feeling the king is triumphant, that he has destroyed Parliamentary authority without *coup d'état*, and that, as his majesty said, "the pivot of power is the throne." All the courtiers, therefore, and most of the place-hunters—and who in Prussia is not a place-hunter?—will commence courting a power so palpably independent, while the people, despairing of a Chamber so treated, will once more turn their thoughts to private affairs. That result for the moment M. Von Bismark will secure, and also this. Leading Prussians, however averse to revolution, will perceive that between the people and the throne there is no compromise possible,—that if Prussia is to be free, it will not be through or with Hohenzollerns,—that they have not only to cripple the *junkers*, but to change the dynasty. That feeling spreads fast and wide. The Prussians, though patient, are an armed race, and the next movement will be in search not of a new charter, but of a new king. In other words, Herr

Von Bismark is doing his utmost to add Prussia to the list of revolutionary States, to break up that European order which alone allows men like him to subsist. What with the proscription ordered in Poland, the sergeant-major-like peremptoriness of Frederick William, and the morganatic marriage of Victor Emmanuel, the kings of the earth seem suddenly to have been struck with foolishness,—that foolishness which inevitably sooner or later ends in blood.

But is not the Prussian Chamber to blame? Imagine the scene in the House of Commons which would follow such treatment,—the instant expulsion of the offender, not only from power, but from the social pale. Unfortunately the Prussian Chamber is not even by law a House of Commons, and it is possible, if not to excuse, at least to explain its quiescence. It has two motives for bearing what to Englishmen appears shameful. One and the best is that the people do not feel the wrong done quite so much as Englishmen would. The paternal theory has not been maintained so long without producing its effect, and the members, like our own in time

of James the Second, grieve over rather than resent a rating at the hands of the king. No boy feels insulted by his father's rough tongue, and very few get irritated because scolded by his delegate, the schoolmaster. The Prussian members are children in political life, only just growing up to the stature when flogging becomes unendurable, and the sense of honor is stronger than the fear of physical pain. The quarrel, however, is educating them fast. On the other hand, they are anxious not to give an excuse for a purely military government, or to compel the people to choose between an avowed despotism and descending into the streets. It will take months of outrage yet to destroy their lingering hope of securing freedom without revolution, Parliamentary Government without that plunge into the unknown involved in a change of dynasty; and it is because Herr Von Bismark supplies the precise stimulus required, and advances steadily on the course which has but one outlet, that we pronounce him a public enemy to the general peace of Europe.

SONG OF THE COPPERHEAD.

THERE was glorious news, for our arms were victorious—

'Twas sometime ago—and 'twas somewhere out West;

The big guns were booming—the boys getting glorious;

But one man was gloomy, and glad all the rest!

Intending emotions delightful to damp,
He hummed and he hawed, and he sneered and he sighed—

A snake in the grass, and a spy in the camp,
While the honest were laughing, the Copperhead cried!

There was news of a battle, and sad souls were aching

The fate of their brave and beloved ones to learn;

Pale wives stood all tearless, their tender hearts breaking

For the gallant, good man who would never return!

We had lost all but honor—so ran the sad story,—

Oh! bitter the cup that the Patriot quaffed!

He had tears for our flag—he had sighs for our glory—

He had groans for our dead—but the Copperhead laughed!

The traitor! the sneak! say, what fate shall await him,

Who forgets his fair land, and who spits on her fame?

Let no woman love him! Let honest men hate him!

Let his children refuse to be known by his name!

In the hour of our sorrow all recreant we found him—

In the hour of his woe may he sigh for a friend!

Let his conscience upbraid, let his memory hound him,

And no man take note of the Copperhead's end!

—*Vanity Fair.*

“I’LL not dissected be,

T’ trust your art with my anatomy.”

—HABINGTON, *Castara*.

We prefer that others should censure our particular faults rather than criticise our general characters. It is not pleasant to be philosophized upon. On the other hand, in our own confessions and our autobiographies, we greatly prefer giving a general sketch of our minds to particularizing our misdemeanors.

THE SAVIOUR'S KNOWLEDGE.

"We are sure Thou knowest all things."—JOHN 16.

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest ;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed.
I come before thee at thy gracious word,
And lay them at thy feet ; thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the past ; how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost sheep had
strayed ;
How the good shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the
pain,
And brought back life and hope and strength
again.

Thou knowest all the present ; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;
All to myself assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear ;
All pensive memories, as I journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

Thou knowest all the future ; gleams of gladness,
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast,
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
Oh, what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this, thou knowest, Lord ?

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing ;
As man, our mortal weakness thou hast proved ;
On earth with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, thou hast wept, and thou hast
loved ;
And love and sorrow still to thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore I come, thy gentle call obeying,
And lay my sins and sorrows at thy feet,
On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
Clothed in thy robe of righteousness complete ;
Then rising and refreshed, I leave thy throne,
And follow on to know as I am known.

—*Dr. Kennedy's Hymnologia Christiana.*

OUR ONE LIFE.

'Tis not for man to trifle ! Life is brief
And sin is here.

Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.

We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we,
One, only one !

How sacred should that one life ever be,
That narrow span !

Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is no shadow of thin air,
No vacant dream,
No fable of the things that never were,
But only seem.
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
Though strange and solemn may that meaning
be.

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night,
No idle tale ;
No cloud that floats along a sky of light
On summer gale.
They are the true realities of earth,
Friends and companions even from our birth.

O life below ! how brief and poor and sad !
One heavy sigh.
O life above ! how long, how fair and glad !
An endless joy.
Oh ! to be done with daily dying here ;
Oh ! to begin the living in yon sphere !

O day of time, how dark ! O sky and earth,
How dull your hue !
O day of Christ, how bright ! O sky and earth,
Made fair and new !
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green ;
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene !
—*Dr. Bonar.*

AT THE LAST.

"Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor,
until the evening."—PSALM civ. 23.

THE stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in evening's robe of balm ;
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth
bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer ;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose ;
There is a calm, a beauty, and a power,
That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

"Until the evening," we must weep and toil,
Plow life's stern furrow, dig the weary soil ;
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh ! when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like summer evening down the golden tide ;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

THE EARTH IS FULL OF THY RICHES.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ALMIGHTY, hear us, while we raise
Our hymn of thankfulness and praise,
That thou hast given the human race
So bright, so fair a dwelling place.

That when this orb of sea and land
Was moulded in thy forming hand,
Thy calm, benignant smile impressed
A beam of Heaven upon its breast.

Then towered the hills, and broad and green
The vale's deep pathway sank between.
Then stretched the plain to where the sky
Stoops and shuts in the exploring eye.

And stately groves beneath thy smile
Arose on continent and isle;
And fruits came forth and blossoms glowed,
And fountains gushed and rivers flowed.

Thy hand outspread the billowy plains
Of ocean, nurse of genial rains,
Hung high the glorious sun, and set
Night's crescents in her arch of jet.

Lord, teach us, while the unsated gaze,
Delighted, on thy works delays,
To deem the forms of beauty here
But shadows of a brighter sphere.

—*New York Evening Post.*

LONGINGS.

WHEN shall I be at rest? My trembling heart
Grows weary of its burden, sickening still
With hope deferred. Oh, that it were Thy will
To loose my bonds, and take me where Thou art?

When shall I be at rest? My eyes grow dim
With straining through the gloom; I scarce can
see

The way-marks that my Saviour left for me;
Would it were morn, and I were safe with him!

When shall I be at rest? Hand over hand
I grasp, and climb an ever steeper hill,
A rougher path. Oh, that it were Thy will
My tired feet might tread the Promised Land!

O that I were at rest! A thousand fears
Come thronging o'er me, lest I fail at last.
Would I were safe, all toil and danger past,
And thine own hand might wipe away my tears.

Oh, that I were at rest! like some I love,
Whose last fond looks drew half my life away,
Seeming to plead that either they might stay
With me on earth, or I with them above.

But why these murmurs? Thou didst never
shrink

From any toil or weariness for me,
Not even from that last deep agony;
Shall I beneath my little trials sink?

No, Lord, for when I am indeed at rest,
One taste of that deep bliss will quite efface
The sternest memories of my earthly race
Save but to swell the sense of being blest.

Then lay on me whatever cross I need
To bring me there. I know thou canst not be
Unkind, unfaithful, or untrue to me!
Shall I not toil for Thee, when Thou for me didst
bleed?

—*Church of England S. S. Quarterly.*

LEFT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

WHAT, was it a dream? am I all alone
In the dreary night and the drizzling rain?
Hist!—ah, it was only the river's moan;
They have left me behind, with the mangled
slain.

Yes, now I remember it all too well!
We met, from the battling ranks apart;
Together our weapons flashed and fell,
And mine was sheathed in his quivering heart.

In the cypress gloom, where the deed was done,
It was all too dark to see his face;
But I heard his death-groans, one by one,
And he holds me still in a cold embrace.

He spoke but once, and I could not hear
The words he said for the cannon's roar;
But my heart grew cold with a deadly fear—
O God! I had heard that voice before!

Had heard it before at our mother's knee,
When we lisped the words of our evening
prayer!

My brother! would I had died for thee—
This burden is more than my soul can bear!

I pressed my lips to his death-cold cheek,
And begged him to show me, by word or sign.
That he knew and forgave me: he could not
speak,

But he nestled his poor cold face to mine.

The blood flowed fast from my wounded side,
And then for a while I forgot my pain,
And over the lakelet we seemed to glide
In our little boat, two boys again.

And then, in my dream, we stood alone
On a forest path where the shadows fell;
And I heard again the tremulous tone,
And the tender words of his last farewell.

But that parting was years, long years ago,
He wandered away to a foreign land;
And our dear old mother will never know
That he died to-night by his brother's hand.

* * * * *

The soldiers who buried the dead away,
Disturbed not the clasp of that last embrace,
But laid them to sleep till the Judgment-day,
Heart folded to heart, and face to face.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

Indianapolis, Indiana, March, 1863.

—*Once a Week.*

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE BORDER LANDS.

FATHER, into thy loving hands
 My feeble spirit I commit,
 While wandering in these border lands,
 Until thy voice shall summon it.

Father, I would not dare to choose
 A longer life, an earlier death ;
 I know not what my soul might lose
 By shortened or protracted breath.

These border lands are calm and still,
 And solemn are their silent shades ;
 And my heart welcomes them, until
 The light of life's long evening fades.

I heard them spoken of with dread,
 As fearful and unquiet places—
 Shades, where the living and the dead
 Look sadly in each other's faces.

But since thy hand hath led me here,
 And I have seen the border land—
 Seen the dark river flowing near,
 Stood on its brink, as now I stand—

There has been nothing to alarm
 My trembling soul ; how could I fear,
 While thus encircled with thine arm ?
 I never felt thee half so near.

What should appal me in a place
 That brings me hourly nearer thee ?
 When I may almost see thy face,
 Surely 'tis here my soul would be.

They say the waves are dark and deep,
 That faith has perished in the river ;
 They speak of death with fear, and weep.
 Shall my soul perish ? Never, never.

I know that thou wilt never leave
 The soul that trembles while it clings
 To thee ; I know thou wilt achieve
 Its passage on thine outspread wings.

And since I first was brought so near
 The stream that flows to the Dead Sea,
 I think that it has grown more clear
 And shallow than it used to be.

I cannot see the golden gate,
 Unfolding yet to welcome me ;
 I cannot yet anticipate
 The joy of heaven's jubilee.

But I will calmly watch and pray,
 Until I hear my Saviour's voice,
 Calling my happy soul away
 To see his glory, and rejoice.

THE COUNTRY POSTMAN.

A DAY of sullen, smothering heat,
 A blank, white glare, and yet no sun,
 A smouldering roof of unrobed cloud,
 No sunbeam, or but peeps of one.

No lawn all patterned with the sun,
 And labyrinths of soft, cool shadow ;
 No sun to silver on the corn,
 Or bloom upon the meadow.

No shining threads of gossamer,
 Bridged o'er from rose to rose ;
 No trout to flash beneath the bridge,
 Where the pink reed-flower blows.

Over the bridge, beneath the elms,
 Now cloaked in sullen shadow,
 The white-sleeved reapers laughing go,
 Past purple clover meadow.

Here comes the postman, with his bag
 Over his shoulder trailing ;
 Sturdy he strides past field and hedge,
 Past cottage-gate and paling.

Our Mercury, our Hope, our Fear,
 Death's messenger, and Love's,
 What wonder that above his head
 Coo softly the wild doves.

What wonder that the raven croaks
 From yonder mossy beech,
 That sable bird interprets now
 Bad news in boding speech.

But Hope may pine another night,
 For he has passed the door,
 And Love may wring his little hands,
 And wait one day the more.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

VIOLETS.

UNDER the green hedges, after the snow,
 There do the dear little violets grow ;
 Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
 Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
 Down there do the dear little violets lie ;
 Hiding their heads where they scarce may be
 seen,
 By the leaves you may know where the violet
 hath been.

REV. JOHN MOULTRIE.

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *Lady Audley's Secret*. By M. E. Braddon. 3 vols. Seventh edition. 1862.
2. *Aurora Floyd*. By M. E. Braddon. 3 vols. Second edition. 1863.
3. *No Name*. By Wilkie Collins. 3 vols. 1862.
4. *Recommended to Mercy*. 3 vols. 1862.
5. *Such Things are*. By the Author of "Recommended to Mercy." 3 vols. 1862.
6. *The Last Days of a Bachelor*. By James M'Grigor Allan. 2 vols. 1862.
7. *Nobly False*. By James M'Grigor Allan. 2 vols. 1863.
8. *The Law of Divorce*. By a Graduate of Oxford. 1861.
9. *Wait and Hope*. By John Edmund Reade. 3 vols. 1859.
10. *The Old Roman Well*. 2 vols. 1861.
11. *Miriam May*. Third edition. 1860.
12. *Crispin Ken*. By the Author of "Miriam May." 2 vols. Third edition. 1861.
13. *Philip Paternoster*. By an Ex-Puseyite. 2 vols. 1858.
14. *The Weird of the Wentworths*. By Johannes Scotus. 2 vols. 1862.
15. *Passages in the Life of a Fast Young Lady*. By Mrs. Grey. 3 vols. 1862.
16. *Only a Woman*. By Captain Lascelles Wrexall. 3 vols. 1860.
17. *Harold Overdon*. By Chartley Castle. 1862.
18. *Liberty Hall, Oxon*. By W. Winwood Reade. 3 vols. 1860.
19. *Danesbury House*. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1861.
20. *The Daily Governess*. By Mrs. Gordon Smythies. 3 vols. 1861.
21. *The Woman of Spirit*. 2 vols. 1862.
22. *Clinton Maynyard, a Tale of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil*. 1862.
23. *Spurs and Skirts*. By Allet. 1862.
24. *Ashcombe Churchyard*. By Evelyn Benson. 2 vols. 1862.

"I DON'T like preaching to the nerves instead of the judgment," was the remark of a shrewd observer of human nature, in relation to a certain class of popular sermons. The remark need not be limited to sermons alone. A class of literature has grown up around us, usurping in many respects, intentionally or unintentionally, a portion of the preacher's office, playing no inconsiderable part in moulding the minds and forming the habits and tastes of its generation; and doing so principally, we had almost said exclusively, by "preaching to the nerves." It would almost seem as if the paradox of Cabanis, *les nerfs, voilà tout l'homme*, had been banished

from the realm of philosophy only to claim a wider empire in the domain of fiction—at least if we may judge by the very large class of writers who seem to acknowledge no other element in human nature to which they can appeal. Excitement, and excitement alone, seems to be the great end at which they aim—an end which must be accomplished at any cost by some means or other, "si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo." And as excitement, even when harmless in kind, cannot be continually produced without becoming morbid in degree, works of this class manifest themselves as belonging, some more, some less, but all to some extent, to the morbid phenomena of literature—indications of a wide-spread corruption, of which they are in part both the effect and the cause; called into existence to supply the cravings of a diseased appetite, and contributing themselves to foster the disease, and to stimulate the want which they supply.

The sensation novel is the counterpart of the spasmodic poem. They represent "the selfsame interest with a different leaning." The one leans outward, the other leans inward; the one aims at convulsing the soul of the reader, the other professes to owe its birth to convulsive throes in the soul of the writer. But with this agreement there is also a difference. There is not a poet or poetaster of the spasmodic school but is fully persuaded of his own inspiration and the immortality of his work. He writes to satisfy the unconquerable yearnings of his soul; and if some prosaic friend were to hint at such earthly considerations as readers and purchasers, he would be ready to exclaim, with a forgotten brother of the craft (alas, that we should have to say *forgotten* after such a *hiatus*!):—

"Go, dotard, go, and if it suits thy mind,
Range yonder rocks and reason with the wind,
Or if its motions own another's will,
Walk to the beach and bid the sea be still;
In newer orbits let the planets run,
Or throw a cloud of darkness o'er the sun;
A measured movement bid the comets keep,
Or lull the music of the spheres to sleep:
These may obey thee; but the fiery soul
Of Genius owns not, brooks not thy control."

Not so the sensation novelist. No divine influence can be imagined as presiding over the birth of his work, beyond the market-law of demand and supply; no more immortality is dreamed of for it than for the fashions of the

current season. A commercial atmosphere floats around works of this class, redolent of the manufactory and the shop. The public want novels, and novels must be made—so many yards of printed stuff, sensation-pattern, to be ready by the beginning of the season. And if the demands of the novel-reading public were to increase to the amount of a thousand per season, no difficulty would be found in producing a thousand works of the average merit. They rank with the verses of which “Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day;” and spinning-machines of the Lord Fanny kind may be multiplied without limit.

Various causes have been at work to produce this phenomenon of our literature. Three principal ones may be named as having had a large share in it—periodicals, circulating libraries, and railway bookstalls. A periodical, from its very nature, must contain many articles of an ephemeral interest, and of the character of goods made to order. The material part of it is a fixed quantity, determined by rigid boundaries of space and time; and on this Procrustean bed the spiritual part must needs be stretched to fit. A given number of sheets of print, containing so many lines per sheet, must be produced weekly or monthly, and the diviner element must accommodate itself to these conditions. A periodical, moreover, belongs to the class of works which most men borrow and do not buy, and in which, therefore, they take only a transitory interest. Few men will burden their shelves with a series of volumes which have no coherence in their parts, and no limit in their number, whose articles of personal interest may be as one halfpennyworth of bread to an intolerable quantity of sack, and which have no other termination to their issue than the point at which they cease to be profitable. Under these circumstances, no small stimulus is given to the production of tales of the marketable stamp, which, after appearing piecemeal in weekly or monthly instalments generally enter upon a second stage of their insect-life in the form of a handsome reprint under the auspices of the circulating library.

This last-named institution is the oldest offender of the three; but age has neither diminished the energy nor subdued the faults of its youth. It is more active now than at any former period of its existence, and its

activity is much of the same kind as it was described in the pages of this review more than fifty years ago.* The manner of its action is indeed inseparable from the nature of the institution, varying only in the production of larger quantities to meet the demand of a more reading generation. From the days of the “Minerva Press” (that synonym for the dullest specimens of the light reading of our grandmothers) to those of the thousand and one tales of the current season, the circulating library has been the chief hot-bed for forcing a crop of writers without talent and readers without discrimination. It is to literature what a *magasin de modes* is to dress, giving us the latest fashion, and a little more. Its staple commodities are “books of the present season,” many of them destined to run their round for the season only,—

“Sons of a day, just buoyant on the flood,
Then numbered with the puppies in the mud.”

Subscription, as compared with purchase, produces no doubt a great increase in the quantity of books procurable, but with a corresponding deterioration in the quality. The buyer of books is generally careful to select what for his own purposes is worth buying; the subscriber is often content to take the good the gods provide him, glancing lazily down the library catalogue, and picking out some title which promises amusement or excitement. The catalogue of a circulating library is the legitimate modern successor to that portion of Curll’s stock in trade which consisted of “several title-pages, that only wanted treatises to be wrote to them.”

The railway stall, like the circulating library, consists partly of books written expressly for its use, partly of reprints in a new phase of their existence—a phase internally that of the grub, with small print and cheap paper, externally that of the butterfly, with a tawdry cover, ornamented with a highly colored picture, hung out like a sign-board, to give promise of the entertainment to be had within. The picture, like the book, is generally of the sensation kind, announcing some exciting scene to follow. A pale young lady in a white dress, with a dagger in her hand, evidently prepared for some desperate deed; or a couple of ruffians engaged in a deadly struggle; or a Red Indian in his war-paint; or, if the plot turns on smooth instead of violent villany, a priest

* “Quarterly Review,” vol. iii., pp. 340, 341.

persuading a dying man to sign a paper ; or a disappointed heir burning a will ; or a treacherous lover telling his flattering tale to some deluded maid or wife. The exigencies of railway-travelling do not allow much time for examining the merits of a book before purchasing it ; and keepers of bookstalls, as well as of refreshment-rooms, find an advantage in offering their customers something hot and strong, something that may catch the eye of the hurried passenger, and promise temporary excitement to relieve the dulness of a journey.

These circumstances of production naturally have their effect on the quality of the articles produced. Written to meet an ephemeral demand, aspiring only to an ephemeral existence, it is natural that they should have recourse to rapid and ephemeral methods of awakening the interest of their readers, striving to act as the dram or the dose, rather than as the solid food, because the effect is more immediately perceptible. And as the perpetual cravings of the dram-drinker or the valetudinarian for spirits or physic are hardly intelligible to the man of sound health and regular appetites so, to one called from more wholesome studies to survey the wide field of sensational literature, it is difficult to realize the idea which its multifarious contents necessarily suggest, that these books must form the staple mental food of a very large class of readers. On first turning over a few pages of the average productions of this school, he is tempted to exclaim " *Quis leget hæc ?* " but the doubt is checked as it rises by the evidently commercial character of the whole affair. These books would certainly not be written if they did not sell ; and they would not sell if they were not read ; *ergo*, they must have readers, and numerous readers too. The long list of works standing at the head of this article is, with a few exceptions, but a scanty gleanings from the abundant harvests of the last two seasons. Great is the power of fiction in attracting readers by its name alone. We have heard of a lady who was persuaded into reading " *Plutarch's Lives* " by being told that the book was a delightful novel, and who was indignant at the trick, when she discovered that history had won her approbation under the guise of fiction. If the name of a novel can carry down, with readers of this class, the bitter pill of solid merit, it may easily have its in-

fluence in seasoning the less unpalatable morsel of trash. It would be well, indeed, if this were all. Unhappily there is too much evidence that the public appetite can occasionally descend from trash to garbage. We have ourselves seen an English translation of one of the worst of those French novels devoted to the worship of Baal-Peor and the recommendation of adultery, lying for sale at a London railway-stall, and offered as a respectable book to unsuspecting ladies ; and the list now before us furnishes sufficient proof that poison of the same kind is sometimes concealed under the taking title of the circulating library.

A sensation novel, as a matter of course, abounds in incident. Indeed, as a general rule, it consists of nothing else. Deep knowledge of human nature, graphic delineations of individual character, vivid representations of the aspects of Nature or the workings of the soul—all the higher features of the creative art—would be a hindrance rather than a help to a work of this kind. The unchanging principles of philosophy, the " thing of beauty " that " is a joy forever," would be out of place in a work whose aim is to produce temporary excitement. " *Action, action, action !* " though in a different sense from that intended by the great orator, is the first thing needful, and the second, and the third. The human actors in the piece are, for the most part, but so many lay-figures on which to exhibit a drapery of incident. Allowing for the necessary division of all characters of a tale into male and female, old and young, virtuous and vicious, there is hardly anything said or done by any one specimen of a class which might not with equal fitness be said or done by any other specimen of the same class. Each game is played with the same pieces, differing only in the moves. We watch them advancing through the intricacies of the plot, as we trace the course of an *x* or a *y* through the combinations of an algebraic equation, with a similar curiosity to know what becomes of them at the end, and with about as much consciousness of individuality in the ciphers.

Yet even the dullest uniformity admits of a certain kind of variety. As a shepherd can trace individual distinctions in the general air of sheepishness which marks the countenances of his fleecy charge ; as the five sons of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone exhibited an agree-

able variety in the mixture of the ingredients of sot, gamekeeper, bully, horse-jockey, and fool; so in the general type of character which marks a novel as belonging to the sensational genus, there may be traced certain minor differences constituting a distinction of species. A great philosopher has enumerated in a list of sensations "the feelings from heat, electricity, galvanism, etc.," together with "titillation, sneezing, horripilation, shuddering, the feeling of setting the teeth on edge, etc.;" and our novels might be classified in like manner, according to the kind of sensation they are calculated to produce. There are novels of the warming-pan, and others of the galvanic-battery type—some which gently stimulate a particular feeling, and others which carry the whole nervous system by steam. There are some which tickle the vanity of the reader, and some which aspire to set his hair on end or his teeth on edge; while others, with or without the intention of the writer, are strongly provocative of that sensation in the palate and throat which is a promonitory symptom of nausea. To go through the details of any minute division would be impossible with such a voluminous list as we have before us: they may, however, all be classified under two general heads—those that are written merely for amusement, and those that are written with a didactic purpose.

Of the two, we confess that we very much prefer the former. As a fly, though a more idle, is a less offensive insect than a bug; as it is more pleasant that the exhilaration of a noisy evening should be forgotten in the morning than that it should leave its remembrance in the form of a headache; so it is better that the excitement of a sensation novel should evaporate in froth and foam, than that it should leave a residuum behind of shallow dogmatism and flippant conceit. For what other result can be expected from the popular novelist's method of prejudice teaching by caricature? There is nothing under the sun, divine or human, to which this method cannot be applied; reversing the power of Goldsmith in Johnson's epitaph, it leaves nothing untouched, and touches nothing which it does not deface. As universal as the oracles of the Athenian sausage-seller, it is ready on the shortest notice to discourse on all subjects—

"About the Athenians,
About pease-pudding and porridge, about the Spartans,
About the war, about the pilchard-fishery,
About the state of things in general,
About short weights and measures in the market,
About all things and persons whatsoever."

Let a writer have a prejudice against the religion of his neighbor, against the government of his country, against the administration of the law, against the peerage, against the prohibition that hinders a man from marrying his grandmother, against plucking in examinations, against fermented liquors, against the social position of women who have lapsed from virtue, against capital punishments, against the prevailing fashion in dress, against any institution, custom, or fact of the day—forthwith comes out a tale to exhibit in glowing colors the evil which might be produced by the obnoxious object in an imaginary case, tragic or comic, as suits the nature of the theme or the genius of the writer, and heightened by every kind of exaggeration. The offensive doctrines are fathered on some clerical Tartuffe; the governmental department is exhibited as a "Circumlocution Office!" the law ruins the fortunes of some blameless client, or corrupts the conscience of some generous young practitioner; the nobleman of the tale is a monster in depravity, or an idiot in folly; the table of prohibited degrees breaks two loving hearts who cannot live without each other; the promising youth is plucked for his little-go, and plunges into reckless dissipation in consequence; the single glass of port or sherry leads by sure stages to brandy and *delirium tremens*, and the medical virtues of pure water work cures in defiance of the faculty; etc., etc. The method is so far perfectly impartial that it may be applied with equal facility to the best things and the worst; but an argument that proves everything is of precisely the same value as an argument that proves nothing. Mr. Dickens, we regret to say, is a grievous offender in this line; and, by a just retribution, the passages that are written in this spirit are generally the worst in his works. He never sinks so nearly to the level of the ordinary sensation-novelist as when he is writing "with a purpose." Unfortunately, *decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile*; the vice of a great writer has been copied by a hundred small ones, who, without a tithe

of his genius, make up for the deficiency by an extra quantity of extravagance.

The sensation novel, be it mere trash or something worse, is usually a tale of our own times. Proximity is, indeed, one great element of sensation. It is necessary to be near a mine to be blown up by its explosion; and a tale which aims at electrifying the nerves of the reader is never thoroughly effective unless the scene be laid in our own days and among the people we are in the habit of meeting. We read with little emotion, though it comes in the form of history, Livy's narrative of the secret poisonings carried on by nearly two hundred Roman ladies; we feel but a feeble interest in an authentic record of the crimes of a Borgia or a Brinvilliers; but we are thrilled with horror, even in fiction, by the thought that such things may be going on around us and among us. The man who shook our hand with a hearty English grasp half an hour ago—the woman whose beauty and grace were the charm of last night, and whose gentle words sent us home better pleased with the world and with ourselves—how exciting to think that under these pleasing outsides may be concealed some demon in human shape, a Count Fosco or a Lady Audley! He may have assumed all that heartiness to conceal some dark plot against our life or honor, or against the life or honor of one yet dearer: she may have left that gay scene to muffle herself in a thick veil and steal to a midnight meeting with some villanous accomplice. He may have a mysterious female, immured in a solitary tower or a private lunatic asylum, destined to come forth hereafter to menace the name and position of the excellent lady whom the world acknowledges as his wife: she may have a husband lying dead at the bottom of a well, and a fatherless child nobody knows where. All this is no doubt very exciting; but even excitement may be purchased too dearly; and we may be permitted to doubt whether the pleasure of a nervous shock is worth the cost of so much morbid anatomy if the picture be true, or so much slanderous misrepresentation if it be false.

Akin to proximity is personality, and its effect is similar in creating a spurious interest. Personality moreover, has an additional advantage, resembling that which Aristotle attributes to the use of metaphors in rhetoric. It gives rise to a kind of syllo-

gism, whereby, without too great an exertion of thought, the mind of the reader is enabled to conclude that this is that. Of these advantages our novelists are not slow to avail themselves. If a scandal of more than usual piquancy occurs in high life, or a crime of extraordinary horror figures among our *causes célèbres*, the sensationist is immediately at hand to weave the incident into a thrilling tale, with names and circumstances slightly disguised, so as at once to exercise the ingenuity of the reader in guessing at the riddle, and to gratify his love of scandal in discovering the answer. Sometimes the incident of real life is made the main plot of the story, sometimes it figures as an episode in the history of two imaginary lovers, with whom the flesh and blood criminal comes in contact, like the substantial Æneas on board the shadowy bark of Charon, nearly making shipwreck of the frail vessel of their fortunes. The end and moral of the narrative, in the one case and in the other, is much the same; namely, to elicit from the gratified reader the important exclamation, "I know who is meant by So and so."

Of particular offences, which are almost always contemporary and sometimes personal, undoubtedly the first place must be given to Bigamy. Indeed, so popular has this crime become, as to give rise to an entire sub-class in this branch of literature, which may be distinguished as that of Bigamy Novels. It is astonishing how many of our modern writers have selected this interesting breach of morality and law as the peg on which to hang a mystery and a dénouement. Of the tales on our list, no less than eight are bigamy stories: "Lady Audley's Secret," "Aurora Floyd," "Clinton Maynard," "Recommended to Mercy," "The Law of Divorce," "The Daily Governess," "Only a Woman," "The Woman of Spirit," all hang their narrative, wholly or in part, on bigamy in act, or bigamy in intention, on the existence or supposed existence of two wives to the same husband, or two husbands to the same wife. Much of this popularity is, no doubt, due to the peculiar aptitude of bigamy, at least in monogamous countries, to serve as a vehicle or mysterious interest of poetic justice. If some vulgar ruffian is to be depicted as having a strange influence over a lady of rank and fashion, it is a ready expedient to make him conscious of the existence of another husband, or the child

of another husband, supposed to be long dead. If lowly virtue is to be exalted, or high-born pride humiliated, the means are instantly at hand, in the discovery of a secret marriage, unsuspected till the third volume, which makes the child of poverty the heir to rank and wealth, or degrades the proud patrician by stripping him of his illegal honors. It is really painful to think how many an interesting mystery and moral lesson will be lost, if Sir Cresswell, Cresswell's Court continues in active work for another generation. Bigamy will become as clumsy and obsolete an expedient for the relief of discontented partners as the axe was in Juvenal's day, compared with the superior facilities of poison. With such an easy legal provision for being "off wi' the auld love," it will be worse than a crime, it will be a blunder, to have recourse to illegitimate means of being "on wi' the new."

Of our list of Bigamy Novels, some will be noticed under other characters, and some are not worth noticing at all. The two first named claim a notice as bigamy novels *par excellence*, the whole interest of the story turning on this circumstance. Though both exaggerated specimens of the sensational type, they are the works of an author of real power, who is capable of better things than drawing highly-colored portraits of beautiful fiends and fast young ladies burdened with superfluous husbands. Lady Audley, *alias* Mrs. George Talboys, is Vittoria Corombona transferred to the nineteenth century and to an English drawing-room. But the romantic wickedness of the "White Devil of Italy" suffers by being transplanted to home scenes and modern associations. The English White Devil, however, if not quite so romantic and interesting, is more than the rival of her prototype in boldness and guilt. She does with her own hand what Vittoria does by means of others. She has married a second husband, knowing or suspecting her first one to be still living; and the desperate means to which she has recourse to avoid discovery furnish an abundance of incidents of various degrees of ingenuity and villany. She advertises her own death in the newspapers, having previously procured a young woman who resembles her in person to die and be buried in her stead: she throws her first husband down a well, whence he finally emerges, we are not told how, with a broken arm; she breaks into

a lawyer's chambers during his absence, and destroys his papers; she burns down a house to get rid of a dangerous witness, having locked the door of his room to prevent his escape. Yet, notwithstanding all the horrors of the story—and there are enough of them to furnish a full supper for a Macbeth—notwithstanding the glaring improbability of the incidents, the superhuman wickedness of the principal character and the incongruities of others; notwithstanding the transparent nature of the "secret" from the very beginning; the author has succeeded in constructing a narrative the interest of which is sustained to the end. The skill of the builder deserves to be employed on better materials.

It is difficult to do justice by extracts to a work whose chief merit consists in the cleverness with which an interesting whole is made out of faulty parts. The following description is not, perhaps, the best specimen of the author's powers; but it is worth quoting, not only in itself, but as exhibiting in strong contrast the personal fascinations of the lady whose character and actions have been described above. Here is a portrait of the heroine under her supposed maiden name of Lucy Graham:—

"Wherever she went she seemed to take joy and brightness with her. In the cottages of the poor her fair face shone like a sunbeam. She would sit for a quarter of an hour talking to some old woman, and apparently as pleased with the admiration of a toothless crone as if she had been listening to the compliments of a marquis; and when she tripped away, leaving nothing behind her (for her poor salary gave no scope to her benevolence), the old woman would burst out into senile raptures with her grace, her beauty, and her kindness, such as she never bestowed upon the vicar's wife, who half fed and clothed her. For you see Miss Lucy Graham was blessed with that magic power of fascination by which a woman can charm with a word or intoxicate with a smile. Every one loved, admired, and praised her. The boy who opened the five-barred gate that stood in her pathway ran home to his mother to tell of her pretty looks and the sweet voice in which she thanked him for the little service. The verger at the church who ushered her into the surgeon's pew; the vicar who saw the soft blue eyes uplifted to his face as he preached his simple sermon; the porter from the railway-station who brought her sometimes a letter or a parcel, and who never looked for reward from her; her employer, his visitors, her pupils,

the servants, everybody, high and low, united in declaring that Lucy Graham was the sweetest girl that ever lived."

Aurora Floyd, as a character, is tame after Lady Audley. The "beautiful fiend," intensely wicked, but romantic from the very intensity of her wickedness, has degenerated into a fast young lady full of stable talk, deep in the mysteries of the turf, and familiar with *Bell's Life*—a young lady with large beautiful eyes, and with very little else to command any feeling either of love or the reverse. She runs away from school to contract a secret marriage with a consummate blackguard of a groom,—

"A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom indeed."

She separates herself from him after a short and bitter experience of his character, comes home, and deceives her father by assuring him that "that person" is dead when she knows him to be alive; afterwards, on the report of his death, deceives two worthy men by accepting one and marrying the other without breathing a word of her previous escapade (we are informed that "her natural disposition is all truth and candor"); and finally deceives her husband again, when she discovers that the man she had supposed dead is alive, by making arrangements for sending the obnoxious individual to Australia and retaining the second and illegal spouse as the more agreeable personage of the two. She is inferior to Lady Audley, as a pickpocket is inferior to a thug; but there is this important difference,—that Lady Audley is meant to be detested, while Aurora Floyd is meant to be admired. The one ends her days in a mad-house; the other becomes the wife of an honest man, and the curtain falls upon her "bending over the cradle of her first-born." By a fortunate arrangement of nature, which is always at the command of novelists, the birth of the infant is delayed beyond the usual time, till the groom is really dead and a re-marriage has repaired the irregularity of the bigamy. Fortunately also, there is no little pledge of affection born to the Damasippus of her first vows.

Though the moral teaching of the story is more questionable than that of its predecessor, and the interest, on the whole, less sustained, the individual characters are drawn with greater skill. Aurora, with all her faults, is a woman and not a fiend; and John

Mellish, the honest, genial, tender-hearted, somewhat henpecked husband, is a portrait superior to any in the more romantic volume. As a companion to the picture of Lucy Graham in a calm may be exhibited the following description of Aurora Floyd in a storm. The "stable-man" of the piece is not the one whom she has acquired a conjugal right to chastise, but another of the same profession, by no means so good-looking, but as great a scoundrel:—

"Aurora sprang upon him like a beautiful tigress, and catching the collar of his fustian jacket in her slight hands, rooted him to the spot upon which he stood. The grasp of those slender hands, convulsed by passion, was not to be easily shaken off; and Steeve Hargraves, taken completely off his guard, stared aghast at his assailant. Taller than the stable-man by a foot and a half, she towered above him her cheeks white with rage, her eyes flashing fury, her hat fallen off, and her black hair tumbling about her shoulders, sublime in her passion. . . . She disengaged her right hand from his collar, and rained a shower of blows upon his clumsy shoulders with her slender whip; a mere toy, with emeralds set in its golden head, but striding like a rod of flexible steel in that little hand."

In direct opposition to the bigamy-novels are those which, instead of multiplying the holy ceremony, betray an inclination to dispense with it altogether. There is a school of fiction the practical lesson of which seems to be to reduce marriage to a temporary connection *durante bene placito*, and to exalt the character of the mistress at the expense of that of the wife. This is a favorite theme with French novelists of a certain class; and the tale entitled "Recommended to Mercy" may claim to be considered as an English exponent of the same doctrine. It has, indeed, an episode of bigamy, to show the inconveniences of matrimony; but the chief interest centres in a heroine whose ideas on this subject are rather on the side of defect than of excess. Helen Langton, *alias* Mrs. Vaughan, is a young lady whose opinions on the conjugal relation are borrowed from Eloisa, filtered through the dregs of Mary Wollstonecraft:—

"Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love!"—

re-appears from the mouth of this strong-minded young lady in the form of the following declaration volunteered to a male cousin:—

"I consider the ceremony of marriage as

one of the most absurd inventions ever inflicted on human beings by mortal men. . . . In the first place, do we not swear to *love* always and to the end, when to do so is too often clearly and simply out of our power? Is human love the growth of human will? Certainly not; and as certainly is it only as words of course, that we vow to 'honor and to obey' the man who may turn out a dishonorable wretch, or a monster of tyranny and oppression."

The practice of this fair philosopher is in accordance with her theory. She lives for some years as the mistress of the man she loves; is discarded, as a matter of course, on his marriage; leads a life of virtuous and ill-used poverty for a time; returns to her lover again when he has separated from his wife on suspicion of her infidelity; becomes the legatee of his whole property on certain peculiar conditions of trust; and is thus enabled to become a model of virtue in wealth, as formerly of virtue in poverty (her charities furnishing some graphic illustrations of the manners and customs of the "social evil"); and finally makes a magnanimous surrender of her riches to the rightful heir, on making a discovery which enables her to do so according to the conditions of the will.

Such is the outline of the story. The moral that would be drawn by the author may be conjectured from the title of the book; that which will be drawn by many of its readers may be summed up in the comfortable doctrine of Hans Carvel's wife,—

"That if weak women went astray,
Their stars were more in fault than they."

In truth, we much doubt the wisdom or the morality of drawing fictitious portraits of noble-minded and interesting sinners, by way of teaching us to feel for the sinner while we condemn the sin. We do not deny that the feeling is a right one, nor that such characters may actually exist; but it makes all the difference in the world to the moral whether we meet with the persons in real life or in a novel. The real person is a human being, with human qualities, good or bad, to which the particular sin in question attaches itself as one feature out of many. The fictitious character is but the sin personified and made attractive as the source and substance of many virtues. In the one, the person is the principal figure, the sin is accessory; in the other, the sin is the primary idea, to embel-

lish which the rest of the character is made to order. And when, as a foil to this diamond with but a single flaw, is drawn the "respectable" woman whose chastity is beyond the breath of scandal, but who sullies that one virtue by a thousand faults, cold, selfish, pharisaical, hollow-hearted, ill-tempered, etc.,—to what does such a story naturally lead, but to the conclusion, that, whatever a censorious world may say to the contrary, female virtue has really very little to do with the Seventh Commandment? Novelists of this school do their best to inculcate as a duty the first two of the three stages towards vice—"we first endure, then pity, then embrace;" and, in so doing, they have assisted in no small degree to prepare the way for the third.

"No Name" is principally a protest against the law which determines the social position of illegitimate children. But the prosecution of this main purpose involves, as a subordinate purpose, a plea in behalf of the connection to which such children owe their existence. Hence the same stage-trick of exhibiting a virtuous concubine in contrast to the vicious wife is brought forward to give effect to the piece. Andrew Vanstone, when a mere boy, is privately married in Canada to a wife whom he afterwards discovers to have been a woman of profligate character; but, inasmuch as her irregularities are all antenuptial, there is no pretext for dissolving the marriage, and the only resource of the husband is to pension her off, on condition that she shall never trouble him by asserting her conjugal rights. Mr. Vanstone then returns to England, and finds an accommodating young lady, who is content to discharge the duties and assume the name of his wife, without being too particular in demanding a legal right to them. On the death of his real wife, Mr. Vanstone marries the mother of his children, but is prevented by an untimely death from making a new will, his former one being invalidated by the second marriage. The consequence is that his property goes to the heir-at-law, and his children are left penniless, because a cruel jurisprudence does not permit them to be made legitimate by the subsequent marriage of their parents. Against this state of the law, Mr. Collins, through the mouth of the family solicitor, declaims in the following strain:—

"I am far from defending the law of Eng-

land, as it affects illegitimate offspring. On the contrary, I think it a disgrace to the nation. It visits the sins of the parents on the children; it encourages vice by depriving fathers and mothers of the strongest of all motives for making the atonement of marriage; and it claims to produce these two abominable results in the names of morality and religion. But it has no extraordinary oppression to answer for, in the case of these unhappy girls. The more merciful and Christian law of other countries, which allows the marriage of the parents to make the children legitimate, has no mercy on *these* children. The accident of their father having been married, when he first met with their mother, has made them the outcasts of the whole social community; it has placed them out of the pale of the Civil Law of Europe."

We have often heard an illegal connection and its result euphemistically designated as a "misfortune;" but this is the first time, as far as we are aware, in which a lawful marriage has been denominated an "accident." Unfortunately for the author, it is of that kind which is known among logicians as an "inseparable accident." This, however, is not the only *fallacia accidentis* of the author's argument. Let us, as we are at liberty to do, suppose all the other accidents of the case reversed. Let us suppose that a heartless husband has deserted an innocent and amiable wife to live with an abandoned mistress, and that, late in life, having quarrelled with his virtuous relatives, he is enabled by a marriage with his paramour, to provide himself with a ready-made family of lawful children, and to ruin the prospects of some exemplary and ill-used brother or nephew, upon whom the property is settled in the absence of direct heirs; thus securing, through the mercy of the law, the pleasures of adultery during his youth, and the advantages of matrimony in his riper years. Would not such materials, in the hands of a skilful story-teller, make quite as good a case against the new law which Mr. Collins would enact, as he has made against the old law which he desires to repeal? Does not he see that all the virtues which he heaps on the erring couple, and all the vices which he attributes to the lawful wife, are simply so much dust thrown in the eyes of the reader, to blind him to the real merits of the argument? Does he not see that the existing law would have been exactly as just, or ex-

actly as unjust, had the forsaken wife been the most admirable of women, and her illegal successor the most shameless of harlots? Or can any law be contrived by human wisdom which may not be made to appear oppressive by this sort of special pleading? Does not the punishment of a felon inflict a stigma on his children? And should there be, therefore, no punishment for felony?

As a pendant to the practical philosophy of the author, it is only fair to subjoin a specimen of his speculative meditations. It is instructive as showing the sort of sententious platitudes which can be penned by a really able writer, when he condescends to lower himself to the sensation level:—

"Nothing in this world is hidden forever. The gold which has lain for centuries unsuspected in the ground, reveals itself one day on the surface. Sand turns traitor, and betrays the footstep that has passed over it; water gives back to the telltale surface the body that has been drowned. Fire itself leaves the confession, in ashes, of the substance consumed in it. Hate breaks its prison-secrecy in the thoughts, through the doorway of the eyes; and Love finds the Judas who betrays it by a kiss. Look where we will, the inevitable law of revelation is one of the laws of nature: the lasting preservation of a secret is a miracle which the world has never yet seen."

It would be strange, indeed, if the world had seen it, since, in order to see it, the secret must no longer be preserved. The most completely preserved secret is, of course, that whose existence is least suspected; and if ten thousand such secrets existed, the world, simply because they are preserved, could not possibly know them to exist. The marrow of all this wordy wisdom is contained in the self-evident proposition, that a secret, so long as it is a secret, is a secret. Surely, never was truism so pompously expanded in the mouth of a *spruch-sprecher*, or *sayer of sayings*, since the oracular declaration of the clown in "Twelfth-Night:" "*Bonos dies*, Sir Toby; for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, *That that is, is*; so I, being master parson, am master parson. For what is *that* but *that*, and *is* but *is*?"

Our next tale of this class is one which gives us some ground of hope that this folly at least is in a fair way of curing itself by its own extravagance. When a fashion be-

comes vulgar, there is a prospect of its ceasing to be fashionable; and there is some chance for matrimony when fornication is patronized by Mr. James M'Grigor Allan. This zealous propagandist, having compounded a very insipid mixture of dulness and self-conceit in the "Last Days of a Bachelor," has ventured to flavor these ingredients with a seasoning of immorality and unbelief in "Nobly False." The character of the hero, who bears the romantic name of Gerald Lindor, "is suggested," as the author tells us, "by that of Shelley, the poet, . . . a man who was in advance of his age, and consequently in some degree a martyr to his invincible and uncompromising love of truth." But the "pardlike spirit, beautiful and swift," evaporates in Mr. Allan's crucible, leaving a *caput mortuum* in the likeness of a vulgar infidel demagogue. The author has about as much appreciation of his hero as the Roman imitators who went with bare feet and unshorn beards in admiration of the virtues of Cato. He is quite incapable of understanding that there is a difference between loving or admiring a man in spite of his errors, and loving or admiring him in consequence of them. He selects, as the prominent features of Shelley's character, his religious scepticism and his lax opinions on marriage, and transfers them, according to the approved receipt for a sensation novel, to the hero of a tale ending in the year 1861. Gerald, the son of a rich baronet, falls in love with a peasant girl, named Miriam Groves; but having promised his dying mother not to marry before he is twenty-five, he keeps the promise to the letter by taking Miriam as his mistress instead of his wife. Another match being in contemplation for Gerald, Miriam resolves to sacrifice herself to his family interests, but thinks that the sacrifice will be incomplete unless she also makes him hate her memory. In pursuance of this design she makes an assignation with another man, and appears with him in public at the representation of *La Traviata*, having previously fortified herself with brandy, or as the author elegantly expresses it with "alcoholic stimulus." Having thus laid in a stock of courage, she follows up the brandy by strychnine, and finally dies in a hospital, after an interview with her lover, in which she frustrates her purpose by explaining it. A year after her death, Gerald

marries the lady intended for him by his family, and completes the sacrifice by shooting himself on his wedding-night. The *moral* of the story, as expressed by its title, is, that the noblest sacrifice a woman can make to her lover is the surrender, first of her virtue, and then of her fair fame.

There is, however, a grander sacrifice in the book—and that is, the self-immolation of the author. Not Dogberry himself ever manifested such anxiety to be "writ down an ass" in the discharge of his duty, as does Mr. M'Grigor Allan to appear in the same character in behalf of his darling theories. The preliminary bray of his preface is a direct challenge to the reader, to forewarn him what sort of an animal he is to expect:—

"Respecting my heroine, Miriam, an ideal of womanly love and disinterestedness, of which I have dreamed for years before I attempted to fix the image of my fancy; I have doubtless been influenced in the conception of her character by such world-renowned types as those contained in 'Undine,' 'Paul and Virginia,' the 'Haidée' of Byron, 'Marguerite' in Faust, 'Atala,' 'Romeo and Juliet' (*sic*), 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' etc., etc. . . . It is superfluous for me to say that I do not for an instant *compare* my humble work with any of these masterpieces. All I would say, while bowing before my intellectual liege lords, and gratefully and reverently acknowledging the inspiration I have received from them, is, that in Miriam I have dared to dream of striking a still higher chord of sympathy, of a woman's devotion more sublime and complete than I have yet seen presented in fiction; a devotion even more heart-moving than that exemplified in Jephtha's (*sic*) daughter cheerfully offering her bosom to the sacrificial knife, since it is illustrative of the strongest of human ties—Love."

The author further tells us that the incidents of his tale "have been wrought with an eye to future adaptation to the stage." Imagine the dramatic effect of the two following scenes:—

"All was done which medical science and skill could suggest, to neutralize the effects of the strychnine which Mirian had swallowed. The stomach-pump was used, and the proper antidotes, emetics, decoctions of bark, and warm water, liberally applied, and with tolerable success, so far as counteracting the direct agency of the poison was concerned."

* * * * *

"'It is too late,' said Gerald, with a ghastly look. 'God alone can read your heart! If you truly repent! Oh, my heart is on fire! I carry death in my veins! My will is below! Downey! This poison is too slow! It racks, and does not kill! Miriam, I come!' and pressing the pistol to his forehead, he pulled the trigger, and fell against the picture of Miriam, which was stained with his blood!"

Our exhibition would be incomplete without the following specimen of the author's adoption of the favorite cant of a certain school of theology of the present day:—

"Your mind is not of the calibre to understand that *higher faith* which may exist with honest doubts, or even a bold denial of that puerile conception, the God of the Priests."

"The Law of Divorce," like "Recommended to Mercy," is a tale written to illustrate the superiority of illegal over legal connections between man and woman, though using a somewhat different machinery for the purpose. Roland Elsmere, the hero of this tale, though not exactly guilty of bigamy, nevertheless finds himself hampered by the opposing claims of two simultaneous wives—one the wife *de facto*, the other, in the opinion of the author, the wife *de jure*. In plain language, he has divorced his first wife, for the most sufficient of all causes, and has married a second; and the purpose of the tale is, by means of various arguments, theological, moral, and artistic, to hold up to execration the law which has permitted him to do the one and the other. The theological and moral arguments we shall not attempt to discuss. They belong to a question which is admitted by the highest authorities to be one of exceeding difficulty and delicacy, and which assuredly cannot be satisfactorily treated in connection with a work of fiction. But, in the name of common reverence and common decency, we are bound to protest against the levity which mixes up the solemn reflections which belong to these aspects of the question with the claptrap devices and theatrical artifices of a fourth-rate sensation story. Side by side with quotations from Scripture and appeals to the authority of the Church, the reader is regaled with an artistic commentary consisting of the same kind of special-pleading that is conspicuous in the novels previously noticed. There is an exhibition of highly-colored fancy portraits of repulsive

virtue and attractive vice. Catherine, the second wife, the wife by law, is described as cold-hearted, suspicious, mean, hard, coarse, violent. Harriet, the first wife, and still, in the author's opinion, the wife *jure divino*, is gentle, affectionate, fascinating, with every moral and religious excellence that can adorn a woman—except, of course, the one which society has perversely selected as the cardinal virtue of the sex.

"True it is she had one failing:
When had woman ever less?"

She is an adulteress, and that under aggravating rather than extenuating circumstances, being, by her own confession, the seducer as well as the seduced. But the moral teaching of this class of novels is to extenuate this particular sin, as compared with many others towards which society is more lenient. From all this licentious twaddle it is really refreshing to turn to downright old Johnson's coarse but honest reply to a similar strain of sophistry: "My dear sir, never accustom your mind to mingle virtue and vice. The woman's a ———, and there's an end on't."

Besides having two wives, the hero of this tale has also a sister-in-law; and his position between the divorced wife and her sister might almost suggest that other marriage laws besides that which gives the title to the book were acting as a cruel restraint on his capacious affections:—

"He sat between her and Harriet on the couch; his right arm clasped the one sister, and his left was twined round the waist of the other; and the head of each lay warm, glossy, odorous, and beautiful, on his anxious bosom."

The sister, however, soon finds a lover of her own in the person of an Italian patriot, who is burning to fight the battles of his oppressed country under the banner of Garibaldi; and only remains in inglorious peace because he "has received a blow under the right eye which has materially enfeebled its sight." The effects of this blow are described by the sufferer himself:—

"The purpose of my life was frustrated. One half-hour of anger and wounded pride had robbed me of my career of glory. Again and again I have sought to serve even as a private soldier in the cause of my country; but no army-surgeon will admit me into a regiment, in consequence of the impaired vision which I owe to that unhappy duel."

We tremble to think what might have become of Greek and Roman history, if Philip of Macedon and Hannibal had been subjected to the inspection of these fastidious army-surgeons, to say nothing of the double disqualification of John Zisca and "blind old Dandolo!" It is difficult to match this exquisite absurdity; but the following interrogative sketch of the Galatea to this warlike Polyphemus may perhaps be thought not unworthy to stand beside it:—

"Was there no counterpart to these questionings in the breast of Lizzy—gentle, thoughtful Lizzy? Were her slumbers unbroken? Did her beauteous head lie motionless and unturned on its pillow? Did no mellifluous voice ring in her ears through the passages of the night? Did no vision of a young and noble-hearted patriot haunt her in her dreams?" etc. etc.

From vice to crime, from the divorce court to the police court, is but a single step. When fashionable immorality becomes insipid, the materials for sensation may still be found hot and strong in the *Newgate Calendar*; especially if the crime is of recent date, having the merits of personality and proximity to give it a nervous as well as a moral effect. Unhappily, the materials for such excitement are not scanty, and an author who condescends to make use of them need have little difficulty in selecting the most available. Let him only keep an eye on the criminal reports of the daily newspapers, marking the cases which are honored with the especial notice of a leading article, and become a nine days' wonder in the mouths of quidnuncs and gossips; and he has the outline of his story not only ready made, but approved beforehand as of the true sensation cast. Then, before the public interest has time to cool, let him serve up the exciting viands in a *réchauffé* with a proper amount of fictitious seasoning; and there emerges the criminal variety of the newspaper novel, a class of fiction having about the same relation to the genuine historical novel that the police reports of the *Times* have to the pages of Thucydides or Clarendon. More than one of the books on our list belong to this class. The very dull tale called "Wait and Hope," consisting for the most part of insufferably tedious conversations, aims at enlivening its general torpor

by exciting a momentary shudder at the carpet-bag mystery of Waterloo bridge; while the author of "Recommended to Mercy" deals out the same wares on a larger scale, under the appropriate title of "Such Things are." The latter author "ventures to remind the reader of the fact that all which trenches on either the mysterious or the horrible has for the present generation an apparently irresistible attraction;" and by way of feeding this depraved taste, has "brought again to the light of recollection a shadowy vision of two past but as yet undiscovered crimes,"—in other words—the Road murder and the Glasgow poisoning. These two crimes are taken out of their original associations, and with some change of circumstances, are fastened upon two "fast young ladies," bosom friends to each other, and who, by a most marvellous coincidence, become the wives of two brothers. The one, some time after her marriage, is discovered by her horrified husband to be the person principally suspected of "the famous Bogden murder;" the other, on the eve of her marriage, being threatened with an exposure of some passages in her earlier life, quietly gets rid of the obnoxious witness by a dose of strychnine, and, on the day but one following, figures as a bride in a "quiet and unostentatious wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square."

There is something unspeakably disgusting in this ravenous appetite for carrion, this vulture-like instinct which smells out the newest mass of social corruption, and hurries to devour the loathsome dainty before the scent has evaporated. When some memorable crime of bygone days presents features which have enabled it to survive the crowd of contemporary horrors, and by passing into the knowledge of a new generation, has in some degree attained to the dignity of history, there is much to be said in defence of a writer of fiction who sees in the same features something of a romantic interest which makes them available for the purposes of his art; but it is difficult to extend the same excuse to the gatherer of fresh stimulants from the last assizes. The poet or the philosopher may be allowed to moralize over the dry skeleton turned up to view in the graveyard or the battle-field, but we doubt whether the strongest-stomached medical stu-

dent would find a theme equally poetical or equally instructive in the subject laid out in the dissecting room.

But all this is done, as the author tells us, "with a purpose," to warn fast young ladies, forsooth, of the fatal consequences to which fastness may lead them! As if any moral end could be served by a real crime tacked on to an imaginary criminal, without even a *callida junctura* to disguise the clumsy patch-work! Crimes of this horrible individuality are the very last from which any one will draw a general moral: they are the crimes of their perpetrators, and of no one else. Even the plain lesson that might be drawn from the real dying speech and confession of the actual criminal is lost in this diluted mixture of fact and fiction. Everybody knows that the crimes as described were not really committed by the persons to whom they are attributed in the story, but by very different persons and under very different circumstances; and the whole moral is at once destroyed by the glaring untruthfulness and incongruity of the story. A book of this sort is simply a chamber of horrors without even the merit of giving a correct likeness of the criminals exhibited. To think of pointing a moral by stimulants of this kind is like holding a religious service in a gin-palace.

Where the excitement of a real police report is wanting, the novelist of criminal life may supply its place by variety and strangeness of imaginary adventure. Of all heroes of the felonious class, commend us to George Messenger, *alias* Scarisbrick, *alias* Dandy Dangerfield, the prominent figure in the group of blackguards of both sexes who form the principal *dramatis personæ* of the "Old Roman Well." This marvellous personage, within the compass of two volumes, goes through adventures enough to furnish half a dozen Turpins or Jack Sheppards. He begins life, where George Talboys is supposed to end it, at the bottom of a well—scarcely in this case the habitation of truth—though his biographer, more communicative than the narrator of "Lady Audley's Secret," is kind enough to explain the circumstances under which he got out unhurt, after falling a depth of a hundred and fifty feet. "I expex, ye know, it's owin' to its bein' so light—all gristle instead of bones—and p'raps its clothes spread out as it wint down, and so sunk its

fall like." Thus marvellously preserved, the child is doubtless destined to be a great man; but unfortunately his greatness is of the wrong kind—that of a scoundrel, not of a hero. He first figures as a juvenile poacher in the country; then runs away to London, and falls into the meshes of a beautiful fiend, a sort of Lady Audley of low life (these female fiends are a stock article with sensation novelists), and passes through various stages of town rascality, under the tutorage of a gentleman who has graduated in the successive honors of a "shiverer," a "cadger," a "duffer," an "area-sneak," a "shop-bouncer," a "fogle-buzzer," a "swell-mobite," a "rampsmen," and a "cracksman." Under this hopeful instructor, he ascends from theft to robbery, and from robbery to murder, with interludes of a softer vice as a lady-killer; is hanged, very justly, in the middle of his course; is brought to life again through a wonderful elixir administered by an old ferryman, who turns out to be the husband of the beautiful fiend; is sent by the said ferryman to America, furnished with medical secrets by which he makes his fortune as a doctor; comes back to England in ten years, rolling in wealth, and with a "supernatural paleness" (the remains of the *sus. per coll.*) which disguises his identity from all his former friends; spends untold thousands in all kinds of charitable works; succeeds to the estates of his ancestors, whom he discovers to be of an old family in his native county; becomes a husband and a father; and dies at last in the odor of sanctity, under the influence of which "his face glowed with a heavenly light." The reader closes the book impressed with a conviction (not in the judicial sense) of the beneficial effects of hanging as a moral restorative, if the patient is only fortunate enough to survive the operation, and of the author's profound acquaintance with thieves' Latin, which he coins *ad libitum* by the simple process of spelling words backwards.

A very brief notice will be sufficient to dispose of some of the smaller fry on our multifarious list.

"Miriam May," "Crispin Ken," and "Philip Paternoster" are specimens of the theological novel, which employs the nerves as a vehicle for preaching in the literal sense of the term. The object of these tales is to inculcate certain doctrines, or rather a hatred

of certain opposite doctrines, by painting offensive portraits of persons professing the obnoxious opinions. The two former preach on the High-Church side, by exhibiting villanous specimens of Low-Churchmen and Dissenters; the third preaches on the Low-Church side, by drawing ludicrous caricatures of Tractarians, and by the original and ingenious witicism of calling St. Barnabas St. Barabbas. "The Weird of the Wentworths" (a sensation title) teaches a lesson the very opposite of theological, being chiefly remarkable as showing the agreeable varieties which it is possible to introduce into the art of profane swearing. "Passages in the Life of a Fast Young Lady" (another sensation title) is one of those tales of personal scandal of which we have already spoken. "Only a Woman," a tale of feminine passion and masculine weakness, is chiefly remarkable for the author's high estimate of the female sex—the heroine being a young woman whose animal charms are dwelt upon with unnecessary minuteness; but who is described as having "no troublesome moral principles to keep her in check;" while at the same time she is "as far above" another young woman "as Cotopaxi is above Primrose Hill." "Harold Overdon" and "Liberty Hall, Oxon," are offenders of another and a far worse kind—coarse tales of unblushing profligacy, which would be mischievous were not their immorality counteracted by their stupidity. "Ashcombe Churchyard" is an attempt to combine the sensational with the domestic. The double purpose extends the story to a tedious length, and the glowing tints of the former ingredient harmonize badly with the sober background of the latter. In connection with the quiet history of an impoverished family, and commonplace moral reflections colored to match, we are dazzled by fitful flashes of the pathetic and the horrible, comprising a cruel father and a victim daughter; a seduction transacted in a *more ferarum* style, which it is to be hoped is not often to be met with in fact or in fiction; a murder, or something very like one, through medical breach of trust; a mysterious legend and a family doom; a second murder—this time by a pistol—and three broken hearts, leading respectively to immediate death, imbecility, and lunacy. The hero or villain of the piece (in tales of this kind the two terms are nearly synonymous) is a certain fascinating dispen-

sary doctor, whose charms beguile his female patients into a forgetfulness, sometimes of prudence, sometimes of duty, sometimes of common decency; who is attached, rather beyond Platonic bounds, to another man's wife; is assailed with fierce love by an earl's daughter on one side, and an heiress of vast wealth on the other; and is finally married, sorely against his will, and shot on his wedding-day; after which we are confidently told that his spirit waited at the gates of Paradise till it was joined by that of a married lady (not his own wife), with the following celestial results:—

"They had found the star that had shone a moment on their early youth and then disappeared, leaving them to grope to the end of their pilgrimage in darkness. They had found the harp that they had strongly swept in life's morning, but which, as soon as it was touched, 'passed in music out of sight,' leaving them in a howling wilderness of discord. They had found the solution of that dark enigma which had been propounded to them when they began their rugged march through earth, and the meaning of which seemed till now hidden from them by a thousand mystical wrappings. They had found the missing verity."

The above samples may be considered as belonging to the aristocratic branch of sensational literature, so far at least as high prices and hotpressed paper can make them so. But the craving for sensation extends to all classes of society—

"Plebeium in circo positum est et in aggero fatum ;"

and our task would be incomplete without some notice of the cheap publications which supply sensation for the million in penny and halfpenny numbers. These publications are not directly included in the list of works contemplated in our previous observations, and to examine them in detail would require a separate article, and a somewhat different method of treatment; but, indirectly, they belong to our subject, as the anatomy of the skeleton frame belongs to the surgical treatment of the living body. In a rigidly scientific study of the subject they would perhaps claim the principal place, so far as science aims at studying effects in their causes, at analyzing compounds and exhibiting their simplest elements. These tales are to the full-grown sensation novels what the bud is to the flower, what the fountain is to the

river, what the typical form is to the organized body. They are the original germ, the primitive monad, to which all the varieties of sensational literature may be referred as to their source, by a law of generation at least as worthy of the attention of the scientific student as that by which Mr. Darwin's bear may be supposed to have developed into a whale. Fortunately in this case the rudimental forms have been continued down to the epoch of the mature development. In them we have sensationism pure and undisguised, exhibited in its naked simplicity, stripped of the rich dress which conceals while it adorns the figure of the more ambitious varieties of the species. A few specimens will serve the purposes of study better than many descriptions. The reader is requested to observe the compact structure of the sentences, as well as the exciting nature of the theme. In these infinitesimal doses is contained the whole virtue of sensationism, as surely as the virtue of a homœopathic medicine is contained in the concentrated globule, whatever may be the volume of water in which it is diluted. Here is a dose, labelled "May Dudley, or the White Mask," possibly the original of "Mokeanna, or the White Witness." The scene, it should be remembered, is laid in the reign of George III., with the manner of whose court the author displays an intimate acquaintance:—

"The queen began to fan herself, and, unable to restrain his curiosity, the king strolled towards May. She opened the book of prints, and placed her finger on what she had written.

"The words were like fire to the king.

"In half an hour the White Mask will arrive at the palace, with the roquelaire (*sic*) of the fair Susannah, and ask for a private audience of the queen."

"Yah! Bah! Boo!" cried the king.

"The queen started to her feet.

"The ladies of honor looked about them in amazement.

"The king pretended to limp, and held up one foot.

"The corn again!" he said. "The pain in our right toe—a dreadful pain! Good-morning, ladies—good-morning. Forced to go away to look after our to. Forced to go to the—the—Red Room at top of the back stairs. Hem! hem!"

"The king limped from the room.

"May Dudley, in the confusion, had quietly torn out the picture from the book of prints on which she had written the few words that had so affected the king.

"The queen rose.

"Ladies, till three o'clock we have no occasion for your kind service."

"The ladies all bowed low, and the queen left the room."

From this contemplation of the state and ceremony of royalty we may proceed, under the guidance of the same author, to a study of the gentle loves of aristocracy, and the lawless violence of plebeian criminality. We are thus favored with an introduction to all classes of society. Here is a picture of refined love painted to the life:—

"For one short hour!

"Only one circlet of the golden hands of the costly Sèvres timepiece on the chimney-piece of that fair and luxurious boudoir of May Dudley, let us, O reader step back with you into the realms of time past.

"While May is contending with Sir Reuben Digby in the Park, Rachael is at home with a heart so full of fears—so full of love—so full of deep anxiety to do something that shall testify to all that love and all that devotion she felt for May Dudley, that at times it seemed as though it would burst the confines of her bosom with its swelling emotions.

"And had Rachael, too, no deep feelings and anxieties specially of her own?"

"Oh, yes!

"She, too, loved.

"She loved May, but it was as the cold glitter of the moonbeams upon Alpine summits in comparison with another love that had found a home in her heart.

"She loved Joseph Digby.

"How strange a woven web is human life!

"How ill-assorted, at times, seem the colors, and how oddly mixed the fabrics! Here were four people—May Dudley, Rachael, Justin Rivers, and Joseph Digby.

"They all loved.

"All had warm, affectionate natures—all gentle and noble aspirations—and yet they were all unhappy!

"Some with fear.

"Some with the hopeless agony of a lost passion.

"It was only a narcotic—only the drowsy influence of the nodding poppy—that brought slumber to the vexed brain of Justin Rivers; for his every nerve, his every sense was in a state of powerful tension—in the constant fear that some evil would befall his darling May.

"And she—she, the beautiful, admired, and courted May Dudley—was she happy?"

"No! no!

"Her thoughts were with her wounded

lover, and were full of all those vague surmises which torment the soul when suffering sits on the brow of the loved one.

"But still May and Justin were comparatively happy.

"That is, comparatively with Rachael.

"Comparatively with poor Joseph.

"They knew that they loved, and were beloved in return; but poor Rachael and poor Joseph had no such blessed consolation.

"Little did Joseph Digby imagine that he had lit up in the bosom of Rachael a flame that was consuming her existence.

"She loved him as such a nature as hers only can love.

"Once and forever.

"Perhaps had Joseph Digby not been so much blinded by his own hopeless passion for May Dudley, he would have observed something in the looks, in the tone, in the manner of Rachael, which would have let him perceive the state of her affections.

"But he did not. His view in that house was limited, and bounded by the sweet eyes of May.

"And now we go back that brief hour we have mentioned, and we find ourselves in the principal drawing-room of the mansion of May Dudley.

"Rachael is there, resting her head upon her hand, mourning her lost affections.

"Quite lost affections, since she knew so well that the heart of Joseph was another's.

"There is a tap at the door of the apartment.

"Listlessly Rachael gives the permission to enter. She scarcely looks up, but there is a something in the very atmosphere that surrounds the loved one, ever proclaiming his or her presence.

"Before the visitor was across the threshold of the room, Rachael knew that it was Joseph.

"With a flush, and then a paleness, and then a flush again of color that was deeper than before, she rose to meet him.

"Then she half shrieked, for there was a look upon the face of Joseph that was horrible to see.

"It was not sickness!

"It was not fear!

"It was something heroic mingled with something despairing.

"The sort of look with which some martyr might go to death to testify to some sublime truth against which the hand of persecution had been armed.

"And that was just the feeling of Joseph.

"He was going to die for May Dudley!

"That was the look!

* * * * *

"She sunk to his feet.

"She uplifted her hands in the attitude of prayer.

"Joseph! Joseph! you must not, you shall not die, even for Justin Rivers and for May, since you, too, are loved!"

"The looks!

"The attitude!

"The tone!

"All sufficient to proclaim the cherished secret of Rachael's heart. Joseph knew then that she loved him!

"Oh! this is very sad," he said, gently.

"Rachael burst into tears."

The plebeian scene represents an attempt made by May Dudley, in the disguise of the White Mask, to rescue the captive Joseph from "the old Gatehouse in Westminster," in which he has been imprisoned by his father, Sir Rueben Digby, "the chief of the Secret Police." She has summoned to her assistance a fraternity of thieves residing in a subterranean vault under Hungerford Market:—

"May spoke now, in cold, harsh tones of command.

"I, the White Mask, demand of you by what right you hold here, as a prisoner, one Joseph Digby?"

"Joseph—Digby! A warrant!"

"I granted no warrant, and I do not permit any one to be here a prisoner, without one, who is a friend of mine."

"A friend?"

"I have said so. We are three."

"Three?"

"Yes. As this is!"

"May touched the White Mask.

"Three highwaymen! Three White Masks! One, two—oh!"

"The governor was getting bewildered.

"May spoke again.

"You will surrender to me, and to freedom, Joseph Digby."

"I—I—dare not!"

"But you will."

"May took a gold repeater from her pocket, and cast it to the floor at the feet of the governor.

"If you have light enough, see that one minute more elapses not on that dial before you obey me, or you die!"

"I can't see it."

"We can, then, provide you with death easier than with more light."

"Joe the Cracker stepped forward, and put right into the ear of the governor the muzzle of a pistol.

"Shall I settle him, noble captain?"

"No; he will obey."

"The governor was white as—ay, as white

as the White Mask, only that upon his face there was the expression of intense fear, and upon that there was none.

" 'I cannot!' he said. 'A man can but do what he can.'

" 'Don't make any excuses,' said Joe. 'Where's the goldfinch.'

" 'Let me get up.'

" 'With all the pleasure in life.'

" The governor was assisted to his feet.

" 'I cannot help all this,' he said. 'If you ring my bell again twice, it will bring the prison clerk and the man you speak of can then be released. Ah, no! Ha, ha! Corn in Egypt! Ha, ha! The Light Horse! Rescue, rescue, rescue!'

" With a dash and a clatter, a party of the King's Light Horse escorting a coach, reached the door of the prison."

This specimen belongs to one of the lower forms of sensational life. The following is from a journal of higher character, and may be regarded as representing a transition stage to the superior organization. The taste for revelations of the inner life of the aristocracy displays itself with unabated vigor, accompanied by the genuine sensation device of a pre-matrimonial secret:—

" 'But,' cried the marquis, eagerly, 'it is precisely before our marriage —'

" 'With which you have nothing to do,' interposed the marchioness, sternly. 'Let me not have to repeat that I wish to see the man no more. I shall make it my endeavor to prevent the chance arising of ever meeting him more. And now, my lord, I have brought our interview to a close. All that I could have expected from it has taken place. Whatever may have been your anticipations, you must be content with the result, and take it as it is. We now, and at this moment, part forever, or resume our relations as they have been, without, however, one allusion being made at any time to what has just passed between us. If it is your will that we shall part forever, I shall know it by receiving from you no communication between my departure from this room and an hour hence. If, on the contrary, you are content to let the world maintain its inflated sense of your untarnished dignity, you will send to me ere the expiration of an hour, a note which will contain only the words, 'I assent.' I shall follow the receipt of that note by ordering preparations to be secretly made—you will not, my lord, object, I know, to that part of the arrangement—to proceed abroad, say Rome, where we can make a stay for at least one, perhaps two years, the term will depend on your lordship, and—a—'

" She hesitated: a flush of color went across her face, disappeared instantly, and left her deathly pale.

" 'What?' he inquired, curiously, as she paused.

" Her voice faltered.

" 'The duration of one of our lives,' she added. 'In such case the survivor would naturally return to England. Lord Westchester, I leave the decision in your hands. Do not complain if, in making your election, you should err, and your mistake should prove fatal. You, and you alone, will be to blame.'

" She bowed stiffly and grandly to him, and glided from the room.

" He made a movement to stay her, but she was gone.

" Bewildered, excited, astounded, overwhelmed by the mastery over him, which from the first she had seized, and to the last maintained, he gave way to an ebullition of frantic emotion, and flung himself upon the ground with all the wildness and frenzy of a maniac."

To these specimens of the sensationist's power of making, may we venture to add one more as a sample of his ability in marring? Even the genius of Scott must succumb to his touch. Behold the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" metamorphosed into "Effie Deans, or the Lily of St. Leonards," by George Armitage, author of "The Felon's Daughter, or Pamela's Perils." The author as will be seen, is smitten with a desire to emulate the poetry as well as the prose of his great original:—

" The night was mirk and drear.

" The scene, a piled-up mass of rocks, terminating in the wild and picturesque boulders known as Salisbury-Crags, near to the town of Edinburgh.

" Lightning from storm-riven clouds each instant imparted a ghastly reality and radiance to the desolate scene.

" The roar of a cataract close at hand drowned all minor sounds in the tumbling rush of its waters.

" 'Help!—oh, help me now, husband! Geordie, I do love you—I did love you! In the sight of heaven I am yours—your own wife, Effie!'

" 'Peace, girl, or this knife shall soon drink the life-blood of the bairn!'

" These last words were uttered by what might be a woman by the dress and general appearance, although the tall, unfeminine stature, and the fierce attitude, combined with the hoarse voice, that was heard above

the roar and tumult of the storm, seemed to give a negative to the supposition.

"Crouching down close to a rock, the slippery surface of which afforded no hold to her, although she strove in vain to grasp it with one disengaged hand, was a young girl.

"So young, so childlike, so lovely in her deep distress and tears; her flood of golden hair, all dishevelled and streaming to the wild night blast; her tartan cloak and hood streaming from her in the wind like the banner of some clan of the Highland heaths; agony upon her fair and gentle face; her voice raised to a shrieking cry, that gathered echoes as it flew from rock to rock, repeating the word 'Help! help!'

"And clasped to her breast, with the other hand—held closely, and wrapped up in the folds of a cloak of costly cloth, clasped by a jewel, this young girl, who called upon heaven and earth to aid her, held a child!

"An infant!

* * * *

"'No, mother—no!' screamed a strange voice, and the uplifted hand and arm of the hag was stayed. 'No, mother, you must not kill the bairn, for poor Meg's sake. Geordie will love her again if she has a little bairn to show him! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! I like the sea-bird's shriek, and I can mock it!

"'Meg o' the Sea—Meg o' the Sea,
She loved too well her bonny lad;
Joy was dancing in her e'e,
But her heart was sore and sad.

Nay, mother, you shall not kill the bairn. Geordie loves her for the bairn, and he will love poor Meg Murdochson again, if she hold it to his lips for a bonny kiss.

"'A bairn's a bairn, for a' that,
And a' that, and a' that,
A bairn's a bairn, for a' that;
Whoe'er the lassie be.'"

"Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated."

It is unnecessary to multiply our examples, whether of the higher or the lower order. Evidence enough has been adduced to show that sensation novels must be recognized as a great fact in the literature of the day, and a fact whose significance is by no means of an agreeable kind. Regarding these works merely as an eruption indicative of the state of health of the body in which they appear, the existence of an impure or a silly crop of novels, and the fact that they are eagerly read, are by no means favorable symptoms of the conditions of the body of society. But it is easier to detect the disease than to

suggest the remedy. The praiseworthy attempts of individual proprietors of circulating libraries, to weed their collections of silly or mischievous works, have been too partial and isolated to produce any perceptible result, and have even acted as an advertisement of the rejected books. A more general and combined attempt in this direction is a thing rather to be wished than expected. Could a taste for the best class of fictions be cultivated in the minds of the rising generation, it might, perhaps, have its effect in lessening the craving for this kind of unnatural excitement; and could any check be imposed on the rapidity of production, it might improve the quality of the article produced. It is difficult to believe that the habitual devourers of sensation novels have ever read Scott; indeed, we have known young persons, familiar with the latest products of the circulating library, who not only had never read Scott, but who had no idea that he was worth reading. It is as easy to imagine that the blessed sun of heaven should prove a micher and eat blackberries, as that one capable of appreciating the creations of the great magician should relish the sort of stuff of which three-fourths of the books on our present list are made. But, alas! Scott himself has well-nigh shared the fate which he lamented as having befallen Richardson, Mackenzie, and Burney. A new generation of readers has sprung up, who have reversed the fault of which Horace complains, and gone back to that for which Homer apologizes. We have no need of the subtlety of "the rule that laid the horsetail bare" to argue against readers who admire no authors of less than a hundred years old: we have rather to echo the comment of Telemachus on the taste of his day:—

"For novel lays attract our ravished ears,
But old, the mind with inattention hears."

By way of experiment, and to give the old at least a fair chance of competing with the new, we should like to see a lending library established somewhat on the principle of the "Retrospective Review," which should circulate no books but those which have received the stamp of time in testimony of their merits. No book should be admitted under twenty years old, a very liberal allowance for the life of a modern novel, and which is long enough to give rise to a new generation who could not have read the book on its first com-

ing out. Such an establishment, if the public mind could be persuaded to tolerate it, would have at least one commercial advantage which is denied to some of its present rivals. It would be relieved from the necessity, which is often imposed upon them, of buying up nearly the whole impression of the last work of some popular author, which, having been already published for a very trifling sum in the pages of some magazine, is forthwith reprinted at five or six times the price, as a separate work.* A real competition between old favorites and new would have a good effect, not in destroying, which is not to be wished, but in weeding the luxuriant produce of the present day. The appetite, even of a novel-reader, has its limits; and if the best of the old books could be brought in, the worst of the new must drop out to make way for them. There would be an increased struggle for existence, under the pressure of which the weaker writers would give way, and the stronger would be improved by the stimulus of effective competition.

Even if no remedy can be found, it is some-

thing to know the disease. There is a satisfaction in exposing an impostor, even when we feel sure that the world will continue to believe in him. The idol may still be worshipped, yet it is right to tell its worshippers that it is an idol; grotesque, it may be, or horrible in its features, but mere wood or stone, brass or clay, in its substance. The current folly may be destined to run its course, as other follies have done before it; and it must be confessed that there are as yet but few signs of its abating. But the duty of the preacher is the same, whether he succeed or fail. Though we cannot flatter ourselves with the hope that our protest will have the disenchanting influence of "Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower," we are not the less bound to place on record the grounds of our belief, that when the reading public wakes up from its present delusion, it will discover, with regard to some at least of the favorites of the day, that its affections have been bestowed upon an object not very different in kind from the animal of which Titania was enamored.

* The following comparative table of the prices of some of our most popular novels, on first and second publication, has been furnished through a friend. It is curious, as showing how much of the cost of a book is due to the "getting up" of it.

				Published Separately.			
				s.	d.	s.	d.
"A Strange Story," in Nos. of <i>All the Year Round</i>	4	4	2 vols.	24 0
"The Woman in White," ditto	.	.	.	6	8	3 "	31 6
"No Name," ditto	.	.	.	6	8	3 "	31 6
"Great Expectations," ditto	.	.	.	4	4	3 "	31 6
"Verner's Pride," <i>Once a Week</i> ,	.	.	.	8	0	3 "	31 6
"The Channings," 24 penny Nos. of <i>The Quiver</i> ,	.	.	.	2	0	3 "	31 6
"Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles," 34 ditto	.	.	.	2	10	3 "	31 6
"Lady Audley's Secret," 12 Nos. of <i>The Sixpenny Magazine</i> ,	.	.	.	6	0	3 "	31 6

"HEAVEN sure sent letters for some wretch's aid."
—POPE.

If you are ever wretch enough seriously to remonstrate with a lady, especially with a pretty one, prefer doing so by letters, if possible, rather than by word of mouth. The former plan deprives her of the sex's advantages of superior quickness, and she may shrink from putting her pen to those inconsequences which the consciousness of the charm of her personal presence might possibly encourage her to utter.

O'Connell is said to have defeated a female antagonist by calling her a "parallelogram." The principle admits of a far more delicate application. In verbal controversy with the fair sex, select, if possible, words of classical origin. They seem

more respectful, and have frequently to the female mind a shade of mystery. A woman would often bear to be informed that she "procrastinates" and is "dilatatory," when she would revolt against being told, in frank Saxon, that she puts off everything, and is always too late.

"THE Esquimaux sometimes enclose a coiled piece of whalebone in a lump of blubber, which the bear greedily swallows; the whalebone afterwards uncoiling and killing him."—ESQUIROS.

So we are sometimes tempted to swallow a smooth and oily general proposition, which is found, too late, to include an elastic particular one quite fatal to our argument.

From The Saturday Review.

THE REGRETS OF LIFE.

THAT, as life fades away, men mourn over the dead past and the dying present, is a remark as old as those hills which first looked on the ancient savages who had, we may imagine, a dim sense of disappointment as they reflected, on the eve of being eaten by a *felis spelæa*, that they might have done more, had they tried earnestly, in the way of improving the pattern of flint hatchets. We have all of us wasted our time, and some of us have wasted it in a way that leaves the unceasing pang of bitter and fruitless regret. Let us hope, however, that most of us are also in some way cheered with the thought of a future world. We have at least the possibility of a bright, though unknown and inconceivable, future before us; and we may feel a legitimate confidence that many of the greatest delights of earth will be continued there, because they seem in a large degree independent of time and place. Spiritual pleasures will of course continue in a heaven of holiness; and it is hard to deny ourselves the satisfaction of believing that love begun on earth will be eternal, and that affection is as enduring as the soul itself. The mind of man is also so intimately bound up with what we term his spirit—the distinction between them is, in fact, in so large a degree verbal—that we can scarcely refuse to picture a permanence of intellectual as well as of spiritual energy. The thirst for knowledge, the delight of understanding, are not in theory connected very intimately with this world; and although we are at once puzzled if we attempt to say what kinds of branches of earthly knowledge can be thought of as reproduced hereafter, still we have a consciousness that the intellect generally can scarcely cease its activity. But besides the regret for the mis-spent past, and the hope of a spiritual future, there is a third feeling which comes over us with the lapse of time. There is a regret at leaving the earth which is most natural and most lawful to all men of feeling, and which springs, not from their own short-comings, but from the sorrow of having to bid farewell to things purely earthly, yet of a kind that no one need be ashamed to enjoy. There are pleasures which we know that we can taste only here, and from which we may well be loath to part; and if it is more saintly to be indifferent to them, it is at least honest to

own our attachment when we feel it. The earth has many things on it which we know are wholly transitory, but as to which we cannot help being very sorry that we should so soon and so wholly pass away from them. We are content that our own life should come to an end at the appointed hour and in the appointed way; and we do not perhaps feel very bitterly that we and youth have no more to do with each other; but it seems a loss to have to bid good-by to the nobler and quieter of those pleasures which are purely earthly.

Perhaps, among the simplest and purest of these terrestrial pleasures, are those which we derive from the face of the earth and our communion with nature. Experience has shown that the feelings with which natural beauty or grandeur affect us may be carried to almost any degree of intensity; and it has been the turn of recent thought to exaggerate the value of these feelings, and especially to find a childish excitement in the pouring out of the words by which these feelings are conveyed to others. But nature has perpetual charms which no modern poetry or descriptive writing can take away. The first gush of spring is as balmy and as exhilarating to us as it was to Lucretius; and we can still test our power of enjoying as poets enjoy, and of feeling the youth and spirit of the early world by our sensations, as we face the zephyr that flies before as the herald of the spring. Nor are the sterner and the more sublime aspects of nature ever old or unwelcome. There is not really much more to be said about them than was said by the Hebrew prophets; but that which the Hebrew prophets felt and put into words is still present to us, and touches us as it did them. There is probably nearly as much put into words about nature in her poetical aspect as the human race can well require, and new efforts of description are little better than turns of force which reveal how far a reflective spectator can work himself up in the art of analysis and the coinage of metaphors. Nor is there any advance in the human race which warrants us in supposing that the ancients really found less to see and think of in the face of nature than we find. Homer and Isaiah may be taken to have exhausted most of the deeper sensations which scenery can inspire. Perhaps even smaller poets in rude ages have felt all that sensitive moderns feel, only that a more narrow range of ideas and

interests has imparted a greater air of monotony and sameness to their expressions. But in every age the feeling is the same. Man walks from generation to generation with the same skies and stars over him, and the same gales of Eden breathing spring after spring on his face. In every age he feels that the earth is not only beautiful but is suited to him, and that there is a harmony between the mind that comprehends and the objects which the mind surveys. We regret that the days of reading Homer and Isaiah must soon come to an end; but we regret far more deeply that we shall soon look no more on the beach of the much-sounding sea, and at the bowing and stooping of the great woods beneath the magnificent fury of a mountain tempest.

Closely allied with this regret is that which we feel in separating ourselves from the monuments of the past, and especially from those which have become a part of the scenery familiar to us. It is a great enhancement of the interest of nature when there are incorporated with it great works of art or labor which bring before us in a striking way the efforts and achievements of the dead, and inspire us with a sense of the greatness of the race to which we belong. Perhaps there are no places in the world where this is more strongly felt than at the two great university towns of England. Neither the splendor of their buildings nor the interest of their past is comparable to that of Rome; and there are distinct and special impressions produced in a more intense degree by such remains as the Pyramids, or the Parthenon, or the burying-place of the Patriarchs. But then these relics of the past stand apart altogether from our present. They are not interwoven either with our existing life or with the scenery most familiar to us. We know that if we see them once, or at most twice, it is all we are likely to see of them in our lives; and we associate the notion of something fugitive and exceptional with our visit to them. No one could exactly say that he regrets having done with the Pyramids. But memorials of the past like those at Oxford and Cambridge form part of the England of the present day, and are mixed up with the associations of English rivers and woods and meadows. How passionately men long for this interest in life may be judged by the value which the Americans attach to every

tree that has attained even a moderate age. They treasure it, and make pilgrimages to it, and almost worship it, because they have no past of man's work there, and can find no better substitute than the creations of nature which have lasted through several generations of fleeting men. We in England are rich in monuments of the past in all stages of ruin or preservation, and there are few influences which have told with a more conspicuous force on the national character than that of the fabrics of the great dead. A cathedral town on a fine day in spring presents a combination which every association he has received from his cradle, and every tie that connects him with his country, make dear to an Englishman. It is to him a sort of figuring and emblem of the ancient and vigorous nation to which he belongs; and although he is content that the politics of his day should pass away, and is aware that he cannot be an Englishman hereafter, he may feel a natural reluctance to think that he must lose thoughts so high and sweet as those which these images of the great men of old, and of their pride in their native land, bring home to his mind.

There are also many enjoyments given us by our fellow-men which we know must soon cease, but which we may be very sorry should be over for us. We need not dwell either on the very highest or the lowest of these, for, as we have said, we do not know but what, in some form or other, the highest may reappear in some new shape. The highest of all is the pleasure of tranquil love, and tranquil love may endure beyond this world, as we see it enduring undiminished in this world. The delights, too, of spiritual and intellectual communion may not only be continued, but increased. There is no reason why the soul, wherever it may be, should not float on the wings of a common ecstasy, or be fired by the spark of a new thought flashing from mind to mind. The lower of these pleasures are too physical, and too much bound up with particular states of the body, to permit us to fancy, without irreverence, that they might be prolonged. It is a great pleasure, if you like it, to go with an old steady friend for a quiet day's punting on the Thames, but it is an unambitious and a sub-lunary pleasure. But there are pleasures arising from social intercourse which are high enough to satisfy our better nature, and

yet are obviously and completely terrestrial. There is, for example, the pleasure of all those gatherings of men and women where some food is offered to the mind, and some attempt is made to instruct, elevate, or enliven. Small dinners, or evening assemblages of a few intimate friends who speak out and do not dress, or groups of smokers on a fine morning with the prospect of an idle day, are all true, natural, and most legitimate sources of innocent and considerable pleasure. When we think how very pleasant it is to have worked hard a whole day, to have been separated from friends by distance or occupation, to have exhausted mind and body without exhausting them to faintness, and then, when the evening falls and lamps are lit, and dinner has given the restoration and excitement for which it was designed, to converse freely with men and women whom we like or quietly love, and who do not bore us, or bring in quotations, or wish to explain things, or obtrude personal recollections, but who will talk freely, without shyness, bitterness, or a wish to shine—we may well own that such meetings are among the pearls of life, and may, like Adam, shed one natural tear to think that from such familiar and pleasant gardens we shall soon be driven into the unknown land.

There are, too, great parts of human life, and noble achievements of the human mind which belong essentially to this world, and as to which it yet seems to us a pity that they must soon altogether cease so far as we are concerned. Humor, for example, is altogether mundane. We cannot separate the notion of humor from the mingled skein of terrestrial affairs, from the contrast which man's aspirations and his attainments present, and from his curious position in a world where he is at once so near to the wild beast and to the angel. If things were all straight,

there would be no humor, and the true humorist is the man who sees the riddle of existence, but who hides this perception beneath the veil of a sense of the comic and ludicrous. It is to be presumed, from the great bulk of religious literature, that every one regrets the existence of the mystery of the universe, and that every one is certain of discovering it hereafter. We must, therefore, take it for granted that humor must come to an end with life. Any one, however, who reflects how large a place the creations of humor have filled in the sources of his intellectual enjoyment, and how very dull all productions are—such as dictionaries, sermons, and philanthropic lectures—from which humor is very properly excluded, will own that leaving humor behind him is like leaving that which has been the salt of his reading and thought for many years. It is absurd to exaggerate the importance of humor. Men have something to do in the world besides brooding over the puzzle of their existence until they end by laughing at it; and the greatest things that have been done and said on earth have been done and said by men who have had remarkably little humor in them. Perhaps Shakspeare's is the only intellect of the first order of which we can distinctly say that humor was prominent in its manifestations. The region of spiritual thought, too, lies far above humor. It lies in the sphere of revelation, and humor lives in the sphere of partial obscurity. But still humor is dear to most men as the face of nature, and the impressiveness of hoary antiquity, and the cheerful intercourse of friends are dear to them. They might do without any or all of these things. They might still lead a life here which would be a not unfitting prelude to a life hereafter: but as they have them, and have learned to prize them, they cannot but mourn that they should pass away.

ILL DONE, UNDONE!—I saw one, whether out of haste or want of skill, put up his sword the wrong way; it cut even when it was sheathed, the edge being transposed where the back should have been; so that perceiving his error, he was fain to draw it out, that he might put it up again.

Wearied and wasted with civil war, we that formerly loathed the manna of peace because common, could now be content to feed on it, though full of worms and putrified; some so desirous thereof that they care not on what terms

the war be ended, so it be ended; but such a peace would be but a truce, and the conditions thereof would no longer be in force than whilst they are in force. Let us pray that the sword be sheathed the right way, with God's glory, and without the dangerous dislocation of rights; otherwise it may justly be suspected, that the sword put up will be drawn out again, and the articles of an ill agreement, though engrossed in parchment, not take effect so long as paper would continue.—*Fuller*, 1650.

From Good Words.

ABOUT VOLCANOS AND EARTHQUAKES.

BY SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

I PURPOSE in this paper to say something about volcanos and earthquakes. It is a subject I have thought a good deal about, and seen a little of, for though I have never been so fortunate as to have seen a volcano in eruption, or to have been shaken out of my bed by an earthquake, still I have climbed the cones of Vesuvius and Etna, hammer in hand and barometer on back, and have wandered over and geologized among, I believe, nearly all the principal scenes of extinct volcanic activity in Europe.

Every one knows that a volcano is a mountain that vomits out fire, and smoke, and cinders, and melted lava, and sulphur, and steam, and gases, and all kinds of horrible things; nay, even sometimes mud, and boiling water, and fishes; and everybody has heard or read of the earth opening, and swallowing up man and beast, and houses and churches, and closing on them with a snap, and smashing them to pieces, and then perhaps opening again; and casting them out with a flood of dirty water from some river or lake that had been gulped down with them. Now all this, and much more, is literally true, and has happened over and over again; and when we have imagined it all, we will have formed a tolerably correct notion of some at least of these visitations. And perhaps some may have been tempted to ask why and how it is that God has permitted this fair earth to be visited with such destruction. It can hardly be for the sins of men, for when these things occur they involve alike the innocent and the guilty; and besides, the volcano and the earthquake were raging on this earth with as much, nay greater violence, thousands and thousands of years before man ever set his foot upon it. But perhaps, on the other hand, it may have occurred to some to ask themselves whether it is not just possible that these ugly affairs are sent among us for some beneficent purpose, or at all events that they may form part and parcel of some great scheme of providential arrangement which is at work for good, and not for ill. A ship sometimes strikes on a rock, and all on board perish; a railway train runs into another, or breaks down, and then wounds and contusions are the order of the day; but nobody doubts that

navigation and railway communication are great blessings. None of the great natural provisions for producing good are exempt in their workings from producing occasional mischief. Storms disperse and dilute pestilential vapors, and lightnings decompose and destroy them; but both the one and the other often annihilate the works of man, and inflict upon him sudden death. Well, then, I think I shall be able to show that the volcano and the earthquake, dreadful as they are, as local and temporary visitations, are, in fact, unavoidable—I had almost said necessary—incidents in a vast system of action to which we owe the very ground we stand upon, the very land we inhabit, without which neither man, beast, nor bird would have a place for their existence, and the world would be the habitation of nothing but fishes.

Now to make this clear, I must go a little out of my way and say something about the first principles of geology. Geology does not pretend to go back to the creation of the world, or concern itself about its primitive state, but it does concern itself with the changes it sees going on in it now, and with the evidence of a long series of such changes it can produce in the most unmistakable features of the structure of our rocks and soil, and the way in which they lie one on the other. *As to what we see going on.*—We see everywhere, and along every coast-line, the sea warring against the land, and everywhere overcoming it, wearing and eating it down, and battering it to pieces, grinding those pieces to powder, carrying that powder away, and spreading it out over its own bottom, by the continued effect of the tides and currents. Look at our chalk cliffs, which once, no doubt, extended across the Channel to the similar cliffs on the French coast. What do we see? Precipices cut down to the sea-beach, constantly hammered by the waves and constantly crumbling, the beach itself made of the flints outstanding after the softer chalk has been ground down and washed away, themselves grinding one another under the same ceaseless discipline, first rounded into pebbles, then worn into sand, and then carried out farther and farther down the slope, to be replaced by fresh ones from the same source.

Well, the same thing is going on *everywhere, round every coast* of Europe, Asia,

Africa, and America. Foot by foot or inch by inch, month by month or century by century, *down everything must go*. Time is as nothing in geology. And what the sea is doing the rivers are helping it to do. Look at the sandbanks at the mouth of the Thames. What are they but the materials of our island carried out to sea by the stream? The Ganges carries away from the soil of India, and delivers into the sea, as much solid substance *daily* as is contained in the great pyramid of Egypt. The Irawaddy sweeps off from Burmah sixty-two cubic feet of earth in every second of time on an average, and there are 86,400 seconds in every day, and three hundred and sixty-five days in every year, and so on for the other rivers. What has become of all that great bed of chalk which once covered all the weald of Kent, and formed a continuous mass from Ramsgate and Dover to Beechy Head, running inland to Madams-court Hill and Seven Oaks. All clean gone, and swept out into the bosom of the Atlantic, and there forming other chalk-beds. Now geology assures us, on the most conclusive and undeniable evidence, that **ALL** our present land, all our continents and islands, have been formed in this way out of the ruins of former ones. The old ones which existed at the beginning of things have all perished, and what we now stand upon has most assuredly been, at one time or other, perhaps many times, the bottom of the sea.

Well, then, there is power enough at work, and it has been at work long enough, utterly to have cleared away and spread over the bed of the sea all our present existing continents and islands, had they been placed where they are at the creation of the world; and from this it follows, as clear as demonstration can make it, that without *some* process of renovation or restoration to act in antagonism to this destructive work of old Neptune, there would not now be remaining a foot of dry land for living thing to stand upon.

Now what *is* this process of restoration? Let the volcano and the earthquake tell their tale. Let the earthquake tell how, within the memory of man,—under the eyesight of eye-witnesses, one of whom (Mrs. Graham) has described the fact,—the whole coast of Chili, for one hundred miles about Valparaiso, with the mighty chain of the Andes,—

mountains to which the Alps shrink into insignificance,—was hoisted at one blow (in a single night, Nov. 19, A.D. 1832), from two to seven feet above its former level, leaving the beach below the old low water-mark high and dry, leaving the shell-fish sticking on the rocks out of reach of water, leaving the sea-weed rotting in the air, or rather drying up to dust under the burning sun of a coast where rain never falls. The ancients had a fable of Titan hurled from heaven and buried under Etna, and by his struggles causing the earthquakes that desolated Sicily. But here we have an exhibition of Titanic forces on a far mightier scale. One of the Andes upheaved on this occasion was the gigantic mass of Aconcagua, which overlooks Valparaiso. To bring home to the mind the conception of such an effort, we must form a clear idea of what sort of mountain this is. It is nearly twenty-four thousand feet in height. Chimborazo, the loftiest of the volcanic cones of the Andes, is lower by twenty-five hundred feet; and yet Etna, with Vesuvius at the top of it, and another Vesuvius piled on that, *would little more than surpass the midway height of the snow-covered portion of that cone*, which is one of the many chimneys by which the hidden fires of the Andes find vent. On the occasion I am speaking of, at least ten thousand square miles of country were estimated as having been upheaved, and the upheaval was not confined to the land, but extended far away to sea, which was proved by the soundings off Valparaiso, and along the coast, having been found considerably shallower than they were before the shock.

Again, in the year 1819, in an earthquake in India, in the district of Cutch, bordering on the Indus, a tract of country more than fifty miles long and sixteen broad, was suddenly raised ten feet above its former level. The raised portion still stands up above the unraised, like a long perpendicular wall, which is known by the name of the "Ullah Bund," or "God's Wall." And again, in 1538, in that convulsion which threw up the Monte Nuovo (New Mountain), a cone of ashes four hundred and fifty feet high in a single night, the whole coast of Pozzuoli, near Naples, was raised twenty feet above its former level, and remains so permanently upheaved to this day. And I could mention in-

numerable other instances of the same kind.*

This, then, is the manner in which the earthquake does its work; *and it is always at work*. Somewhere or other in the world, there is perhaps not a day, certainly not a month, without an earthquake. In those districts of South and Central America, where the great chain of volcanic cones is situated—Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, and a long list with names unmentionable, or at least unpronounceable—the inhabitants no more think of counting earthquake shocks than we do of counting showers of rain. Indeed, in some places along that coast, a shower is a great rarity. Even in our own island, near Perth, a year seldom passes without a shock, happily, within the records of history, never powerful enough to do any mischief.

It is not everywhere that this process goes on by fits and starts. For instance, the northern gulfs, and borders of the Baltic Sea, are steadily shallowing, and the whole mass of Scandinavia, including Norway, Sweden, and Lapland, is rising out of the sea at the average rate of about two feet per century. But as this fact (which is perfectly well established by reference to ancient high and low water-marks) is not so evidently connected with the action of earthquakes, I shall not further refer to it just now. All that I want to show is, that there is a great cycle of changes going on, in which the earthquake and volcano act a very conspicuous part, *and that part a restorative and conservative one*, in opposition to the deadly destructive and levelling action of the ocean waters.

How this can happen, what can be the origin of such an enormous power thus occasionally exerting itself, will no doubt seem very marvellous,—little short, indeed, of miraculous intervention,—but the mystery, after all, is not quite so great as at first it seems. We are permitted to look a little way into these great secrets of nature; not far enough, indeed, to clear up every difficulty, but quite enough to penetrate us with admiration of that wonderful system of counterbalances and compensations, that adjustment of causes and consequences, by which, throughout all nature, evils are made to work their own cure, life to spring out of death,

* Not that earthquakes always *raise* the soil; there are plenty of instances of subsidence, etc.

and renovation to tread in the steps and efface the vestiges of decay.

The key to the whole affair is to be found in the central heat of the earth. This is no scientific dream, no theoretical notion, but a fact established by direct evidence up to a certain point, and standing out from plain facts as a matter of unavoidable conclusion in a hundred ways.

We all know that when we go into a cellar out of a summer sun, it feels *cool*, but when we go into it out of a wintry frost it is *warm*. The fact is, that a cellar, or a well, or any pit of a moderate depth, has always, day and night, summer and winter, the same degree of warmth, the same *temperature*, as it is called, and *that* always and everywhere is the same, or nearly the same, as the average warmth of the climate of the place. Forty or fifty feet deep in the ground, a thermometer here, in this spot,* would always mark the same degree, forty-nine degrees that is, or seventeen degrees above the freezing point. Under the equator, at the same depth, it always stands at eighty-four degrees, which is our *hot summer* heat, but which there is the average heat of the whole year. And this is so everywhere. Just at the surface, or a few inches below it, the ground is warm in the daytime, cool at night; at two or three feet deep the difference of day and night is hardly perceptible, but that of summer and winter is considerable. But at forty or fifty feet this difference also disappears, and you find a perfectly fixed, uniform degree of warmth, day and night, summer and winter, year after year.

But when we go deeper, as, for instance, down into mines or coal-pits, this one broad and general fact is always observed,—everywhere, in all countries, in all latitudes, in all climates, wherever there are mines, or deep subterranean caves,—the deeper you go, the hotter the earth is found to be. In one and the same mine, each particular depth has its own particular degree of heat, which never varies, but the lower always the hotter; and that not by a trifling, but what may well be called an astonishingly rapid rate of increase,—about a degree of the thermometer additional warmth for every ninety feet of additional depth, which is about fifty-eight degrees per mile!—so that, if we had a shaft sunk a mile deep, we should find a heat of

* At Hawkhurst in Kent.

one hundred and five degrees, which is much hotter than the hottest summer day ever experienced in England.

It is not everywhere, however, that it is worth while to sink a shaft to any great depth; but borings for water (in what are called Artesian wells) are often made to enormous depths, and the water always comes up hot; and the deeper the boring, the hotter the water. There is a very famous boring of this sort in Paris, at La Grenelle. The water rises from a depth of 1,794 feet, and its temperature is eighty-two degrees of our scale, which is almost that of the equator. And, again, at Salzwerth, in Oeynhausen, in Germany, in a boring for salt-springs 2,144 feet deep, the salt water comes up with a still higher heat, viz., ninety-one degrees. Then, again, we have natural hot-water springs, which rise, it is true, from depths we have no means of ascertaining, but which, from the earliest recorded times, have always maintained the same heat. At Bath, for instance, the hottest well is one hundred and seventeen degrees Fahr. On the Arkansas River, in the United States, is a spring of one hundred and eighty degrees, which is scalding hot; and that out of the neighborhood of any volcano.

Now, only consider what sort of a conclusion this lands us in. This globe of ours is eight thousand miles in diameter; a mile deep on its surface is a mere scratch. If a man had twenty great-coats on, and I found under the first a warmth of sixty degrees above the external air, I should expect to find sixty degrees more under the second, and sixty degrees more under the third, and so on; and, within all, *no man*, but a mass of red-hot iron. Just so with the outside crust of the earth. Every mile thick is such a great-coat, and at twenty miles depth, according to this rate, the ground must be fully red-hot; and at no such very great depth beyond, either the whole must be melted, or only the most infusible and intractable kinds of material, such as our fire-clays and flints, would present some degree of solidity.

In short, what the icefloes and icebergs are to the polar seas, so we shall come to regard our continents and mountain ranges in relation to the ocean of melted matter beneath. I do not mean to say there is no solid central mass; there may be one, or there may not, and, upon the whole, I think it likely enough

that there is—kept solid, in spite of the heat, by the enormous pressure; but that has nothing to do with my present argument. All that I contend for is this,—grant me a sea of liquid fire, on which we are all floating, land and sea; for the bottom of the sea, anyhow, will not come nearly down to the lava level. The sea is probably nowhere more than five or six miles deep, which is far enough above that level to keep its bed from becoming red-hot.

Well, now, the land is perpetually wearing down, and the materials carried out to sea. The coat of heavier matter is thinning off towards the land, and thickening over all the bed of the sea. What must happen? If a ship floats even on her keel, transfer weight from the starboard to the larboard side, will she continue to float even? No, certainly. She will heel over to larboard. Many a good ship has gone to the bottom in this way. If the continents are lightened, they will rise; if the bed of the sea receives additional weight, it will sink. The bottom of the Pacific is sinking, in point of fact. Not that the Pacific is becoming *deeper*. This seems a paradox; but it is easily explained. The whole bed of the sea is in the act of being pressed down *by the laying on of new solid substance over its bottom*. The new bottom then is laid upon the old, and so the actual bed of the ocean remains at the same distance from the surface water. But what becomes of the islands? They form part and parcel of the old bottom; and Dr. Darwin has shown, by the most curious and convincing proofs, that they *are sinking*, and *have been sinking for ages*, and are only kept above water—by what, think you? By the labors of the coral insects, which always build up to the surface!

It is impossible but that this increase of pressure in some places and relief in others must be very unequal in their bearings. So that at some places or other this solid floating crust must be brought into a state of strain, and if there be a weak or a soft part, a crack will at last take place. When this happens, down goes the land on the heavy side, and up on the light side. Now this is exactly what took place in the earthquake which raised the Ullah Bund in Cutch. I have told you of a great crack down across the country, not far from the coast line; the inland country rose ten feet, but much of the sea-coast, and probably a large tract in the bed

of the Indian Ocean, sunk considerably below its former level. And just so you see when a crack takes place in ice, the water oozes up, so this kind of thing is always, or almost always followed by an upburst of the subterranean fiery matter. The earthquake of Cutch was terminated by the outbreak of a volcano at the town of Bhooi, which it destroyed.

Now where, following out this idea, should we naturally expect such cracks and outbreaks to happen? Why, of course, along those lines where the relief of pressure on the land side is the greatest, and also its increase on the sea side; that is to say, along or in the neighborhood of the sea-coasts, where the destruction of the land is going on with most activity. Well, now, it is a remarkable fact in the history of volcanos, that there is hardly an instance of an active volcano at any considerable distance from the sea-coast. All the great volcanic chain of the Andes is close to the western coast line of America. Etna is close to the sea, so is Vesuvius; Teneriffe is very near the African coast; Mount Erebus is on the edge of the great Antarctic Continent. Out of two hundred and twenty-five volcanos which are known to have been in actual eruption over the whole earth within the last hundred and fifty years, I remember only a single instance of one more than three hundred and twenty miles from the sea, and even *that* is on the edge of the Caspian, the largest of all the inland seas—I mean Mount Demawend in Persia.

Suppose from this, or from any other cause, a crack to take place in the solid crust of the earth. Don't imagine that the melted matter below will simply ooze up quietly, as water does from under an ice-crack. No such thing. There is an element in the case we have not considered: steam and condensed gases. We all know what happens when a crack takes place in a high-pressure steam-boiler, with what violence the contents escape, and what havoc takes place. Now there is no doubt that among the minerals of the subterranean world, there is water in abundance, and sulphur, and many other vaporizable substances, all kept subdued and repressed by the enormous pressure. Let this pressure be relieved, and forth they rush, and the nearer they approach the surface the more they expand, and the greater is the explosive force they acquire, till at length, after more and fewer preparatory shocks,

each accompanied with progressive weakening of the overlying strata, the surface finally breaks up, and forth rushes the imprisoned power, with all the awful violence of a volcanic eruption.

Certainly a volcano does seem to be a very bad neighbor; and yet it does afford a compensation in the extraordinary richness of the volcanic soil, and the fertilizing quality of the ashes thrown out. The flanks of Somma (the exterior crater of Vesuvius) are covered with vineyards producing wonderful wine, and whoever has visited Naples, will not fail to be astonished at the productiveness of the volcanized territory as contrasted with the barrenness of the limestone rocks bordering on it. There you will see the amazing sight (as an English farmer would call it) of a triple crop growing at once on the same soil; a vineyard, an orchard, and a cornfield all in one. A magnificent wheat crop, five or six feet high, overhung with clustering grapevines swinging from one apple or pear tree to another in the most luxurious festoons! When I visited Somma, to see the country where the celebrated wine, the *Lacryma Christi*, is grown, it was the festival of the *Madonna del Arco*; her church was crowded to suffocation with a hot and dusty assemblage of the peasantry. The fine impalpable volcanic dust was everywhere; in your eyes, in your mouth, begriming every pore; and there I saw what I shall never forget. Jammed among the crowd, I felt something jostling my legs; looking down, and the crowd making way, I beheld a line of worshippers crawling on their hands and knees from the door of the church to the altar, licking the dusty pavement all the way with their tongues, positively applied to the ground and no mistake. No trifling dose of *Lacryma* would be required to wash down what they must have swallowed on that journey, and I have no doubt it was administered pretty copiously after the penance was over.

Now I come to consider the manner in which an earthquake is propagated from place to place; how it travels, in short. It runs along the earth precisely in the same manner, and according to the same mechanical laws as a wave along the sea, or rather as the waves of sound run along the air, but quicker. The earthquake which destroyed Lisbon ran out from thence, as from a centre, in all directions, at a rate averaging about

twenty miles per minute, as far as could be gathered from a comparison of the times of its occurrence at different places; but there is little doubt that it must have been retarded by having to traverse all sorts of ground, for a blow or shock of any description is conveyed through the substance on which it is delivered with the rapidity of *sound* in that substance. Perhaps it may be new to many to be told that sound is conveyed by water, by stone, by iron, and indeed by everything, and at a different rate for each. In air it travels at the rate of about 1,140 feet per second, or about twelve miles in a minute. In water much faster, more than four times as fast (4,700 feet). In iron ten times as fast (11,400 feet), or about one hundred and thirty miles in a minute, so that a blow delivered endways at one end of an iron rod, one hundred and thirty miles long, would only reach the other after the lapse of a minute, and a pull at one end of an iron wire of that length, would require a minute before it would be felt at the other. But the substance of the earth through which the shock is conveyed is not only far less elastic than iron, but it does not form a coherent, connected body; it is full of interruptions, cracks, loose materials, and all these tend to deaden and retard the shock, and putting together all the accounts of all the earthquakes that have been exactly observed, their rate of travel may be taken to vary from as low as twelve or thirteen miles a minute to seventy or eighty, but perhaps the low velocities arise from oblique waves.

The way, then, that we may conceive an earthquake to travel, is this,—I shall take the case which is most common, when the motion of the ground to and fro is horizontal. *How far* each particular spot on the surface of the ground is actually pushed from its place there is no way of ascertaining, since all the surrounding objects receive the same impulse almost at the same instant of time, but there are many indications that it is often several yards. In the earthquake of Cutch, which I have mentioned, trees were seen to flog the ground with their branches, which proves that their stems must have been jerked suddenly away for some considerable distance and as suddenly pushed back; and the same conclusion follows from the sudden rise of the water of lakes on the side where the shock reaches them, and its fall on the opposite side; the bed of the lake has been jerked

away for a certain distance from under the water and pulled back.

Now suppose a row of sixty persons, standing a mile apart from each other, in a straight line, in the direction in which the shock travels, at a rate, we will suppose, of sixty miles per minute, and let the ground below the first get a sudden and violent shove, carrying it a yard in the direction of the next. Since this shock will not reach the next till after the lapse of one second of time, it is clear that the space between the two will be shortened by a yard, and the ground—that is to say, not the mere loose soil on the surface, but the whole mass of solid rock below, down to an unknown depth—compressed, or driven into a smaller space. It is this compression that carries the shock forwards. The elastic force of the rocky matter, like a coiled spring, acts both ways; it drives back the first man to his old place, and shoves the second a yard nearer to the third, and so on. Instead of men place a row of tall buildings, or columns, and they will tumble down in succession, the base flying forwards, and leaving the tops behind to drop on the soil on the side *from* which the shock came. This is just what was seen to happen in Messina in the great Calabrian earthquake. As the shock ran along the ground, the houses of the Faro were seen to topple down in succession, beginning at one end and running on to the other, as if a succession of mines had been sprung. In the earthquake in Cutch, a sentinel standing at one end of a long straight line of wall, saw the wall bow forward and recover itself, not all at once, but with a swell like a wave running all along it with rapidity. In this case it is evident that the earthquake wave must have had its front oblique to the direction of the wall (just as an obliquely held ruler runs along the edge of a page of paper while it advances, like a wave of the sea, perpendicularly to its own length).

In reference to extinct volcanos, I may just mention that any one who wishes to see some of the finest specimens in Europe may do so by making a couple of days' railway travel to Clermont, in the department of the Puy de Dôme in France. There he will find a magnificent series of volcanic cones, fields of ashes, streams of lavas, and basaltic terraces or platforms, proving the volcanic action to have been continued for countless ages before the present surface of the earth was formed;

and all so clear that he who runs may read their lessons. There can be seen a configuration of surface quite resembling what telescopes show in the most volcanic districts of the moon. Let not the reader be startled; half the moon's face is covered with craters of extinct volcanos.

Many of the lavas of Auvergne and the Puy de Dôme are basaltic; that is, consisting of columns placed close together; and some of the cones are quite complete, and covered with loose ashes and cinders, just as Vesuvius is at this hour.

In the study of these vast and awful phenomena we are brought in contact with those immense and rude powers of nature which seem to convey to the imagination the impress of brute force and lawless violence; but it is not so. Such an idea is not more derogatory to the wisdom and benevolence that prevails throughout all the scheme of creation than it is in itself erroneous. In their wildest paroxysms the rage of the volcano and the earthquake is subject to great and immutable laws: they feel the bridle and obey it. The volcano bellows forth its pent-up overplus of energy, and sinks into long and tranquil repose. The earthquake rolls away, and industry, that balm which nature knows how to shed over every wound, effaces its traces, and festoons its ruins with flowers. There is mighty and rough work to be accomplished, and it cannot be done by gentle means. It seems, no doubt, terrible, awful, perhaps harsh, that twenty or thirty thousand lives

should be swept away in a moment by a sudden and unforeseen calamity; but we must remember that sooner or later every one of those lives must be called for, and it is by no means the most sudden end that is the most afflictive. It is well, too, that we should contemplate occasionally, if it were only to teach us humility and submission, the immense energies which are everywhere at work in maintaining the system of nature we see going on so smoothly and tranquilly around us, and of which these furious outbreaks, after all, are but minute, and for the moment unbalanced surpluses in the great account. The energy requisite to overthrow a mountain is as a drop in the ocean compared with that which holds it in its place, and makes it a mountain. Chemistry tells us that the forces constantly in action to maintain four grains of zinc in its habitual state, when only partially and sparingly let loose in the form of electricity, would supply the lightning of a considerable thunder-storm. And we learn from optical science that in even the smallest element of every material body, nay, even in *what we call* empty space, there are forces in perpetual action to which even such energies sink into insignificance. Yet, amid all this, nature holds her even course: the flowers blossom; animals enjoy their brief span of existence; and man has leisure and opportunity to contemplate and adore, secure of the watchful care which provides for his well-being at every instant that he is permitted to remain on earth.

GYPSY EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.—At a recent meeting of the American Ethnological Society in New York, a communication was received from Dr. Macgowan, written in Buffalo in April last, giving an account of some gypsies who are temporarily residing in that city. It appears that while a gypsy occasionally crossed the Atlantic, there was no general emigration of the tribe, until about five years ago, since which time the gypsy population of America numbers not less than a thousand souls. In this short period they have explored the country, after their fashion, from Canada to the Gulf States. On the commencement of the rebellion those who were in the South returned to the Northern States and Canada. They like the country, and will probably be joined by many more of their brethren. The men trade a good deal in horses, and in peddling generally. The women make baskets and tell fortunes. They confess that in swapping horses Yankee jockeys

have taken them in, but on subsequent occasions they have more than recovered their losses. They profess Christianity, but their religion sits lightly upon them. Says a city missionary in Montreal, the term gypsy has often been applied to vagrant Canadians who sometimes cross the boundary lines.

“HE seemed to lose his own face, and look like some of his near relatives. . . . Before our end by sick and languishing alterations, we put on new visages, and, in our retreat to earth, may fall upon such looks which, from community of seminal originals, were before latent in us.”—SIR THOS. BROWNE, *Letter to a Friend*.

A virtue of extremity. So it is often only when at its last gasp, and at the end of its career, that a sly argument is forced to betray its real motive and origin.

From The N. Y. Evening Post.

THE COTTON QUESTION—MR. ATKINSON'S REPORT.*

DURING the past year we have received cotton from India, Smyrna, Siam, Hayti, Jamaica, Brazil, Peru, Honduras, China, and Japan. The largest amount has been Indian cotton—"Surats"—of which the imports into this country are estimated at thirty thousand bales. This description of cotton is of little value for the finer yarns, but it is useful for making grain bags, of which the West requires great quantities, and it is of importance to us for that reason.

It is believed by those who are best informed that Indian cotton cannot be much improved. It may be cleaned more carefully, but the staple will not be better. Moreover, cotton is cultivated in India as a rotation crop; the average product per acre is less than seventy pounds, and the number of acres per hand only two to three, against a product in this country of two hundred to seven hundred pounds per acre and from four to twelve acres to the hand.

The English used, before the war, eighty-seven and a half per cent. of American cotton, and only twelve and a half per cent. of all other kinds. Their machinery could not be fitted for the general use of Surats without enormous expense; and even if they did turn their attention to the manufacture of the coarser fabrics, this would be to give up their market; for they spin and weave the finer cotton goods almost entirely; and it is in this branch that they monopolize the trade of the East. That even now, in the general scarcity of cotton, Surats are not used readily, is made evident by the fact that

—"with a smaller shipment from India in 1862 than in 1861, the stock of Surats in Liverpool was, on the 30th January, 1862, 246,659 bales against 283,924 in 1861, while the stock of American was only 65,901 against 216,941 bales. At the same date, January 30, 1862, the price of middling to fair Surats was fourteen and a half to eighteen pence, while the price of middling to fair American was twenty-two to twenty-six pence. There is no such difference in the value for the manufacture of goods for which Surats are available, but the demand upon England being for fine goods, she cannot avail herself of the comparatively large supply and low price of Surats."

* Report to the Boston Board of Trade on the Cotton Manufacture of 1862. By Edward Atkinson.

It seems, then, that England is still dependent for cotton upon America, and of course we, too, are in the same situation.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, who has recently made a report to the Boston Board of Trade on the Cotton Manufacture of 1862, from which we have made the foregoing quotation, shows that the growing demand of the world for American cotton could not be satisfied by the former mode of cultivation by slave labor. He points to the fact that with a cotton region of vast extent, the area actually devoted to cotton was, in 1860, but 9,270 square miles, a trifle less than the area of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. In 1850 free labor made one-ninth of the cotton crop, and under the stimulus of high prices—which in themselves prove a supply inadequate to the rapidly increasing demand—free labor was gradually but surely taking the place of slave labor in cotton culture, and working the overthrow of the latter.

Though the planters did their best to increase the supply of slave-grown cotton, the demand outstripped their best efforts, so that while the crop of 1844-1845 was 2,394,503 bales, and the average price in Liverpool eight and three-quarters cents, the crop of 1859-1860 was 4,675,770 bales, yet the average price in Liverpool was eleven cents. The excess of price of 1860 over 1845 was nine dollars sixty-seven and one-half cents per bale, equal to over \$45,000,000.

The average annual increase in spindles in England for ten years, to 1860, was 1,160,196, and this required an annual increase in cotton of 87,880 bales of four hundred and fifty pounds each. To meet this growing demand it is shown that the Cotton States, imported from the border Slave States, in the ten years 1840 to 1850, 297,616 slaves, and in the next ten years 190,632—investing in this way, in twenty years, over one hundred and ninety-five million dollars.

Nevertheless the supply of cotton did not equal the demand. In fact, the comparative supply of cotton decreased as the price and the demand increased; and the principle announced by Mr. De Bow was proved correct, that "whenever cotton rises to ten cents, labor (slave-labor, that is) becomes too dear to increase production rapidly." And here we see the reason why the cotton-planters were so eager to re-open the African slave trade, that among their first acts at Montgomery was

one re-establishing that traffic. The Border States could not supply them with slaves, and they were determined to obtain an unlimited supply of cheap slaves from Africa. It was, in fact, their wish to completely Africanize the Southern and most fertile half of this continent, and thus shut out from it all white working men. With all the slaves they could draw from the other Slave States, and their own increase, they were able to cultivate but a little more than one and a half per cent. of the available cotton lands of the Southern States.

But, it being demonstrated that Europe and the Northern States must remain for many years dependent upon the South for cotton, and that with the available slave labor the demand will every year further outstrip the supply, and thus raise prices continually, while to import cheaper slaves from Africa, if it were tolerated by Europe, would not be suffered by the white men of this country, who will not submit to this Africanization of half the Union—it remains to see what can be done. We have the monopoly of the cotton markets of the world; how can we make use of it?

It is known that the cotton lands are generally healthful. White men raised twelve years ago one-ninth of the crop, and Olmsted saw cotton raised by free labor in every State. What, then, is to hinder the general cultivation of cotton by free white labor? Certainly not the return, for it is likely to be for many years to come a most profitable occupation. There can be no doubt, says Mr. Atkinson, that “during the re-organization of labor upon the new system, the crops of cotton must be small and prices very high—probably not less than twenty-five cents for many years. The standard for fair work for an able-bodied negro is eight bales of four hundred and fifty pounds each per annum, besides corn enough for the support of his family. Three thousand six hundred pounds of cotton at twenty-five cents gives nine hundred dollars for the year’s work of a common laborer, in a commodity which brings gold on demand. Where else can be found such an inducement for emigration and colonization? An industrious laborer can easily raise five thousand pounds, worth one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars.”

Making every allowance for the failure of

crops and other accidents, this is a statement which will astonish many a Northern farmer.

It is shown that slave labor has, with every effort, failed to keep up with the demand of the world; it belongs now to free labor to step in and take its place. Slavery once out of the way, which alone has prevented the emigration of whites to the Southern States, because honest free labor does not like to come in contact with slave labor—we may hope to see the culture of cotton established on a firm and truly prosperous foundation by free white farmers. This seems to Mr. Atkinson, as it seems to us, the true solution of the cotton question; and that solution is not so difficult as it has been thought. When once the cotton region is thrown open to emigration the working men of Europe will see a new temptation for removal to our shores.

From The Boston Daily Advertiser.

A VERY carefully prepared and valuable report on the cotton manufacture of 1862, made by Mr. Edward Atkinson for the Board of Trade has just been published in pamphlet form. Accompanying the report is a map of “the Cotton Kingdom,” which places before the eye of the reader in a distinct shape some very singular facts. The limits of the cotton culture and of the principal cotton region are shown by lines obtained from a map prepared by the State geologist of Alabama. The northern boundary of Arkansas, Tennessee, and North Carolina may be said in general terms to be the northern limit of the cotton region; and, perhaps excepting Tennessee and North Carolina, this limit defines the territory within which the cotton crop and its supposed interests, social and political, have complete sway. It is interesting to see how large a place this dominant staple actually holds in the cultivation and development of the region described.

Mr. Atkinson has shown this by a very ingenious method. Estimating the number of acres devoted to cotton in each State, by a process which overstates the amount rather than otherwise, he draws upon the map of each State a parallelogram, upon the same scale with the map itself, to represent the actual proportion of the territory given to the culture of cotton. Thus, in the middle of the map of South Carolina, as it stands

on Mr. Atkinson's map, is a strongly shaded parallelogram, which shows at a glance the exact proportion borne by the 706,826 acres given to cotton in that State to the 16,217,600 acres of land in the State. The total area given to cotton in all the States is also represented by a parallelogram drawn in the same way upon the scale of the map, so as to be easily compared with the ample territory of the States. The facts placed before the eye in this striking manner are of no small importance.

The States comprised in the cotton region have a total area of 666,196 square miles of which 10,888, or 1.634 per cent. of the whole are actually devoted to cotton. This calculation is probably above the truth; Mr. Atkinson estimates the amount more exactly at 9,270 square miles, or almost precisely the same as the area of New Hampshire, or 1.391 per cent. of the territory of the Cotton States. With fractions so small, however, we may well afford to take the larger estimate for use. In some cases the disparity between the land given to cotton and the area of the State is truly extraordinary. Thus, Texas raises not far from one-twelfth of the whole cotton crop of the country, and is said to be able to produce from her fine cotton lands twenty millions of bales; yet she employs in this culture less than one-third of one per cent. of her area. The Cotton States taken together have 10.7 per cent. of their territory in improved lands, of which less than one-sixth is given to cotton,—the interest, on which, as we have said, everything is made to turn.

The comparison becomes very instructive when we consider that, in spite of the trifling extent to which the lands in the Cotton States have been taken up, the cotton interest has for years been clamorous for new lands, new territories and States. There is no better illustration of the essentially wasteful char-

acter of the system, than the evidence thus presented of the extent to which it has improved territories, which it has been abandoning for others more attractive. Professor Cairnes discusses with great force of reasoning the false economy on which slavery proceeds, which compels it to rely constantly upon a transfer to some new and virgin soil. In a comparison of this sort, we see how the process has been going on, how the cream, as it were, has been taken from one district after another, and new lands have been demanded before the wealth of the older ones had been so much as gauged. No country less favored by nature than our own could have supported a system, which thus proceeded upon the plan, not of improving and developing the territory open for settlement but of exhausting the vegetable riches stored by nature in the richest parts of the soil.

Mr. Atkinson develops from the statistics of the last ten or twenty years the confirmation of Mr. De Bow's announcement, that the real limitation to the production of cotton is the price of slaves and that "whenever cotton rises to ten cents, labor becomes too dear to increase production rapidly." This extraordinary inversion of the ordinary rules of political economy is substantiated by the fact, that the Border States have not been able to supply slaves so fast as the increasing demands of consumers of cotton have required, while economical application of free labor to any great extent has been prevented by the presence of slavery. We may not subscribe fully to Mr. Atkinson's conclusion that secession and the war were therefore undertaken to secure free trade in negroes, or the renewal of the slave trade; but it is certain that the state of things explained by De Bow creates a strong temptation for re-opening that traffic, which would be nearly certain finally to prevail over the virtue of a government devoted to the interests of slavery alone.

GROWTH OF BOGS.—Edward Moon, of Liverpool, in the year 1667, indites a rental of his property there for the guidance of his son and heir. At page 72 of *The Moon Rental*, as published by the Chetham Society, he says:—

"You may sell fifty pounds' worth at least of turf to the town in a year; for, of my knowledge,

you have good black turf at least four yards deep; if so, it may be worth two hundred pounds an acre, and you have ten acres of it; in a word, you know not what it may be worth, lying so near a great town; and if you have half a yard at the bottom ungotten, once in forty years it swells, and grows again."—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Saturday Review.
VANITY.

VANITY, like Truth, seems to carry its own definition with it. But when Pilate asked "What is Truth?" he framed a question which eighteen centuries have not entirely answered. And he who attempts to define vanity finds himself much in the same plight as the naturalist who attempts to describe the chameleon. Vanity feeds upon every variety of food, and changes color in one and the same person within a surprisingly short time. A man may be very vain of a very minute advantage, and wear a very great one in absolute unconsciousness. A few weeks later, he may look back with amazement upon the subject of his previous infatuation, and at the very moment plume himself upon something still more minute. Some moralists have interpreted this to mean that men pique themselves most on what they do least well. That is no doubt an intelligible view, so far as it goes. What we do best, as a rule we do most easily, and therefore we think least of it. It requires the corruption of long habit to admire in ourselves what we do without trouble. But whatever we do with difficulty we value at a higher rate, and, moreover, we lose our discrimination in our efforts to succeed. So, while the lungs are sound, we are content to breathe unconsciously. A touch of bronchitis attracts our attention. Still, this is only an exterior view of certain characteristics of certain kinds of vanity. Nor does the etymology of the word help us very much at first sight in following the ramifications of vanity through the mazes of modern civilization. From the notion of simple emptiness, which is the original Latin meaning of vanity, through hollowness, to mendacity, and thence to flattery—and, finally, to self-flattery, bragging, and boasting—the passage is plain enough. But the modern foliage which overshadows the original trunk lies far away from the root of braggadocio and mendacity. Perhaps braggadocio stood in the same relation to the coarser, but franker, forms of ancient life, as vanity does to the finer lines of modern feeling. It is doubtful whether Cicero's contemporaries thought him as vain as we do; but even our view of his vanity does not fit exactly with the common, not to say etymological meaning, which makes vanity the attribute of small and empty minds, and pride the attri-

bute of great ones. Cicero, one of the vainest men that ever lived, was neither little-minded nor empty. Neither was he hollow nor selfish, as it is sometimes loosely said that all vain people are, though he was intensely egotistical. Nor do we remember that he was fond of dress. Cæsar was a dandy, and Sylla bade his friends beware of "that trifler," alluding to his character in youth of being what we should call "a man about town." Later in life, he gave a pearl to a lady worth a million of money. But vanity is the last thing that we should think of laying to his charge. He used opinion and fashion, but only for his ends. Aristotle was a fop, and as such was probably looked down upon by Plato from the top of Plato's pride. But the impression left upon the reader's mind by Aristotle's writings is the furthest possible remove from vanity. It is not certain that Plato was not vain. We do not say he was. And all these apparent contradictions add to the difficulty of the definition.

Speaking generally, we should be inclined to say that the root of vanity lies in the wish to be something, do something, or have something, not for its own sake, but because other people have such qualities, perform such deeds, or possess such things, and are praised in consequence. The vain man, so far as he is merely vain, does not care for the things themselves. The real thing worth having, in his estimation, is the praise and the admiration conferred upon himself. If the objects aimed at are great, and require much labor and self-denial in the acquisition, the craving to attain them is called ambition. If they are small, men call it vanity. But in both cases the radical feature of the disease is, under every disguise, "to set one's self, to be one's self admired." Thus the vain man considers in music, not the music itself—not that which swells the heart and fills the eye, not the awakening of older and sweeter memories, not the ineffable unbinding of the triple armor of prejudices, suspicions, doubts, cares, antipathies, in which he painfully gropes his way, a porcupine armed at all points, in an imperfect state,—not, in a word, the yearning produced by the sudden revelation of an unseen and better world,—but simply the clapping of hands and the compliments which accrue to the performer after the performance, the little stir and the

little fuss. Again, the ambitious man spends his nights and days poring over blue-books; he sacrifices the maturity of his health and strength to drudgery, not because his heart is in the pursuit—not because he hopes to benefit his country—not because he is absorbed with the prospective welfare of future generations—not for the triumph of civilization, for its own dear sake—but that he may one day, perhaps, be a cabinet minister, and stand forth in that capacity on a pedestal before the eyes of a multitude. It is the fashion to assume that this is almost universally the case with all who do anything worthy of note. As a matter of observation, we think the assumption to be a mistaken one. The two classes of minds are very well defined—namely, those who by nature and impulse pursue things for their own sakes, and those who pursue praise and approbation independently of any particular objects. Probably these classes are much more equally divided than is commonly supposed, and we are far from denying that each class has its own special merits and advantages. Those who are absorbed in pursuits for their own sake are more single-minded, and at first starting very likely more noble, and also more probably destined to achieve great results in some particular direction. But they are liable to become more selfish, more opinionated, more crotchety, as being less influenced by the opinion of other men. On the other hand, those who start in life with a tendency to court approbation are liable to be more superficial, more restless, more fickle, less trustworthy. But they may be more generally useful, more agreeable, more docile, possess more tact, and, by courting the approbation of other men, in a manner cultivate their own nature on a larger number of sides. But it must be remembered that the excessive love of admiration is only the root of vanity. Vanity itself is the thought which is begotten by the overweening wish to be admired—namely, the thought that we are admired. Vanity and jealousy are but the opposite poles of the same feeling. Jealousy easily broods over a real or fictitious inferiority—vanity easily nurses a sense of real or fictitious advantage. Thus, while jealousy sits blindly crunching the ashes of demerit, vanity sails blithely upon the pink cloud of its own creation. But both are daughters of the same parent.

It is often difficult to distinguish real vanity from the mere appearance of it in persons of ardent temperament, who, so to speak, spend their lives on the threshold of themselves, disdaining all the apparatus of scientific reticence, the scarp and counterscarp which veil the false modesty of a deeper vanity. But a little attention to the ruling passion will soon disclose whether vanity is in the grain or only skin-deep. It will soon become apparent where the heart is—whether in a pursuit for its own sake, or for the hope of praise. Besides this, vanity is inflammable, and looks upon opposition and contradiction as an offence against self. Single-mindedness, which is the opposite of vanity, considers only the truth and reason of the contradiction, and looks upon opposition, if well founded, as a benefit and advantage to the cause itself which is in view. For the object to be attained, is not deference to self, as in the former case. The vain man thinks himself a fine fellow, and believes that every one else thinks him so. The conceited man thinks himself a fine fellow, and believes that every one else ought to think him so. The proud man thinks himself a fine fellow, and does not care what other men think him. If this distinction is correct, it will be found to account for many things which are observed to be true as matter of fact. For, if vanity is founded on erroneous belief that every one thinks of us as we think of ourselves, we easily see why it is capable of cure, and very constantly cured, by early commerce with the world. Vanity is one of the commonest characteristics of youth, as wanting knowledge, and one of the rarest characteristics of age, as disabused by experience. The conceited man on the other hand, is liable to become a discontented man, because his error consists in imagining, not that men do, but that they ought to think well of him; and finding that they do not he lays the blame on them, and not on himself. The proud man is in danger of becoming disagreeable, as flouting the opinion of mankind, and adding poison to his pride.

The sincerity of open friendship often wears the look of vanity to those who love us less than we do them. “*Vous ne m’aimez donc plus,*” said a lady to her friend, “*vous ne me parlez plus de vous-même.*” Perhaps this is one of the deepest and most delicate things ever said upon the apparent vanity of confid-

ing affection. A loving woman unveiling her heart, and a proud man lifting a corner of his mask, are the most touching proofs of human feeling. But they are not vanity. The mirage of vanity in its various forms is indeed infinite. There is the vanity in women which interprets every variety of behavior in men as a token of love, and sees even in disgust and dislike, from whatever cause, manifest symptoms of a tender suppressed passion. There is the vanity in men which construes the most natural smile and the simplest welcome of loyal high breeding as a declaration of indemnity for any subsequent advances, to the great detriment of our national manners. It requires great courage in the best-bred woman to eschew an air of haughty and ill-bred estrangement, when she is never sure what construction a vain and vulgar coxcomb will put upon the commonest expression of civility. In this respect it is sometimes lamentable to observe the churlish constraint of women in town, who in the country vie with the flowers and the sunshine in the sweetness of their presence. They may truly say the men have only themselves to blame.

It seems an ungracious task to dwell upon a vice, without pointing out a door of escape. But if what we have said of vanity is true, it is not incurable, for, as a rule, reality has greater charms than shams, and the radical vice of vanity is that it rests upon a delusion—that of considering self as the centre of the universe. The rarest talents, the most surpassing merit, will not make any one man essential to the world. The bare fact of each man's own individuality—that he is what he is—is a greater wonder, a bigger fact, than the small difference which makes the greatest men of his age a head taller than himself. When Napoleon died, the world went on its way. “*Il gênait Dieu,*” says a great author. “He bothered man,” would have been nearer

the truth. How many admirable men and women pass away from the scene of life without having ever been talked of! How many, equally admirable, are alive of whom nothing will ever be said! So much the worse, you say. So much the better, we think. They enjoy the reality of their own excellence, and escape the slavery—to real excellence, the almost humiliation—of renown. They do not spend their lives like children gazing at their pretty red shoes. If they do right, it is because they love it. People are not vain of the sunshine. They are only happy to be in it. Nor, as a rule, are they vain of a good digestion, of an invincible pair of lungs, however thankful they may be to possess them. In proportion as excellence is diffused in any one department of feeling, vanity retreats, and cultivates more secluded regions. Who would be vain, in respectable society, of speaking the truth, or of not being a thief? On the other hand, in our guilt-gardens, as they are called, successful theft, cultivated mendacity, and murder, considered as one of the fine arts, are the legitimate domain of vanity. Probably, as a further refinement, Bill Sykes professes to indulge only in legitimate self-esteem, and reflects, with proper severity and philosophic breadth of view, upon the excessive vanity of Skeleton Jem. The true antidote of vanity is to love reality for its own sake. Humility, says Lavater, is but the knowledge of the truth. But even this may be carried too far, and humility may become a more noxious vanity—the vanity of morbid self-examination, the moping, irritable, and vain sense of deficiency. To be what we are, because we are so, and to strive to be better for our own sakes, to let in the sun because the sun is pleasant, and not watch our own toes as we walk, is the infallible remedy against being vain. Life is its own best end, and not applause.

From The Spectator, 2 May.

EARL RUSSELL ON POLAND.

THE first impression produced by the Polish correspondence just presented to Parliament will be one of surprise at the accuracy of newspaper information. The insurrection has lasted nearly four months, and for the greater part of that time the Five Powers have been in incessant communication. The progress of affairs has been misrepresented alike by Russians and insurgents, while all negotiations have been, in appearance at least, kept secret. With the exception of the single note addressed by France to St. Petersburg, nothing has been suffered to ooze out in an official form; yet every act in the insurrection, every step in the negotiations, has been accurately made known to the public. We cannot accuse ourselves of a blunder or even a misapprehension, unless it be that of slightly underrating the energy of our own Government. Every fact we have stated, every surmise we have apparently hazarded, is here confirmed on the strongest official evidence. The cause of the revolt *was* the conscription, the author of that great crime was the Marquis Wielopolski, its object was the seizure of all who were suspected of disaffection to the Government plans. It was intended, as Lord Napier remarks, to "Kidnap the opposition," and the lists of proscription had been prepared by the police through a period of two years. Throughout the affair the Russians acknowledge their distrust of their own officers, and hint at the use which may in extremity be made of the peasants' passion for land, while the worst accounts of Russian atrocities are confirmed by official and friendly hands. As to the extent of the insurrection also the public has judged aright, for though Lord Napier asserts that the reports from Courland, Samogitia, and Lithuania are grossly exaggerated, he himself explains carefully that his information as to the frontier districts of Russia is very limited. Throughout, the British Government appears to have been unusually well informed. Colonel Stanton, consul-general at Warsaw, of course knew as little as military diplomatists usually do, laughed at the possibility of revolt, and when it occurred condemned it as a foolish attempt, organized by Mazzini. He lives apparently among the military clique found in all great capitals, and which is invariably the most ignorant of all the coteries.

but, fortunately for the reputation of her majesty's Government, the British ambassador at St. Petersburg is a man of a different stamp—a worthy colleague of Sir Hamilton Seymour and Lord Redclyffe. Lord Napier's despatches are models, full of accurate but condensed information, acute reasoning, and clear foresight. The correspondent of a daily newspaper could scarcely write more intelligibly or be more fully informed! Lord Bloomfield, at Vienna, appears to be trusted by the court, and managed, at all events, to obtain a clear theory of the Austrian view of the revolt, a matter of some complexity. So, too, with regard to negotiations. The public has accurately apprehended the attitude of the Five Powers; Russia, polite but resolved; Prussia, enraged but shuffling; France, desirous of strong action, but still half hesitating to take it; Austria, distracted between hatred of Russia, and dread of "losing a rich and tranquil province;" and Great Britain, earnest for freedom, but anxious to secure it by appeals to treaty and precedent, rather than to general principles or the rights of a subject nation. Even on the much-disputed question of the convention, the popular impression was right. It was proposed by Herr Von Bismark, and accepted by St. Petersburg, and then on the European remonstrance declared a dead letter, but retained in the spirit by orders addressed to the general, commanding the Prussian frontier. Under these orders, says Sir Andrew Buchanan, whose canny acuteness is much more than a match for Herr Von Bismark all through, anybody may be arrested by the Prussians because he is a suspicious character, and by the Russians because he is not, which is the precise state of things the convention was intended to introduce.

The new fact in these despatches, at least to those who have not watched the strange swell of excitement visible in all European courts, is what diplomatists call "the gravity of the situation," the firm severity with which the opinion of the West has been pressed upon the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. The Emperor of the French wanted from the first to use expressions with respect to the Bismark Convention, which would have been equivalent to a declaration of war, and was only withheld by the refusal of the British Cabinet to join in any such note. The note, moreover, ultimately despatched by M.

Drouyn de Lhuys to St. Petersburg precisely corresponds with the analysis published by the *Pays*, and described by ourselves last week, contains all the threatening expressions, and demands that the "symptoms of an inveterate evil" should be removed by a "durable peace" and most "regrettable complications" thereby avoided. The note of the British Government is almost as strong, the Russian Government being informed that as a "member of the community of European States, she has duties of comity towards other nations to fulfil. The disturbances which are perpetually breaking out among the Polish subjects of his imperial majesty necessarily produce a serious agitation of opinion in other countries of Europe, tending to excite much anxiety in the minds of their Governments, and which might, under possible circumstances, produce complications of the most serious nature." Earl Russell was even clearer in speech, using at least one most unmistakable menace. The Russian ambassador asked him whether the note to his court was of a "pacific" nature, to which Earl Russell replied, "That it was, but that as he did not wish to mislead him he must say something more. Her majesty's Government had no intentions that were otherwise than pacific, still less any concert with other powers for any but pacific purposes. But the state of things might change. The present overture of her majesty's Government might be rejected as the representation of the 2d of March had been rejected by the Imperial Government. The insurrections in Poland might continue, and might assume larger proportions; the atrocities on both sides might be aggravated and extended to a wider range of country. If in such a state of affairs the Emperor of Russia were to take no steps of a conciliatory nature, dangers and complications might arise not at present in contemplation." Lord Napier at St. Petersburg held language almost equally high, compelling Prince Gortschakoff to acknowledge that even he disapproved of the Polish conscription, and driving him back on the argument that Russia since 1830 held Poland simply by right of conquest.

The publication of conversations like these at a juncture like the present is a most grave

event, if only because a similar one preceded the Crimean campaign. It looks as if her majesty's Government, satisfied that no concession was to be obtained from the czar, had published the correspondence in order to justify stronger and more decided steps. Otherwise it is usual in matters of such importance to wait for the final reply, and then, if that be favorable, to conceal all indications of the unusual pressure applied. Indeed, if the reply has been received, and is truly reported in the *Vienna Presse*, it will be scarcely possible for the two Governments to continue a friendly intercourse. A formal demand like that of the British minister is not to be met by mere promises to be executed after the rebellion has been quelled, and unaccompanied by the slightest assurance that the treaty, the fulfilment of which Earl Russell demands, shall be respected or even recognized. Should it accord with the policy of the Emperor Napoleon to act on the menaces covered by his despatch, England, after adhering to its terms, cannot now question his right, while from the tone adopted by the Foreign Secretary it is difficult to doubt that he regards an armed intervention in Poland as neither an impossible nor an unendurable event. England alone restrains the emperor, and this declaration of England's sentiments will, unless we greatly mistake his people make the pressure on him irresistible. Of course he will leave the door open as long as he possibly can, but let the hour but arrive, and Poland gain some signal success, or suffer some signal defeat, and France may be on the Vistula before Finland has sprung to arms.

It will be observed that throughout the correspondence all parties talk only of Congress-Poland. That does not preclude French intervention on behalf of a kingdom which shall not be a mere Belgium on the Vistula, or English approval of the extended object. Diplomacy can only concern itself with the smaller State, because it is only through the treaties of 1815, that it has any *locus standi*; but war is not bound by such rules, and the Russian Government once defeated, may be asked to surrender the ancient kingdom as well as the modern duchy.

From The Economist, 2 May.

THE DESPATCHES ON THE POLISH QUESTION.

THE papers presented to Parliament on the affairs of Poland reveal a European situation even more grave than we ventured to delineate last week. They are papers animated with a spirit of real business, and by no means the dreary correspondence which goes on when the European States express wishes, but have no will of their own behind the wish. The Polish revolution, as it shows itself in this important blue-book, develops from a germ of danger to Russia into a European controversy of the first order, in which the studied moderation of the language employed almost heightens the impression of danger. When diplomatists pick their way so carefully, the persuasion grows that they are walking amidst the rekindling ashes of a half-exhausted conflagration, — and in these papers every foreign minister and every ambassador of the great powers appear to feel that they must exert all their strength both to serve their own ends and to avoid serving the ends of others. Prince Gortschakoff is all candor and benevolence on the surface, with an undertone of alarm and wrath; Herr Von Bismark, openly surly and forbidding, without the polished self-possession which he cannot act and can still less feel; Count Rechberg, impartiality itself — so long as he is not asked to encourage an epidemic to which Galicia is constitutionally liable; M. Drouyn de Lhuys's ostentatious courtesy and reserve, just exhibits here and there the gleam of ulterior purpose; and Lord Russell's conversations evince all that cold *insouciance* of manner and curt frankness of conviction with which he generally drops very practical hints. In short, nothing can be more evident than that all these statesmen are talking and writing the most carefully calculated words, the effect of which they observe with a vigilance that grows into anxiety as the crisis ripens towards the close. Let us sketch the attitudes of the different powers.

The Russian tone at the outburst of the revolt was one of magnanimous regret and calm confidence. It is now established on the evidence of Prince Gortschakoff himself, that the conscription by selection was a step advisedly taken to remove *en masse* the dangerous and disaffected classes from Poland; and that Wielopolski himself was the author and ad-

viser of a measure which Prince Gortschakoff did not approve but "regretted." He apologizes for it, however, on the dangerous plea that it was only an attempt to take the bull by the horns, since the conspiracy was widely spread in Poland before resort to so strong a remedy was taken. It did not cause, he said, but simply hastened the insurrection which would otherwise have burst out in a riper and more menacing form a few months later. This calm and sad benevolence of feeling towards the unruly child, changes however visibly, before the final development of the negotiation, into a much more clouded and threatening manner. From the first, Prince Gortschakoff had intimated that with the Polish peasantry on their side, a single word of appeal to their territorial yearnings would array them against the land-owners, and before the termination of these papers that word is said. But, besides this, the progress of the insurrection and the remonstrances of the European powers induces the Russian minister to take a much more bitter tone about the alleged international right to interfere. That right is grounded of course on the treaty of 1815, which, giving Congress-Poland to Russia under conditions, carries with it the right of the contracting powers to insist on the fulfilment of their conditions. This Prince Gortschakoff peremptorily denies on two grounds: (1), that the sort of "representative constitution" stipulated for Poland was left entirely to the will of the Emperor of Russia; that, though Alexander had fulfilled this pledge by his own act of grace, the utterly unmanageable character of the institutions thus given obliged the czar to withdraw it; and finally, that the present emperor had given to Poland greater liberties than to any other part of his dominions before this outbreak, and something even of representative rights (though the liberties were of that character that they did not at all interfere with individual violations of their provisions, like the recent arbitrary law of conscription). Hence, says Prince Gortschakoff, the czar has done all he promised to do, though the "representation" promised and recently given was not precisely of the English kind. But (2), he replies that even if this cannot be regarded as fulfilling the promise, there is no longer any right in the Treaty Powers to ask for its fulfilment. The revolution of 1830 terminated, he says, the Treaty-title to

Poland, and substituted the title of conquest for the conditional right previously existing—a happy argument, which implies that the Poles may forfeit, through a revolution provoked by a breach of Russia's pledge, all rights under the treaty, though Russia did not forfeit her rights under it by deliberately breaking her pledge. Russia breaks her obligations first, but keeps her contract rights; then Poland revolts, and Russia conquers her, and pleads that she has no more obligations to fulfil, since she has been forced to conquer the country assigned to her on the faith of unfulfilled promises. We have not in these papers the reply to the three remonstrant notes of France, England, and Austria; but the tone of the Russian communications at the close is not very conciliatory. The recruiting has become a sort of national appeal to the peasantry, and Lord Napier writes on the 5th of April that the first signal of patriotic agitation has been given, and the "recruits in the Russian provinces are coming in with unusual alacrity, and go off under the impression of an impending holy war." When we add that Mr. Mounsey reports from Vienna that the atrocities of the Russian army are due to want of discipline, and the want of discipline to the official distrust of the commissioned officers, which has, it is said, produced an order to the soldiers "to obey the non-commissioned officers, and to exercise a sort of surveillance over those of a superior rank,"—we have given, we think, a pretty complete view of the situation in Russia as it is recorded in those papers.

Of Prussia, it is only necessary to say that from the first she was far more Russian than Russia in her attitude towards Poland,—that she tried to make a mystery of the convention with Russia, and declined to publish it without Russia's consent; that Russia, on the other hand, seemed to make no mystery of it, Prince Gortschakoff stating significantly that "the emperor desired to have it published, and if this had not been done, it was owing to objections in another quarter;" and that Herr Von Bismark avows having discouraged and dissuaded Russia from all constitutional advances to Poland, and perseveres in that attitude. M. de Bismark replied to the English proposition, says Sir Andrew Buchanan, that "*it was impossible for Prussia to change a policy which she had pursued for two years, and, after warning*

the Emperor of Russia during that time of the inevitable consequences of encouraging Polish aspirations after nationality, to call upon him now to grant the Poles the autonomy claimed for them." Thus Prussia claims ostentatiously the part of anti-constitutional counsellor to Russia, and adheres in her foreign policy to the noble and dignified attitude which has made her the scorn of Europe at home.

Austria comes out fairly from the negotiation. She will not admit the principle of non-intervention. She will not of course do anything to encourage Galicia to aspire to independence. She does not exactly wish to see even a strong Congress-Poland, lest Austrian Poland should feel as Venice now feels to Italy. But yet all her influence is used on the side of concession and constitutional policy, and we can hope little more from her.

France makes less figure in our parliamentary papers than we should expect, only because she has probably acted in general, without previous communications with England. She began by sparring on Great Britain, but Lord Russell's demeanor is, before the end, at least as determined as M. Drouyn de Lhuys's.

Of Lord Russell's diplomatic attitude in the matter, the most important indications are contained in his own memoranda of two conversations, the one held on the 16th March with the Austrian ambassador, Count Apponyi, the other on April 9th with Baron Brunnow. Both these documents are of the highest importance. In the first, Lord Russell says:—

"I told Count Apponyi that I would speak very plainly to him on this subject: Russia could only govern Poland in one of two ways. The one was that of the Emperor Nicholas, that of keeping her submissive and degraded; extinguishing her language; compelling her by force to change her religion. This mode was repugnant to all received notions of justice and of clemency.

"The other was the mode of Alexander I.: protecting her from the hatred and revenge of the Russians, by giving her the guarantee of popular institutions and a local administration entirely separate from that of Russia.

"Nothing less would suffice. The late conscription was a proof of it. The law of recruitment of 1859 was a fair and just law; but it was wanting in some formality, and

when it suited the despotism of Russia to substitute an arbitrary, unjust, and cruel measure for the equal law which had been proclaimed, there was not a moment's hesitation in doing so. I conceived there was no middle line between a system of oppression and a system of free and just government.

I did not deny, I said, that if Poland were to flourish under such a system aspirations of independence would be entertained, and perhaps, in fifteen or twenty years, might be gratified; but also I was ready to avow, that comparing the two systems, her majesty's Government would greatly prefer immediate peace, and a bright period of justice, happiness, and freedom, with the prospect of ultimate independence and the restoration of a Kingdom of Poland, to a condemnation of Russia Poland to a dark and sullen period of slavery and submission, to be followed, perhaps at no long interval, by a fresh outbreak of hatred and revenge.

"Count Apponyi said he understood my views, but Austria could not, in her position, partake in them."

This definitively proves that Lord Russell is quite aware that the restoration of Congress-Poland would not be a final step, and that he does not shrink from that conclusion. Still more important is his language to Baron Brunnow. After speaking in very strong language of the barbarities of the Russian soldiers in Poland, and receiving an assurance that General Berg was to restore discipline, Lord Russell goes on:—

"Baron Brunnow asked me some questions as to the nature of the representations about to be made at St. Petersburg, and when I told him that the despatch of her majesty's Government was chiefly founded on the non-observance of the stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna, he expressed some satisfaction that we still founded our demands on the basis of that treaty. But there was one question he felt he was entitled to ask, and that was whether the communication her majesty's Government were about to make at St. Petersburg was of a pacific nature.

"I replied that it was, but that as I did

not wish to mislead him, I must say something more. Her majesty's Government had no intentions that were otherwise than pacific, still less any concert with other powers for any but pacific purposes.

"But the state of things might change. The present overture of her majesty's Government might be rejected as the representation of the 2d of March had been rejected by the Imperial Government. The insurrections in Poland might continue and might assume larger proportions; the atrocities on both sides might be aggravated and extended to a wider range of country. If in such a state of affairs the Emperor of Russia were to take no steps of a conciliatory nature, dangers and complications might arise not at present in contemplation."

This is pacific language, but not of the purposeless kind, and may be said to hint clearly at possibilities beyond, if Russia will do nothing to establish the representative institutions promised to Poland. Baron Brunnow remarked in reply that Russia

"Held by the present territorial arrangements of Europe, and he (Baron Brunnow) trusted Great Britain would do so likewise.

"I said it was the wish of her majesty's Government to do so. But Russia herself had in some cases been active in proposing and carrying into effect territorial changes. I trusted, however, that in the present case the Emperor of Russia, by granting an amnesty to those who would lay down their arms, and the benefits of free institutions to Poland, would put an end to the insurrection."

Thus the question lies at present; there is plenty of diplomatic peril; but we trust also some reason to hope that Russia may make reasonable concessions, which the Poles, knowing as they must the extreme danger even to their existence of a Russian crusade, may think it wise to accept. If so, it will at least be the bounden duty of France and England, after these negotiations, to see that the proffered guarantees are honestly redeemed.

From The Saturday Review, 2 May.
CANADA AND ITS COST.

No one who watches the tendency of opinion at the present time can doubt that we are rapidly approaching to a critical moment in the relation between England and one or two of her colonies. The difficulty is not one of those that evaporate when they are let alone. Its dimensions are growing rather than diminishing. The more closely the expenditure of England is scrutinized, the more the disposition increases to complain that we are contributing in an undue proportion to the defence of communities the vast majority of whose taxpayers are far richer than our own. On the other hand, the pressure of the system according to which, in these cases, the burden of colonial defence is apportioned shows no signs of abating. Wars may be less numerous than they were, but they are far more costly. The addition which has been made to our taxation by the discontent of the savages of Kaffraria and New Zealand has been very perceptible to the English taxpayer, though the debaters and pamphleteers of those two colonies look upon it as microscopic. The extent to which those burdens are likely to be increased, if it should ever fall to our lot to defend Canada against the United States, is so unwelcome a subject of contemplation that statesmen thrust it from them as something that is hopeless to mend, and yet is far too intolerable to think of. The colonial debate which was raised on Tuesday by Mr. Arthur Mills was interesting as an indication of the force with which the difficulty is beginning to impress itself upon the minds of public men. The general tone was far less tender to the colonies in question than it has ever been before. Almost every speaker had moved a step onwards in the road which leads, or seems to lead, to separation. Contrary to the usual precedent, the Colonial Under-Secretary was the most conservative speaker in the debate, and even he seemed to qualify, with the reluctance of official duty, the condemnation which he awarded to the conduct of the colonies in which our warlike expenditure is the largest. The sentimental view was at a discount, and hard material considerations formed the staple of the argument.

This change of sentiment has undoubtedly been produced by the attitude of these colonies themselves. The conduct of Canada,

and in a smaller degree of New Zealand and the Cape, will outweigh a whole volume of appeals to feeling. Few persons are now found to maintain that the commercial advantages, whatever they may be, which the continued allegiance of these colonies secures to us are equal to the burden, actual and contingent, which the responsibility for their defence involves. But, until recently, there were not many persons who were inclined to push this material argument to its logical result. An instinct forbade the idea of casting off our own race, in many cases our own countrymen, in deference to the results of a cold calculation. But in order that this kind of feeling should continue to exist, it is absolutely necessary that it should be reciprocated. The most affectionate father will hardly go on paying the debts of his prodigal son, when he discovers that the son is only treating him as a gold mine to be worked to the utmost possible profit. If the Canadians only desire to make money out of us, it is not likely that we shall long give a sentimental color to our connection with them. The sentiment is not to be despised. Those who are inclined to treat it lightly, because no logical account of it can be given, forget how mysterious are the causes which make one nation greater than another. We have no more than a very shadowy conception of the nature of the causes which confer upon a nation the moral qualities from which greatness flows. We cannot tell for certain why one people are energetic, enduring, united, devoted; and why another, existing under ethnological or geographical conditions closely analogous, are strikingly destitute of any or all those qualities. It deserves to be considered whether some influence ought not to be attributed to the consciousness of extensive empire. It is usually acquired in the first instance by the accidents of war, or at most by a mere display of gallantry; but, when won, it inspires a pride which powerfully operates upon the character of the nation that feels it. The Americans are struggling to preserve territory that will be only a cause of weakness to them, and that cannot be physically necessary to their national development for centuries to come. But they are obeying the instinct which tells them that in the consciousness of empire is involved the possession of many of the highest qualities of a nation. The same instinct has long

struggled in England against the argument of economists who, relying upon the mere figures of the balance-sheet, have impressed upon us that the preservation of colonies is a losing investment of our money. But this feeling loses some of its force, when we are driven to the conviction that our honest pride in a colonial empire is, in the case of some colonies at least, entirely one-sided. The loyalty of the Canadians, for instance, is of so ethereal and poetical a character, that it disdains to express itself in any solid or material form. It is difficult to nourish the pride of empire upon the nominal possession of a province which does not sufficiently value its connection with us to be willing to provide even an effective militia for its defence.

Whether we regret or rejoice at it, there can be little doubt that the question is rapidly being removed from the jurisdiction of feeling and transferred to that of calculation. If ever this transfer should be completed, it will be chiefly in reference to Canada that statesmen will be called upon to take a decided course. The vast majority of our colonies are happily worth maintaining, even upon mere grounds of calculation. Those which can be protected by ships can be protected almost without cost. Even if they were independent, it would be necessary for us, in case of a war, to protect our trade with them. The protection which it is necessary for us, therefore, to afford to them, amounts to no more than the obligation under which we always lie to defend our trade and maintain our supremacy at sea. New Zealand and the Cape cannot be classed under the same category. Their defence has hitherto proved anything but cheap; and if their difficulties were likely to be as permanent as they are severe, the possession of them would be a costly honor. Happily both the Maori and Kafir tribes are on the decline. Whatever cost they may cause us, it is a charge which, by the working of a well-ascertained law, cannot permanently burden us. However irritating the state of the account between us and these colonies just at this mo-

ment may be, we may console ourselves with the reflection that the pressure is transient. It may not be worth while to embitter friendly communities in order to hasten only by a very few years the erasure of an obnoxious estimate. But the case of Canada differs essentially from all the rest of our dependencies. She is the only colony we possess that is separated by a long land frontier from a turbulent neighbor who has a huge military force at his disposal. The defence of fifteen hundred miles of easily assailable frontier, against an enterprising foe, with the military force of England alone, is a task which far transcends the powers of this island. The Canadians have refused to provide for themselves anything more than a body of undrilled soldiers, who, in the presence of actual invaders, would be a mere mob. When we remonstrate, the Canadians reply in an aggrieved tone that our calculations savor of a shop-keeping spirit; and that if Canada be attacked, they expect that the whole force of the empire will be exerted in their defence. They have arrived at that conception of the filial relation between colony and mother-country, which is expressed in the popular slang, according to which "the relieving officer" is a synonym for "father."

It is obviously impossible that colonial relations worked in this spirit can endure without change for very long. In the mean time, while they are making up their minds as to their wisest policy, it is not inexpedient that a formal warning from time to time should be offered to them, that Englishmen are not blind to the inevitable result to which such short-sighted expedients must lead. Parliamentary protests and declarations are of great use in conveying informal suggestions to foreign communities or princes. They afford an opportunity for explanations of opinion to be given which in a blue-book would give offence, and in a newspaper might be disregarded. And perhaps it is only through their agency that English statesmen can be forced to give their attention to the discovery of some solution for a difficulty which events are rapidly pushing to a crisis.

From The Spectator, 9 May.

RUSSIA VS. COSMOPOLITAN REVOLUTION.

THE Russian tactics are by no means either contemptible or obscure. Prince Gortschakoff has replied diplomatically, and General Berg appears to have replied practically, to the demands of the Western Powers in much the same sense, viz., "Help us to crush that 'Cosmopolitan Revolution' which is 'the curse of our age,' and which rather avails itself of the restlessness of the Poles than originates in Poland, and we will then think of meeting your views; but without your help to throttle the spirit of revolution in the other European States we shall never quiet this Polish nation, spoilt and pampered with only too much freedom." That is virtually Prince Gortschakoff's very complacent reply,—conveyed somewhat roughly to England because, as he had observed to Lord Napier in the interview of the 9th of March, "the Polish insurrection was the result of a democratic and anti-social conspiracy deeply laid and widely organized in foreign capitals, *from which he could not except London*,"—conveyed in more complimentary language to France, partly, perhaps, because Prince Gortschakoff thinks France more likely to be active in the matter, still more because he does believe the Emperor of the French unfriendly to, and even afraid of, the "Cosmopolitan Revolution," while he knows that England has nothing to fear and much to hope from organic changes in the despotic European States. But the drift of his reply to both France and England is identical, and bordering on effrontery. He is painfully aware of the unfortunate results of the Polish disturbances to the peace of Europe, but he is still more painfully aware of the disastrous results of European opinion to the peace of Poland. He is only surprised that the emperor, his august master, has resisted the shock of that "Cosmopolitan Revolution which is the curse of our age," so long and effectually in Poland. It was the French Revolutionaries of 1830 who fired the great Polish insurrection of that year. In 1848 Poland was so well cared for and looked after, as the Russian vice-chancellor rehearses with melancholy retrospective pride, that "while almost the whole of Europe was convulsed by the Revolution, the kingdom of Poland was able to preserve its tranquillity,"—and if it has not been so in 1863, it is, as the Russian vice-chancellor explained carefully to Lord Napier, "in consequence of the countenance given to their absurd expectations by foreign Governments." "The Governments," Prince Gortschakoff mournfully added, "which afforded such countenance would hereafter regret the result of a policy which could only enlarge the circle of suffer-

ing and misfortune." With these views Russia has kindly undertaken to teach France and England how they may best aid the cause of durable tranquillity and temperate freedom in Poland, and thinks they will do so best "by laboring to appease the moral and material disorder which it is sought to propagate in Europe, and thus to exhaust the main source of the agitations at which their foresight is alarmed." That is the final conclusion of Prince Gortschakoff's reply to Lord Russell, and rather more courteously expressed, of his reply also to M. Drouyn de Lhuys. If we really want to assist Poland, the best thing we can do is, we suppose he means, to pass a conspiracy law, suspend the Habeas Corpus, apprehend all the suspicious foreigners in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, and, if it could only be made consistent with our morbid English ideas, to take M. de Bismark for our model, and send back to Russian executioners all the political suspects we could lay hands upon. If France and England would only embark heartily on this course of kidnapping the Revolution, instead of paralyzing all the praiseworthy efforts of Russia and Marquis Wielopolski in that direction, how soon might not Poland again be in that enviable state of tranquillity in which the Revolution of 1848, that convulsed almost all the rest of Europe, found her! But to complain of the fermentation and yet supply the yeast,—why, that is scarcely decent, and certainly not practical.

Such is the true point of the Russian reply on paper,—and the reply in deeds is still more distinct. England asks for the re-establishment of the constitution proclaimed by Alexander for the Duchy of Warsaw in 1815. The Russian Government, while not declining at some distant future period to think of and discuss such a point, for the present simply puts an end to the civil Government of Poland through Polish officials altogether, and empowers General Berg to install two Russian military rulers in every country, making a total of sixty-eight in the duchy, "superseding to all intents and purposes the civil administration of the law." This is meant as a home-thrust against Revolution in the Duchy of Warsaw. Remove the Poles *en masse*, extirpate all the local feeling in order to strike at this foreign revolutionary propagandism. The Polish mayors and magistrates and deputy-lieutenants are swept away at one stroke, and the country put under arbitrary Russian soldiers. The Polish Secret Committee reply on the theory of *similia similibus curantur*, by ordering all Polish civilians in all stations, however subordinate—to the number of many thousands—to quit work entirely, and leave the Russians to carry out their plans in a foreign land, and in the midst

of a foreign tongue, without any mediating agencies. While Lord Russell is corresponding with Lord Napier about satisfied national aspirations, amnesties, and restored constitutions, Russia is hard at work eradicating the "Cosmopolitan" Revolution in Poland by the very unique process of making Poles feel that if they are citizens at all, they are citizens of the world, not of Poland. It is not earnest Polish feeling at all that Prince Gortschakoff says he fears, the peasantry are devoted, and the great nobility strongly favorable, he thinks, to Russia. But, then, to cauterize this cancer of *foreign* origin, what can be so effective as to excoriate the *native* Administration? When the Polish civilians are entirely out of work, they will go and reside in London and Paris, and convert the dangerous Cosmopolitan Revolution to more Russian views of men and things. Poland not being in any sense the centre of the disaffection, our "anti-social and democratic" Reds will, of course, be easily convinced, by by personal intercourse with Poles, that they are wasting their energies on an ungrateful country, which is at bottom deeply attached to Russian rule.

The replies of Russia, and the practical course she is so eagerly taking in consequence of French and English counsel, will, however, teach our statesmen one thing,—that, alike for all parties concerned, the re-establishment of Congress-Poland and Alexander's Constitution is not a point worth aiming at. Russia resists it with all her force, because she knows it would be a permanent focus of Cosmopolitan Revolution, instead of a bulwark against it. She appeals to the treaty of 1815, not to justify Polish constitutionalism, but to disprove the right of Polish nationality. By those treaties Europe formally sanctioned, or rather insisted on prolonging the dismemberment of Poland, while trying to make a lame compromise with her. While we appeal to them on behalf of that compromise, Russia looks to them as giving her an absolute security against the revival of the national idea. She does not seriously object to our pleas for representative institutions, so long as they do not obstruct the deliberate policy of the Russification of Poland. The czar with his liberal ideas would promise any amount of local self-government to-morrow, if he could but bar out absolutely the dream of a separate national life. It was not the liberty of the subject and the press, *per se*, which offended Russia, in the working of Alexander's Constitution, it was the *use* made of these powerful instruments to revive the national hope of independence for the Polish nation. The Polish Diet and Polish army were found in fact inconsistent with any effectual fusion of the two races. Alexander

himself, probably, did not wish for this fusion, and would have been quite content to wear the crown of Poland with the diadem of Russia. But this was so utterly opposed to all the hopes and wishes of the Russian bureaucracy, that Alexander was personally overborne, and the tradition has since been unbroken that anything may be yielded to Poland short of encouraging a separate national development. Prince Gortschakoff explains again and again to Lord Napier how anxious the czar is to give freedom to Poland in any shape that will *not* tend to cherish the dream of a distinct self-government—but as for a separate budget, army, and parliament, such as Alexander professed to grant, why, they would mean a guarantee of national independence, and this nothing shall induce her to give willingly. It is the Hungarian question over again, complicated with the difficulty that in Russian Poland there is a risk in losing a partly amalgamated strip of empire along with that which is wholly hostile to the Muscovite rule.

It is not the wish for self-government but the yearning for national self-subsistence which Prince Gortschakoff so oddly ascribes to a Cosmopolitan Revolution, and calmly requests France and England to help him in strangling. If we could wring from him the restoration of Alexander's national idea for Congress-Poland, we could wring from him quite as easily, if not more easily, the reconstitution of both Russian and Congress-Poland into a single independent State, under the hereditary crown of Russia, and inseparable from it. This measure, though in the end it would scarcely prove feasible, would probably satisfy the Cosmopolitan Revolution, while the other would only irritate it into pernicious activity. It is clear that Russia will oppose the one as long and angrily as the other, because she knows, indeed, that the one is but a preliminary step to the other, ensuring further agitation and imposing an absolute necessity of further concession. It would be more dignified and more statesman-like to take the two steps in one, than to take the one which is a mere license to Poland to extort the other. Indeed, the great crime of the recent conscription in open violation of the laws of 1859 was simply and purely a speculative attempt at denationalizing Poland—far less a conspiracy against freedom than a conspiracy against nationality. It was only the promise of Alexander to extend the Duchy of Warsaw to Russian Poland, and the reservation of power in the Treaty of Vienna to this effect, which kept the Poles quiet from 1815 to 1830. When that hope expired, and it became evident that the mention of a restored Poland was far more obnoxious to the Russian Gov-

ernment than any pressure for increased representative rights,—when it became certain that the czar would rather have seen every Polish province really self-governed if absorbed in the Russian empire, than even despotically ruled by himself if bound together in one national destiny—the Poles broke out into revolution. And the present revolution is really due to this same yearning—expressed by Zamoyski on behalf of his countrymen in 1862 in most temperate words which were punished as treasonable, far more than to any democratic impulse.

When Russia reviles the Cosmopolitan Revolution of 1860–62, and points with triumph to the tranquillity of Poland in 1848, she knows what she means. The present movement is almost wholly one of nations asking for their natural unity,—the last was in great measure one of democrats dreaming of Chartist governments, and, therefore, the present movement is far more dangerous to Russia than the last. But when she exhorts us to aid her in putting down this tendency by a spontaneous Anti-Nationalist alliance, she becomes herself the true apostle of Cosmopolitan Propagandism—the Propagandism which invites all men to crush the ties of national brotherhood so far as they tend to disturb the artificial order of obsolete treaties and an unholy alliance. In this appeal England, at least, will not aid, and France is likely to resist her,—for the Emperor of the French, though he has evidently lost all faith in liberty, still appears to believe in the *solidarité* of peoples, the resurrection of nationalities, and his own mission to the map of Europe.

“HISTORICUS” in another very able letter, has proved pretty clearly that Mr. Seward has not only acted temperately, but has waived a strict right, in forwarding the *Peterhoff* mail unopened to its destination. Lord Stowell’s decisions show clearly that the mail-bag of the country was not regarded as sacred from the search of the belligerent,—indeed, that evidence of the destination and purposes of a vessel may be sought everywhere within her. It is clear that even in a much stronger case, when a neutral (Danish) convoy was taking a neutral ship to her destination, we refused to consider the convoy any guarantee that the ship was really going whither it asserted that it was going. Now a ship of the royal navy is a much more trustworthy security for the destination of a vessel than any mail-bag can be, and yet we insisted on our right to search that ship for evidence as to its real destination. It is clear that, looking at our rights as a belligerent, it would be an extremely rash and silly proceeding to surrender now what is absolutely es-

sential to any successful blockade—the right to investigate freely the evidence as to any ship’s destination. Those who say that because the *Peterhoff*’s papers were made out for Matmoras, it was certainly bound thither, say what they cannot prove, and what no belligerent would accept on that evidence. No doubt the right of search is very inconvenient for neutrals, as we now find; but if we ever wish to exercise it again as a belligerent, we must take care, even if led by no higher and nobler consideration, not to be led away by the advocates who are only pleading for our immediate wishes, not for our permanent interests as a maritime State.—*Spectator*, 9 May.

THE Russian Government has replied to the Three Powers—to France in a very conciliatory spirit; to England at length, and not without severity of tone; to Austria with curt, good-natured indifference. To all three Prince Gortschakoff insists on the crimes of the “Cosmopolitan Revolution” which has lighted these fires in Poland. To all three he professes the ardent desire of his august master to give permanent peace and prosperity to Poland, and denies that this can be done till the revolutionary tendencies have been fairly beaten in Poland and smothered in the other European States. The reply to England is by far the most elaborate, though the least conciliatory, and is, in effect, when you have distilled away the fluid words, a refusal to re-establish Alexander’s Constitution of 1815, or anything like it. It is said, that after the replies to the notes of the great powers had been sent, Prince Gortschakoff read a confidential note to the three ambassadors in St. Petersburg, explaining the programme of reforms intended to be carried out in Poland by the emperor. The introduction of these reforms would be made directly after the pacification of Poland. Long, then, may it be delayed!

It is stated from St. Petersburg that the growing popularity of the Polish revolt in Sweden and in Finland is creating considerable alarm. The Governor-General of Finland speaks of the growing restlessness of the people, and urges the Government to increase the Russian force there. The fear of aid to the insurgents from Sweden is causing the equipment of a fleet of twelve vessels at Cronstadt. The emperor is clearly contemplating war as very probable. In answer to a loyal address from Moscow, he says, “*I still have hopes that we may avoid a general war. If however, war should be our destiny, I am convinced we shall know how to defend the boundaries of the empire and the countries which are inseparably connected with it.*”

From "Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect."
By William Barnes. Third Collection.

NOT GOO HWOME TO-NIGHT.

No, no, why you've noo wife at hwome
Abidèn up till you do come,
Zoo leàve your hat upon the pin,
Vor I'm your waitèr, here's your inn,
Wi' chair to rest, an' bed to roost ;
You have but little work to do
This vrosty time at hwome in mill,
Your frozen wheel's a-stannèn still,
The sleepèn ice woont grind vor you.
No, no, you woont goo hwome to-night,
Good Robin White, o' Craglin mill.

As I come by, to-day, where stood
Wi' neàked trees, the purple wood,
The scarlet hunter's ho'ses veet
Tore up the sheàkèn ground, wind-fleet,
Wi' reachèn heads, an' pankèn hides ;
The while the flat-winged rooks in vlock,
Did zwim a-sheenèn at their height ;
But your good river, since last night,
Wer all a-vroze so still's a rock.
No, no, you woont goo hwome to-night,
Good Robin White, o' Craglin mill.

Zee how the hufflèn win' do blow,
A-whirlèn down the giddy snow :
Zee how the sky's a-weàrèn dim,
Behind the elem's neàked lim'
That there do leàn above the leàne ;
Zoo teàke your pleàce beside the dogs,
An' sip a drop o' hwome-brewed eàle,
An' zing your zong or tell your teàle,
While I do bàit the vire wi' logs.
No, no, you woont goo hwome to-night,
Good Robin White, o' Craglin mill.

Your meàre's in steàble wi' her hocks
In straw above her vetterlocks,
A-reachèn up her meàny neck,
An' pullèn down good haÿ vrom reck,
A-meàkèn slight o' snow an' sleet ;
She don't want you upon her back,
To vall upon the slipp'ry stwones
On Holly hill, an' break your bwones,
Or miss, in snow, her hidden track.
No, no, you woont goo hwome to-night,
Good Robin White, o' Craglin mill.

Here, Jenny, come pull out your key
An' hansell wi' zome tidy tea
The zilver pot that we do owe
To your prize butter at the show,
An' put zome bread upon the bwoard.
Ah ! he do smile ; now that 'ill do,
He'll staÿ. Here, Polly, bring a light,
We'll have a happy hour to-night,
I'm thankful we be in the lew.
No, no, he woont goo hwome to-night,
Not Robin White, o' Craglin mill.

EARLY PLAYMEATE.

A'TER many long years had a-run,
The while I wer a-gone vrom the pleàce,
I come back to the vields, where the zun
Ov her childhood did show me her feàce.
There her father, years wolder, did stoop,
An' her brother, wer now a-grown staid,
An' the apple tree lower did droop
Out in oreha'd where we had a-play'd.
There wer zome things a-seemèn the scàme,
But Meàry's a-married awaÿ.

There wer two little children a-zent,
Wi' a message to me, oh ! so feàir
As the mother that they did zoo ment,
When in childhood she play'd wi' me there.
Zoo they twold me that if I would come
Down to Coomb, I should zee a wold friend,
Vor a playmeàte o' mine wer at hwome,
An' would staÿ till another week's end.
At the dear pworchèd door, could I dare,
To zee Meàry a-married awaÿ !

On the flower-not, now all a-trod
Stwony hard, the green grass wer a-spread,
An' the long-slighted woodbine did nod
Vrom the wall, wi' a loose-hangèn head.
An' the martin's clay nest wer a-hung
Up below the brown oves, in the dry,
An' the rooks had a-rock'd brood o' young,
On the elems below the Maÿ sky ;
But the bud on the bed, coulden bide,
Wi' young Meàry a-married awaÿ.

There the copse-wood, a-grown to a height,
Wer a-vell'd, an' the primwose in blooth,
Among chips on the ground a-turn'd white,
Wer a-quiv'rèn, all beàre o' their lewth.
The green moss wer a-spread on the thatch,
That I left yellow reed, an' avore
The small green, there did swing a new hatch,
Vor to let me walk in to tne door.
Oh ! the rook did still rock o'er the rick,
But wi' Meàry a-married awaÿ.

EPIGRAMS.

THIS corpse
Is Tommy Thorpe's. (First idea.)

Revised edition—

Thorpe's
Corpse.

ON A SMUGGLER.

Here I lies
Killed by the XIS.

ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

Collisions four
Or five she bore ;
The signals were in vain ;
Grown old and rusted,
Her Biler busted,
And smashed the excursion train.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 993.—13 June, 1863.

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THE SEARCH AMONG THE SLAIN.

The following was suggested by the fact of the body of a soldier being found with an open Bible pressed to his heart :—

SILENT the thundering cannon's roar,
And the white smoke above the field
Hung, like the mist, the mountains o'er
When morning's glories are revealed.

Knapsack and caisson here and there—
The broken sword and bayonet
Gleam, sad memorials, that here,
Legions, in hostile strife, have met.

The rank grass broken, burnt, and stained
Plowed, by the charger's maddened hoof,
Show where the onset was sustained ;
And the last struggles' mournful proof.

Here lies a shivered banner spear,
And there the gallant bearer's form ;
The fragments of the standard dear,
Might not from his cold grasp be torn.

And yonder droops a withered tree,
Its garlands blackened, where the shell,
Bearing its terrible decree,
Beneath its summer beauty fell.

At length we found him—sweetly now
The first bright signs of peace appear
'Mid wrath and thunder, on his brow
Death's hand had pressed the signet here.

His hand, across his bosom flung,
Still pressed his open Bible there ;
While life blood from that bosom wrung,
In crimson dyed the promise fair.

Dying upon the battle field ;
Thy home—thy kindred far away,
Did yonder volume manna yield ?
Gilding life's last and saddest day.

Rest, noble sleeper ! hear no more
Yon distant bugle's summons shrill,
Thy fight and victory are o'er,
But Jesus is thy captain still !

M. J. BISHOP.

—*Transcript.*

SONG OF NEW ENGLAND SPRING BIRDS.

WHEN Robin, Swallow, Trush, and Wren,
From "way down South" had come again,
I roamed through field and wood to see
If birds, like men, could "Rebels" be ;
I wondered if their tiny throats
Would circulate secession "notes ;"
I think, may be, my thoughts they knew,
So what they sang, I'll sing to you.

First rising from a sedgy brook,
The stump, bold Bob-o' Lincoln took ;

"Well now, I guess I'm glad," said he,
"For my free speech a stump to see ;
They could'nt hold me in the mesh
Of that strange net they call 'Secesh ;'
To keep me down they need'nt think on,—
Hurrah ! for Bob-and-Abram-Lincoln !"

The Robin Red-breast sang his song ;
"Ah me ! I've seen such fearful wrong !
I thought at first the storm would clear up,
But soon I had no heart to 'chirrup !'
The 'Sunny South' is fine, I know,
When Northern hills are white with snow ;
But oh, 'tis full of grief and pain !
Cheer up ! chirrup I'm home again."

The Wren piped forth her tiny cry ;
"A little thing, I know am I ;—
But small, weak things, like you and me,
My sister Sparrow, love the free !"
The Sparrow heard the lowly call,
And said, "who heeds the sparrows' fall,
And keeps them always in His sight,
Shall hear ME sing 'God speed the Right !'"

Then Jay, the blue-bird, joined the throng,
And bade the white Dove fly along ;
And Oriole, with throat of red,—
And then exultantly, he said,—
"Come, loyal birds, and as we stand,
Behold the colors of our Land !
Let every bird that's brave and true,
Sing, cheer, the Red and White and Blue !"

The sky o'er head was clear and bright,
The North wind sang o'er plain and height ;
The rill went singing on its way,
And leaves and flowers were bright and gay ;
The rock and wood and meadow rang,
As loud and clear and sweet they sang,
And every bird, it seemed to me,
Sang "Praise the Lord ! We're free ! we're free !"
—*Commonwealth.*

ALL'S WELL.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine :
Father ! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain thou my bed ;
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim-feet ;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake ;
All's well ! whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break !

—*Boston Review.*

From The North British Review.

1. *Unger, Die Exantheme der Pflanzen und einige mit diesen verwandte Krankheiten der Gewächse.* Vienna. 1833.
2. *Philipper, Traité Organographique et Physiologico-Agricole sur la Carie, le Charbon, l'Ergot, la Rouille, et autres Maladies du même genre qui ravagent les Céréales.* Versailles. 1837.
3. *Brongniart, sur le Développement du Charbon dans les Graminées.*
4. *Tulasne, sur les Ustilaginées et les Uredinées.*
5. *Banks on Blight, Mildew, and Rust of Corn.* In Annals of Botany.
6. *Lambert on Blight of Wheat; Kirby on certain Fungi which are Parasites of the Wheat.* In Transactions of Linnæan Society.
7. *Henslow's Report on Diseases of Wheat; Sidney on the Parasitic Fungi of the British Farm; Graham on the Injuries sustained by Plants from the Attacks of Parasitic Fungi; and other Papers in Journ. Agricult. Soc. of England.*
8. *Berkeley on the Potato Disease*—in Journ. of Hort. Soc. of London, 1846; and *British Fungi.*
9. *Balfour's Attacks of Fungi causing Diseases in Plants.* In Class-Book of Botany.
10. *Blights of the Wheat, and their Remedies.* By Rev. Edwin Sidney. Religious Tract Society.

HARDLY any class of organic agencies is more wonderful or more interesting than the fungi, whose minute forms and insignificant appearance beneath and in the midst of the great bustling world of sense and sight escape our ordinary observation. In this obscure and subordinate position, kept down by the healthy energies of higher organisms, and prevented from increasing too rapidly and spreading too widely by a nice balance of physical conditions, they are important and indispensable auxiliaries in the operations of nature. Upon them devolves the duty of accelerating the natural process of decay—absorbing into living tissues, and thus rendering innocuous, the poisonous gases continually exhaled into the atmosphere by dead and decomposing substances, and preparing from the corrupted masses of effete, organic matter, a fertile soil in which future plants may grow; the exuvie of one generation, elaborated by their mysterious chemistry, serving as the materials for the support and maintenance of the next. Standing on the borders

of the mineral kingdom, and occupying the place of junction of the two great confluent streams of animal and vegetable life, they are obviously designed to arrest the fleeting particles which, having served their purpose in one form of organization, are fast hastening downwards to the night of chaos and death, and send them once more in new forms, and with new properties, to keep the vortex of life in ceaseless motion.

Such are their highly useful functions in ordinary circumstances; but when the balance of nature is overturned, and the restraints of her laws partially removed, they suddenly start up into gigantic, mutinous life—are multiplied till they become overwhelming—and by the sheer force of countless numbers, ravage and destroy everything before them. Just as the electrical forces are continually playing harmlessly around us, circulating through the smallest particles of matter as well as among its mightiest masses, giving health and energy to plants and animals, and motion to our earth and surrounding worlds, but when certain conditions are present, or certain barriers removed, the lightnings flash, the thunders roar, and the awful storm goes forth on its work of destruction; so the seeds and germs of these obscure and unnoticed agencies are floating harmlessly in countless myriads on every breeze—in the air of our houses—lying on the various objects around us, could we see them sufficiently magnified—on the earth—in the waters,—everywhere;—their mature forms are laboring incessantly and beneficially in dark and lonely places, concealed and overtopped, as it were, by the higher types of life; but when atmospheric and other conditions favorable for their development are present, they burst the bands which previously confined them, and revel in a wildness and prodigality of life which is truly astounding. We are surrounded by, we are living in the very midst of, a world of organic forces, possessed of incalculable powers of harm, which may at any time be let loose and overwhelm us; but the same Power which safely imprisons the nascent earthquake in the rocky chambers of the earth, and chains the subtle forces of electricity in the bosom of the cloud, restrains the ravages of these mysterious powers, and employs them as useful and beneficial agents, except at rare intervals, when they are permitted to

act as the ministers of His vengeance, and bring the guilty nations to repentance. Such a thought as this may seldom occur to our minds, owing to the long-continued and uniform stability of nature's laws; but it is one which ought to excite in us, even in the most favorable circumstances, a deep sense of our helplessness and dependence.

If we compare the two kingdoms—the animal and vegetable—with each other, we shall find many striking points of resemblance between them, indicating that the life which pervades both is the same in kind, though different in degree. The stem and branches of a plant may be compared to the skeleton of an animal; the pith of young trees and shrubs to the spinal marrow, the upward current of the sap in spring, and its descent in summer or autumn, is like the circulation of the blood, which fluid, it is worthy of remark, is green in the one and red in the other—the two most obvious complementary colors; while the exhalation of carbonic acid gas in the leaves, which are the lungs of plants, resembles the respiration of animals. This curious analogy between the two departments of organic nature may be traced, not only in their structure, and the respective functions which they perform, but also in the derangements which occasionally occur in these, produced by unfavorable external circumstances. As animals are subject to diseases caused by filthy habits, vitiation of the air, overcrowding, or famine; so are plants rendered unhealthy by improper cultivation or unsuitable meteorological conditions. The epidemics of animals have their counterparts in the blights of plants. Animal epidemics are the terrible yet wise and beneficent means employed by Providence for sweeping away at once, and with the smallest amount of suffering possible, creatures whose constitutions had been enfeebled by a long course of unnatural living, and whose lives had in consequence, become a burden to themselves, and thus paving the way for the introduction of more healthy and vigorous races, propagated by the individuals whose stronger physical powers enabled them to survive the general wreck. Vegetable epidemics, on the other hand, which are most frequent and destructive among the plants which are reared by man for his food, are wisely designed as wholesale remedies for the evils produced by unskilful culture and un-

favorable climatic circumstances; degenerate forms being thus extirpated, and a hardier stock saved to become the progenitors of more useful varieties. Animal epidemics are supposed to be caused by an animal poison, the product of decomposed animal matter excreted by the human body itself; so the blights of plants are caused by vegetable parasites—the morbid agencies in either case being derived from the same order to which each respectively belongs. All animal epidemics, though possessed of distinctive characters, which warrant us in regarding them as specifically different diseases, have yet so much in common, as to indicate that they belong to one family or class—the same conditions which favor or prevent the propagation of one, favoring or preventing the propagation of all; so on the other hand, all vegetable epidemics are caused by different species or forms of one great group of fungi, which require the same circumstances for their development, and conversely may be prevented by the application of the same remedies. We find, also, that while there have been several memorable plagues—such as the black death and the sweating sickness of the Middle Ages—which revolutionized society by their effects, and stand out as prominent landmarks in history, certain forms of fever and other contagious diseases seem to be inseparable from man's social condition, being present with greater or less virulence among large populations everywhere; so, on the other hand, in regard to vegetable epidemics, while several notorious plagues—such as the potato and vine diseases—have sprung up suddenly, raged universally over a large geographical area, reached a climax, and then to a certain extent subsided, there are forms of blight—such as those affecting the cereal crops—that are continuous, appearing season after season, though not to an alarming extent,—found more or less in every field, and seeming to be so closely connected, physiologically, with the corn plants, that we can scarcely ever hope to see them completely eradicated. And lastly, to complete the list of these curious analogies, animal and vegetable epidemics are very frequently co-related—the one following or being produced by the other.

The pestilence, by an inevitable necessity, follows close on the footsteps of the famine-blight; while the advent of wide-spread

plagues in the Middle Ages was invariably heralded by a vast development of parasitic fungi—thus proving that the same abnormal conditions of the atmosphere which are injurious to plants in a state of cultivation, are also injurious to man in a state of society. One of the most interesting, and at the same time perplexing problems in botany, meets us at this, the threshold of our inquiry, viz., the origin of the so-called vegetable epidemics. We have asserted—and this is pretty generally admitted—that fungi are the immediately exciting, but what are the predisposing causes? Are these vegetable parasites which appear on our blighted food-plants, the primary cause or the secondary effect of the diseases with which they are connected? To this question various answers have been given more or less satisfactory; and at the present moment it divides the schools of science. Fungi, as a class, vegetate on decayed substances. They are not, therefore, strictly speaking, true parasites, inasmuch as they are incapable of contending with the vital forces of plants when healthy and growing. They require a dead and decomposing matrix. They are incapable of eliminating the elements on which they subsist from living substances. Their seeds may circulate in the tissues of living plants, from the seed up to the flowering and fruiting; but they remain innocuous in an undeveloped state—kept in check by the strength of the vital principle, until symptoms of decay begin to appear, when immediately they break their fetters,—seize upon the decomposing parts with their tiny fangs,—develop themselves speedily into perfect fungi,—multiply themselves into a colony, and luxuriate on the affected plant, until the work of destruction is complete. In most cases, the process of decay must be pretty far advanced; the withered leaf or branch must have fallen from the tree, and been exposed for a considerable time to the decomposing influences of the weather, before any fungi make their appearance upon it. But, though this be the habit of the family generally, there are striking exceptions. There is one group, whose peculiarity it is to grow only on living plants in the manner of true parasites. They appear on the healthiest and most luxuriant individuals, and are never found on dead or decaying substances. So far as the most minute microscopical examination can determine, they are not pre-

ceded by any change in the constitution of the plants to which they attach themselves, any alteration of tissue, any symptom of decay or death, any predisposing peculiarity whatever,—their presence being influenced solely by circumstances of proximity, or by atmospheric conditions. This exceptional fact places the question of the origin of vegetable epidemics on a more satisfactory basis. It indicates that the truth lies between the two opposite opinions commonly entertained—that fungi in some cases are the primary exciting causes, while in other cases they are the secondary effects. The blights that affect cultivated plants may be divided into two great groups, characterized by different phenomena, though to a certain extent correlated, viz., those which infest the cereals, and those which infest green crops, whether of the garden or field. The former are caused by a peculiar class of fungi called Uredines, which grow only on living plants; the latter are connected with another class of fungi called Mucedines, which generally require certain morbid alterations of tissue or function, and other predisposing causes, before they make their appearance. If we bear this arrangement in mind, it will enable us to understand something of the nature and habits of the different vegetable epidemics, and throw some light on that proverbial darkness in which the pestilence has ever walked, from the days of David till the present time.

In following out the division above proposed, we have first to deal with those diseases which are excited primarily by the growth of the uredines. This peculiar group of fungi have been called *Hypodermii*, because they originate beneath the cuticle of plants. Upwards of one hundred and fifty species are enumerated as belonging to it, divided into three genera, whose botanical characters are very fluctuating and indefinite, presenting singularly few variations or departures from the family type. Their appearance and mode of growth are so anomalous, that their title to the name of plants has more than once been disputed; minute and insignificant as some would deem them, they have furnished matter for volumes as large and controversies as hot as any of the entities which so long divided the rival schools of the Middle Ages. One writer, M. Unger, whose work is placed first on the list at the head of this article, attempts to prove that these so-called

fungi are mere cutaneous diseases of plants, arising from a derangement of the respiratory functions, somewhat analogous to the skin diseases of animals, as they appear chiefly on rank luxuriant plants. The intercellular spaces beneath the epidermis, according to this author, are gorged with the superabundant juices which coagulate, and resolve themselves, by expansion and exposure to the air, into compact homogeneous masses of very minute powdery particles; the so-called fungi being thus nothing more than a mere organization of the superfluous sap. This, like all other kindred doctrines so pertinaciously advanced by the advocates of spontaneous or equivocal generation, and so plausible at first sight, is found, on more minute and accurate examination, to be entirely without foundation. Every proof of analogy is decidedly opposed to it. These abnormal appearances are caused by true parasitic plants. They have a separate individual existence, entirely independent, so far as any organic tie is concerned, of the matrix on which they are produced; they have different stages of development, a distinct and peculiar organization, organs of reproduction extremely simple in structure, but perfectly adapted for their purpose, and true seeds or germs by which they may be propagated. Though among the lowest forms of vegetation, entirely composed of cellular tissue, and having no parts corresponding to the roots, leaves, and stems of flowering plants, we have only to place them under the microscope to discover that they are as perfect in their own order as plants higher in the scale. The whole group may be described in general terms as a series of pustules or patches, breaking out on various parts of living plants immediately underneath the skin, which is ruptured, and rises around them in ragged, puffy blisters. These patches are of different sizes, from a minute, almost invisible speck, to a large uniform eruption covering the whole plant affected, and of different colors, though black, brown, and orange-red are the most frequent. To the naked eye they appear simply as collections of powdery matter, as if the plants on which they are produced were dusted over with soot or ochre. When examined by an ordinary microscope, each of the grains of powder of which the mass is composed is found to be a round hollow ball, or pod-

shaped case divided into compartments, and containing in its interior a number of smaller spherules, which are the seeds. The pod-shaped cases are connected with the surface on which they are developed by means of short foot-stalks set on end and closely compacted, somewhat like the pile of velvet; while the raised cases are united to each other by means of silvery threads or filaments, extremely attenuated, which wind in and out among them, and are called the spawn or mycelium, being all that these curious plants possess in lieu of root, stem, and leaves. The whole vegetative system is represented in them by these gossamer threads, which are quite invisible, except to a very powerful microscope; and the whole reproductive system by these little cases, which appear to the naked eye mere grains of red or black dust. One has a feeling of wonder akin to awe in gazing on these primitive organisms. Life in them is reduced to the simplest expression, but not therefore rendered more intelligible to our comprehension; on the contrary, the nearer in such humble plants we are brought to its source, the more mysterious and perplexing does it become. We may reach its ultimate forms, but its essence eludes our search. We may dissect these forms under our microscopes, and analyze them by chemical tests, until we see almost the last atom into which the subtle principle has retired; but the minutest particle is an impenetrable shrine, an impregnable citadel, which baffles our utmost efforts to break into and reveal to the light of day. Life is, indeed, "the perennial standing miracle of the universe," forever wonderful, forever fresh, the enigma which the Sphinx of time is forever proposing without hope of a solution,—the mysterious Nile, which flows on its long, solitary way beneath the gay sunshine and the solemn stars, cheering and enlivening the desert of this world, its sources lying far above us at an invisible remoteness, and its outlet carrying us into the shadowy regions of the silent Unknown!

The Uredines, whose ideal forms we have thus briefly sketched, are the fungi which cause the epidemics of our cereal crops, and are, therefore, the most interesting and important. Attention has been directed to these epidemics ever since the origin of systematic agriculture; their remarkable character, and the devastations which they pro-

duce, could not fail to force them upon the notice of the farmer. But it is only, comparatively speaking, of late years that their true nature has been understood. For ages they were invested with a superstitious mystery. They were attributed to unfavorable combinations of the planets, to comets and lunar influences, and other equally grotesque and recondite causes, before which skill and industry were helpless. About the beginning of the present century, the mischief produced by them among the grain crops was so serious and wide-spread, that Sir Joseph Banks, the great naturalist, resolved to institute careful investigations into their true character and habits, with the view of devising means for their prevention. The task was entrusted to the hands of M. Baver, one of the most celebrated botanists of that period, who examined the diseased wheat microscopically, and published the results of his researches in a most interesting volume, illustrated by skilful and most accurate drawings of the different microscopical parts of structure; thus placing the vegetable nature of these appearances beyond dispute. The original work, still in MS., we believe, is preserved in the British Museum; but a popular abstract of it was published in the *Penny Magazine* for 1833. Since then, innumerable pamphlets and articles have appeared independently and in agricultural and scientific journals both at home and abroad, containing the observations of theoretical botanists, and the experiments and suggestions of practical agriculturists. The list placed at the head of this article will give some idea of the extent to which the literature of the subject has already reached, and the interest and importance that have been attached to it by thoughtful men.

The Uredines are not confined to any one species of grain, but range over the whole cereal group; one or two forms are found on all the cerealia indiscriminately, while other forms are restricted to the species on which they are produced, their appearance and mode of growth being the same in all circumstances. Wheat is infested with several uredos, corn and barley with two or three kinds. A peculiar species of *ustilago* affects maize or Indian corn; while the rice of the East is often seriously injured by another species. In every country some form or other prevails on the grain peculiar to it, so that the range of these

blights is as extensive as the cereals they infest. From the dreary wastes of Lapland, where in the dim glimmering sunlight of the short hyperborean summer a stunted and scanty crop of corn or rye is reared, to the sweltering rice-fields that shimmer under the glowing skies of India, the range of these ubiquitous fungi extends. They are also found at all altitudes where the cereals are capable of growing,—on the miserable crops which the Indian raises in the lofty mountain valleys of the Andes, amid the icy rigor of an almost arctic climate, as well as on the level acres of golden grain which the balmy summer breeze ripples in light and shade along the sea-shore, one of the most beautiful and gladdening spectacles which this world can afford. There are no such restrictions confining these within well-defined geographical regions as operate in the case of other fungi. They have the power of indefinite extension and localization. Their extremely simple structure is capable of accommodating itself to the most varied circumstances, and to almost any range of temperature; so that the cereal blights have a far wider geographical distribution than the epidemics affecting animals, which can only spread within certain limits, the heat of the tropics offering an effective barrier to typhus, and the cold of a temperate climate putting an effectual restraint upon yellow fever. Nor do these fungi restrict their ravages to any one particular part of the corn plants, nor to any one stage of growth. Early in spring they are found on the young blades, later in the season they affect the glumes and paleæ of the ear. They attack the straw, the leaves, and chaff, the flower and the grain; and in all these situations they are more or less destructive, according to the character of the season and the circumstances in which they are developed. When they appear on the straw, they close up the stomata or breathing pores, which serve for the gaseous and vaporous exhalations of the corn, and thus impart to it a sickly appearance. When occurring on the grain, they alter its substance altogether; the sap which should have produced the nutritious milky kernels being appropriated by the parasite, and converted in its tissues into dust and ashes, masses of black and poisonous decay.

In order to form a correct idea of cereal

epidemics, it will be necessary to examine the various kinds of Uredines somewhat in detail. Beginning with the straw, which is first affected, we find growing on it a species called *Puccinia graminis* familiar to every one under the popular name of mildew. This blight is exceedingly common, though more prevalent on late varieties of grain than on early, and on light soils than on heavy ones. It appears in the form of a number of dark-colored patches, with sometimes a slightly orange-colored tinge, originating beneath the epidermis of the stem, which splits around them and raises them to the surface. These dark, musty spots are found, when examined by the microscope, to consist of a dense aggregation of club-shaped bodies, their thicker end being divided into two chambers, each filled with minute spores or seed-vessels, and their lower end tapering into a fine stalk connecting them with the stem of the corn. When this disease is very prevalent and extensive, it proves remarkably injurious, destroying the hope of the harvest in the very bud as it were. The juices of the corn are intercepted; the stimulating effects of light and air are prevented, and the grain in consequence becomes shrivelled and defective, yielding at the same time a superabundant quantity of inferior bran. We find it frequently mentioned in the Old Testament in the same category with the pestilence, as one of the most dreadful scourges inflicted by God upon a rebellious people: "I have visited you with blasting and mildew, yet have ye not returned unto Me, saith the Lord." In our own country it used to be a frequent cause of scarcity. In the year 1694, nearly all the corn grown in Scotland became mildewed, and a famine followed, whose effects were so dreadful as to earn for that season the ominous distinction of the "Black Year." From that period till 1701, the country appeared as if lying under a curse from the same cause, the crops retarded in their growth and prevented from ripening, not being ready for the harvest till November and December, even in the most favorable localities. A pestilence, consequent upon this terrible visitation, depopulated whole villages and districts, defying the utmost power of medicine. Hugh Miller, in his "Legends of Cromarty," refers to its devastations in the north, where the ruins of the houses of its victims may still be seen in many places. Thanks to an im-

proved system of agriculture, it is now, however, robbed of its formidable power, and confined within very narrow limits of harm, being considered one of the minor pests of the farm. It is not confined to grain exclusively; all the cultivated grasses are more or less subject to it; and this circumstance renders it very doubtful whether it can ever be extirpated. It is a common error to say, that corn and hay that have been stacked in warm damp weather, without being sufficiently dried, are mildewed when they take heat and become matted together by white fleecy cobwebs. The dust which flies about in clouds when the masses are lifted up and shaken, are the seeds of a fungus, but not those of the true mildew-fungus, the *puccinia graminis*. They belong to a species of mould somewhat similar to what grows on preserves, old shoes, or stale crusts of bread, or decaying fruit in damp, ill-ventilated places.

The leaf and chaff of the cereals are subject to a disease called *rust*, red-rag, or red-robin (*Uredo Rubigo*), from the rusty-red or yellowish patches which it forms. It is so exceedingly common, that it is a rare thing to find a cornfield entirely free from it. It occurs at all stages of growth of the plant affected, appearing on the leaves in spring sometimes in such immense quantities that the fields look quite yellow with it, and later in the season attacking the glumes and paleæ of the ear after the grain is formed. Though formidable looking, red-rust is in reality the least alarming of the cereal blights. When developed early, and restricted to the leaves and stem, the arrival of a few bright sunshiny days, by drying up the moisture in which it luxuriates, soon dissipates the evil, and restores the sickly and drooping plants to their former vigor. If, however, it should occur at later stages of growth, and infest the essential parts of the ear, it is more injurious, especially if cold wet weather, with little sunshine or wind, should prevail at the time. Strange to say, it seems to be more virulent and dreaded on the Continent than it is with us, although we should imagine the fine sunny skies of the south to be more unfavorable to its growth than our damp and variable climate. The late lamented Professor Henslow, who devoted great attention to the various blights of the wheat, and whose observations and experiments are therefore entitled to the

utmost confidence, published, in the journal of the English Agricultural Society for 1841, an able paper, in which he asserts that the diseases called rust and mildew, though popularly distinct, are in reality specifically identical. He discovered several intermediate forms linking them together, and proving their common origin; the two chambered club-shaped bodies, formerly supposed to be peculiar to the one, occurring in several well-marked transition forms in the other. He supposes the rust to be an earlier stage of growth of the mildew; while it is not improbable, that the more mature form may be only an imperfect or early condition of fungi, more complicated, and higher in the scale. The fact that they can multiply themselves indefinitely in an embryonic state, does not militate against such a view, as ferns and others of the higher cryptogamia can propagate themselves in their earliest stages. A careful study of flowerless plants teaches us that many species have a tendency to simulate the principal distinctive characters of others allied to them. This is especially the case in regard to the hypodermian fungi. Botanists have devoted considerable attention to this special department, and a number of elaborate monographs have appeared upon the subject. But as yet little has been done towards a satisfactory establishment of true and well-defined species. Very great difficulties stand in the way of such a desirable end. The organisms themselves are so very minute and obscure; a slightly different form occurs on almost every herbaceous plant; considerable changes of appearance and structure take place at the various stages of growth; and the groups that are most marked and peculiar are found actually to be closely united by the constant occurrence of intermediate forms. Some authors, regarding the task of arranging such a multitude of cognate forms under something deserving the name of species, as hopeless, have cut the Gordian knot by the simple and easy expedient of regarding every form as a species, and classifying individuals according to the names of the plants on which they are found, at least assigning a distinct species to each natural order. We have had too much of this loose and empirical mode of systematization of late. The temptation to travel along such a royal road in the study of the more difficult branches of botany, has been too great to be resisted by a large num-

ber. The consequence has been a vast accession to our already overloaded catalogues of species, not of divine, but of human creation. Stay-at-home botanists, precluded from the discovery of new plants, and having exhausted the comparatively narrow and circumscribed field of British botany, could only find a sphere for their ingenuity in dividing and subdividing already existing species into varieties and subvarieties, from the commencement nearly to the end of the Greek alphabet, arranging and re-arranging them into new genera and orders, and furnishing them with new names, until systematic botany has become a formidable and repulsive hedge of thorns, through which few care to penetrate to the gardens of the Hesperides beyond. Against this absurd system of refining and hair-splitting, there has arisen of late years a strong and healthy reaction. Darwin has pushed it to an unjustifiable length, and drawn down upon himself, in consequence, the just censure of men of science as well as doctors of divinity; but in spite of the startling conclusions which he draws from his very modest premises, we are satisfied that he has done great and lasting service to the cause of science, by restraining within reasonable bounds the propensity to multiply and complicate species, which was fast becoming an intolerable nuisance.

Every farmer is acquainted with *Smut*, which is the most frequent form of blight in this country, and is found more or less in every field of corn, to which grain it principally confines itself. It is caused by the fungus called *Uredo segetum*, which attacks the flower, whose innermost parts it renders abortive, swelling the pedicels, or little stalks to which the florets are attached, far beyond their natural size. The whole of this fleshy mass is consumed by the growth of the parasite, which appears between the chaffy scales in the form of a black, sootlike powder. This musty mass is invested with a thin, glistening skin, which is finally ruptured, allowing the dusty particles to be dispersed by the winds. It is needless to say, that the ears affected with this disease are entirely destroyed. Any one who sees them must be convinced of this; and yet there are not wanting persons, even in these enlightened times, who regard the appearance of a few such diseased ears among their cornfields with complacency, imagining that somehow

or other they are harbingers of a good crop. There have been frequent coincidences of this kind, no doubt; but the connection between the two circumstances is as remote as between the oft-quoted Tenterden steeple and Goodwin sands. The fungus appears early in the season, from the moment that the ear of corn emerges from its hose or sheath. In some seasons immense quantities of it may be seen in cornfields in June, almost every second stalk being covered with the ominous black head instead of the usual green ear. It ripens and scatters its seed long before the grain reaches maturity; and by the time of harvest, not a trace of its existence remains to remind the farmer of the ravages it has produced. This disappearance of the fungus when the crop is reaped, especially if the harvest be good, is probably the true reason why the farmer is prepossessed in its favor. Were he better acquainted with its nature and habits, he would look upon each black head of corn with dread, as the advanced guard, the *avant-coureurs* of an immense army of destroyers, lying in ambush in the air and in the soil, and ready to take advantage of every favorable opportunity to dash his hopes to the ground.

A still more formidable and repulsive species of fungus occurs very frequently on the grains of wheat. Its botanical name is *Uredo fetida*, so called from its most disgusting odor, somewhat resembling that emitted by putrid fish, and so powerful that it can be readily distinguished in passing through a field where it prevails. To farmers it is too well known under the common names of bunt, smut-balls, or pepper-brand. It is exclusively restricted to the grain of wheat, which it attacks in its earliest formation, a fortnight or more before the ear emerges from the sheath. In such a place, its germs could not have been derived from the atmosphere, as the surrounding tissues are hermetically sealed. There is no other way of accounting for its presence than by the supposition that its seed enters the spongioles of the roots of the wheat when young, circulates in the plant, and is propelled through the tissues by the ascending sap until it finds a suitable place for vegetating in the interior of the grain. When it attacks the young ovum, all fecundation is destroyed by it, the parts of fructification are obliterated, with the exception of the stigmata, which remain unaltered to

the last; and yet, notwithstanding this total degeneration of its interior substance, the grain continues to swell and to retain its original shape. The infected grains may be distinguished from the sound ones by their being generally larger, and of a darker green or brown color, and also by their floating on the surface of water if immersed, while the sound ones sink to the bottom. They rarely burst of their own accord; but if opened, they are found to be filled completely, not with flour, but with a dark-colored, fetid, dustlike charcoal. When the wheat is thrashed, many of the infected grains are crushed, and the seeds are dispersed in the form of an exceedingly impalpable powder, which adheres tenaciously to the sound grains by means of an oily or greasy matter contained in them. Bunted wheat has been ascertained by chemical analysis to contain an acrid oil, putrid gluten, charcoal, phosphoric acid, phosphate of ammonia, and magnesia, but no traces of starch, the essential ingredient in human food. When the black powder is accidentally mixed with the flour, it gives it an exceedingly disagreeable taste, and is probably injurious to health, though this has not been clearly determined.

On wet, stiff, clayey soils, imperfectly drained, and adjoining marshes and open ditches, an extraordinary disease, called ergot occurs on wheat and rye, which has been attributed to various causes. It is an abortion of the grain, in which the enlarged and diseased ovary protrudes in a curved form resembling a cock's-spur; hence its name. It is black on the outside, of a spongy texture internally, and contains so large a proportion of oily inflammable matter, that it will burn like an almond when lighted at a candle. This curious excrescence is generally supposed to be the hybernating vegetative system or spawn of a fungus, which induces a diseased condition in the ovarian cells of the rye, and afterwards develops in favorable circumstances an elegant little club-shaped sphaeria, called *Cordyceps purpurea*. In certain places it is extremely common on rye, and it is more so than has been suspected on wheat. It also occurs on many grasses; indeed, it is almost impossible to examine a field or meadow in the east or west of England without speedily finding specimens. Ergot of grasses and ergot of cyperaceae, however, do not belong to the same species as ergot of rye, according to

Tulasne. As a powerful medicine, when employed in small doses in certain cases, it is an article of commercial importance, and is of great service; but when mixed with grain as food, and taken in large quantities, it is a narcotic poison, producing effects upon the animal frame truly dreadful. Professor Henslow, by way of experiment, gave it to various domestic animals, mixed with their food, when it was invariably found to produce sickness, gangrene, and inflammatory action so intense, that the flesh of the extremities actually sloughed away. It is not, therefore, unlikely to have been the unsuspected source of several strange morbid disorders which have prevailed from time to time among the poor in those places where rye is the staple grain, and which have proved so perplexing to the physician. Professor Henslow published a series of remarkable extracts from the parish register of Wattisham, in Suffolk, in the year 1762, recording the sufferings of several persons from an unusual kind of mortification of the limbs, which was produced, in all likelihood, by the use of spurred rye as food. In some districts in France, gangrenous epidemics, accompanied by the most dreadful symptoms, used to be very prevalent in certain seasons; but owing to the pains taken to prevent ergot being sent to the mill and ground up with the flour, they are now almost unknown. Sheep and cattle allowed to browse in meadows where ergot exists, not unfrequently slip their young and become violently ill; and pigs, running about certain lanes and hedgerows where the fungus often lurks in the shaded grasses, become diseased. Some places are so notorious for the casualties of this kind connected with them, whose cause is not suspected, that owners of animals are afraid to allow them to be at large. The necessity of carefully picking it out wherever it is perceived in samples of wheat cannot be too strongly or frequently impressed upon the farmer; and wherever gangrenous diseases or uterine derangements prevail, search should be made for it in the neighborhood, with a view to prevention. This curious disease, upon which more has been written by medical and botanical authors than upon almost any other vegetable production, affords one of the most extraordinary examples within the whole range of physiology, of a natural chemical transmutation; the nutritious grain

being metamorphosed, by the agency of a fungus, into a hard, horny substance, endowed with properties the very reverse of its original wholesomeness, and ministering suffering and death instead of life and strength to those who partake of it.

Such are what may be called the chronic diseases of the grain crops of Britain, produced by different species of *Uredo*, appearing every season in our fields, and accompanying corn and wheat all over the world to the virgin soils of Australia, New Zealand, and America, though seldom spreading to any great extent or inflicting serious damage at the present day. We have now to deal with a different class of fungi, the *Mucedines*, connected with the disease of our green crops, and generally requiring certain conditions of degeneracy or decay before they make their appearance. They belong to different genera and species, but may be characterized in general terms as consisting of miniature webs formed of a series of white silky threads radiating from a common centre, the original germ, and gradually enlarging in the same concentric manner, throwing up from various parts of their surface little jointed stalks covered with dustlike seed. One of the most remarkable epidemics connected with these fungi is the potato disease, so familiar to every one. This root, superior to all other esculents in quality and productiveness, was for many years considered to be the most certain of all crops, and regarded as the palladium against those frightful famines which in former times so often devastated the land. To plant and to secure a crop was long an invariable cause and consequence. The tubers would bear almost any amount of rough treatment, and could adapt themselves readily to almost any soil or mode of cultivation; as an old writer observes, "they were more tenacious of life even than conch grass." Although certain diseases, as curl, ulceration of the roots, etc., are known to have attacked some varieties in former times, yet these having been local and partial, never excited alarm for the safety of the general crop. But all at once, in the years 1845 and 1846, it was attacked with an epidemic, which spread over the greater part of Europe, destroyed nearly the whole crop wherever it was cultivated, in every description of soil and in every kind of situation, and produced in those places where it

formed the staple food of the people, all the horrors of famine.

An attack on a crop so sudden and so universal, is without parallel in the history of cultivated plants. It came like one of those terrible hurricanes which occasionally sweep over tropical regions, carrying death and destruction in their train, breaking up in many districts the social and agricultural systems that prevailed, and producing evils that have not yet entirely subsided. Nor was this disease a temporary scourge. It has returned every year since with more or less fatality, so that the potato has become one of the most troublesome and precarious of all our crops. The cause of this epidemic is still very much involved in mystery, for many of the phenomena accompanying it were very anomalous, if not contradictory. A thousand explanations, more or less plausible, have been offered by all sorts of individuals, scientific and practical; the air, the earth, and the waters, the animal and vegetable kingdoms, have by turns been blamed; and the subject has been so frequently discussed in newspapers, pamphlets, and social circles, that it has become thoroughly hackneyed. The theory, however, most generally adopted among the best authorities at present is, that an improper system of cultivation carried on for many generations has gradually induced changes in the cells of the plant, rendering it peculiarly liable to disease, while a parasitic fungus is present, accelerating the morbid action, and causing it to assume a peculiar form. That a predisposition to disease existed in the potato before the outbreak of the epidemic, is pretty generally admitted. We have every reason to believe that the plant has progressively deteriorated and become weakened in constitution ever since its introduction to this country. In proof of this we need only appeal to the experience and observation of every farmer for the last fifty years. During this period, the partial failure of sets when planted, the increased tendency of the tubers to decay in the pits, the exceeding rarity of blossoms and fruit, and the much smaller yield of the crop, are all indisputable evidences of the degenerate condition of the plant; the same symptoms having been observed in every country where it is cultivated, under every variety of conditions and circumstances, from the Arctic zone to the tropics, and from the sea-shore to the mountain pla-

teau. This inherent weakness is the accumulative result of several adverse influences operating through successive generations. One cause is especially notorious. It is a law of nature that no plant can be propagated indefinitely by any other agency than that of seed. Plants can be reproduced to an incalculable extent by cuttings; but ultimately the power to reproduce in this manner becomes exhausted. The perennial plant puts forth phyton after phyton, but the seed is necessary to its perpetuation. "Numerous lower animals are also reproduced to a vast extent by segmentation or allied processes, but ultimately a recurrence to sexual admixture becomes necessary for the perpetuation of the species." Now, the tubers of the potato are merely underground stems, wisely provided by nature as a supplementary mode of reproduction to ensure the propagation of the plant, if unfavorable circumstances should prevent the development of the ordinary blossoms and apples. This mode will prove effective for a time, and it is one which, from the very nature of the case, will bear any kind of rough treatment; but recourse must be had in the end to the more natural and primary method, to save the plant from degenerating and becoming extinct. We have been trying, on the contrary (as it has been well put by one author on the subject), with a marvellous perversity, to make individual varieties cultivated in this abnormal manner live forever, while nature intended them to live only for a time, and then from parents feeble and old we have vainly expected offspring hardy and strong. By these malpractices we have gradually reduced the constitution of successive generations and varieties of the potato, and at the same time gradually increased the activity and power of those morbid agencies provided by nature for ridding the earth of feeble and degenerate organisms, and admonishing and punishing those who violate her immutable laws.

The parasitic fungus, attending and accelerating the epidemic of 1845 and 1846, is the *Botrytis infestans*, consisting of a number of interwoven cottony threads or filaments, producing upright branched stalks bearing the seeds in oval cases. It first attacks the leaves, entering by the stomata or breathing pores, and covering them with brown blotches, as if they had been burnt by the action of sulphuric or nitric acid, and running its course in a few

hours ; so that the period for examination of the leaves is often passed over. It speedily spreads from the leaves to the tubers, penetrating them with its spawn, and completely destroying them. The decay of the tubers, however, is often caused, not by the presence of the parasite in them, but by its action on the leaves preventing the elaboration of sap, and obstructing the admission of air and transpired fluids, until by this means the stem is overcharged with moisture and ultimately rots ; thus depriving the half-ripe tubers of the necessary nutriment. The potato-botrytis belongs to a large genus of very destructive fungi, affecting most of our vegetables and fruits ; but as a species it is a comparatively recent introduction. Facts derived from numerous sources lead to the conclusion that it did not exist in this country previous to the autumn of 1844. All the naturalists who examined it then declared it to be quite new to them. It is considered by the most eminent botanists to be of American origin, peculiar to the potato, and accompanying it wherever it grows wild in its native country, as the smut accompanies the corn in this. From South America it was first brought to St. Helena by the north-east trade winds, which bring from the same continent those singular red dust clouds, which the microscope of Ehrenberg found to be composed of vegetable organisms, and which have served in an extraordinary manner as tallies upon the viewless winds, indicating with the utmost certainty the course of their currents, however complex.

St. Helena lies in the same latitude with Peru, and is nearer the native habitat of the potato than any other country in which the disease has been subsequently experienced. In this island, finding the condition of moisture and temperature favorable to its development, it increased with amazing rapidity, loading the air with myriads of its impalpable seeds. Thence it seems to have been carried by the winds to Madeira and North America ; and so has progressed from country to country, gaining new accessions of strength and numbers from every field, speedily making its dread presence known wherever it alighted. It reached England in the autumn of 1844, and seems at first to have been confined exclusively to the south-western districts. From Kent it travelled west and north, halting midway in the south of Scotland ; so that the

crops in the Highlands were that year free from the pest. The whole of Ireland was devastated, and the fearful consequences of the visit of the epidemic to that unhappy country are yet fresh in the recollection of all : the hundreds of thousands reduced to the most abject poverty, dying of starvation in their houses and by the waysides ; and the hundreds of thousands more compelled to emigrate, in order to obtain the simple necessities of life. In 1846, it proceeded throughout the north of Scotland, where its effects in certain districts were scarcely less disastrous ; thence on to the Shetland and Faroe Islands, and to northern latitudes, as far as the limits of the cultivation of the potato in that direction extended. On the Continent, it has been observed to progress in a similar manner ; its geographical limits, as well as its intensity, becoming more extended and marked with each succeeding year. It is extremely interesting to trace the distribution of the epidemic from its original source in the mountains of South America, to the various European countries over which it passed, as it affords a clear and convincing proof of its vegetable nature ; this distribution, as we have seen, being gradual and progressive, not capricious and accidental, but spreading from place to place in obedience to certain well-known laws of climate, proximity, and currents of air—exactly in the manner in which we should have anticipated. Why the fungus should have been introduced in 1845 and not in previous years, and why it should then all at once have acquired such fearful power, we cannot positively tell,—no more than we can tell why the memorable plague of London, or those deadly pestilences which swept over Europe, decimating the inhabitants, should have sprung up so suddenly and unexpectedly as they did. All the circumstantial predisposing causes are unknown ; but it may be safely asserted, that the potato in 1845—deteriorated for generations, as we have seen it to be—had passed that limit of endurance which sooner or later will occur in the constitution of every plant cultivated in the same abnormal manner, so that it possessed no strength to resist the attack of the fungi which came in such immense numbers, armed with such formidable powers of destruction, and peculiarly favored by the great excess of moisture, sudden variations of temperature, and great electrical vicissitudes which then

prevailed. All the oldest varieties, worn out and enfeebled, perish at once, and they are now extirpated,—a red Irish potato, once the sole variety cultivated, being now one of the greatest rarities ; while the newer kinds raised from seed have been able to struggle on ever since offering some show of resistance to the enemy, though every year threatening to succumb and leave us altogether without this valuable article of food, unless we arrest the calamity by a timely rearing of new plants from seed, obtained, not from any varieties existing in this country—which would infallibly inherit their parents' weakness of constitution and predisposition to disease—but fresh from the genuinely wild potato on the South American hills. This is the only effectual and lasting cure. It is to be feared, however,—as such a method will necessarily involve considerable sacrifices, and the exercise of patience for some years, till the wild potato has reached a remunerative size, and acquired a palatable taste,—that it will not be generally adopted, at least until matters are much worse than they are at present.

We have said that the genus *Botrytis*, to which the potato parasite belongs, contains several species which are exceedingly destructive in this country. They are the most common and abundant of all fungi. For ages they have met the eye in innumerable fields and gardens. Onions, cabbages, turnips, beet-root, peas, gourds, spinach, almost all the green crops we raise, often suffer severely from this blight. In seasons favorable for their development, they spread like wildfire and destroy everything before them. Various species of *Erysiphe* prove very destructive to fruit and forest trees, clothing their leaves with a flocculent cottony tissue. The peach is frequently hopelessly injured by this cause. Other kinds of fungi grow on the roots of apple and pear trees, producing premature decay.

One fungus, *Rhytisma acerinum*, must be familiar to the most careless and unobservant eye, as occurring on the maple tree, causing those black unsightly blotches with which the leaves are covered. It is the most abundant and pertinacious of all fungi, confining itself entirely to the maple, and attacking every tree and every leaf with the utmost impartiality. Vegetable epidemics in the shape of black mildews, caused by species of

antennaria and allied genera, are now and then fearfully fatal to the coffee plantations of Ceylon, the orange groves of St. Michael, the olive woods in the south of Europe, and the mulberry trees of Syria and China. The leaves of these different trees—upon the produce of which, the welfare and industry of whole provinces depend—are clothed literally with sackcloth and ashes. Myriads of dark-colored, felt-like patches, sprinkled with dust, close up the breathing pores, prevent the free admission of air and the stimulating effect of direct sunlight, and thus dwarf and destroy the trees, causing annually the loss of many thousands of pounds. A peculiar species of *oidium* renders the cultivation of the hop exceedingly precarious. It luxuriates on the leaves and shoots of the vine, favored by the dampness and stagnation of the air, caused by the close overshadowing poles, and by the peculiar mode in which the hop is propagated, viz., by division of the roots and branches, having a tendency to weaken its constitution. It is worthy of remark, as showing either the capriciousness of fungi, or the differences actually existing in the nature and habits of species closely allied, that, while the potato was universally destroyed in Kent in 1844, the hop gardens in the immediate neighborhood, exposed to the same atmospheric influences, were never so flourishing and remunerative. On the Continent, a very remarkable fungoid epidemic occasionally occurs, caused by a kind of mould, called *Lanosa nivalis*, from its singular habitat, and the woolly, flocculent appearance which it presents. It is developed beneath the snow on grass and corn-blades, appearing in white patches a foot or more in diameter, tinging the snow with a reddish hue, arising from the seeds of the fungus, which are of this color. Wherever it has run its course, it leaves a completely gray and withered plot behind. "When snows have come on without previous frosts, it has been known to destroy whole crops, particularly of barley and rye. In places where it prevails extensively, the farmers plow up the frozen surface, so complete and hopeless is the mischief effected on the young plants. Happily for us, it has not yet reached Britain ; but that it will not, no one can predict, for all fungal diseases are very alarming, and all past experience of them warns us that

they may appear when least expected, especially in a climate where the seasons vary so much as they do in ours."

Shortly after the potato disease broke out in this country, the alarm excited by it was paralleled in the vine-growing countries of Europe, by the sudden spread of an equally destructive plague affecting the grape. The fungus, *Oidium Tuckeri*, concerned in this epidemic, made its first appearance, or rather was first observed, in the hothouses of Mr. Slater of Margate by his very intelligent gardener, Edward Tucker, after whom, in consequence, it received its specific name. It seems to have been previously unknown to botanists. Its origin is very obscure. It is not a new creation, but probably a modification of an old and familiar fungus, some member of the vast group of the mucedines or mould family, whose forms are so protean and so closely allied, that we might believe in their transmutation, without being accused of Darwinian leanings. This new form found peculiar conditions at the time favorable for its development, which never occurred at any previous period. We know not whether the germs of the fungus spread from those produced in the hothouses of Margate, or whether similar conditions elsewhere existing originated it without any connection existing between the places; but certain it is, that an immense profusion of the same fungus appeared almost simultaneously throughout the vineries in this country. Two years afterwards, the seeds borne across the Channel by winds reached France, where for a time their ravages were limited to the forcing-houses and trellised vines of Versailles, and other private establishments in the neighborhood of Paris. But in 1851 it unhappily reached the open vineyards in the south and south-east of France, where it destroyed nearly the whole of the crops, rendering them unfit for food, and wine manufactured from the partially decayed grapes undrinkable. It speedily spread from province to province with increased virulence, ravaging the vineyards formerly spared. The snow-clad Pyrenees offered no effectual barrier to its progress, but with resistless speed it forced its way into the finest provinces of Spain, where so deplorably were the vineyards blighted by it, that in many places they were abandoned in despair. It crossed the Mediterranean to Algeria, extended its

flight to the terraced vine-clad slopes of Lebanon, ruined the currants of the Greek Islands and the raisins of Malaga, and destroyed so utterly the far-famed vintage of Madeira, that this wine is numbered among the things that were. Everywhere the ravages of this pest were regarded as a national calamity. Thousands of laborers were thrown out of employment; vineyards were silent and forsaken that formerly resounded with the merry laugh and the cheerful song; bare poles were seen on the sunny hill-sides, or else covered with unsightly masses of decaying foliage, where formerly the fragrant vine wreathed its graceful verdure, and offered its tempting and beautiful clusters of fruit. The simple and scanty meal of the workman was deprived of what used to give it relish; and the distress in many places was awful. After raging for a number of years with similar if not increased violence, it subsided, like the potato disease, to a certain extent,—whether owing to the remedies applied proving successful, or the conditions for its development proving unfavorable, it is impossible to say. Some places now enjoy complete immunity from it; and in other places the cultivation of the vine, formerly abandoned, is resumed with vigor and with every prospect of success. A large percentage of the crop is, however, season after season, still lost from this cause; and probably the disease is now so completely established, that it is vain to hope for its speedy disappearance.

The fungus which causes the vine epidemic is very minute, covering the affected grape like a white cobweb. From its radiating filaments several jointed stocks rise vertically like the pile of velvet, the upper joints swelling, assuming an egg-shape, and giving birth to the reproductive spores. It makes its appearance first as a minute speck on the grape when about the size of a pea. It speedily enlarges and covers the entire surface of the berry, investing it with a network of interlacing fibres, exhausting its superficial juices, and crushing it within its embrace. So richly is it furnished with the means of propagation, that a succession of seeds is developed by the same filament, and three or four ripen and are dispersed at the same moment; while, so loosely are they attached to their receptacles, that the smallest breath of air or the least brush of an insect's wing carries them off to

other grapes, to infect these with a similar blight.

We may remark here by way of parenthesis, that fungi have a special and inordinate predilection for the produce of the vine in all the stages of its history and manufacture. One species, as we have seen, luxuriates on the grape; another is concerned in the process of fermentation, which consists in the development of the seeds of the yeast, and the consequent resolution of the grape juice into an alcoholic product; a third frequents, like a Bacchic gnome or convivial Guy Fawkes, the vaults where wine is stored up, forming a most remarkable and picturesque feature in that vast temple of Silenus—the London Docks—hanging down in immense festoons from the roof of the crypt, swaying and wavering with the least motion of the air, like dingy cobwebs. This strange and softly comfortable form of vegetable stalactite grows in no other vaults than those devoted to wine. Private cellars are not unfrequently drained dry by a host of thirsty vegetable toppers in the shape of huge fleshy fungi, developed by the moist, dark atmosphere of the place, and the rich pabulum of saccharine food which they find there. The bottle of port brought up to table, whose venerable appearance the host eyes affectionately, and the guest with eager expectation, sometimes affords a melancholy illustration of the vanity of earthly hopes. A cunning fungus has been beforehand with them; and like the famous rat, whose inventive powers were quickened by necessity, which drew up the liquid contained in a bottle by dipping its tail into it, the vegetable, equally sagacious, develops itself first on the cork, and having penetrated it with its spawn, sends down long rootlike appendages into the liquor, exhausting it of its rich aroma, and rendering it a mere caput mortuum. Nor is the wine left unmolested, even when it has been drawn into the decanter; a meddling fungus still follows it, and renders it sometimes mothery, the cloudy filamentous dregs left at the bottom indicating its presence. In short, in some shape or other, this fungoid vegetation perseveringly accompanies the fruit of the vine in all its changes and transitions from the German hills to the British dining-room; and like an ill-odored excisemen, levies a tax upon it for the benefit of its own constitution. In this respect, these bibulous fungi may be regarded as practical

executors of the Maine Liquor Law, and may be ranked among the most efficient allies of teetotalism in that species of crusading or guerilla warfare in which it is so actively and praiseworthily engaged against one of the greatest social evils of the day!

After this detailed description of the specific fungi connected with the more remarkable kinds of vegetable epidemics, a few words regarding their mode of dispersion may not be uninteresting. It is a well-known physiological axiom, that the simpler and smaller an organism, the more bountifully is it furnished with the means of propagating itself. Exposed to numerous contingencies, to extremes of temperature, to excessive drought alternated by excessive moisture, failure of reproduction by one method must be compensated by the development of another, which shall answer the purpose in view even in the most unfavorable circumstances. Accordingly, plants of the class we are reviewing are provided with two, three, and in some cases even with four modifications of reproductive power, all equally effectual, though not all developed at one and the same time. They may multiply themselves by means of the spawn or mycelium, by self-division or lamination, which may be regarded as a species of germination or budding, or they may be propagated by seeds or their equivalents, produced in special receptacles. Every cell or tissue may contain its germs, and each germ spring up into new forms equally fitted for propagation in the space of a few hours; nay, some may pass through the course of their existence in a few minutes, and give birth to thousands even while under the field of the microscope. In truth, the common reproductive bodies called spores or seeds do not directly propagate the fungus. They germinate, however, at definite points, and after a time produce threads or filaments which throw out secondary and even tertiary spores, which are the true organs of reproduction, and whose minute size and greater profusion render them more serviceable in the economy of the plant.

The number of germs or other reproductive bodies which parasitic fungi produce is incalculable, almost infinite. It has been ascertained that one grain of the black matter which fills up the ear of corn in smut contains upwards of four millions of spores or seed-vessels, which are again filled with

sporules or seeds so infinitesimally minute and impalpable, that no definite forms can be distinguished by the highest powers of the microscope. When a seed-vessel is ruptured, they are seen to escape in the form of an airy cloud, filmy as the most delicate gossamer; and on a fine summer day, a keensighted observer may behold them rising from diseased heads of growing grain into the air by evaporation, like an ethereal smoke, dispersing in innumerable ways, by the attraction of the sun, by insects, by currents of wind, by electricity, or by adhesion. One acre of mildewed wheat will produce seeds sufficient to inoculate the whole of the wheat of the United Kingdom. The atmosphere is freighted to an inconceivable extent with such germs, quick with life and ready to alight and spring up, so that the pores of our vegetables can scarcely ever perform their functions of inhalation without taking in one or more of these seeds, which can penetrate through the finest apertures. We have found a few at the point of every grain of wheat we examined with the microscope, taken from the finest and cleanest samples. There they remain dormant and concealed, till suitable conditions call them forth to life and energy. So tenacious are they of vitality, that neither summer's heat nor winter's frost can destroy them; and they are capable of germinating after the longest periods of hybernation. Furnished with such powers of endurance and dispersion as these, it is a fortunate circumstance that they require peculiar atmospheric and other conditions for their growth; and when these are absent, they will not develop themselves or spread, otherwise the whole world would be speedily overrun with them, and "the fig-tree would not blossom, and there would be no fruit in the vines, the labor of the olive would fail, and the fields would yield no meat."

The most important question connected with this subject which suggests itself to the agricultural mind, is, what remedies may be successfully applied to check the ravages of these destructive diseases? Sometimes they are prevented from spreading by the operation of natural causes, we devoutly believe, under the gracious control of the Great Author of nature, who ever mingles mercy with judgment. After a long continuation of ungenial weather, under the baneful influ-

ence of which these destructive fungi spring up and carry on their blighting work, suddenly there come a few days of clear, warm sunshine, and immediately the healthful play of nature's energies is restored; all morbid agencies shrink like the shades of night before the beams of the sun, and the face of the earth is clothed once more with smiling verdure. The diseases that appeared so suddenly and mysteriously, depart in the same manner, and leave apparently no traces of their presence behind. Sometimes, however, these fungi are allowed to inflict incalculable damage, and man is left to himself to find out as best he may how to confine their ravages within the smallest possible compass. For ages, ignorance gave them all sorts of grotesque designations, without the remotest conception of their true character and properties. The antidotes employed in such circumstances were necessarily conjectural; and even when the proper remedies were applied, the reason of their beneficial influence was unknown. In many parts of our rural districts, notwithstanding the vast advancement of agriculture, and the application to it of the discoveries of science, a lamentable amount of ignorance regarding these diseases still prevails. The crops are smutted; the hay is mildewed; and there is an end of the matter. It is enough for the farmers to know that the plants are mouldy, and cannot be helped. Of course, an intelligent systematic course of remedies must be based upon a thorough acquaintance with the causes of the various diseases, the structure and peculiarities of the parasites concerned in them. It may be that we have not yet attained to a sufficient knowledge of these fundamental facts, notwithstanding our extensive experiments and observations; but certain it is, that the remedies proposed, and in many places carried out, are exceedingly varied in their nature and effects, being as often unsuccessful as the reverse. In all cases, however, the peculiar habits of fungi suggest to the farmer the necessity of properly cleaning his seed, washing it in an alkaline ley so as to remove the oily germs of parasites adhering to the grains; thoroughly draining and tritulating the soil, so as to expose it most effectually to the beneficial effects of sunshine and rain; opening up confined enclosures, where the air is apt to stagnate and the shade to become too dense,

to free ventilation and light; sowing and planting early varieties, so that they may arrive at maturity before the autumnal fogs extensively prevail, and the avoidance of manuring immediately before setting the seed. These precautions will, in most cases, very perceptibly diminish the loss occasioned by the ravages of parasitic fungi. Improved domestic habits in town and rural populations are well known to have had a powerful effect in extirpating or checking the epidemics which formerly prevailed in this country; and in the same way, a better system of cultivation will arrest the plagues which affect our cornfields.

There is one moral lesson, among many others, strongly suggested by the consideration of vegetable epidemics. They remind us, by the ravages which they are permitted to inflict, at once of the dangers and risks to which our crops are exposed; and by the narrow limits within which these ravages are usually confined, of the stability of the covenant-promise, that seed-time and harvest should never cease, so that thus our hopes are mingled with fears, and even in the matter of our daily bread we must walk by faith and not by sight. They show us, as has been elsewhere said, "how precarious is the independence of the most independent. As we approach the season of harvest, we

are within a month or two of absolute starvation. Were the rust, or the mildew, or the smut to blight our fields; were each seed of the many millions which each of these parasites disseminates, to germinate and become fertile on the grains on which it alighted, the scourge would be more terrible than the bloodiest and most devastating war; the rich and the poor, the nobleman and the beggar, the queen and her subjects, would alike be swept into a common ruin. Not all the vast revenues and resources of England would avail to avert the terrible consequences. All the other riches in the world, failing the riches of our golden harvest-fields, were as worthless as the false notes of the forger. But the covenant-promise made to Noah, sealed with the bright signet ring of heaven, the 'bow in the clouds,' endures from age to age and from season to season, in all its integrity, even in the most unpropitious circumstances; and that kind and watchful Providence which supplies the large family of mankind with its daily bread, arrests the development and dispersion of the vegetable blights, and leaves us, even in the worst seasons, a reasonable supply of the staff of life, thus presenting a sublime fact upon which faith, which is better than independence, can rest in peace."

BISHOP KEN.—Mr. Sedgwick mentions an edition of the *Manual* of the year 1709; and his belief is that the hymns were unaltered. Ken was accustomed to use his own hymns. In 1705 he used them without alterations, as we know from the edition of that year. If Mr. Sedgwick's impression be correct relative to an edition of 1709, the question may be regarded as settled, since Ken died in 1710. If they were not altered in 1709, they were not altered during Ken's life. To support the edition of 1712, it will be necessary to produce an edition prior to 1710 with the alterations, or written instructions in the bishop's own hand, authorizing the changes after his death. Nothing less will be sufficient to give authority to the edition of 1712. If such evidence cannot be produced, that edition can only be regarded as an unauthorized publication. As soon as Ken was in his grave, a most improper use was made of his name by booksellers: his name was given on two books which he did not write. In that age, indeed, the most unwarrantable liberties were

taken with the names and also the works of popular authors. With such facts before us, and in the absence of evidence, we may conclude that the alterations in the edition of 1712 were made by the publisher.

THOMAS LATHBURY.

—*Notes and Queries.*

SUBLIME.—I have read and heard more suggestions as to the possible or probable derivation of this word than of any that I can think of, but none has as yet appeared at all satisfactory, or even plausible. E. F. WILLOUGHBY.

[The origin of the word is involved in obscurity. The Latin *sublimis* has been derived from *sublimen*, the upper lintel of a door. But this derivation is not quite satisfactory; and there is some difficulty as to the origin of *sublimen* itself, as well as a measure of uncertainty as to the true meaning of the word.]—*Notes and Queries.*

From The Examiner.

Journals and Correspondence of Thomas Sedgewick Whalley, D.D., of Mendip Lodge, Somerset. Edited, with a Memoir and Illustrative Notes, by the Rev. Hill Wickham, M.A., Rector of Horsington. In two Volumes. Bentley.

WHEN Miss Burney met with Dr. Whalley at Bath, in his earlier years (he lived to be eighty-two), she described him as "a young man who has a house on the Crescent, and is one of the best supporters of Lady Miller's Vase at Bath Easton:" that is the Lady of the Vase with whom, Horace Walpole tells us, "they hold a Parnassus fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes; and all the flux of quality in Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman Vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtles, receives the poetry which is drawn out every festival. Six judges of these Olympic games retire, and select the brightest compositions, which the successful ten candidates acknowledge, kneel to Mrs. Calliope, kiss her fair hand, and are crowned by it with myrtle. Miss Burney having distinguished young Mr. Whalley as one of the best supporters of this institution, adds, "He is immensely tall, thin, and handsome, but affected: delicate and sentimentally pathetic; and his conversation about his own 'feelings,' about amiable motives, and about the wind, which at the Crescent, he said, in a tone of dying horror, 'blew in a manner really frightful,' diverted me the whole evening." In middle life Mr. Whalley caught the eye of Marie Antoinette, at Versailles. She called him "Le bel Anglais." The same man, within three years of threescore and ten, was described by Mr. Wilberforce as "the true picture of a sensible, well-informed and educated, polished, old, well-beneficed nobleman's and gentleman's house-frequenting, literary and chess-playing divine—of the best sort (not adulatory)—I hope beginning to be serious." The friend and correspondent of women so unlike each other as Mrs. Siddons and Miss Seward, elderly Dr. Whalley had a pleasure in ornaments and trifles—bought pins and brooches as a boy buys gooseberry tarts—a skill in small talk and a gentleness of breeding, that made him pleasant among women, while the good cellar he kept, his relish of good cheer, tolerant humor and social tact, as guest or host made him the friend of men. Liking both society and

money, he married three times, always with an eye to the main chance governing his tenderness. His first wife, to whom he tenderly addresses his journals of travel besides divers copies of verse, was a rich father's heiress and a rich husband's widow, so that she brought him a fortune for each of his breeches' pockets, with his estate of Langford Court in Somersetshire. A year or two after this first marriage young Mr. Whalley bought the biggest house in Bath, then a great centre of fashion, and there it was that he made friends of Mrs. Piozzi in her retirement, and of Mrs. Siddons in the year of her Bath reputation, before her course of triumph was begun in London.

Dr. Whalley had himself begun the world as rector of the living of Hagworthingham in Lincolnshire, given to him by his father's friend the Bishop of Ely, on the agreeable worldly condition that he was not to reside on it, as the air of the fens was said to be fatal to any but a native. For half a century he held this church preferment, as a piece of income out of which he paid a curate to fulfil all the religious duties it entailed. Meanwhile he lived luxuriously, and indulged his sensibilities by writing, at the age of thirty-three, the poem of "Edwy and Edilda," in five parts. This it was that brought upon him the friendship of that transcendently polite letter-writer, Miss Seward. Four years afterward he and his wife had lived far enough beyond the limits of a handsome income to make a few years of retrenchment on the Continent desirable. The establishments were broken up at Langford Court and Bath, and hence the journals of travel in these volumes, which illustrate many points of continental life in the years 1783-5. "Elegant and gentle manners," wrote Mrs. Piozzi to him at this time, "are attractive in all nations, and you have not drawn iron to you, but gold." He formed, undoubtedly, some cordial friendships, and to the journals, in which he describes only for his wife's amusement those passages of travel during which he happened to be parted from her side, his peculiar character gives an intrinsic value. They, like almost the whole contents of these two ample volumes of journals and letters, illustrate with great distinctness, both in matter and style, the customary forms of life and literature immediately before the French Revolution. That revolution lay at the heart of

a revolt widely spread throughout all society against despotic formalism. In literature the French critical school had long since borne sway. From the literal niceties of Ronsard and Malherbe France had in former times, of which the influence remained, been carried by the higher genius of Boileau into refinements of criticism upon style, and French critical taste, founded largely upon classical authority, had given law to France, England, and Germany. The daintily feeble contributions to the Vase at Bath Easton, and all Lady Miller's mummery therewith connected, are simply representative of this old French *régime* of critical formalism in its days of languor and decay. With the French Revolution came a vigorous revolt of many minds against it. This was begun in Germany with the Gottsched and Bodmer controversy for and against Milton, and was finally triumphant both in Germany and England.

To a student of history or literature who dwells as he should upon the features of such changes, all that a superficial reader might find vapid in these volumes acquires a distinct interest, for it is all diagnostic of large truths and valuable aid to correct generalization. How distinctly, for example, do Dr. Whalley's "Minutes for an answer to Julia's (Miss Seward's) letter on the subject of Sonnets" point to the whole spirit of the day that found expression in that controversy between Gottsched and Bodmer. Their substance is minikin censure upon Milton's Sonnets. Observe, too, that they are "Minutes for an answer;" the thoughts in undress that have yet to make their grand toilette and to appear in proper costume, with the right cut of the false hair on their head, and the right quality and quantity of hair powder. Upon this follow "Thoughts on Revelation," and upon this an "Epitaph on the Dog's Tomb in the Wood at Mendip Lodge." Still characteristic of a period, as the whole book is to a remarkable degree. Of revelation Dr. Whalley writes in simple antagonism to the exercise of thought on matters of authority. In Scripture "what we read, and not what we think should be our polar star." The epitaph on the Dog's Tomb mirrors to us that tone of melancholic discontent which although artificial, was one symptom of the oppression felt under the tyranny of art that claimed to be the patron of the honest Nature she was born to serve.

"If zealous service to thy soul is dear,
Or faith or gratitude demand the tear:
Check not thy pity, while thine eye is bent
On gentle Sappho's simple monument!
And when from man, proud man, the heart shall
prove

As firm a friendship and as warm a love,
Then dash away with scorn the bursting tear,
And cry, Thou shalt not flow, *a dog lies here!*"

But there is for general readers in these volumes a good side to the defect that interests a literary student. Here we have on his travels a refined, genial, and well-to-do English beneficed clergyman, so ready when at Rome to do as they do at Rome, that when he has satisfied his curiosity at Bellay with a peep at the body of St. Anselm, said by the monks to be still fresh and uncorrupted, and has noted to himself the fraud, "I dropped," he says, "a piece of money into the proffered dish like all the rest; and after having paid for peeping, like my namesake of Coventry, bit my tongue, and lifted up my eyes as if with reverential astonishment, for I would not, by unseasonable ridicule, even in a smile, shock the innocent credulity of the crowd and wound the rights of decency." He knows that heaven is large enough for people of all creeds, he respects honest prejudices, and he is frank English gentleman enough, when a fine English lady settled and titled in France meeting him travel-stained near her château, asks him and a couple of foreign friends of his to dinner, easily to accept her disregard of dress, offer his arm, and take her at her word, while his two foreign friends would not for worlds dine with a lady until they had changed their clothes. Such serviceable qualities enabled the good-natured and handsome English parson to see farther down than many another might into the realities of life in France, Switzerland, and elsewhere before the Revolution. What he tells he endeavors in his journals to tell fully and effectively. "Let," he says, "the execution of a *devoir* sacred to friendship and love, be as pleasant in the performance as it will be agreeable in the retrospect; and what I will with all my heart let me execute with all my understanding, lest a languid style should unjustly seem to speak languid affections, and a fault in the physique be mistaken for a defect in the *morale*." Had he written for the public, the vague, painful elaboration would have made his work intolerable; but in writing for a partial home-

reader of known natural tastes and humors, there is always a true sense of what will be appreciated that saves letters and journals from the dulness of vague affectation, if the writer be not like Miss Seward, intolerably vain. In the style of the fourth quarter of the last century a reasonably shrewd man, addressing an intimate friend, would produce a better account of what he had to tell than we could get from him now in the middle of the nineteenth. Such writing was like swimming with bladders, help to the weak and hindrance to the strong. Here, for example, where a modern traveller could only be allowed to say, "Through the stupidity of a bargeman we were nearly run down in a canal," observe what the traveller of 1784 makes of a little incident. The reference to Marius will remind some readers of the similitudes found for the successive objects of her enthusiasm by Miss Impulsia Gushing-ton upon her recent travels in "Low Latitudes."

"But when we thought all our little difficulties at an end, and began to anticipate with pleasure the good fire and dinner that awaited us at Chatillon, we were assailed by a real danger, and had nearly lost our lives in the puddle, that they call canal, between the impetuous Rhone and the proud lake. About midday we met a barge laden with tiles, to which were fastened two lesser ones; and in the first, a singular and most striking figure stood upon deck, and directed the rudder. He appeared about sixty, was majestically tall, and amply squared. His hair was bushy and abundant, of mixed black and gray; his face deeply indented and intersected by a thousand wrinkles. All his features were strongly marked, his air was stern and imposing, his mouth grim, his brow surly, and his eye made to threaten and command. The description of Marius occurred powerfully to me as I regarded him; and if such were the person and mien of the Roman general, I wonder not that the soldiers employed to assassinate him in his prison, dropped their swords through awe and trembling, and implored mercy. As we approached him, he deigned not to cast one regard on our little boat, but kept solemnly moving the rudder with one arm, while he rested the elbow of the other, with an air of grave dignity on a chest. As we began to pass his bark, there was but just space enough for our boat to clear that, and the bank; but before we had passed those in his train, he steered so near that we were in the most imminent danger of being upset and crushed

against it. We were—and had cause to be—alarmed. Our boatmen hallooed to inform him of our danger, and we lifted up our voices with theirs, to make him steer his barges towards the opposite side. But all in vain. He was as inexorable as Charon to the cries of the poor ghosts on the Styx, and kept on his state without once vouchsafing to turn his head. From entreaties our watermen proceeded to curses, which they vociferated in a volley, that one should have thought would have roused the most insensible and warmed the most phlegmatic. But they made no more impression upon this imperious brute than if we had been so many frogs; and we were at last in such a strait, that but for the utmost activity and address, on the side of our boatmen and my domestic, who found means, with the oars and a stout pole, to turn the last barge a little on one side, as it was on the point of oversetting us,—we should have run the utmost risk of losing our lives, and, at best, have had a thorough ducking in one of the severest mornings I ever felt. I wished heartily for a Sir Joshua Reynolds to have sketched out the most striking subject for a painting in its kind, that ever was seen."

It is unfair to represent a book, rich in matter of actual and wide interest as well as of mere curiosity, by dwelling only upon its literary value for the illustration of a period. But the extracts which will best define the breadth of the ground that it covers would occupy more space than is at our command. We must be content only to point attention to the minutely and skilfully worded picture of society at the Château of Lunes before the Revolution, to the sketches of life among the monks, here gay *viveurs*, there self-denying feeders upon eggs and herbs. Our parson certainly liked best to dine with those who kept as good a kitchen as that of the monks of St. Sulpice, but everywhere he took with him his genial, accommodating temper. The darker shades of social history are not omitted from the picture, witness this little history of the State Prisoner of Miolan:—

"I cannot quit Miolan without making mention of a remarkable fact which relates to it, and which was related to me by a lady of fashion of Chamberry, who was a witness to its truth. At a public ball in that town, not many years since, an old gentleman appeared most singularly dressed, and with his gray locks waving upon his shoulders. His countenance was interesting, and his air noble. An habitual melancholy seemed to have taken possession of his features, and he gazed

round him with a look of wonder and estrangement, as if he had been the native of another world, and utterly unacquainted with the manners and customs of that into which he was just introduced. Every one considered him with a mixture of surprise and respect. A whisper of 'Who is he?' circulated round the room, but it was a universal demand to which no one could give a satisfactory reply. On entering into conversation however, with some gentleman near, he observed himself that they must be astonished to see a stranger of his appearance amongst them, and thence took occasion to gratify their curiosity by the following short tale: Born of a noble family in France, he had connected himself with the party in opposition to the prime minister, and was deep in all its intrigues. They proved abortive. All the anti-ministerial plots were discovered, and he was known to be a chief agent in them; he fled into Piedmont, to save himself from the vengeance of the arbitrary engine of despotic power. But his asylum was ill-chosen. An absolute monarchy was an unsafe refuge, for the bold opposer of tyrannic measures. His vindictive enemy discovered his retreat, and, aided by the abused authority of his master, prevailed with the court of Turin to become the base agents of his private revenge, and to seize and shut up secretly the unfortunate stranger in a state prison at Miolan. In the changeable course of things his enemy was disgraced, and the whole system of politics changed; but as his family and friends supposed him dead, and the ministers at Turin were too attentive to private interests and pleasures to throw away a remembrance on an unfortunate stranger, he still continued to languish in a severe captivity, the rigors of which were uniformly enforced, as they had never been countermanded. Shut out from society, never leaving his gloomy cell but to go between a double rank of guards to mass, forbidden the use of pen and paper, and every inlet blocked up, from whence he might have been informed how things went on in the world, he patiently resigned himself to his fate; and giving up all his hopes and joys in this life, calmly attended the moment when he should be removed from the proud man's wrongs and the oppressor's injuries, and awaited that *arrêt* which awaits us all, and which is the instrument of impartial and unerring justice. His slavery had begun in the proudest prime of his life, but year had passed on after year, till age had joined care, to deepen the wrinkles in his face and shed snows upon his head.

After forty years' imprisonment, which had rendered him almost forgetful of the world by which he was forgotten, the old governor paid his last debt to nature. The

one appointed in his stead, by an etiquette of office, was obliged to give in the state of his prison, and names of its prisoners, to the Government; and behold the unfortunate Frenchman on the list! His name excited curiosity, and it happily led to inquire the nature of his offence. But here every one was in the dark; the ministers of the moment were either dead or disgraced at Turin, as at Versailles, and no one could discover why this stranger had been doomed to captivity. On a strict inquiry, however, as well as from an application to himself, the truth came out, and it was known that he had been sacrificed to gratify the personal resentment of a French minister, who had long been dust and ashes, and whose power was no more remembered. An immediate order was given to release the noble captive; and in his way to his native country, he heard of the ball of Chamberry, and his curiosity led him to make one in a gay scene, to which he had so long been a stranger, and to observe the change of fashions and manners that had taken place during the dull uniformity of his long imprisonment."

Dr. Whalley talked well at the dinner-table, and had the skill that few possess in rightly interpolating jest or story. How well he could convey his own sense of enjoyment is delightfully shown in his dramatic representation by French dialogue of his intercourse with a certain Count d'Ambrieu, an enthusiast for mesmerism. Nothing could be more lively and entertaining in its way.

We have but slightly indicated the variety and fulness of good matter in these suggestive volumes. From the letters, in which certain phases of life are cleverly painted in miniature, we must be content to take one passage, a tale of a curious stage-coach passenger, as told, not by Charles Mathews the elder, but by the tragic muse herself, by Mrs. Siddons, in a long letter of gossip addressed to Mrs. Whalley:—

"We were five of us in the machine, all females but one, a youth of about sixteen, and the most civilized being you can conceive, a native of Bristol too.

"One of the ladies was, I believe, verily a little insane, her dress was the most peculiar, and manner the most offensive, I ever remember to have met with; her person was taller and more thin than you can imagine, her hair raven black, drawn as tight as possible over her cushion before and behind, and at the top of her head was placed a solitary fly-cap of the last century, composed of materials of about twenty sorts, and as dirty as the ground;

her neck, which was a thin serag of a quarter of a yard long, and the color of a walnut, she wore uncovered for the solace of all beholders, her Circassian was an olive-colored cotton of three several sorts, about two breadths wide in the skirt, and tied up exactly in the middle in one place only. She had a black petticoat, spotted with red, and over that a very thin white muslin one, with a long black gauze apron, and without the least hoop. I never in my life saw so odd an appearance, and my opinion was not singular, for wherever we stopped, she inspired either mirth or amazement, but was quite innocent of it herself. On taking her seat amongst us at Bristol, she flew into a violent passion on seeing one of the windows down; I said I would put it up if she pleased; 'To be sure,' said she, 'I have no ambition to catch my death.' No sooner had she done with me, but she began to scold the woman who sat opposite to her for touching her foot: 'You have not been used to riding in a coach, I fancy, good woman.' She met in this lady a little more spirit than she had found in me, and we were obliged to her for keeping this unhappy woman in tolerable order the remainder of the day. Bless me! I had almost forgot to tell you that I was desired to make tea at breakfast. Vain were my endeavors to please this strange creature; she had desired to have her tea in a basin, and I followed her directions as near as it was possi-

ble in the making her tea, but she had no sooner tasted it than she bounced to the window and threw it out, declaring she had never met with a set of such awkward, ill-bred people; what could be expected in a stage-coach, indeed? She snatched the canister from me, poured a great quantity into the basin, with sugar, cream, and water, and drank it altogether.

"Did you ever hear of anything so strange? When we sat down to dinner, she seemed terrified to death lest anybody should eat but herself. The remaining part of our journey was made almost intolerable by her fretfulness; one minute she was screaming out lest the coachman should overturn us; she was sure he would, because she would not give him anything for neglecting to keep her trunk dry; and, though it was immoderately hot, we were obliged very often to sit with the windows up, for she had been told that the air was pestilential after sunset, and that however other people liked it, she did not choose to hazard her life by sitting with the windows open. All were disposed, for the sake of peace, to let her have her own way, except the person whom we were really obliged to for quieting her every now and then. She had been handsome, but was now, I suppose, sixty years old. I pity her temper, and am sorry for her situation, which I have set down a disappointed old maid."

KNIIGHT OF THE CARPET.—In Baker's *Northamptonshire*, i. 307, pedigree of Lord Winchelsea and Nottingham's family, a Sir Thomas Finch, living 1553, is styled "Knight of the Carpet." Can any one explain? H. S. G.

[The carpet knight is a term characteristically applied to those who obtained their honors "with unhacked rapier and on carpet consideration" (Shakspeare, *Twelfth Night*, Act III, Sc. 4), amidst the holiday gifts of their sovereign, rather than bravely acquired in the field of battle, or boasting a prescriptive claim by proving victorious at a tournament. Greene uses the term in "The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntingdon," 1601:—

... "Soldiers, come away:
This *carpet knight* sits carping at our scars."

Of their insignificance and futile employments innumerable passages may be adduced from early writers, with whom it was current as a term of great contempt. The character is minutely delineated in the following lines from "A Happy Husband, or Directions for a Maid to chuse her Mate, together with a Wives behaviour after marriage," by Patrick Hannay, Gent., 1622:—

"A carpet knight, who makes it his chiefe care
To trick him neatly up, and doth not spare

(Though sparing) precious time for to devoure
Consulting with his glasse, a tedious houre
Soone flees, spent so, while each irregular haire
His Barbor rectifies, and to seeme rare,
His heat-lost lockes, to thicken closely curles,
And curiously doth set his misplac'd purles;
Powders, perfumes, are then profusely spent,
To rectify his native nasty scent:
The forenoone's task perform'd, his way he takes,
And chamber practis'd craving curtsies makes
To each he meets; with cringes and screw'd faces,
(Which his too partial glasse approv'd for graces:)
Then dines, and after courts some courtly Dame,
Or idle busie-bout misspending game;
Then suppes, then sleepes, then rises for to spend
Next day as that before, as 'twere the end
For which he came; so womaniz'd turn'd Dame,
As place 'mongst Ovid's changlings he might
claime;
What? doe not such discover their weake minde
(Unapt for active vertue) is inclin'd
To superficiall things, and can imbrace
But outward habits for internall grace?"

For other notices of carpet knights, consult Nares's *Glossary*; Brydges's *British Bibliographer*, ii. 86; Malone's *Shakspeare* by Boswell, xi. 458; and Dodsley's *Old Plays*, edit. 1825 iii. 273.]—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Spectator.

THE HORSES OF THE SAHARA.*

THIS is a very singular, but very delightful book, and one which touches a vast variety of chords. It may appear strange that the sublimest natural poetry of the world should have clustered round the desert, while the gorgeous luxuriance of the tropical world should have left the mind a comparative blank, or distorted it into monstrous, misshapen thought. Can it be that the ideal, as distinguished from the purely intellectual, activity, varies inversely with the multitude of the surrounding objects? Some of the greatest works of genius have been produced in captivity. Bodily confinement, for a time at least, intensifies all our ideas. In a similar manner, the comparative paucity of objects in the desert may have led to the richness and sublimity of the Eastern poetry, by condensing ardent thoughts upon comparatively few outward objects. For richness in poetry consists not in the multitude of objects passed, in review, but in the multitude of thoughts springing out of one object. Again the Oriental hyperbole itself, in its very sublimity seems to arise partly from the diminished opportunity for comparison—comparison being the only school of exactness—and partly from the apparent immensity of the desert. Woman, the horse, the camel, and the lion, are, and for ages have been, the chief objects of the Arab's contemplation. Add to this the burning desert, the shining heavens, a life at once monotonous and yet of daily peril and adventure, the desolation, the grandeur, the sense of power, and we seem to have a key to the whole monotheistic poetry of the East, if not in its actual birth, at least in that form in which it is historically known to us.

In the volume before us, translated in fine manly English, from the French by Mr. James Hutton, we have side by side the results of the sixteen years' experience of a French cavalry officer, and the commentaries and speculations of the now gray-haired Abd-el-Kader. On the one hand, we have the shrewd, matter-of-fact, highly civilized European, pursuing the inquiries of a military stud-

groom with a keen, cold eye to the science of French glory, yet stooping to pluck the blossoms of Oriental poetry with military *bonhomie*, as we stoop to pick up flowers, no doubt congratulating himself on his extra-official capacity to pursue an *étude du genre*; on the other, the hoary Emir beguiled into pouring out the legendary lore of his ancestors in language sublime as that of our Bible, with the dignity and sweetness of a veteran, kind from the hereditary absence of fear, and grave from the hereditary habit of danger, yet with the unconscious simplicity throughout of large-eyed hereditary childhood. Such a book cannot fail to produce in the mind of the reader a quaint, and almost melancholy, but not unpleasing, mirage of associations between the East and West, the old and new, the natural and artificial, the changeable and the seemingly eternal and unchangeable.

How the acute and sceptical Frenchman succeeded in drawing from the jealous bosom of the Arab Emir the hidden treasures of his ancestral poetry, without ruffling his simple faith, is a puzzle; but that he did it, this volume sufficiently proves. "Praise be to the one God!" says Abd-el-Kader, "to Him who remains ever the same amidst the revolutions of this world." We seem, as we read, to feel the breath of the unchangeable desert. The Arab, speaks, indeed, of the revolutions of this world, but to him they are the gyrations of an outer universe, of which the desert, vast and, to him, illimitable, is the immutable and burning centre. He speaks of political revolutions as we speak of the revolutions of the moon round the earth, or of Mars and Jupiter round the sun. We know by induction and faint experience that those revolutions exist; but to us the centre of the world is our own speck of sand. So is the desert to the Arab chief. "You ask me," he proceeds, "for information as to the origin of the Arab horse." Here follows an Arab compliment full of grace and poetry. "You are like unto a fissure in a land dried up by the sun, and which no amount of rain, however abundant, will ever be able to satisfy." These Arabs seem once upon a time to have lived in heaven somewhere, and tasted the courtesy of angels. What is time to them? They can afford to stop and be gracious. Their compliments are not likely to be accused of

* *The Horses of the Sahara and the Manners of the Desert.* By E. Daumas, General of Division commanding at Bordeaux, Senator, etc., etc., with Commentaries by the Emir Abd-el-Kader. Translated from the French by James Hutton.

design. "Know, then, that among us it is admitted that Allah created the horse out of the wind, as he created Adam out of the mud." "Among us,"—he says politely,—not that he had any doubt in his own mind, but that he wrote to his friend, and did not dream to browbeat him whom he invested with that first of titles. He immediately adds, "This cannot be questioned. Several prophets—peace be with them!—have proclaimed it." There is something very noble and touching in the words "*as* He created Adam out of the mud." Had he said "*but*" instead of "*as*," a sarcasm would have been implied, which is entirely absent. The devotion of the Arab to the horse has a faint reminiscence of the Egyptian adoration of the animal world, but purified of the mystery and grossness, and raised to the rank of a mythological, but intellectual gratitude. It is as if he said, "The horse is my best earthly friend. True, I am the superior creature. So Allah willed it. But I should be little enough without him. Honor to whom honor is due. I was created out of the mud, but thou wert created out of the wind." "Do you wish to know," he asks, "if Allah created the horse before man, or if he created man before the horse?" Listen: "Allah created the horse before man *and the proof is* that man *being* the superior creature, Allah *would naturally* give unto him all that he would require before creating himself. When Allah willed to create the horse, he said to the south wind, 'I will that a creature should proceed from thee—condense thyself!'—and the wind condensed itself. Then came the angel Gabriel, and he took a handful of this matter and presented it to Allah, who formed of it a dark chestnut horse."

In all this the Arab does not trouble himself with the inconsistency. He does not ask himself why *he* was not created out of the wind. It was so, and it was well. So, he says, Allah created the male before the female, *for* the male is more noble than the female, and besides, more vigorous and potent, and the divine power *is wont to create the stronger of the two first*. The horse most yearns after the combat and the race, is more fleet and patient of fatigue, and shares his rider's emotions of hatred and tenderness. It is a very curious and pregnant tradition that, as the Arab horse was created before

the foreign ("*For the Almighty has in no case created the species before the genus*"), so, after Ishmael, who, after Adam, took possession of the finest and most spirited horses, Solomon should have preserved the one single stock from which all the best Arab horses are descended. For the legend we must refer our readers to Abd-el-Kader's own version of it. He divides the history of the Arab horse into four great epochs: 1st, from Adam to Ishmael; 2d, from Ishmael to Solomon; 3d, from Solomon to Mohammed; 4th, from Mohammed to our own times.

But by what outward signs do the Arabs recognize a horse to be noble—to be "*a drinker of air*"? The Emir enumerates thinness of lips and of the interior cartilage of the nose, dilated nostrils, leanness of the flesh encircling the veins of the head, the graceful manner the neck is attached, softness of the coat, main, and hairs of the tail, breadth of chest, largeness of joints, and leanness of the extremities. But the moral characteristics are even more important. Thoroughbred horses have no vice, have a remarkable endurance of hunger and thirst, rare intelligence, and a grateful affection for the hand that feeds them. They love their masters, and, as a rule, will suffer no other person to mount them. They will not touch what another horse has left, and (this seems strange enough) will take pleasure in troubling with their feet whatever limpid water they may meet with.

But although the Arab prefers the horse in many respects, there are other points in which the mare comes in for a large share of his regard. The profit to be derived from a mare is often very great, as much, in fact, as from three to four thousand pounds. Hence the common exclamation, "The head of riches is a mare that produces a mare." "And our Lord Mohammed, the messenger of God, hath said, 'The greatest of blessings is an intelligent woman, or a prolific mare.'" This is a compliment and a suggested comparison which is as pleasing to the Arabian woman, as it no doubt would be, if addressed to our own fair horsewomen. "The back of a mare is a seat of honor," saith the Prophet. And his interpreters affirm this to be because the pace of a mare is more easy and agreeable. Some even consider that the easiness of her gait will after a time render her rider effeminate. Here, of course, the analogy ceases. Not one Eng-

lishwoman in ten thousand can be accused of promoting effeminacy. Angularity of gait decidedly prevails. On the other hand, the points of comparison are numerous. A mare does not neigh in time of war like the horse, and a thoroughbred woman holds her tongue in time of danger. Then, again, she is less sensitive as to hunger, thirst, and heat. Indeed, in the last matter the woman, the mare, and the serpent are alike, that their life and vigor are doubled in the hottest season. But in one point the mare has a very decided inferiority, and that is in the little attention

she requires. She feeds on anything and she requires no watchman, whereas the horse requires constant attendance. The attention which civilized women require is one of their greatest charms. We can only repeat, that General Daumas's work on the horses of the desert, adorned rather than disguised by Mr. Hutton's translation, can hardly fail to enchant a very numerous class of readers, old and young. We have done little more than indicate the character of the book, and left by far the greater part of it untouched

RUSSIA'S REASON ;

Or, the Plea of Poland Answered.

POLAND writhes at the triangles,
Rent and raw from head to heel,
While the Russian Knouter mangles,
Every inch that yet can feel.

France and England, Austria even,
Looking on in ruth and shame,
Call on Russia, ere she's driven,
To give up the bloody game.

Gortschakoff, with cool assurance,
Answers, "Poland writhes and groans,
Not for sufferings past endurance ;
Not for wrongs to waken stones ;

"Not for slaughter of her martyrs ;
Not for seizure of her sons ;
Not for pikes of Russia's Tartars,
Not for grape of Russia's guns :

"But because, in mad impatience,
She *will* twitch and turn and twist,
Causing irritant sensations
At the ankle and the wrist.

"Let her take her knouting coolly,
And not strain the cords that bind,
She will find the Czar most duly
Liberal, indulgent, kind !

"Till she bears the ropes that cord her
Without struggle, stress, and strain,
Agitation and Disorder,
As we see, in Warsaw reign."

—Punch.

HERE comes Mr. Winter, surveyor of taxes,
I advise you to give him whatever he axes ;
And that, too, without any nonsense or flummery,
For though his name's Winter his actions are
summary."

WEATHER PROPHECY.—I subjoin a complete copy of the lines which are, I believe, preserved among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum :—

"If Christmas Day on Thursday be,
A windy winter you shall see ;
Windy weather in each week,
And hard tempests, strong and thick :
The summer shall be good and dry,
Corn and beasts shall multiply ;
That year is good for lands to till.
Kings and Princes shall die by skill ;
If a child that day born should be
It shall happen right well for thee,—
Of deeds he shall be good and stable,
Wise of speech and reasonable.
Whoso that day goes thieving about,
He shall be punished with doubt :
And if sickness that day betide,
It shall quickly from thee glide."

W. I. S. HORTON.

—Notes and Queries.

In Craven Street, Strand, ten attorneys find
place,
And ten dark coal barges are moored at its base ;
Fly, honesty, fly, to some safer retreat,
There's craft in the river, and craft in the street.

Why should honesty seek any safer retreat,
From the lawyers or barges, odd rot 'em ?
For the lawyers are just at the top of the street,
And the barges are just at the bottom.

It seems as if Nature had curiously planned
That men's names with their trades should
agree ;
There's Twining, the Teaman, who lives in the
Strand,
Would be whining, if robbed of his T.

From The Saturday Review.

THE RETURN OF THE DARK AGES.

THERE can hardly be a more interesting and important inquiry for Englishmen of the present day than to ask whether it is possible that, in spite of all our progress and civilization, we should have, at some period or other, a return of the dark ages. Of course the world cannot go back exactly to what it has been. Similar as are all the generations of mankind, yet no two are alike, and even periods having a sufficient general resemblance to offer instructive parallels are really full of endless differences. We are not likely to return to feudalism, and to bloody baronial wars, and to pilgrimages to the shrines of saints. But it is not at all clear that the time may not come when the advance of thought will cease, and when learning will die out except in a few exceptional and powerless minds. It would be very rash to say that this will be so, for the most we can come to is a suspicion that it may be so; and we may be very sure that there would be new light after the darkness, and that a natural and necessary reaction would again give an impulse to thought. But it would be very rash to say that there may not be, in the lifetime of persons now born, a time of temporary eclipse—a time when the seeds perhaps of great changes may be laid, and the preparation begun for a vigorous burst of original thought, but when on the surface there will be a reign of intellectual fixity and stagnation. In the dark ages, as they are called, there were hundreds of great men, and of men of enlightened views, who served their generation in their day. There was no universal paralysis of thought. There were many great principles at work, and some of the chief flowers of human excellence were then blossoming freely. But the ages were dark because the thought and feeling of men worked in the same groove, and everything outside was ignored. Whatever could come within the compass of Latin Christianity and Roman law and scholasticism and the traditions of the conquering barbarian tribes, seemed intelligible, natural, and credible. Everything beyond was a howling wilderness tenanted by the wild beasts of heresy and witchcraft. The range of thought was wide enough to embrace many of the greatest conquests of the human mind. The intellectual food of the dark ages was not of a meagre

and vulgar kind. Catholicism and the Aristotelian philosophy and Roman jurisprudence are among the greatest things the world has ever seen. But we nevertheless pronounce the middle ages dark, because the men that lived in them had, on the whole, a singular rigidity and limitation of thought. Their minds were nourished on good food, but still did not grow. It is by no means clear that Western Europe may not have to go through another period when again there will be no intellectual growth, and when such literary activity as there may be will take the form of going in different shapes over the same familiar ground. It is possible that the progress of thought may be like the progress of the sea on a coast affected by mutations. Sometimes the sea comes on with a rush, and a century will see a totally new indentation of the coast. Then, for a time, the sea only just holds its own, and its daily ebb and flow merely carries it up to the same point.

Perhaps the three strongest grounds on which most persons would be inclined to base their belief that the sea of intellectual progress must always advance, would be the great literary activity at present displayed in Western Europe, the strides we are making in material wealth, and the unresting daily gain of physical science. It is worth while, therefore, to consider how far we can rely on these grounds. It is true that there is considerable literary activity in Western Europe. But it must be remembered that literatures quite as great and vigorous as any we now see in activity have come to a stop. The ancient world was swept away by the modern, and we ought therefore, perhaps, to draw no conclusions from the decay of Greece and Rome. We need not be afraid of any new irruption of barbarians. And as we have accustomed ourselves to dispose of the curious finality of Arabic and Hindoo and Chinese thought by the formula that Orientals are born with limited intellects, we cannot safely go beyond Europe. But European nations in modern days have had their short-lived intellectual flowering time. The literature of Italy was one of the highest order, and the literature of Spain was scarcely inferior. Yet both came soon to an end. And, apparently, Germany has met with the same fate. Half a century ago, Germany was the most powerful agent in determining the thought of Europe. German philosophy and German poetry

added a totally new element to our intellectual wealth. Now Germany is lost in analysis. The Germans inquire, and record the results of inquiry, but they do not create. In France, there are evident symptoms of intellectual decay. If the empire were to flourish for fifty years longer, the literature of France might die out as entirely as the literature of Rome did under the successors of the Cæsars. The French cannot even have the satisfaction of thinking that the reign of their Augustus is adorned by a Virgil and a Horace. Nor, if England stood alone, can we be at all sure that her intellectual activity would long remain unimpaired. If we had no contemporary living thought to excite and correct our own, we should at least lose what, for the last two centuries, has been our greatest intellectual help.

Putting aside for the moment physical science and material greatness, what is there in English thought to make us very confident that it could stand this trial? There are the great recollections, the noble history of the country, and that political continuity of our institutions which makes us feel as if we were in a manner still living in the England of Shakspeare and Milton and Bacon. But the intellectual triumphs of England have been, at least in recent years, associated in a very intimate degree with the independence of the upper classes, who have been in the habit of thinking as they pleased, and speaking their thoughts out. Now, it is conceivable that this independence should diminish and that it may even now be on the wane. We have popularized thought, and have given social and political influence to a large number of half-educated persons. We may be swallowed up by our own creation. The Church, for example, may pass for a season under the tyranny of Sunday-school teachers. It may come to pass that a theology will be taught, the essence of which shall be not that it is true, but that it is what can be taught in schools and preached in pulpits without offence and without trouble. No one can deny that some advance to this has already been made, and that theological questions are treated by a large number—we might almost say by a large majority—of laymen and clergymen, not with reference to truth, but with reference to the safety and welfare of institutions. If the institutions themselves deteriorate, then that which is

supposed to uphold them will be continually of a lower and lower character. In spite of its great position, and of the efforts of the more liberal and high-minded clergy, and of the attachment of educated laymen to it, the Church has begun to deteriorate perceptibly in many respects. The bishops of the present day are a poorer, weaker, more timid set of men than they used to be. They bow down before the brass idol of middle-class society, instead of bowing down before the golden idol of good society. They go in a herd, without individual independence or thought. They want to stand well with the great banking interest, and the great grocer interest, and a hundred other great interests of the kind. A large proportion of the rising clergy are literates—that is, men turned out after the narrow pattern of theological seminaries. The clergy are still learned and honorable and upright, for great institutions do not change all at once, but they are not so much so as they were. They are quite as zealous as ever, and perhaps they are more zealous than they used to be at the beginning of the century. But unlearned zeal is exactly what flourished in the middle ages. It is possible that the Church may pass through a time when it will be worked by a clergy of the type of zealous Sunday-school teachers, headed by a set of bishops laboring for the welfare of the institution and for nothing else, and ruling their subordinates with a rod of iron. So far as intellectual progress is concerned, what is this but the Church of the middle ages stripped of its poetry?

If we can conceive English thinkers deprived of the two great aids of Continental thought and a sincere and learned theology, we shall at least see that they are exposed to great dangers, and that it is not quite impossible that English thought may for a time cease, as Italian and German thought has ceased, and as French is ceasing, to display itself with its old energy. This danger would also be enormously increased if the political independence of the upper classes were cut away by sweeping changes, and if six-pound householders reigned supreme. It is true that the English mind would still find an outlet for itself in commerce and locomotion, and the inventiveness which leads to wealth. But thought is only in a very slight degree connected with this. Commercial enterprise secures a nation from complete torpor; but it by no means impels the

intellect into the higher regions of thought. It might even for a time give a fatal consolation to the better order of minds for the suppression of originality and intellectual independence, and for the loss of political influence. The last hope is in physical science, and we must acknowledge that the indirect effects of the pursuit of physical science are invaluable. Physical science confers two benefits on mankind, the value of which cannot be over-estimated. It offers a range of boundless inquiry. There is no end to the investigations that may be made, no limit to the hypotheses which must be framed. It therefore tends in an eminent degree to prevent anything like fixity of thought. In the second place, physical science forces men to come to direct issues, and to place before themselves the distinct question whether a thing is true or not. Physical science checks the tendency of men living in old, long-established, comfortable societies to palm off vague phrases for reasons, and to substitute

roundabout guesses for explanations. But, on the other hand, there are two obvious limitations of the beneficial effects of physical science. As it is really very remote from human life, it is very easy to get rid of it in some way or other, and to quietly ignore it. Some formula is soon invented by which, as it is said, physical science is reconciled with the fancies or belief of the formulist, and then seems to have been disposed of forever. And then, again, this remoteness of physical science from human life disconnects it from all literary activity and from any very salutary control over the national character. The Germans have lately done great things in physical science, but their success has been achieved since German thought ceased to influence Europe largely. Therefore we must not rely on physical science too blindly. It may do something to prevent the return of the dark ages, or to mitigate the darkness if they do return, but it may not wholly preserve us from a season of fixed thought and of intellectual depression.

THE UNITED STATES.—In the year 1852 I wrote an account of a tour in the Northern part of the American Union, which was published in the *Dublin University Magazine*, in six numbers. A great portion of it was devoted to an inquiry into the causes of the peculiar phases which society and government present in the United States. The expression of a strong opinion as to the inevitable and speedy approach of disruption and dismemberment excited some opposition at the time. I found few persons who considered my theories to be sound; many ridiculed them as romantic; and nearly every one believed my prognostications to be false.

Perhaps some of your correspondents can inform me where similar anticipations to those which here follow are to be found. Probably others may have formed opinions as strong at a still earlier period.

Extract from "A Flying Shot at the United States, 6th Round," *Dublin University Magazine*, April, 1853, p. 517:—

"What may be the end of the negro controversy it is difficult to say, but the fate of the Union probably hangs upon it. When the American insurgents, with the view of increasing popular excitement, fished up 'Forefather's Rock,' it is said that the trophy broke into halves. What was then hailed as an omen of success was perhaps typical of the future division of the Republic. It is folly to suppose that any strong bond of union, or any germ of real stability can exist in a country which so unequivocally recognizes the right of revolution. The different States will only hold together so long as their several interests are furthered by the compact, and the first great rup-

ture will be the signal for others. From the rivalry among the great cities, it may be seen that equality will not long be recognized among them; and when we notice the frequent use of the terms 'Empire City,' 'The First City in the Union,' we are naturally led to believe that new divisions may, ere long, be made, and that New York, Boston, New Orleans, Cincinnati, etc., are likely each to become the centre of systems which have not yet started into existence. . . . What may be the ultimate fate of the Union is an enigma to be solved. *It has not yet reached the limit of human existence, nor numbered 'years threescore and ten.'** The question whether it may last five, fifty, or five hundred years, affords matter for speculation; without doubt it stands upon a shaky foundation.

"About the time of the first resistance to English authority on the part of America, a great eruption of Mount Vesuvius took place; and in the middle of the nineteenth century, when the pope offers a present of a block of Italian marble to make a statue of Washington, it appears that a piece of lava from the burning mountain has been selected as an appropriate pedestal."

When I wrote the above I certainly entertained a somewhat superstitious belief that the limit of human existence would not be exceeded in the life of the Union. The election of Mr. Lincoln, if it should turn out to be the beginning of the end, would just about finish the seventy years.

THE AUTHOR OF "HEARTHS AND
—Notes and Queries. WATCHFIRES."

*It may here be remarked, that the American democracy properly dates its commencement from the year 1789.

From The Saturday Review.

SHARPE'S EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.*

MR. SHARPE has the great merit of having, as far as we can know, written the only History of Egypt which can be understood by those who do not glorify themselves with that hard name "Egyptologist." We do not know how far Sir George Lewis would have accepted even Mr. Sharpe's history as authentic; still, as contrasted with Baron Bunsen, Mr. Sharpe gives us something which, whether it really happened or not, at any rate might have happened. We at least know what he means, which is more than we can say after toiling diligently through the large octavos of Baron Bunsen. And Mr. Sharpe has also the still greater merit—one almost unparalleled in a professed Egyptian student—of seeing that the later and more certain Egyptian history is at least as important as that which is earlier, and, we must venture to say, more doubtful. He fully grasps the fact that the time when Egypt had a real influence upon the world in general was not in the days of its old barbaric grandeur, but in the days of its apparent bondage under the Ptolemies and the Cæsars. Probably Mr. Sharpe would not venture to assert this in quite so strong a form as we have put it; but a large part of his history shows that he practically recognizes it all the same. Egypt, in these later times, served the world, or, at any rate, influenced the world in two distinct ways. It afforded a field for the development of some particular phases of the Greek mind for whose development room could hardly have been found in Greece itself. The old republics of Greece were pre-eminently the cradles of Greek genius—of genius alike in politics, in poetry, in oratory, in contemporary history, in architecture, and the other fine arts. But, just because they were so pre-eminently the cradles of pure genius, they were not so well adapted to receive a less glorious, but far from contemptible, after-growth of the Greek mind, for which a more natural abode was provided at the court of a great Greek monarchy out of Greece. The learning and science of Greece, as distinguished from its original genius, had their natural home at Alexandria just as much as its original ge-

nus had its natural home at Athens. The Ptolemies had advantages over every other dynasty of the ancient world. They had not the guilt of destroying freedom, like the Tyrants in Greece itself. They did not rule over a brave, turbulent, half-civilized people like the Macedonians, at once tempted to constant aggressions against the neighboring republics to the south, and driven to resist constant aggressions on the part of the neighboring barbarians to the north. The Egyptians, so long as their religion and its usages were respected, made the most docile of subjects. Indeed, after the bigoted domination of Persia, the tolerant rule of the Greek kings may have called forth something almost like active loyalty. Thus Alexandria became a great Greek colony, the grand centre of a particular form of Greek intellectual life. Nor must it be thought that this makes the later history of Egypt merely a history of Greeks in Egypt, and not a history of Egypt itself. The old Egyptian national life lived on by the side of the Greek life of Alexandria, and at last re-asserted its equality with it. Under the Roman government, Egypt sank again from a kingdom to a province, and the rule of the Cæsars was far less liberal than that of the Macedonian kings. Then came Christianity, with its teaching addressed alike to Egyptian, Greek, and Roman, and which was zealously adopted by the native population, though in a form differing from European orthodoxy, Eastern or Western. Then, too, the foundation of Constantinople transferred much of the intellectual life of Alexandria to the New Rome, and the native Egyptian mind was thus enabled in some sort to conquer the Macedonian colony which had been so long planted on its shore. Hence arose that religious and political antagonism between Egypt and Constantinople which forms the key to so much of the history of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, and which proved the cause of the speedy conquest of the country by the Saracen invader. Here we can distinctly see the old Egyptian nationality directly influencing some of the most important events in history, and playing a really greater part in human affairs than it ever could have done in the days of its barbaric isolation. Mr. Sharpe stands, as far as we know, alone, in having written, with great common sense and with respecta-

* *Egyptian Antiquities in the British Museum.* Described by Samuel Sharpe, Author of the "History of Egypt." London: John Russell Smith.

ble accuracy, this long consecutive history of Ptolemies, Cæsars, and Patriarchs, as well as of native Pharaohs. We do not presume to weigh him in any purely "Egyptological" balance, but he is certainly the only writer we know who has set forth with any sort of clearness, what, after all, is "Egypt's place in" any really "Universal History."

We cannot help being amused—indeed, we are not quite sure that Mr. Sharpe does not himself intend a little quiet sarcasm—at the following exposition of the utter uncertainty of the professed Egyptian chronology:

"The dates are here given to the kings according to the author's *History of Egypt*; but it is almost unnecessary to remark that not a little doubt hangs over those given to some of the oldest of the Egyptian monuments. Those monuments which have kings' names upon them, and are more modern than the reign of Shishank, who fought against the Jewish King Rehoboam about the year B.C. 975, are seldom so far doubtful as twenty or thirty years. As to the earlier Theban monuments of Amosis, Amunothph, Thothmosis, and Rameses, some of our antiquaries would place them about 200 years earlier than the dates in this catalogue; and there are a few monuments which they consider even 1,000 or 1,500 years older than our dates. Such are some of those found near the pyramids of Memphis, and such also are the Theban inscriptions which were made before the time of Amosis, who drove out the Hyksos, or shepherd kings, about the year B.C. 1540, according to this chronology. In the case of those monuments which have no kings' names upon them, their age has been judged from their resemblance, in respect to their mythology and style of art, to those which have names.

"If the reader should wish to know the dates given to the Egyptian kings by the best-known German scholars, he may learn them by adding to our chronology three intervals of time, for which we have no buildings in Egypt; one of 200 years, one of 500, and one of 800. To our dates immediately before the year B.C. 1000, or between the kings of Lower Egypt and the great kings of Thebes he may add 200 years. This is to be done upon the supposition that Rameses II. and not Thothmosis III. is the Menophra of the Sothic period, or of B.C. 1322. To our dates before the year B.C. 1450 he may add 500 more, or 700 in all. This is for the time when the shepherds tyrannized over Egypt, and is to be placed between the great kings of Thebes and the earlier kings, as if no native kings were then reigning; but this interval is not allowed by either Eratosthenes

or the Tablet of Abydos, as shown in pp. 76 and 78. To our date of the Great Pyramids and their builders he may add 800 more, or 1,500 years in all; but this interval is not allowed by Eratosthenes, as shown in p. 78. In this way, however, may be learned the dates sometimes given to the Egyptian kings according to what may be called the long chronology."

Mr. Sharpe's immediate object in the present volume is to illustrate the Egyptian remains in the British Museum. He gives a numbered list, with many illustrations, and a description of each object, containing many remarks distinguished by his usual good sense. It is only fair to quote his general estimate of Egyptian art as compared with that of Greece. No doubt he gives the old barbaric sculptors credit for more than many will be inclined to allow; still there is, in Mr. Sharpe's criticisms, an utter absence of that extravagant admiration which generally distinguishes "Egyptologists." Mr. Sharpe first of all explains some disadvantages under which the Egyptian artists labored, and shows the effect this produced on their works:—

"The Egyptian bas-reliefs show us a side-face and legs walking sideways with a front chest and a full eye. They are rather less stiff than the statues; they have rather more of the freedom of drawings, but not so much as we might have looked for. This perhaps may be explained from the artists' very little practice in either drawing or painting. They had very little wood, which was what the Greeks painted upon; they had not invented oil-colors, and so could not paint on canvas; and they had no large sheets of paper. They were limited to narrow strips of papyrus, to the walls of their public buildings, and their wooden mummy-cases. Hence the art of copying the human form was chiefly studied in making statues; and whatever stiffness arose therein from the nature of the sculptor's materials and tools was carried into his drawings, and he lost that freedom which a more frequent use of the brush and pencil would have given him."

Presently, on coming to the colossal statue of King Amunothph III., whose date, in his system, is about B.C. 1250, he gives us a fuller exposition of the whole matter:—

"We have no better specimen in this country of Egyptian sculpture. The whole figure is quiet and grand and in good proportions, except that the thighs are too short. . . . The nose and beard are broken. The rest of

the figure is perfect, and shows very high excellence in art. The chief fault is that seen in almost all the sitting statues of Egypt, the thighs are not long enough. The horizontal line from the point of the knee to the back, is about one-sixth part too short. The stomach also is too flat. The whole is, as it ought to be, better than the parts. There is no false ornament, or affected knowledge of anatomy; no attempts at anything but what the artist was well able to perform. The attitude is simple, and almost in straight lines, the body without motion, the face without expression. But, nevertheless, there is great breadth in the parts, justness in most of the proportions, and true grandeur in the simplicity. At a little distance the faults are unseen, and there is nothing mean or trifling to call off the eye from admiring the whole.

"These Egyptian statues show the superiority of rest over action in representing the sublime in art. The Greek statues have much that is wanting in these. The Greeks have muscular action, with far greater beauty and grace. The Greek statues show pain, fear, love, and a variety of passions, but few of them are equal to those of Egypt in impressing on the mind of the beholder the feelings of awe and reverence. The two people were unlike in character; and the artists, copying from their own minds, gave the character of the nation to their statues. Plato saw nothing but ugliness in an Egyptian statue. The serious, gloomy Egyptians had aimed at an expression not valued by the more gay and lively Greeks; and the artist who wishes to give religious dignity to his figures should study the quiet sitting colossus of Amunothph III. In Michael Angelo's statue of the Duke Lorenzo in Florence we see how that great master in the same way made use of strength at rest when he wished to represent power and grandeur.

"The origin of the Egyptian style of art must be for the most part sought in the character of the nation, but in part also in the nature of the materials used. These statues were made by measurement, and without the help of models in clay. Indeed such a model could not be made of the Nile's mud; and though there are spots in Egypt where clay was dug for the small porcelain images, and for jars, yet it was not at hand for the sculptor for models. This in part explains both the merits and the faults of these statues. By trusting to his measures the artist made them for the most part correct in their larger parts, but from want of a model in soft materials, he had never learned freedom and accuracy of detail; nor had he ever had much practice as a draftsman. In p. 22 we have seen how the want of wood and paper to paint upon, and the want of oil-colors to en-

able him to paint on canvas, deprived him of skill in that branch of his art. Hence, without any practice in modelling, and with very little in drawing, he at once took in hand the chisel, and produced these grand statues by measurement and his eye, out of a block of the hardest stone. The nation's respect for a dead body forbade all study of anatomy by the knife. In making a mummy the body was never cut more than was necessary to take out the softer parts. That the statues were so good is truly wonderful. When we compare them with the Greek statues, let us remember that the Greek artist had gained his knowledge of the muscles and veins by dissection; he had learned freedom of hand by drawing on wooden panels: he modelled his figures in soft clay before he began to cut the stone; and then it was not, as in Egypt, a hard, dark-colored sienite, or granite, nor a coarse gritstone, nor a limestone full of shells, but a soft and white marble, of even substance, which taught him to aim at beauties and delicacies that would have been very much wasted on the dark-colored stones of Egypt."

This is perfectly fair and moderate criticism from one who is naturally inclined to look at things from the Egyptian side, and to make out as good a case as possible for the art of his favorite country. No doubt the sculpture of Egypt has, in a great degree, the effect of "awe and reverence;" still, there is, after all, something grotesque and barbaric about even the best specimens. It is not really human. Possibly it was not meant to be human; but human it certainly is not. But surely much Greek sculpture expresses "awe and reverence" in as high degree as anything Egyptian, and that, without any grotesque element at all, through the medium of the very highest form of art. A Greek artist designing a head of Zeus—the Zeus of Pindar or of the Suppliants of Æschylus—surely realized in a higher degree all that the Egyptian strove to realize in a statue of King Amunothph, with the addition of a great deal more of which the Egyptian had no notion at all. And again, did the Greeks learn anything by dissection any more than the Egyptians? Surely the great advantage which the Greeks had alike over Egyptian and modern sculptors was the constant opportunity of seeing everywhere, in the public games, the naked human figure in every variety of action. A journey to Sparta would give an opportunity of studying even the female figure, if not actually unclothed, at any rate

with much less restraint than in other times and places. Here was the great advantage of the Greek over both the Egyptian and the mediæval sculptor. The Greek had his eyes constantly accustomed to the sight of the naked figure; the modern sculptor supplies this want by his scientific anatomy; but the mediæval sculptor had no opportunity of either mode of improvement, and therefore he continually made his mere figure all wrong. Yet the part which he could study—the face—he often made, as the Egyptian never made it, of the most natural and expressive beauty. And in sculptures which, like those of the middle ages, were mainly either monumental or religious, much of the highest Greek art would have been out of place, while the virtues which Mr. Sharpe attributes to Egyptian art are exactly what is aimed at. We have no wish to be disrespectful to King Amunothph, but surely the figure of Queen Eleanor is nobler still.

In a later part of his book, Mr. Sharpe comments on a fact which very well illustrates the relation between the two styles of art. The Greek sculptors, working in Egypt, especially in commemorating Egyptian priests, produced a peculiar style, not in direct imitation of anything Egyptian, but on which it is clear that the Egyptian monument had a direct effect. They evidently felt whatever was really grand in the Egyptian style, and realized its appropriateness to its object and to the country. To produce some degree of this effect without deserting the higher attributes of their own art, they fell back on the earliest and stiffest specimens of Grecian sculpture, and thus produced a style known as the “pseudo-antique.” Mr. Sharpe engraves a fine figure of Hermes in the Museum in this style (117), and speaks of others in other collections—“statues of Egyptian priests made by Greek artists with yet more manifest aim at copying the stiff style of the ancients.” On the whole, we must confess to a special interest in these later remains, whether raised by Greeks in honor of Egyptians or by Egyptians in honor of Greeks and Romans. Thus, there is an inscription speaking of “the King, Lord of the World, Tiberius, Son of the Sun, Lord of Battles, Giver of Life.” We at once connect this with the way in which the Europeans are freely called βασιλεὺς in the New Testament, to say nothing of later writ-

ings, while the most cringing slave in Rome itself would still have shuddered at the title of *Rex*. The provinces, used for the most part, to kingly government, accepted the practical royalty of the Emperors as a fact, while at Rome it was still cloaked by all manner of ingenious devices. We see here, also, a specimen of the way in which the provinces at once recognized the divinity as well as the royalty of Cæsar. The “Son of the Sun” and “Giver of life,” is not the deified Julius of Augustus, nor yet is it some frantic assumer of divinity, like Caius. It is the living Tiberius, first Senator of the Roman Republic, who at home shrank from the title of *Dominus* in the mouth of any one but a slave.

We have marked a few other curious things in the course of Mr. Sharpe's book. As a sensible man, writing to illustrate a particular collection, he constantly stops to point out things which a professed “Egyptologist” would probably take for granted, but which are just what the mass of intelligent visitors to the Museum will thank him for pointing out to them. Thus, “Queen Nitocris, probably the wife of Thothmosis II., styled Daughter of the Sun,” and who always has feminine adjectives applied to her name, is “on an obelisk at Karnak, as everywhere else, represented as a man in figure and in dress.” This Mr. Sharpe explains “by supposing that the sculptor meant to show that she was a Sovereign in her own right, and not simply a Queen Consort.” This is the exact converse of the famous Hungarian formula of “King Maria Theresa.”

The faces of the Egyptian statues, according to Mr. Sharpe, are not strictly intended for portraits in our sense; but those of the Kings “show the features of the royal and ruling class, which was certainly very different from those of the laboring classes.” Mr. Sharpe gives also (in p. 30) some remarkable cases of what may be called palimpsest sculpture, where figures have been defaced and retouched in a way which, in his opinion, is to be attributed to some change in religious belief. In short, he has produced exactly the sort of book for his purpose, explaining all that would need explanation to an intelligent but non-technical visitor. He has very happily hit the mean between puerility on the one hand and an uncalled-for display of learning on the other.

From The Spectator, 16 May.

THE SULTAN AND THE SUEZ CANAL.

PARIS is in a ferment, for another imperial scheme has failed. The Suez Canal, which was to have turned the current of Asiatic trade and poured the wealth of the richer half of the world into the lap of Marseilles, has been blocked up by the Sultan, and France, woke up from a brilliant dream of ships, and commerce, and empire, rages against the "perfidious" power which so jealously guards all three. She is the more furious because the gallant adventurer who has received this terrible blow offered her a double prize. If France, through the malice of nature, could not have the trade which made Venice, and to French eyes seems to make England rich, at least she could have Egypt instead. It is now six years since M. Ferdinand Lesseps fancied that the prize for which he had toiled with such admirable perseverance was at last within his grasp. Backed by the whole influence of the Tuileries and the sympathies of all Southern France, he had succeeded in forming a company which, as he fondly hoped, would emulate in Egypt the great English company in India. Every kind of obstacle, natural, commercial, or diplomatic had been thrust aside or evaded with more than Oriental astuteness. The canal was pronounced impossible by the greatest of English engineers, but his objections were easily referred to the jealousy England was expected to feel at her approaching doom. The Dutch Government proved to a demonstration that if the canal were completed the sailing voyage down the Red Sea would take longer than one round the Cape, and that steam-tugs would cost twice as much as the difference of time would save, but M. Lesseps found a sufficient reply in appeals to the glory of France. The shares were not eagerly sought, but the Pasha, under sufficient pressure from France, took up enough to enable the scheme to float. The Sultan's assent was unattainable, but the powers of a hereditary Pasha are considerable, and exceedingly ill defined, and permission was given on the spot to commence the work in "anticipation of sanction." Labor was hard to procure, but Said Pasha was despot, and the peasants were ordered to furnish twenty thousand unpaid laborers a month. The work when finished would, it was known, be useless, for no expenditure likely to be incurred by mankind would cut and keep open the canal into the shallows covered with water which extend for two miles beyond each mouth of the trench. Still M. Lesseps was confident. It was not possible for French East Indiamen to sail through Egypt, but it was possible, by a lavish expenditure of life, to dig a deep

trench through the Delta before the engineers came to the rock. It was possible to cut a fresh-water canal to convey Nile water to Suez; and it was possible to claim and obtain sovereign rights over the soil for a mile on each side of this latter, and of all future canals. His second scheme was therefore in a fair way of realization, for though a canal might never be made, still the control of a vast body of laborers, the introduction of hosts of engineers, contractors, superintendents, and gang masters, the association of the Pasha with the work, the unavailing struggles of English diplomatists, and above all, the right over the two-mile strips, would suffice to secure to France that paramount influence which is in the East so easily transmuted into substantial power. Once recognized throughout Egypt as the great employer of labor, the highest political influence, and the Pasha's irresistible creditor, the company might, on the first serious misfortune to Great Britain, acquire direct sway over at least a portion of Egypt. This was the end to which M. Lesseps directed all his efforts, and for a time it seemed that he might succeed. Egypt was flooded with Frenchmen. The populace, previously acquainted only with England, which travelled, and owned India and bombarded Jeddah, grew accustomed to look up to France as the first of European powers. The Pasha was ostentatious in his regard for the great company which pressed him so hard, and was to bring him so much wealth. A general belief was diffused that France was the heir of Egypt, when Said Pasha, who had been tormented for months by one of the most cruel of maladies, made a voyage to Europe, was received in France like a sovereign prince, was treated in England with cool neglect, and returning full of French prepossessions, suddenly died.

His death was a heavy shock to M. Lesseps, for Ismail Pasha was supposed to be "English," and England had pronounced against the canal. The belief that if India is to be retained without any English expenditure, Egypt must be English or neutral, is rooted into the British mind, and has far more foundation than most British ideas on the East. Liberty of transit through Egypt is not, indeed, quite so invaluable as it is the fashion to represent. Soldiers have always gone round the Cape, and will in all probability, always continue to go round, the progress of improvement in steamers being a great deal swifter than the development of African methods of transit. For letters and passengers the quickest route is through Turkey, not Egypt, from Seleucia to the Tigris, and so into waters where the English flag flies alone. But any great maritime power which held Egypt could land an acclimatized army

in India five weeks after the declaration of war, or in just one-third of the time required to despatch reinforcements. Egypt, moreover, being one of the countries within the Mohammedan ken, its ruler, if powerful, would be the subject of incessant solicitation from every Mohammedan malcontent, and every *émancipé* might, by a little gold, be fostered into an armed revolt. Above all, the ruler of Egypt can starve Mecca, and Mecca is as powerful throughout the Mohammedan world as Rome among Ultramontanes. A proclamation from the Shereef calling on the Musselmans of India to rise would cost us Madras in about six weeks and seriously hamper the viceroy in his efforts for its re-conquest. It is possible, of course, so to strengthen our rule in India as to render us independent of any menace or any invasion; but a state of armed preparation on such a scale would ruin Indian finances, and render improvement absolutely impossible. We may hold India under any circumstances short of a loss of maritime power; but to hold it easily and cheaply Egypt must remain neutral. Lord Palmerston, therefore, denounced M. Lesseps, and, unwilling to expose an intrigue which might involve a demand for embarrassing explanations, denounced the canal and so earned for himself the credit of "opposing civilization." The French papers resounded for weeks with denunciations of English selfishness, and there was a perceptible increase in subscriptions and in M. Lesseps' popularity.

The accession of a Pasha devoted to English interests was, therefore, a most unwelcome event, but M. Lesseps survived the danger. Ismail Pasha was cajoled, or coerced, or convinced into apparent quiescence, the canal works went on merrily, and the shareholders thought their great danger—a hostile Pasha, had been successfully overcome. They forgot as Europeans always forget, that they were dealing with Orientals. Ismail Pasha visited Constantinople, claimed his right of private audience, and when the Sultan returned his visit, the Egyptians knew that the game was played out. The Sultan, convinced that the completion of the canal without his consent seriously menaced his authority, resolved to forbid it publicly in an address to the European consuls assembled at Alexandria. Such an address would have ended the work at once, as the peasants would have refused their labor, and it was accordingly averted by the French representative. He refused to be present unless assured that the canal would not be mentioned, and the Sultan, afraid of an insult which in Egyptian eyes would have seemed a declaration of war, postponed his first resolve. It was, however

the first executed on his return, and with true Oriental *finesse*. The Sultan does not prohibit the canal. That would have been to "assail civilization" as frankly as Lord Palmerston, and the Sultan is not the first minister of the first maritime power. He, therefore, sanctions the canal, subject to one or two trifling and quite unobjectionable conditions. The rights to the territory on the side of the sub-canal must at once be given up, and with them the object for which the French Government has so strenuously befriended the project and patronized M. Lesseps. Next, forced labor must be abandoned as too injurious to the agriculture of the country from which, what with "reliefs" and travelling, it withdraws some sixty thousand able-bodied men. As no conceivable wages will tempt a fellah to abandon his home, and so risk his own harvest, his children's lives, and his wife's honor, all of which are in imminent danger the instant he is out of his village; and as there are no laborers but fellahs, and as canals cannot be cut without hands, the enterprise is at an end. Finally, the canal must be declared neutral in the event of war, a proposal which it will task the ingenuity of the ablest diplomatists merely to reduce to writing, and that neutrality must be guaranteed firstly by France which wants the canal and not the neutrality, and secondly by England which wants the neutrality but not the canal. The proposals are fatal, yet they contain nothing to which the Emperor of the French can object. Is the "protector of civilization" to insist on forced labor, or the defender of nationalities to deny the right of the Egyptians to their own property, or the ally of England to murmur because asked to agree with her in guaranteeing the humble ally of both? The emperor cannot for very shame take up such ground, and with Mexico resisting, and Poland in revolt, he cannot fall back on the easier argument, *fiat voluntas mea*.

Finally, and this is the turning point of Aali Pasha's despatch, the Porte protects all private rights. The shareholders have not a vestige of right, for the consent of the Sultan is stipulated in writing in every engagement signed by the Pasha, but it is not safe to irritate so deeply the capitalists of France. The fresh-water canal is really beneficial in the most direct proprietary sense; the credit of Egypt, in spite of Said Pasha's extravagance, is excellent; that of Turkey is not yet exhausted, and the Sultan and Pasha between them will repay the money expended, and "finish" or not finish, the canal between them. The shareholders have long been doubtful, the prospect of recovering their money will have an irresistible charm, and

we should not be surprised to see a formal vote passed in Marseilles next month accepting the Sultan's over liberal offer, and dissolving the company created to cut the Suez Canal. The *Constitutionnel* talks of possible explanations, and there will, of course, be agitation in the Divan and gossip without end in Galata; but the French public has already apprehended the situation, and sees clearly enough that the boldest and ablest intrigue yet set on foot to secure France a footing in Egypt has completely failed. The East is still to pour wealth into London; Marseilles still to hunger for the supremacy nature has refused; and we scarcely wonder that even *Le Temps* talks of the "influence" which has perverted the Sultan's mind.

From The Spectator, 16 May.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

THERE was one paragraph in Mr. Gladstone's speech on the budget which was read by most thinking Englishmen with mingled annoyance and surprise. It was that in which he described the position and prospects of Ireland. With his usual courage in facing facts, the Chancellor of the Exchequer admitted all that the Secretary for Ireland has denied—a decline continued for three years in population and wealth and profits, in all the more important products of the earth, and in the cattle by which it was assumed that cereals had been replaced. "Ireland," said Mr. Gladstone, "had suffered in three years a decrease of nearly one-third of the total value of the estimated agricultural products, on the principal items or constituents of agricultural wealth, and not very far short of the full amount of the established annual valuation (rental) of the country, which is £13,400,000." And, having made that statement—one which, had it been made of Great Britain, would have been received with a shudder of sick fear, Mr. Gladstone, without one word of sympathy or regret, passed on,—to condole with the English county which has suffered a calamity scarcely greater, though more concentrated in time, and, therefore, perhaps, more visible. This coldness was the more remarkable, because Mr. Gladstone is not one of those who detest the Irish Creed, or who are unable to understand how a race with qualities so widely different from our own may yet be our equals, supplying the very elements of force wanting in the more strenuous but less pliable character. The man who comprehends Cretans cannot be unable to understand Irishmen, nor can the statesman who pleaded for lazzaroni

be disgusted with the Irish peasant. The omission was a grave one, and may yet bear bitter fruit. By the admission of all observers, Protestant and Catholic, Scotch or Irish Ireland is suffering from one of the most terrible calamities which can afflict a state—a succession of wretched harvests. We have before us a report on the decline in Irish prosperity by Dr. Neilson Hancock, specially deputed for the work by the lord-lieutenant. His report is written avowedly with the single object of proving that there has been no progressive decline, but it confirms and amplifies the terrible picture sketched by Mr. Gladstone. Dr. Hancock does, indeed, prove that the libels of the *Nation* are false, that the rulers are not deliberately driving away the people, that they are not fostering cattle at the expense of human beings, that they are not to blame for a calamity which might have occurred in any land in which so large a proportion of the population is supported by agriculture. But the fact that Ireland suffers from the will of heaven, and not the malevolence of man, does not in the least diminish the extent of the calamity, or the demand for aid, or the obligation of extending that cordial sympathy which the enthusiastic Celtic nature always craves, and which the sterner "Saxon" refuses to him alone. We do not despise the blind because no man destroyed his eyes, and we bear with the sick man when he petulantly ascribes to human agency the disease which can be traced to no human cause. It is annoying enough, no doubt, to be told that England has produced poor harvests, and made the potatoes yield badly, and killed the cows, and sown grass on the wheat uplands, but in all other cases Englishmen consider that misfortune, though it does not justify, still at least excuses querulousness. It is high time to crush down this irritation, and unless we want to see Ireland depopulated, to study the facts which are already creating a second national exodus.

We shall quote Dr. Hancock, the authority most opposed to the Irish view of their grievances, and this is the result. Up to 1856 Ireland had advanced at a steady, though not very rapid rate of progress, had, in fact, about doubled its capital, while losing a third of its population. From that time, however, the progress has been stationary, and during 1860, 1861, 1862 there has been rapid decline, a series, that is, of agricultural losses, amounting to £26,000,000, or nearly two year's rental of the country. The whole of this frightful loss is due to the weather, the acreage of all crops having only declined about four per cent., while the produce has been reduced more than thirty.

		1859.	1860.	1861.	1862.
Wheat . . .	qrs.	1,468,000	1,271,000	851,000	683,048
Oats . . .	qrs.	8,170,856	8,841,000	8,045,000	7,283,000
Potatoes . . .	tons	4,329,523	2,741,380	1,858,433	2,148,204
Turnips . . .	tons	3,462,000	2,627,000	3,392,000	3,792,000
Flax . . .	tons	21,577	23,760	22,568	24,258

the wheat crop, that is, having declined to less than half its amount, the oat crop lost twelve per cent., potatoes more than fifty per cent., and turnips alone of the food crops showing a slight increase. The whole of this tremendous loss fell, moreover, on the tillers. Rents have hitherto been maintained at their level, though there is increasing difficulty in collecting them, and the rate of wages has increased ninety per cent., or from 8d. to 14d. a day. The loss was borne by the farmers, and was paid, in the first place, by the withdrawal of joint-stock deposits to the amount of £1,750,000, by a reduction of expected deposits by £2,250,000, by sales of Government Stock to the extent of £2,000,000 and finally by "*a sacrifice of live stock (the floating capital of Irish farmers) to the extent of £6,000,000.*" Be it remembered that the Irish farmer is, in nine cases out of ten, a working tradesman. The farms are small, and the immense class who, in England, keep up rents and keep down profits by taking farms as a pleasant out-of-door occupation, with little expectation and no realization of profit, scarcely exist in Ireland. These great losses, therefore, have been borne almost exclusively by a depressed but numerous class of working tradesmen, able, perhaps, to meet a bad harvest, but wholly unable to face three in succession. What wonder if the little farmers, utterly bowed down, aware that wages in Western America have risen to four dollars a day, emigrate at the rate of three hundred a day from one port alone (Dublin), that an eviction is regarded as the culminating oppression, that Government is accused of all the misery caused by the elements, that taxes seem extortions and tithes unendurable oppressions, that every agitator is heard with pleasure, and every secret society regarded with hope, that, in fine, at this moment overt disaffection is only checked by the ruinous safety-valve afforded by emigration? The English are very patient, and are aided by a reserve capital without a parallel for amount, but the Home Secretary who governs us after three bad harvests will not have a pleasant or an easy task. What matter of surprise, if a race of whom two-thirds live by the land, impulsive and illogical, taught for centuries to believe every Government malign, and with their minds still ulcerated by the traditions of a passed-away oppression, should vent their wrath in movements only not treasonable because the bone and sinew of the country is so rapidly drifting away?

"Let them go," is the unspoken thought of hundreds who read this statement with pity for the misery which they acknowledge without repairing it. "We can sympathize with suffering, but an emigration which renders it possible to resettle Ireland with a thrifty, industrious, and Protestant population, relieves us of half our difficulties. It is a benefit, not an evil." We have scarcely patience to answer an argument which strikes foreigners as cynically evil, though it is secretly the weight which crushes even benevolent Englishmen into quiescence. It is not possible, unless history is a fable, to be rid of the people of Ireland. Cromwell reduced them to a million, yet, in 1861, they were eight millions again. Resettlement sounds very well, but who, with land in America granted gratis under the Homestead Law in farms of one hundred and sixty acres to every naturalized applicant, is going to take worse land at £2 an acre, encumbered with landlords and clergy and poor-rates and the hate of the relics of a great population? If an Englishman moves, he may as well go to Ohio or Melbourne as Tipperary, and though Scotchmen take more kindly to Ireland, they are too thrifty to multiply fast. But even were it possible, the depopulation of Ireland would be the most dangerous of catastrophes. The empire would lose not only men as good as any remaining, not only the best recruiting ground for her army, but an element of marvellous value in the aggregate national character. There are Englishmen, we believe, who despise the Irish character, and hold that the empire would be the better without the country which saved England in giving us Wellington, and India in the two Lawrences. But cooler heads will doubt whether a dull uniformity of intellect is the best guarantee for a governing race, whether it is not well for a nation more than half Teuton to have the aid of a race more mobile, more sympathetic, with more of those qualities which, when they culminate, evolve genius. Cromwell *plus* Dan O'Connell strikes us as a being far more likely to influence the world than Cromwell alone. Fortitude and perseverance, and capacity for invention, are great qualities, and in all these the Englishman excels the Irishman; but the world would be a dull place without eloquence, and music, and humor, and versatility, and in all these the superiority of the Patlander is, at least, equally manifest. Besides, one has heard of such things as justice and mercy, Christianity

and civilization. Is it justice which refuses even to inquire whether Ireland is or is not suffering under a vast calamity, or mercy which points to a loss of one-third her whole produce as a mere statistical fact, or Christianity which bids us welcome our neighbors' banishment, or civilization which is established when, at the end of a century of effort, we hail a desert as a relief? Our duty is to reconcile Ireland, to make it a part of the empire as much as Scotland, and it is not to the credit of the Liberal party that they refuse to inquire into the facts because those facts are exaggerated, or to remove great grievances because presented in an excited irrational way.

From The Spectator, 16 May.

AMERICAN FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND.

New York, April 28, 1863.

THE decision of the court in the *Peterhoff* case, by which the letter-bag was delivered to the district attorney, who immediately handed it over to the British Consul, will have reached you by the intermediate mail of Saturday, should that arrive before the steamer of to-morrow. When this vessel was captured, as the officer ascended her deck on one side, a tin box was lowered from on board on the other, and sunk into the sea. It is presumptive evidence that this box contained official proof that her cargo was contraband, and intended for the aid and comfort of the enemy. The next best evidence of the character of the voyage is supposed to have been contained in the letter-bag—a ship's ordinary letter-bag, by the by, and not a royal mail—and if by it it could be shown that the voyage was innocent, she would have been at once surrendered to her owners with due damages for her detention; while, if it proved the contrary, that detention would have been justified. The decision of the judge was on the ground that it belonged to the United States District-Attorney to say what evidence he chose to have used in the prosecution of the case, and as the attorney asked that the bag might be delivered to him, he accordingly so ruled. The attorney not choosing to use its contents as evidence, returned it unopened to the British Consul. The next step, probably, will be to release the *Peterhoff*. An apprehension that her confiscation would be inevitable if her letters were examined, would seem to be the only possible motive that could prompt their surrender, as the only harm that could come of their examination would be the evidence they might supply of the contraband character of the voyage.

It is understood that both the judge and

the district attorney acted under instructions from Washington. The inevitable conclusion is, that it is the desire of the executive not to further the ends of justice, but that this ship, whatever may have been her destination, whatever the purposes of her owners, should not be confiscated as a lawful prize. Whether there can be any rightful interference on the part of the executive of the State with the judiciary, whether such a precedent can be established without danger to the purity of the Government, are questions which in nowise concern you, however important they may be to us. I do not, therefore, propose to discuss them. But whether such a proceeding is a wise one, so far as it may influence the international relations of the two Governments, is a question which concerns you quite as much as ourselves.

There are two ways of looking at it. It would be a very easy thing to present the case to you as an evidence of the magnanimity of our Government, and as the strongest possible proof of its desire to avoid any offence,—that it is quite willing to set aside all questions of national dignity and national right, and is ready, in its earnest desire to placate your Government, even to interfere with the administration of justice within its own jurisdiction, at any cost of public honor and private right. Looking not beyond this first and obvious view of the case, we might gain something of your good-will, though we forfeited something of your national respect.

But the affair has another aspect, and I present it because I presume you would prefer that I should tell you a disagreeable truth rather than an agreeable lie. It is not so much what the Government *does* as what the people *think*, that most concerns you. Her majesty's ministers may very cordially accept, unthinking people among you may hastily rejoice, and the owners of the *Peterhoff* be very naturally gratified, and all their class with them, that the ship is to be surrendered. And they may all argue—if this is done at the sacrifice of the national honor of the United States, and by a dangerous assumption of power on the part of its executive—that is their affair and not ours. Such reasoning is superficial, for it leaves out of the question the most important element of the case. The Government has given its decision; but what is the judgment of the people? The final Court of Appeal, as to what the relations of Great Britain and the United States shall be, is not the Cabinet of Ministers, not the Department of State, but popular opinion. The law of the court is popularly held, in this case, to be unsound; the interference of the executive branch of the Government with the judiciary is looked

upon as a dangerous assumption of power; and the decision of the judge, and the action of the district attorney, at the instance of the Government, is universally regarded as a deep national humiliation. And inasmuch as Earl Russell, in his letter to the owners of the *Peterhoff*, had justified, in a certain contingency—which the case, as her letters would doubtless have shown, covered—the arrest of that vessel, the popular feeling is that we have humiliated ourselves, as a nation, when there was no necessity for it, and when we had nothing to gain by it. Not only a political crime has been committed, but that worse thing in a statesman, a political blunder.

What is the result? Simply a new complication. Accepting this act as disgraceful to us, we only look as its natural sequences for the loss of your respect. Our Government may deserve this; the people do not. If, presuming thereon, her majesty's Government shall conclude that we have not the manliness to maintain our rights, and that our patience and forbearance are unlimited, under whatever provocation, they will commit a fatal error. The very fact that we have been subjected to unnecessary humiliation by the act of our own executive only serves to nerve the spirit of resistance in the people, and renders them the more ready to hasten and abide by the issue. This popular feeling is the natural and inevitable reaction against the attitude in which the Government has placed the country.

At the moment when the public mind is thus agitated comes the news of the seizure of the *Alexandria* at Liverpool. It would

have been hailed as a good omen of the determination of England to act fairly and justly by us as a neutral power, had we not, at the same time, received the intelligence of the escape of the *Japan*. Men do not fail to note the fact that the first is a small and comparatively harmless vessel, while the other is a second *Alabama*. Could not the *Japan* also have been stopped had there been any sincere wish to do so? The assertion that the authorities were not informed in season of her character is simply not believed here. The popular belief jumps with the fact. Information *was* given in ample time to arrest the departure of the ship. I speak what I know; and in due time, doubtless, the evidence will be forthcoming. Does England mean thus systematically "to keep the promise to the ear and break it to the hope?" Nor do we fail to observe that while the tardy and useless efforts to prevent the *Alabama* from putting to sea are an acknowledgment that her departure should never have been permitted; and are at the same time an assurance, as far as words can go, that should she put into any port, in the islands of Great Britain or Ireland, she would not be allowed again to leave it; nevertheless, she goes with impunity into British Colonial ports there to refit, re-coal, and re-provision, in order that she may again sweep the seas of American commerce. Are your laws powerless in your Colonies, and do your national duties depend upon degrees of latitude and longitude? I beg you not to believe that our eyes are closed or our judgment darkened to those things.

AN AMERICAN.

A RESOLUTION was offered to the Convocation of the University of London on 12 May requesting the Senate to inquire what steps they could take to elevate the standard of female education in this country by drawing up a *curriculum* for the examination and certification of their attainments. It was rejected by a very large majority, composed, however, of very different elements. Not a few of the speakers all but distinctly contended that women should be refined intellectual toys, with which fathers, husbands, and brothers may amuse their hardly earned leisure, and were taxed, not unjustly, with holding much more Mahometan than Christian views, and, in effect, denying women an independent soul. Others, disclaiming this view, pointed out, justly enough we think, that to admit women to men's academic degrees would be holding up a false and futile standard of female education, of which at best only a few in a century would avail themselves, while to form a new *curriculum* for women

would be a work of time and difficulty, for which the Senate of the University of London have no qualifications. Finally, many were contented with the legal opinion which has been delivered, that the University has no power under its present charter to confer such diplomas, or hold such examinations at all. For ourselves, we feel no doubt that a Woman's University is much wanted, and might exercise a very large and beneficial influence on the general course of female education, but that its work would certainly be very inefficiently done by the lawyers and medical men who constitute the majority of the London University Senate.—*Spectator*.

If you except Il Penseroso,
The rest of Milton is but so-so.

WHEN Dido mourned, Æneas would not come,
She wept in silence and was Di-do-dumb.

From The Spectator.

WANDERINGS OF A BEAUTY.

At Wiesbaden and the other resorts of "Roulettania," the observant traveller will see displayed in the shelves of the book-stalls which surround the Kursaal, pamphlets explaining the mysteries of hazard and developing the secret working of the laws of chance. These pamphlets are wrapped up in sealed covers, with an ominous notification printed on the wrapper to the effect that, after the seal is broken, no money will be returned. If the traveller be ignorant of the ways of this wicked world, and eager to penetrate into the secret which opens the door to wealth, he will expend his thalers or guldens, as the case may be, on the purchase of this book of promise, and when he has acquired the right of perusing it, he will find himself in possession of the important, but not novel information, that the chances are even whether red or black turn up at any given moment. Now, we confess, to our shame, that we have experienced a very similar deception in perusing the "Wanderings of a Beauty." We had our doubts whether we were doing quite right in reading a relation of private scandal, we may have suspected that the entertainment we were about to receive would not be of the most intellectual character; but still we did fancy that we were going to be amused. Without endorsing to its full extent the well-known cynicism of Rochefoucauld, we may safely admit that there is something interesting in the scrapes of our acquaintances. And how few there are amongst men in any way connected with literature to whom Mr. Edwin James was utterly unknown? The fall of the great "Causidicus," as Mr. Thackeray baptized him, was familiar to us all. Breach-of-promise James has been a household word to us for years. His debts, his duns, his difficulties, the fees which he received, and the wealth which he squandered, had furnished matter for many a night of club-room gossip. The defender of Bernard, the elect of Marylebone, the friend of Garibaldi, had occupied no small share in the public eye; and even when, in the expressive American phrase, he "went under," he still contrived to keep alive our interest in his fate. In the moment of his lowest fortunes news came to us from Paris that the great Edwin had won the heart and hand of a wealthy Angelina. Then, after a tempo-

rary eclipse, we heard that the newly wedded pair had chosen New York for their abode; and we indulged the hope that in a new and better sphere, where writs ran no longer, and bailiffs ceased from troubling, the ex-member and patriot might win the position to which his talents entitled him.

Somehow or other Mr. James is not fated to lead a life of uneventful tranquility. His arrival in the empire city was signalized by the loss of his matrimonial jewels; and then ugly paragraphs began to appear with respect to the domestic bliss of Edwin and his bride. Mrs. James grew jealous, and it was whispered, not without reason; there was a scandal in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and a scene in the ladies' reception-room of that gorgeous edifice. Then it was reported that the irate spouse took to attending the trials on which her lord and master was engaged, and suggesting to the opposing counsel allusions as to incidents in her husband's career which, if suddenly introduced, might upset his almost invincible self-possession. After this we were not surprised to learn that, to adopt the language of the regions of high life, a divorce was on the *tapis*, and that the accommodating Legislature of the State of Indiana was likely to be resorted to in order to dissolve the nuptial tie. We took it, as a matter of course, that Mrs. James would write a book. "*Les femmes incomprises*," in the New World, as well as in the Old, always do try to make themselves, their sorrows, and their wrongs, intelligible to the public; they appeal from the villany of the individual to the great heart of humanity.

Mrs. James, we regret to say, has fulfilled our expectations in the letter, but not in the spirit. The title of her revelations is all that we can desire. "The Wanderings of a Beauty" is suggestive of a tale of thrilling interest. The portrait of the decidedly *decolletée* lady, which graces the cover, is exactly that of a heroine of the Yelverton class—of one of that typical order of womanhood who possess a fatal talent for perpetually getting into trouble without the slightest fault of their own. The fact, too, that the memoir is dedicated to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "in token of profound admiration of his genius, and sympathy with his opinions," is in itself full of promise. But when we have paid our money, and become the happy possessor of the "Wanderings," portrait and all, we

find that we are not much the wiser than we were before. Since the days when we spent five shillings to hear poor Lola Montes' lecture on "Love and Courtship," and were treated to a moral discourse, which might have been extracted from the *Family Herald*, we have never been so disappointed as on the present occasion. We wanted to know something about Edwin the unfortunate, and we are bored with a disquisition on spiritualism. Only a few pages of these "*Memoires pour servir a l'histoire de Monsieur mon Mari*," throw any light on the career of the unworthy husband of the lovely Angelina. However, in default of a loaf we must content ourselves with the crumbs. With true benevolence, we will try to preserve our readers from a like fate with our own, by telling them beforehand what they will learn in the memoirs of Mrs. Edwin James.

Evelyn Travers, the heroine of this novel, whose story is narrated by a shadowy confidant and humble admirer, is, when the narrative begins, young, exquisitely beautiful, rich, friendless, and alone. To escape the domestic dullness of her stepfather's household she is over-persuaded into marrying her cousin, Captain Travers;—and, by some iniquitous, though incomprehensible intrigue of her heartless mother, is jockeyed into giving up half her property. Her husband turns out to be a brute and a drunken reprobate, and, as he has the cruelty to shave off his moustache after his marriage, he loses the one charm which had endeared him to Evelyn. However, he is kind enough to die of *delirium tremens*, leaving his widow richer and lovelier than ever, with one only daughter, Ella. Previous to her husband's death, Mrs. Travers had formed a warm but purely Platonic *liaison* with a Colonel Melville, a type of manly worth and beauty; and this connection is carried on with renewed ardor after the obstacle to its prosecution is removed. The blooming young widow, however, is in no hurry to reassume the fetters of wedlock, and goes abroad to Italy with the colonel as a sort of lover on good behavior. At Florence she is much admired by the Prince of Syracuse, greatly to the disgust of her devoted swain, as Evelyn is perfectly aware of the notorious character of his royal highness. In consequence of her imprudence her name becomes damaged, though, of course, without

a shadow of justice; and Colonel Melville leaves her in a huff. Too late Evelyn repents, and recalls him to her side; but the colonel has sailed for India, and is killed at the siege of Lucknow.

The lovely widow still remains heart whole, and enslaves by her charms an Italian noble—the Duke of Balsano, who possesses every merit except the slight defect of being rather dull. His capricious mistress plays fast and loose with the unhappy Italian at her pleasure, engages herself to him, then adjourns the marriage indefinitely, finally goes to Paris without him to make up her mind what she ought to do, and meanwhile leaves his letters unanswered. There she falls in, at last, with the ideal man whom she has always longed for—a brilliant American, Philip d'Arcy, a devoted believer in spiritualism. During a long illness she nurses him, at the risk of her reputation, and saves his life. D'Arcy is equally in love with her, but, by some incomprehensible complication, each of them—in spite of the spirits—misunderstands the other, and Philip engages himself to Evelyn's daughter Ella. In despair Mrs. Travers resolves to conceal her grief, and not to allow herself, even in her secret heart, to be her daughter's rival. So, in the coolest way, after months of silence, she writes to Balsano to fix a day for their marriage. The duke unfortunately had got wedded to another lady in the absence of any news from his betrothed, and thus the luckless Evelyn is still left a widow. At this crisis of her fate Sir Percy Montgomery appears upon the scene. This gentleman bears an unmistakeable resemblance to a bar-rister whose name was not equally romantic. He, too, had lately resigned his seat in Parliament; he, too, was deeply in debt, and professed to be the victim of unmerited persecution that "had put a stop to a career which would otherwise have shortly ended in the cabinet." He was, we are told, "in appearance, a perfect 'John Bull,' that is to say, he possessed a countenance rubicund and somewhat flat, with no very marked features; figure stout, burly, broad-shouldered, thick-set, you perceived at a glance that the animal nature preponderated in the man; nevertheless, the square and rather massive forehead displayed intellect; and the fine teeth, seen to advantage in a pleasant jovial smile of not frequent occurrence, ren-

dered the personal appearance of our friend, if somewhat coarse, not altogether unpleasant."

Really, considering what has passed, we do not think that the original of this portrait has any cause to complain. Sir Percy wins the hand of the lovely Evelyn, borrows a couple of hundred francs from her on the wedding morn to pay his hotel bill, comes down to breakfast "unwashed, uncombed, unbraced, and perfectly innocent of a clean shirt," and in fact exhibits a most repulsive moral character. "He united in his own person those opposite defects which in others are usually compensated by corresponding virtues; he was at the same time a spendthrift and the meanest of men, hasty and imprudent, yet sly and cunning, and with an appearance of frankness he combined an utter disregard of truth. He seemed to lie for the pleasure of lying. His temper was alike quick, vindictive, and revengeful, and his character comprised the opposite qualities of weakness and obstinacy. A general lover of the female sex, he was utterly incapable of individual attachment." He carries his

bride to New York, takes a room alone in a hotel at a distance from his wife, because she refuses to pay the whole of the hotel bill, and generally conducts himself as a brute and a villain. Happily, when his ill-treatment is becoming unendurable, Philip d'Arcy re-appears and detects Sir Percy as a miscreant, who has broken his first wife's heart, driven her mad, and keeps her confined in a lunatic asylum. Thereon Evelyn again finds herself free; the entanglement with Ella and d'Arcy is cleared up, and the wandering beauty is free to marry the man of her heart. This, however, she declines to do out of regard to Philip's pure fame. She declines his proffered hand, and devotes herself to contemplation. "And thus, we learn, it must ever be. Men must *do* great and heroic deeds, and we (women) must *suffer* and *endure*." We have no doubt Sir Percy was a very indifferent husband. But after reading the "Wanderings of a Beauty," even those who bear him most ill-will on this side the Atlantic must feel that he, too, must have had much to suffer and endure also.

A SINGULARLY pertinent question was asked last night by Mr. Liddell in the House of Commons, "Does the Government intend to found an Anglo-Chinese empire?" The debate, extending over several hours, and very good throughout, was listened to by about twenty members—the noble Lord at the head of the Government asleep, apparently, on his seat. In vain Mr. Cobden and Mr. Danby Seymour stormed at this "contempt of public opinion on the part of her majesty's ministers;" there was no echo from the Treasury bench. So, it seems, China may be quietly conquered, or annexed to India, with the tacit consent of our House of Commons.—*Spectator*, 16 May.

COLORED COTTON—NEW VARIETIES.—The United States Consul at Panama has lately addressed to the State Department a communication, giving some facts which are believed to be new. The letter is as follows:

"My dear Sir,—I send you some cotton grown in this city from the seed received from you. I also send you two specimens of cotton from Sierra Pino. The white cotton was taken from a tree seven inches in diameter, the top branches of which are about fifteen feet from the ground, and spread about twenty feet each way.

"The colored cotton was taken from a similar tree. Cotton in that part of Pino is of five or six

different colors. The trees are so full of cotton bolls that you can scarcely see the leaf. They seldom have rain here for the last sixteen years. Pino is situated forty miles east of Paita. Soil sandy, but very productive. Where there is water the soil is best. The trees from which this cotton was taken were planted, but never cultivated. Some English have gone to work thirty miles from Paita in a southeast direction near the coast, and we may reasonably expect to hear of complete success in the culture of this important staple.

"I am, very truly, your friend,
"ALEX. R. MCKEE."

PRONUNCIATION OF NAMES IN -INGHAM.—The vulgarity commonly attributed to the designation "Brummagem," in use by the lower classes, is only due to the modern name of Birmingham. The old Saxon word "Bromwichham" is the origin of the vulgar spelling of Brummagem. See "Birmingham" in the *Gazetteer of the World*, p. 757, published in 1856, by Fullarton, Edinburgh; the spelling is varied, Bromwycham, etc. There are neighboring hamlets of Castle and West Bromwich. A.

The name of Sir Bellingham Graham, who hunted the Staffordshire country, always has been pronounced Bell-*injam* in those parts.

F. C. H. writes Pottingham, but I think he means Pattingham. LITTLETON.

From The Spectator.

THE NATURALIST ON THE RIVER
AMAZONS.*

THIS, as the title implies, is not a compilation, but an original book—a book of great value, and one which adds another to the many claims of the modern man of science to share the palm of martyrdom with the old religious martyrs. In July, 1859, “after eleven years’ residence within four degrees of the equator, the last three of which were spent in the wild country one thousand and four hundred miles from the sea coast,” Mr. Bates returned to England with shattered health, so shattered that he despaired of ever publishing his travels. As it is, we owe their publication to the friendly encouragement of Mr. Darwin, and to the high opinion he expressed of the results of Mr. Bates’s journey. It is, indeed, only necessary to state a couple of figures to show their importance. Mr. Bates confined himself almost entirely to the collection of zoological specimens, but of these he brought home *fourteen thousand seven hundred and twelve* species, of which the enormous number of *eight thousand* were new to science. Natural history readers are probably familiar with the “Travels on the Amazons and Rio Negro,” published by Mr. A. R. Wallace in 1852, after a four years’ residence there. But it will interest them to know that Mr. Wallace and Mr. Bates started together, and that Mr. Bates remained seven years longer, having taken, after the first two years, a different route from that of his friend.

The only port of entry to the vast region watered by the Amazons is the city of Pará, seventy miles up the Pará river. Our two naturalists arrived off Salinas, the pilot station in May, 1848, in a small trading vessel, and anchored in the open sea six miles from the shore. To the east the country seemed slightly undulating, with bare sand-hills and scattered trees. But to the westward a long line of forest, seen through the glass, rose apparently out of the water. This was the frontier of the great primæval Amazonian forest, which clothes the whole surface of the country for two thousand miles away to the foot of the

Andes. Here and there, as they sailed up the Pará, a fishing village, with its native canoes, “like toys beneath the lofty walls of the dark forest,” the air excessively close, the sky overcast, the sheet-lightning playing almost incessantly around the horizon, seemed an appropriate foretaste of the gloomy tropical grandeur which, amid wonderful beauty, is the prevailing impression left by Mr. Bates’s account of the Amazonian tropics on the mind of his reader.

The very opening description of the city of Pará produces a strange conflict between the sense of the exhilaration due to the climate and the saddening hush of awe and boding superstition peculiar to the Brazilian tropics. Mr. Bates lends powerful and unexpected, but minute, confirmation to the wonderful instinct with which Mr. Buckle, in his first volume, seized upon the effect of Brazilian nature on the Brazilian man. The hot, moist, mouldy air, striking from the ground and walls like “the atmosphere of the tropical stoves at Kew,”—the white houses roofed with red tiles, the numerous towers of churches and cupolas, the crowns of palms spreading out their hands as it were over the buildings, all sharply carved upon a fierce and gleaming sky,—the perpetual forest locking in the city as in a deadly grip, the ringing of bells and firing of rockets, announcing some Roman Catholic festival—again, the tall, gloomy, convent-like buildings near the port, occupied by merchants and shopkeepers, idle, shabby soldiers carrying their muskets carelessly over their arms, priests, negresses, with red water-jars on their heads, sad-looking Indian women carrying their naked children astride on their hips;—further on, the long street inhabited by the poorer class, houses irregular and mean, with one story, windows with projecting lattice casements without glass, the street unpaved, and inches deep in loose sand, groups of people of every shade, European, Negro, Indian, but chiefly a mixture of all three, gasping out of doors, handsome women, richly jewelled and slovenly dressed, barefoot, or in loose slippers, with dark expressive eyes and teeming hair—all these details contained in a page and a half, stamp a new picture on the mind with all the vividness of a nightmare. “It was a mere fancy,” Mr. Bates modestly says, “but I thought the mingled squalor, luxuriance, and beauty of these women were pointedly in harmony with

* *The Naturalist on the River Amazons*; a record of adventures, habits of animals, sketches of Brazilian and Indian life, and aspects of nature under the equator, during eleven years of travel. By Henry Walter Bates. London: John Murray, Albemarle street.

the rest of the scene, so striking in the view was the mixture of natural riches and human poverty." Man living, listless and small, under the shadow of a nature devouring in her beauty and cruel in her majesty, stupefied under her spell, yet worshipping her tyranny, maddened but unresisting, frenzied but unaspiring, and sadly trailing the same eternal round,—we begin to wonder if men are ever really so or nature ever such.

If anything could add to the truth of the view which ascribes certain states of man to the overwhelming ascendancy of nature, it would be found in the extraordinary rapidity with which European enterprise, wherever it surges, however faintly in, instantly changes the balance of authority between man and nature. Seven years later, when Mr. Bates returned from the *Sertaô*, or wilderness, so changed in appearance by his exploration that his friends hardly knew him again, he found Pará greatly altered and improved. It was no longer the weedy, ruinous, village-looking place that it appeared when first he knew it in 1848. The population had been increased to something like twenty thousand by an influx of Portuguese, Madeiran, and German immigrants. And for several years past the provincial Government had spent their surplus in beautifying the city. The streets were now completely paved with concrete. The projecting masonry of the irregularly built houses had been cleared away; Most of the dilapidated houses were replaced by handsome new edifices, having long and elegant balconies, fronting the first floors, at an elevation of several feet above the roadway. The large swampy squares had been drained, weeded, and planted with rows of almond and casuarina trees, an ornament, and no longer an eyesore to the city. Sixty public vehicles, *mirabile dictu*, light cabriolets, some of them built in Pará (!) now plied in the streets. But the habits of the people were also already changed. The old religious holidays had declined in importance. Secular amusements,—parties, balls, music, prevailed. Several new booksellers' shops had arisen, a circulating library had been established, and a reading-room, supplied with periodicals, globes, and maps. The sanitary condition had improved, and Pará was now considered (delightful and innocent verdict) no longer dangerous to new-comers. On the other hand, the expenses of living had in-

creased fourfold, house-rent was exorbitant, and the hire of servants beyond ordinary means. Mr. Bates's return to Pará can be compared to nothing so much as the resurrection of Rip Van Winkle from his immortal sleep.

We have purposely placed the first and last impressions of Mr. Bates concerning his landing-place in a juxtaposition, the result of which alone is highly curious. But the chief interest of his work, of course, centres in the intermediate parts. It would be impossible in the brief limits of an article even to touch upon the immense variety of fresh and living materials contained in these two volumes. The general effects alone come within our scope. Once, and almost only once, Mr. Bates heard the uproar of life at sunset, which Humboldt witnessed towards the sources of the Orinoco and described with such scientific grandeur, but which is unknown on the banks of the larger rivers. This occurred on Mr. Bates's voyage up the Tapajos. The noises of animals began just as the sun sank behind the trees after a sweltering afternoon, leaving the sky above of the intensest shade of blue. Two flocks of howling monkeys, one close to the canoe of the traveller, the other about a furlong distant, filling the echoing forest with their dismal roaring, troops of parrots, including the hyacinthine macaw, cawing and screaming without any regard to symphony, the noises of the strange cicadas, one large kind positively emulating the scream of a steam-whistle (surely Mr. Bates *must* be exaggerating), all these joined in the horrible hymn of Even. The uproar, however, subsided quickly. The sky soon lost its intense hue, and the night set in. But then began the tree-frogs—with their quack-quack, drum-drum, hoo-hoo (what can it all mean, for, of course it means something?) and these, accompanied by a melancholy night-jar, kept up their monotonous concert, not, indeed, the whole night, but *until very late*. (We presume this means that Mr. Bates ceased to hear them when he fell asleep.) But the general impression of the Brazilian forests is one of indescribable gloom and silence. The few sounds of birds are of a pensive or mysterious character, which deepens the sense of solitude. A sudden yell or withering scream of agony telling of some defenceless fruit-eating animal pounced upon by a tiger-cat or stealthy boa

constrictor, breaks the awful silence, only to leave a deeper lull. Or a crash and thunder is heard afar off, as some distant bough or entire tree falls to the ground.

There are besides many sounds which it is impossible to account for. In this respect the natives seemed often as much at a loss as Mr. Bates. Sometimes a sound was heard like a clang of an iron bar against a hard, hollow tree, or an unknown shriek rent the air. The natives have a rude mythology of their own. They refer these unaccountable sounds to Curupira, the wild man or spirit of the woods. The attributes of Curupira vary with the locality. Sometimes he is described as a kind of orang-otang, covered with long, shaggy hair, and living in trees. At others he is said to have *cloven feet*, and a bright red face. But Mr. Bates assures us emphatically that none of the Indian tribes on the Upper Amazons have an idea of the Supreme Being, and consequently have any word to express it in their own languages. Their want of curiosity is extreme. Their imagination is dull and gloomy, and their emotions stagnant. The

height of their aspiration is to be let alone. In tone and style Mr. Bates is perfectly good-natured, straightforward, and unpretending. The absence of all striking generalizations, and of any special assumption of poetical feeling, rather adds to the simple charm of his account. It is the view of a devoted and discriminating man, starting on his expedition with the knowledge of a well read naturalist, and the keen observation of an Englishman, but whose vision is, if unaided, unobscured by his fancy, and let us say undisturbed by any higher or more delicate flights. The art and elevation of Humboldt are entirely absent. Mr. Bates confirms Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection by several pointed instances; but, on the whole, his book belongs rather to the class of first-rate diaries—a fascinating collection of materials for future edification. But very fascinating it is, nor could we point to any page which is not full of lively interest. Mr. Bates belongs to the small class of men who deserve the earnest gratitude, not only of their own country, but of the civilized world.

Oh fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

—LONGFELLOW.

Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,
If it flow from childlike hearts.

—KEBLE.

That which to-day is not begun,
Is on the morrow still undone.

—GOETHE.

Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy;
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.

—HEBER.

As we go down the vale of life,
With flowers the road becomes less rife.

—HOGG.

O sacred sorrow! by whom souls are tried;
Sent, not to punish mortals, but to guide.

—CRABBE.

How often in our listening souls,
By a delightful awe subdued,
God's voice, like mellow thunder, rolls
All through the silent solitude!

—WILSON.

The foam-globes on her eddies ride
Thick as the schemes of human pride
That down life's current drive amain,
As frail, as frothy, and as vain.

—SCOTT.

. . . The gentle flowers
Retired, and, stooping o'er the wilderness,
Talked of humility and peace and love.
The dews came down unseen at eventide,
And silently their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity.

—POLLOCK.

For man the living temple is;
The mercy-seat and cherubim,
And all the holy mysteries
He bears with him.

—WHITTIER.

Thou must endure, yet loving all the while;
Above, yet never separate from thy kind;
Meet every frailty with the gentlest smile,
Though to no possible depth of evil mind.

—M. MILNES.

Say not thou hast lost a day,
If, amidst its weary hours,
Gloomy thoughts and flagging powers,
Thou hast found that thou couldst pray.

By a single earnest prayer
Thou may'st much of work have done,
Much of wealth and progress won,
Yielded not by toil and care.

—LORD KINLOCH.

A SUGGESTION TO THE PUBLISHERS OF
"THE LIVING AGE."

A FRIEND has just sent to us, in *The National Intelligencer* of 10 April, an article which we had overlooked, and which contains an important suggestion of which we think so well, that we submit to our readers the part which concerns *The Living Age*, and may, when paper falls to its proper price, follow the advice of the writer to whose kindness we feel ourselves much indebted.

We think that a series of the best articles from *The Edinburgh Review*, in five volumes, handsomely printed and bound, would be welcome to many libraries. We could furnish as many or more from *The Quarterly Review*. And from the other quarterlies might make up shorter series. To each a volume might from time to time be added from future accumulations. The hint about *Blackwood* and *Fraser* shall be kept in mind.

* * * * * "To whom indebted for an apparently incomplete table of contents of *The Living Age*, which came in the box from Boston with the "Record," is a matter of very little consequence; but there it was, and, with the entire series of that indispensable magazine, which, as it grows, continues to usurp shelf-room in the humble library of which it constitutes an important part, suggests the contrast and invites it. This table of contents is arranged under the heads of the periodicals from which the valuable selections are made; and while it thus exhibits the vastness of the reservoir which contains reprints of the "crack" articles which have been issued during the past twenty years in the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other reviews, in *Blackwood's Fraser's*, and all the other magazines, and in the entire mass of weekly literary and political papers, a second "Record" of comprehensive character is presented, necessary, if one would keep pace with the literature and politics and progress of the age, to every liberally furnished library.

"In this faithful chronicle of *The Living Age*, from week to week, and from year to year, four large volumes annually test the abundance of its stores, and their permanent value. But the very considerable cost of the complete work, now comprehending seventy-six volumes, puts it beyond reach of the many, and particularly of most young men. These must depend chiefly upon the current numbers. It is hazarding nothing to say that the entire series would form the most readable portion of any library which can afford them; and that no man who could procure them would choose to be without them if aware of their great value. This periodical is as much "a power" as any such publication can be.

There are many who would wish to add to their libraries from time to time a portion of the treasure which has been accumulating from the days when they learned to read; and it is somewhat remarkable that the publishers and editor, who has a quick eye for what is useful and entertaining, and a keen perception of the quality of what he handles, have not adopted a plan by which they would gratify and instruct a large class of consumers coincidentally with the advancement of their own fame and interests.

"Why, for example, do they not take the very numerous reprints from the *Edinburgh Review*, containing articles by Macaulay, Stephen, and such like? Of these we count, in one series of seventy-six volumes, something over two hundred. Five or six volumes, not to be approached in permanent value by any equal amount of printed matter, could be made of these two hundred articles which have given all its character during these years to the *Scotch Review* and much of its solid value to the *Living Age*. As the *Age* appears to be stereotyped, it would be an easy matter for the publishers to issue them under the title of *Select Reviews, by the Editor of Littell's Living Age*. So large a mass of the best articles from this great time-honored *Review*, issued in a style suitable to a gentleman's library, and of course at a reasonable price, could not fail to command a wide sale. In the present dearth of great works, it would be a windfall to the thoughtful, no less than to the general and superficial reader. The articles from the *Quarterly Review* are about equal in number and might be successfully issued in a like series of volumes, while the *Westminster*, *North British*, and *British Quarterly Reviews* would each, it appears to us, fill a volume or two, for separate publication. *Blackwood's* and *Fraser's Magazines* would, in time, furnish an admirable medley of several volumes of such collections.

"Contrary to the old maxim, 'united we stand,' etc., we would earnestly recommend to the publishers of *Littell* another ancient saying, but in a new application, 'Divide and conquer.' That is to say, let them divide their forces, in order that they may overcome the whole country in such small bodies as could find support, where the whole army of six and seventy volumes, by reason of its numbers, could not obtain forage! We are thankful even to 'the war' for what seems to be an apt illustration of our meaning.

"When Dr. Johnson, after having kept the publisher of his Dictionary in suspense for many weary months for material, sent him the last proof on return of his messenger, inquired, 'What did Mr. Miller say?' he said 'I thank God I am done with him.' 'Said he so? I am glad he has grace to thank God for anything.'"

From The Examiner.

THE QUARTERLIES.

SINCE their first days a change has come over the nature of our quarterlies. They make no more attempt to sustain a character for vigorous originality, and as for a witty article on any subject, its inevitable eccentricity might even be thought to sacrifice the dignity of the review. There is so much rough-and-ready journalism panting to be witty, and only contriving to be smart, that the reviewer in a reputable quarterly disdains to be anything more or less than judicial, grammatical, and well-informed. Every reviewer casts, or endeavors to cast his periods in the same mould of decorous gravity. Avoiding Scylla he strikes on Charybdis. Rightly disdaining to be smart, he quells his just and natural vivacity. But why should a good writer delude himself into the belief that he must make the expression of his thought less lively than the thought itself if he would be respectable? There is the same faulty notion of respectability in public speaking. An able man who can convince a friend in ten minutes by the use of his natural voice, addresses a room full of strangers, not by giving all the more intensity to his own true expression of himself, but by falling into a drawl of monotonous cadences that only irritate the ear. It is not undignified to be natural in saying what is worthy to be said as clearly as good English, and as forcibly as the most genuine, direct expression will permit. It is undignified to be formal where, as in good literature, the object is to be immediately and completely true. We set a very high value upon the present influence of quarterly reviewing, — never was its power to maintain the true standard of literature more important than it is in our own day, — but we believe its service to the public would be even greater than it is if it anticipated the impending doom of all false dignity. To the elastic movement of thought, language must adapt itself with infinite variety of form. With of course occasional exceptions when, through some man of bolder genius who *will* write as he feels, the angel descends to stir the waters of the pool, the pool of English writing in our quarterlies is rather stagnant. If it be asked, what it is that we want when we attack constantly the over-familiar smartness, and the vernacular slipslop of the great mass of popular writing of the day, if we discover also a false dignity of style in works of such substantial mark and value as our foremost quarterlies. We want fearless directness; given something to say that is worth saying, a labor only to express that clearly, just as it is felt. There is no perfect clearness of expression without faultless grammar, and the extinction from each sentence of every re-

dundant word. This ensures good English. But no man can write as he feels when he considers it dignified to reject the little word that lies next to his thought for a word of more syllables that has a bigger or more judicial sound! If a man be in judicial mood his form of speech will take from his mood the right judicial flavoring; but if he be not in a judicial mood, why should he weave himself a wig out of the queen's English? And let us guard this comment against standing for more than it means. Our quarterly essayists are seldom pretentious writers; each brings to his work usually a great wealth of substantial knowledge, gained by compilation or direct experience, upon the subject he discusses, and sets forth clearly what he has to tell. The mistaken notion that there is a dignity of syllables and sentences apart from that of the true thought in its own word leads to no stilted writing. Our quarterly essayists walk firmly on their feet; but they should vary their pace more with their humor, and be less monotonously particular as to the way of rising on their toes.

From The Examiner.

POLAND BEFORE THE INSURRECTION.

AT Warsaw, the three crowned heads held a meeting which seemed to personify all the disasters of the land. It must be said that, to choose Warsaw as a place of meeting between these three masters of Poland—the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Prussia—and to choose it, too, just when all Europe was ringing with the enfranchisement of Italy, was to throw a challenge to our unhappy nation; nor was it long before popular feeling took up a challenge which was the second it had received from Alexander—his first having been that address to the nobility of Warsaw which he had made after the Congress of Paris. After this, demonstrations increased.

One religious service followed the other, in memory of the patriot-poets, Mickiewicz, Krasinski, and Słowacki; and on November 29th, 1860, that song was heard, for the first time, which for a year has been the impassioned watchword of the multitude, which has echoed in cathedrals, and which has gone up from the humblest country churches—that “*Boże coś Polskę*”—“Give us our country! O Lord! give us our liberty!” In a short time, the whole face of affairs had changed, and an electric thrill ran through the country. Perhaps it ought to be called a revolution; it certainly was a moral revolution, and it revealed that which had hardly as yet been suspected—the existence of a nation, unimpaired by suffering and by trial. To be a revolution, it had a strange beginning. There was no violence, no bloody intentions, no insur-

rections; but there were psalms and prayers, and manifestations, at once enthusiastic and regulated; and there was an outburst, as energetic as it was unexpected, of that irresistible force which is called the soul of a nation.

Everything converges to that month of February, 1861; and then it was that this Polish insurrection really assumed the character of a passionate drama, full of startling originality. The 25th was the anniversary of that formidable battle of Grochow, in which the Poles, in 1831, disputed for the mastery with Russia during three whole days. . . .

The morning of February 25th dawned dark and misty. They were to go that day to pray for the slain of the battle of Grochow, and, from an early hour, the populace, impelled by one spontaneous passion, thronged the streets. An immense procession was soon formed; they marched without disorder, and with torches in their hands. Before them went a banner, with the white eagle. As they walked they sang the hymn, "Święty Boże"—"Holy Lord God Almighty, have pity upon us; be pleased to give us back our own country. Holy Virgin Mary, Queen of Poland, pray for us." Up to this time, the Government had done nothing to stop the manifestation (it had not even been prevented), when suddenly Colonel Trepow, the head of the police, appeared, and threw two squadrons of the armed police upon this dense crowd. The multitude fell on their knees, and continued their psalm, while being cut down by the troops. More than forty persons were wounded. At this moment the Agricultural Society happened to be sitting, and a violent emotion was produced there by the intelligence that an inoffensive mob had been massacred. Count Zamoyski, the President, mastering his own emotion, endeavored to preserve calmness, and, putting an end to the sitting, he repaired to Prince Gortschakoff, who seemed surprised, and certainly showed conciliatory intentions. The Russian officers were indignant at the tasks assigned to them, and one of them, General Liprandi, went so far as to say that, as long as he commanded the infantry, he would not permit them to be marched upon unarmed men. The truth is, that one more such victory as that of February 25th would have made everything look very doubtful for Russia. The work of thirty years vanished, before the apparition of a people ready to die undefended. The whole town was in inexpressible anxiety, and on the following day mourning was worn for the victims of the previous day.

On the 7th of April, 1861, an immense crowd went to the cemetery to pray for the slain of February. Later in the evening they marched to the square at the castle, which was occupied by troops, and there with loud cries demanded the repeal of the order by

which the Agricultural Society had been dissolved. But this crowd was so far from threatening any violence that the military did not continue to keep the ground, and they dispersed at last, promising to re-assemble on the following evening. Accordingly, on the evening of the 8th, a still larger assemblage repeated the manifestation of the preceding day in front of the castle. The prince lieutenant himself came down and mixed with the crowd in order to appease it. He asked them what they wanted; and the response was unanimous, being contained in these significant words, "We want our country."

For the rest, nothing in this excited course of men, women, and children betrayed any aggressive thoughts, or any intentions of strife. They were warned that they must disperse: but with dark passion they replied, "You may kill us but we will not move;" and before the troops drawn up in order of battle, they remained impassive, till suddenly a post-chaise happened to pass, and the postillion played on his horn the air of Dombrowski's legions: "No never shall Poland perish!" Immediately an enthusiastic cry burst from every breast, and as the populace fell on their knees, a movement was preceptible through the whole crowd. Did the troops believe that they were about to be attacked, or did they obey a command? Were they decided by the plain and conclusive reason, that a resolution to fire had been adopted the evening before, because a stop must be put to this state of affairs?

However it may have been, an instantaneous fire was opened. While some squadrons of cavalry received orders to charge, fifteen volleys from the infantry made many bloody openings in the mass of defenceless beings who now found themselves hemmed in on every side. While being cut down, the crowd continued to kneel and to pray. The women and the children were grouped together on their knees round an image of the Virgin, at the extreme end of the square, and there the people remained until late into the night; so late that the troops had been previously drawn off the ground. It is certain that more than fifty persons had perished, and that the number of the wounded was immense; but darkness has always been allowed to hang over the numbers who fell on that night. An eyewitness wrote with emotion: "Never shall I be able to make you understand this unparalleled contempt of death, which is so enthusiastic that it animates men, women, and children. Old soldiers, accustomed to being under fire, assure me that never, when so close, have the most solid troops preserved a heroism as calm and invincible as this crowd has displayed when furiously charged by cavalry and under fire."—*Narrative of a Siberian Exile.*

THE LIVING AGE.

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ALP-LAND.

I stood upon the Wengern Alp and dreamed,
 One starry midnight in the autumn time,
 Till, soul and sense entranced, I saw, or seem'd
 To see, a new, strange world, before the time
 Of age had dimmed the wonders of its prime :
 Snows, glaciers, Alps, around, above, beneath ;
 Strength, beauty, grandeur, awful and sublime,
 Where never human footstep, human breath,
 Disturbed the rule and reign of everlasting death.

There was old Schreckhorn, with his hoary brow,
 The white-cowled monk, great Eigher, seamed
 with scars,

And, loftiest of all, the pure Jungfrau,
 Like a veiled vestal crowned with burning
 stars

By the blue walls of heaven ; shining bars
 Of golden moonlight bound her zone, and
 where

Clouds floated idly in their pale simars,
 Her gorgeous robe, like ermine rich and rare,
 Fell in colossal folds adown the purple air.

In the unfathomed caverns, far below,
 The wandering winds sung anthems, wild and
 sweet,

And torrents, newborn of the virgin snow,
 Mingled their many voices, like the beat
 Of mighty pulses, or the fall of feet

That found no rest. Anon the avalanche,
 riven

From its high home, fell thundering, far and
 fleet,

Like some rebellious host that God had driven
 Down, down to the abyss, from the far fields of
 heaven.

Again, and nearer, that deep, fearful sound
 Lifted its clamor to the vaulted sky,
 Hissed in the air and groaned along the ground,
 Waking ten thousand echoes in reply.

The roar of cannon, rattling musketry,
 Seemed blended and repeated, o'er and o'er,
 From hidden fosse and cloud-capped battery,
 As if the Titans, mighty as of yore,
 Did battle with the gods on the invisible shore.

And so the hours wore on, and stole away
 The silver starlight from the brow of night ;
 A sudden shining heralded the day,
 And the pale Alps blushed in the dawning
 light.

A crimson curtain, fringed with pearly white,
 Slowly above the gray horizon rose—
 Slowly the slopes and frozen seas grew bright,
 But day was drawing midway to its close
 Ere the great sun climbed up to that lone land
 of snows.

He scaled the eternal ramparts, length by length,
 O'er bastion, parapet, and tower he came,
 Like a bold warrior, glorious in his strength,
 With a red banner and a crown of flame.
 He looked upon the snows, and they became
 Inlaid with diamonds, dazzling human eyes
 With a great glory that no tongue can name ;
 As though some angel, passing in the skies,
 Had opened suddenly the gates of Paradise.

Eternal Alps ! in your sublime abode
 The soul goes forth untrammelled, and apart
 From little self, expands and learns of God.
 There it forgets awhile the busy mart
 Where strength, heart, life, are coined with cunning
 art
 To common currency—forgets the strife
 For gold, place, power, and fame—the bitter
 smart
 Of disappointment, pain, and sorrow, rife
 Where poor humanity walks in the paths of life.

Ye are unsullied by the serpent's trail
 Of sin and death, with all their weary woes,
 And ye do minister within the veil
 Of an eternity that never knows
 The changes of decay. Time overthrows
 Man's proudest glory, but his hand has striven
 In vain to mar your beauty. As ye rose
 When form and light to the young earth were
 given,
 Ye stand with your white brows by the closed
 gates of heaven.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

Indianapolis, Indiana, March, 1863.

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

USE ME.

BY DR. BONAR.

MAKE use of me, my God !
 Let me be not forgot ;
 A broken vessel cast aside—
 One whom thou needest not.

I am thy creature, Lord,
 And made by hands divine ;
 And I am part, however mean,
 Of this great world of thine.

Thou usest all thy works—
 The weakest things that be ;
 Each has a service of its own,
 For all things wait on thee.

Thou usest the high stars,
 The tiny drops of dew,
 The giant peak and little hill ;
 My God, oh, use me too !

Thou usest tree and flower,
 The rivers vast and small ;
 The eagle great, the little bird
 That sings upon the wall.

Thou usest the wide sea,
 The little hidden lake,
 The pine upon the Alpine cliff,
 The lily in the brake :

The huge rock in the vale,
 The sand grain by the sea,
 The thunder of the rolling cloud,
 The murmur of the bee.

All things do serve thee here—
 All creatures, great and small ;
 Make use of me, of me, my God,
 The weakest of them all.

From The National Review.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF ERASMUS.

1. *Unpublished Papers in the Public Record Office.*
2. *Erasmii Epistolæ.*

THE present Dean of St. Paul's has familiarized his readers with the expression, "Latin Christianity." The phrase is new, and is apt to suggest a distinction that never existed. Had the patriarch of Constantinople succeeded in his opposition to the rival patriarch of the West, had an imperial court overawed by its splendor and authority the humble palace of the Vatican, Greek Christianity (if that be meant as a correlative to Latin) might have found a centre, in which the thousand varying lights of Greek intellect might have converged. But in fact Greek Christianity, as represented by the Greek fathers, is little more than a feeble reflection of the Latin. Christianity, strange to say, awakened no responsive chord of the old Greek mind; the poetical and philosophical elements of earlier days sprung up to no second life. Even that logical subtlety which struck such vigorous root in the Latin Church found no place in the Greek. The intellect, language, and leisure of the Greeks would have seemed to point them out as the most suitable guardians and interpreters of the New Testament. And yet, as if to falsify all human anticipations in these matters, the Greek Church produced no expositors comparable to the Latin, Athanasius excepted. The social forms and economy of Christian life are of Latin growth. Our ecclesiastical ceremonies and dresses are Latin; our prayers and liturgies are Latin; our disputes upon cardinal points of doctrine are founded upon Latin words, and guided entirely by our conceptions of their Latin meaning.

Placed in the van of that battle which Christianity had to wage with the new barbarian nationalities of the North, the Latin mind gained new life and vigor from the struggle. If it be true that there are men whose genius, like aromatic herbs, never gives out its fullest sweetness until they are bruised and trampled on, it is equally true that but for these collisions we might have known the old Latin literature in its strength and majesty, but never in "its hearse-like strains;" never in its more spiritual forms, and that ascetic beauty which haunts and lingers round the memory like a spell. If

not the product of the same necessity, at the least the most potent aid to that same need, the Latin Church found in the Vulgate an instrument for reaching all hearts and guiding all tongues. For those new races, the founders of the nations of Western Christendom, all their earliest religious impressions were connected with the Vulgate. From the Vulgate all forms of thought took their first direction. What popes and schoolmen never could have done—for securing uniformity of belief and worship; for rooting in the hearts of men the grand idea of one Church, one head, one language, binding the old to the new races in unbroken succession, and to him above all who had the keys of death and hell—was done by the silent and irresistible influence of the Vulgate. No wonder, then, that any attack on its authority should have been resisted as a deadly thrust against the very foundation of that system which had grown up with the growth of centuries and entwined itself with every fibre of the heart and imagination of mankind.

It is, then, as the opponent of that authority which till his time had been held infallible, and for this alone, that Erasmus can be regarded as the precursor of the Reformation. In his jests against the clergy, or rather against the religious orders, the clergy laughed as heartily as himself, secure and heart-sound. It was only when he proceeded to examine the evidence on which the Vulgate rested that they looked grave; when he claimed to apply to the authorized translation of the Scriptures the same rules of criticism as the scholars of his days were applying to Cicero or to Virgil. In this respect his influence on the Reformation was greater than Luther's; as the application of the principles of interpretation introduced by Erasmus must, under more favorable circumstances and in more vigorous hands, lead to consequences more important. At this time, when so much excitement has sprung up on the subject of biblical interpretation, we have thought that an account of this first effort at theological criticism might not be without interest to our readers.

In the year 1509, Erasmus was in Italy, when he received a letter from William Lord Mountjoy, urging his instant return. With more than a significant hint at the parsimony of Henry VII., Mountjoy informed him that the reign of avarice was at an end. "Our

new king," he added, "scatters his treasures with a liberal hand; he is more ambitious of virtue and renown than of gold or precious stones." Considering the numerous attractions which Italy had for Erasmus, it might have been thought that such an invitation, though backed by a present of £5 from Archbishop Warham, and as much more from Mountjoy himself, would not have proved very seductive. The climate of Italy, its brilliant skies, its books and antiquities, its libraries and learned societies, were exactly suited to a scholar and valetudinarian. Erasmus was fastidious in his diet. He could not endure the sour wines or sourer beer of our northern latitudes. The stoves of Germany and the winters of England filled him with dismay. But though Erasmus might care for Italy, Italy probably did not care much for Erasmus. Italian scholars, the arbiters of literary distinction, were not prepared to admit him into their exclusive circle. They were not satisfied that his Latin style smacked of the true Ciceronian flavor. Nor was Erasmus backward in expressing his contempt for their fastidiousness. He ridiculed their slavish imitation of Cicero, their utter ignorance of all authors beyond their one acknowledged idol, their tumid eloquence and shallow conceits. From the warlike Julius, whom he hated for his roughness, he received no notice; Leo X., whom he had known as a student, was condescending, but offered no substantial favor. From chagrin or other causes his health had suffered in Italy; he hastened to accept the invitation of Mountjoy.

The tediousness of the journey was relieved by casting into form the scenes he had just abandoned; the impressions made on his mind by Roman Society may be seen in his *Praise of Folly*. Arriving in London he took up his abode with Sir Thomas More. Courtied and caressed by all who had attained, or were ambitious of attaining distinction, there was no post in the State to which he might not have aspired; no position in the Church which was not open to him. "There is no country," he boasts in one of his letters, "which would not gladly entertain me—Spain, Italy, England, or Scotland. When I was at Rome, there was no cardinal that would not have received me with open arms as a brother. In England," he continues, "there is not a bishop who does not think it an honor to be noticed by me; who is not

anxious to secure me at his table; who would not gladly retain me in his household. The king himself (Henry VIII.), a little before his father's death, sent me, when I was in Italy, most loving letters, written with his own hand. He addresses me with more respect and affection than any one else. Whenever I salute him, he embraces me most kindly and affectionately. You may be sure he thinks of me not less kindly than he speaks. The queen (Katherine) has endeavored to secure me as her preceptor. Every one is aware that if I would but condescend to live a few months at court, I might accumulate as many benefices as I pleased."

But Erasmus had devoted himself to letters, and resolutely turned his back on those paths which led others to chancellorships, baronies, and bishoprics. The liberality and undeviating kindness of Warham and Mountjoy placed him above immediate want; and his friend Fisher, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, at that time employed in founding St. John's and settling Lady Margaret's will, induced Erasmus to take up his residence at Cambridge, and give lectures in Greek to the students of that university. The precise period at which he entered on his professorship is uncertain; his correspondence from Cambridge commences with the summer of 1511. At first the novelty of his position, and the hopes of improving it, sufficed to atone for the smallness of his audience and the scantiness of his remuneration. The account he gives of his lectures do not impress us with a very exalted idea of the state of Greek literature in England. "Hitherto," he says, in a letter written from Cambridge in October, 1511, "I have lectured on the grammar of Chrysoloras to a small class; perhaps next term I shall begin the grammar of Theodorus (a Greek of the Lower Empire) to a larger one." In other words, he was teaching the elements of Greek grammar.

His expectations were not destined to be realized. The university found it difficult to pay his salary of fifty nobles, and applied for assistance to Lord Mountjoy. His audience did not increase; neither the ambition of the university nor the influence of his friend the chancellor could secure for him pupils or a decent remuneration. The great obstacle to his success with younger students was his total ignorance of English; with the more advanced, his novel notions of the duties of a

theologian added to his hatred and contempt of the schoolmen. The grammar of Theodorus had no greater attractions for Cambridge undergraduates than the grammar of Chrysoloras; 1512 passed without any visible improvement; 1513 was not more promising. "As for profit," he says, in a letter to Colet, "I see no chance of it. What can I take from those who have nothing to give?" "I have not been here five months," he says in another letter to Ammonius, "and have spent sixty nobles, without receiving more than one. The expense is intolerable, and the remuneration nothing." College beer did not agree with his stomach. College gyps stole his wine, or mixed it with water. College porters mislaid his letters. Masters of Arts, divided into rival sections of Thomists and Scotists, scouted lectures on theology which denuded Scripture of all mystery and aimed at nothing higher than a literal and grammatical interpretation. The Scriptures, said they, are levelled to the capacity of children and laymen. St. Jerome was a mere grammarian; St. Augustine was a dunce. What could they or any other fathers know of entity, relation, ampliation, restriction, formality, hæcceity, quiddity, or the like? What help can the Scriptures afford for the refutation of heresy? How is the Church to stand, or the dignity of theology to be maintained, by the laws of syntax or the aids of lexicography? To increase his vexation, the war with France carried away, in 1513, his most intimate friends, Ammonius and Mountjoy. Engrossed with the bustle of a great campaign, bishops and noblemen, who in times of peace might have repaid a translation from Lucian or a copy of complimentary verses in angels, were either occupied in mustering their retainers, or in discussing the merits of Almain rivets, apostles, and falconets. Erasmus groaned with disgust. He hated war for its own sake; he regarded it exclusively from its noisy and horrible side. He could see nothing in it, except a disorderly mob of vagabonds and scoundrels bent upon pulling down what the wisdom, patience, and experience of former ages had built up. But he hated it still more because it was incompatible with the cultivation of letters. Unfortunately, also, during the autumn of this year, the sweating sickness made its appearance. Cambridge was deserted; his hearers dispersed. In a pardonable but by no means

pleasant mood, he writes to Ammonius (Nov. 28), that he had been shut up in Cambridge for some months, confined to his books, like a snail in its shell. "Here," he adds, "is one unbroken solitude. Many have left for fear of the plague; and yet, when they are all here, the solitude is much worse. This winter I am resolved to turn every stone, and throw out my sheet-anchor. If I succeed, I shall make a nest for myself. If I fail, I shall flit elsewhere. Had I no other reasons, I am resolved not to die in England."

But although Cambridge had disappointed his expectations, and was not yet sufficiently prepared to do justice to his Greek or his theological lectures, his residence in that university had not been thrown away. The more scanty his audience, the more time was left to his own disposal; and he was not of a temper to let it remain idle. As early as the year 1505, in a preface to Valla's notes on the new Testament, he had ventured to express his approbation of the new rules of criticism applied by Valla to the revision of the Vulgate. "Where is the harm," he remarks, "if Valla, upon the authority of the ancient Greek copies, wrote notes on such passages of the New Testament as he found to be at variance with the original, or had been less correctly rendered by dozing interpreters?" He avowed his belief that the translation of Scripture belonged exclusively to the philologist, and that Jethro in some things was wiser than Moses. "Grammar, I admit, is employed upon minutiae; but these minutiae are small things without which no one can become great. It is busied with trifles, *sed hæc nugæ seria ducunt*. If it be said that theology is too dignified to be restrained by the laws of syntax, and that the interpretation of Scripture rests upon inspiration;—I reply, that this is claiming a new dignity for theologians; if they are to have the exclusive privilege of writing nonsense. But I hear it said, that the old translators were skilled in the languages of the original, and are sufficiently intelligible for all practical purposes. I reply, that I prefer to see that with my own eyes, rather than with the eyes of others; and, secondly, allowing they have done much, they have certainly left much to be done by those who come after them."

With views so liberal as these, so far in advance of his age, it is not surprising that

he should have entertained the idea of following the steps of Valla, and devoting his time and abilities to a critical revision of the New Testament. In common with others, he may have been influenced in this determination by his classical distaste for the old unclassical version. Yet it must be admitted that he was influenced by a nobler feeling; more than once in his serious moods he has avowed his belief that the only remedy for the vices and disorders of the time was to be found in the careful study of the holy Scriptures. More than once he expressed a wish that the pure oracles of divine truth were made accessible to all. He hoped to turn men from the unprofitable dialectics and noisy discussions of the schools to the more quiet and thoughtful study of philology. He evidently anticipated such a result from the appearance of the New Testament and the aids it would afford to a more certain and speedy study of the original. With these motives, others less pure may have been combined. There was the refinement of the scholar, in common with other classical revivalists, unduly offended with a Latin version which could be referred to no era of established Latinity. Less fastidious than his Italian contemporaries, he yet saw no reason why theology, and still more that work on which all true theology was based, should adhere to the exclusive and unenviable distinction of speaking a more barbarous language than any other science. From the two bodies into which the theological world was divided, he had little reason to anticipate opposition. The revivalists could not be offended if the New Testament appeared in a style of eloquence more conformable with their notions, at least so free from gross violations of classical Latinity that they might read it without fear of vitiating their taste; whilst by Scotist and Thomist, exclusively occupied with their favorite masters, this or any other attempt to promote the study of the Gospels would be regarded with indifference amounting to contempt.

With these views he set to work whilst at Cambridge to collate such MSS. of the New Testament, whether Greek or Latin, as were within his reach. In this task he had the assistance of Lupset, one of his Greek pupils, a *protégé* of More and Colet. He tells the latter, in a letter dated May, 1512, that he had already collated the New Testament with

the ancient Greek copies, and annotated it in more than a thousand places. His collations were completed and his work ready for the press in the summer of 1513. Concurrently with these labors, either of which alone might have been deemed sufficient for the ambition of the most enterprising and indefatigable student, he was employed in preparing a new edition of St. Jerome. But though his health was suffering from excessive exertion, and the plague was then raging at Cambridge, he tells Ammonius, in September, that his labors were drawing to a close; and so earnestly was he bent upon the task that he felt as if he was inspired.

Suddenly he disappeared from England in the spring of 1514. In a letter from Hammes Castle, dated 8th July, of which his friend Lord Mountjoy, afterwards lieutenant of Tournay, was the governor, he informed Ammonius of his prosperous voyage. The Dover boatmen, whose extortions may boast the prescription of three centuries, carried off his portmanteau with all his papers. "It is the way of these fellows," he adds, "to steal where they can conveniently; and when they cannot steal, they extort money and sell you your own property. When I fancied the labor of so many years had perished, I felt as much grief as a mother might feel at the loss of her children." "I know not," he continues, "whether I told you that I went to take leave of his majesty (Henry VIII.). He received me with a very friendly countenance. The Bishop of Lincoln (Wolsey) bade me be of good cheer, but uttered no hint of a present; and I did not dare to allude to it, for fear of appearing importunate. Durham (Ruthal) gave me six angels; the archbishop (Warham) took the opportunity of pressing on my acceptance as many more; Rochester (Fisher), a royal. I am now staying a few days with my friend Mountjoy at Hammes Castle, and intend to go to Germany." He visited Basle in the autumn, and arranged with Frobenius, then rising into celebrity, for the printing of the New Testament. In the winter of 1514 or the spring of 1515, he returned to England; was in London in March, with a view of securing the good offices of Henry VIII. with Leo X. At this time the influence of Henry with the pontiff was supreme. Louis XII. was dead; Charles, not yet emperor, was a young man without influence; Ferdinand of Arragon and Maximilian were in close amity

with England; and Wolsey was exerting all his skill to imitate the policy of the League of Cambray, and, by a close union of the chief European powers, attempting to shut out France from all political influence. Of these movements Erasmus was kept well informed by Ammonius, the Latin secretary to Henry VIII. Accordingly, from London he addressed a highly complimentary letter to Leo X.;* applauding his political sagacity, his wise efforts for peace, and dexterously contrasting the mildness and wisdom of his rule with the turbulence of his predecessor Julius, he applied to Leo those words in the Apocalypse, "Vicit *Leo* de tribu Juda." Then glancing at his labors upon St. Jerome, "the prince of Latin theologians," he told the pope that the fatigues he had endured in editing the works of that father were little less than St. Jerome had experienced in writing them. He expected no remuneration, and only begged his holiness's approbation. The pope returned a complimentary answer on the 10th July, but neither invited him to Rome, nor held out hopes of preferment. He accompanied his letter with a recommendation of Erasmus to Henry VIII. "These scholars," he said, "who devote themselves to literature and the arts are not a bad sort of people. † I have on more than one occasion found them very honest and trustworthy. I was acquainted with Erasmus, who is one of the best of them, before I was raised to the papal chair; and I beg to recommend him to you. I do not ask any favor for him; but, if it should fall in your way to oblige him, I shall be glad if you will let him know that my recommendation has had its due weight."

At the end of the summer of 1515 Erasmus hurried off to Basle dropping an occasional letter to Ammonius full of high spirits. In one, dated 2d October, shortly after the battle of Marignano, he writes to say that the printers had commenced the New Testament. "My health," he continues, "has been very good until they began their stoves." The German stoves were as hateful to Erasmus as afterwards to Wordsworth; and he was obliged to have an English fireplace in his chamber. "I can neither stay, from the intolerable smell of the stoves, nor leave my work, which cannot get on without me. Our friends the Swiss are in high dudgeon because

the French would not civilly allow themselves to be beaten (at Marignano), as they were beaten by the English at Tournay, but dispersed the Swiss with their artillery. They have returned home with tattered ensigns, somewhat fewer in number, torn, mutilated, and wounded. So, instead of a victory, they are holding a funeral. If my health allows me, I intend staying here until Christmas. If not, I shall go to Flanders or Rome. York (Wolsey then bishop of Tournay) has given me a prebend at Tournay; mere moonshine. His commissary (Dr. Sampson) has been publicly excommunicated in Flanders. Such is the reverence they show York in that part of the world. However I have accepted it; for nothing is easier than to lose." In December he was still at Basle, and told Ammonius he intended to stay till March; the printing of the New Testament was nearly completed, and he reckoned it would extend to eighty sheets: The labor was enormous; his health and strength feeble. "I am overwhelmed," he tells one of his correspondents in a letter, still dated from Basle, late at night, "with a double burden, either of which would require rather a Hercules than an Erasmus. To say nothing of other labors of less consequence, I have the weight of St. Jerome and the New Testament upon my shoulders." On the 7th of March 1516, he writes to say that the New Testament is out, and the last colophon was then being added to St. Jerome. But all who have had any experience of the press know too well that the last colophon is seldom the last. Month after month slipped away, and it was not until Whitsunday in 1516 that he was able to write to his friend, the burgomaster of Nuremberg, that the Testament was completed.

He took leave of Basle in a sort of triumph, rejoiced to escape from his prison house.* If he had been delighted above measure with his reception, he could scarcely be less delighted with the respect paid him at his departure. A cavalcade attended him out of the city, and took their leave of him with moistened eyes and heavy hearts. At Antwerp he fell in with his old friends Tunstal and Peter Caraffa, afterwards Paul IV. From Antwerp he proceeded to visit Mountjoy; thence to St. Omer, where he arrived on the 5th of June, intending to cross to England. A slight attack of fever delayed his passage. He had, however,

* 29th April.

† "Minime malos esse."

* "Ergastulo," vii. 10.

taken the precaution to forward copies of the New Testament to the archbishop and other friends in England. From St. Omer he wrote, in his usual lively strain, to Christopher Urswick, a name familiar to readers of English history: "Your horse is a genius, and has been very lucky to me. He has twice carried me safely backwards and forwards to Basle, not only a tedious but a dangerous journey. He has visited so many universities that he is grown as wise as Homer's Ulysses:

"Mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes."

Whilst I have been killing myself the last ten months with excessive fatigue, he has grown so fat and so idle he could scarcely get in at the city gates. I cannot tell you how much I am pleased with Upper Germany and the kindness shown me on all sides. I doubt not you have seen the New Testament. St. Jerome will speedily appear. I have sent four volumes already to the archbishop by your alumnus, Peter, the one-eyed man."

The day of his arrival in England is uncertain. On the 22d of June, Warham wrote to him from Otford, acknowledging the receipt of the New Testament and the earlier volumes of St. Jerome; and on August the 9th we find him in London writing to Leo X. On the 17th of the same month he was staying at Rochester with Fisher. He tells Ammonius he had been over-persuaded by the bishop to spend ten days with him, and more than ten times had repented his promise. "I had angled for a horse from Urswick by presenting him with a New Testament; the last horse he gave me died from drink in Flanders,—a common complaint in that country. But whilst he is away hunting, my hunting has come to nothing." The New Testament was warmly applauded by his friends in England. Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, too magnanimous to take offence at the transfer of the dedication from himself to the pope, wrote to Erasmus to express his great gratification at the immortality he had conferred upon him, and sent him sixty nobles. He was profuse in his commendations of the work; was sedulous in showing it to his brethren the bishops, and of the most eminent theologians of the day, "all of whom," he said, "had concurred in praising it." Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, writes: "Your New Testament is bought with avidity, and read everywhere. You have many approvers

and admirers. Some, however, carp and disapprove, and urge the same objections as Dorp did;* but these are only such theologians as you describe in your *Moria* no less truly than wittily! Their censure is praise, their praise censure. For myself, I am variously affected by it. At one time I lament that I have never learned Greek, without which *nihil sumus*; at another I rejoice that I have lived in the light of your genius." In Germany the excitement was equally intense. "The Abbess of St. Clare and her sister," says Pirkheimer, "are assiduous students of your writings. They are greatly delighted with your New Testament, and are wonderfully affected by it. They would write you a Latin letter, did they not think that such letters as theirs would be unworthy of your perusal."†

* Dorp had written to Erasmus some time before to dissuade him from his design of editing the New Testament. The arguments he employed are curious as showing how old are the prejudices, and how little Protestant the objections, repeated at this day against biblical criticism:

"If I prove to you that there is no error or falsity in the Latin translation, will you not admit that their labor is superfluous who try to mend it? I insist, then, on the correctness and integrity of the Vulgate. For is it likely that the whole Catholic Church would have erred so many centuries, seeing it has always used and sanctioned this translation? Is it probable that so many holy fathers, so many consummate scholars, would have been mistaken; who have relied on the authority of the Vulgate for their decisions in councils, their defence and explanation of the faith, and the framing of those canons, to which all rulers have submitted? You know it is an established axiom that General Councils cannot err. Do you suppose that the Greek copies are more correct than the Latin? Have the Greeks, who have often fallen into heresy, taken more pains for the preservation of the sacred oracles than the Latins—the Greeks, who affirm that there are errors in all the Gospels except in the Gospel of St. John?" After further arguments in this strain, he adds, "But you will say, 'I do not intend to introduce any changes; I do not assert the Vulgate is incorrect; I only show what I find in the Greek copies, and where they differ from the Latin; and where is the harm in this?' Great harm, my dear Erasmus; for if people once begin to learn from your work, or hear you only assert in conversation, that there is ever so small an error in the authorized version, they will begin to discuss and to doubt, and the whole authority of the Scriptures will be lost." Who could have anticipated that the learning of this day would have borrowed its lessons from such quarters?

† A copy of this first edition is preserved in the British Museum. It may be distinguished from all others by its fantastic title of *Novum Instrumentum*, which Erasmus afterwards dropped. Nothing, we think, can give a better idea of the popularity of the book than the fact that this copy, as appears by a contemporaneous inscription, was the property of Robert Elyston, a monk of St. Mary's Fountains, and

One college at Cambridge refused to join in the general commendation. It signalized itself in the cause of bigotry and bad sense by passing a decree that the New Testament of Erasmus should not be brought within the college precincts on shipboard or horseback, by wagons or porters! With this exception, the objectors were either few or undecided. In the paucity of Greek scholars it is not easy to find men able or even willing to enter upon the task of examining the critical merits or defects of the new edition. The two centres of orthodoxy abroad were Louvain and Cologne. But the latter had already been handled severely for its persecution of Reuchlin, and was not inclined to engage in a fresh controversy. Erasmus tells Ammonius in a letter from Brussels, where he had resolved to spend the winter of 1516, that his enemies were anxious to have an examination of his book delegated by royal commission to the schools of Louvain and Cologne. "They will have enough to employ them for two years if they do," he adds. He wisely anticipated the danger by taking up his abode at Louvain in the April of 1517. "You can scarcely imagine, my dear Ammonius, the danger I was in from the malice of the theologians in this place. In their quarrelsome humor they had prepared their approaches, and, under the leadership of the vice-chancellor of the University, who is the more mischievous because he is an enemy in disguise of a friend, they had formed a conspiracy against me. I have, however, taken up my abode here, and dissipated all this smoke; and am now on the best terms with them all, from the highest to the lowest." By degrees, however, ugly rumors gained ground. As early as the 31st October 1516, one month only after he had left England, More wrote to tell him that Latimer* was highly pleased with his New Testament; "in which, however, you have been too scrupulous for his approval. He is not pleased with your retaining the word *Sabbatum*, and the like. He would not admit a single word that has not the sanction of classical authority. I agreed with him, so far as Hebrew idiom and usage would allow, and begged him to send you a list of such words as he would have translated otherwise. But, my dear Erasmus, there are

was given by him to a relative named Christ. Tatum.

* Professor of Greek at Oxford.

others here who have conspired to read your work with very different intentions; whose design, I confess, fills me with alarm. Don't, therefore, be in a hurry to bring out a new edition. Very sharp critics here have determined to sift your book to the uttermost, and lay hold of all occasions for condemning it. Who are they? you will say. I am afraid to name them; it will strike you with despair. I must tell you, however, that that consummate theologian the Franciscan friar, † of whom you have made such honorable mention in your preface to St. Jerome, has entered into a conspiracy with others of his order to note down your blunders. For the more speedy execution of their task, they divided the work between them, and decided after reading it through with the greatest attention not to comprehend a word of it. You see your danger. They came to this resolution over their cups in the evening; but in the morning, as I hear, forgetting what had passed, rescinded their determination and betook themselves to mendicancy,—a trade they understand much better than criticism."

But notwithstanding this banter, it was necessary for Erasmus to hasten forward a new edition. The first had been produced under very unfavorable circumstances; and when the excitement occasioned by its appearance was over, no one was more ready to acknowledge its imperfections than Erasmus himself. The work had grown upon him, and assumed a dignity and proportion he had never originally intended. At first he had designed to restrict himself to very brief notes, not exceeding two or three words, on such passages of the New Testament as seemed most imperatively to need explanation. When the work was ready for the press, he was persuaded by his friends to correct the grosser errors of the Vulgate, and occasionally change the style into a purer Latinity. "This little additional trouble, as I then thought it," he writes to Budæus, "proved most oppressive. I was next persuaded to increase the length of the notes. The work had to be recast entirely. Another labor succeeded. I had imagined that I should have found more correct copies at Basle; I was disappointed, and compelled to revise the sheets beforehand for the use of the printers. Two persons, one a lawyer, the other a theologian, acquainted with He-

† Dr. Standish.

brew, had been engaged to correct the press. But as they had never been used to this employment, they could not fulfil what they had undertaken; and I had to read the proofs. The work of the editor and that of the printer proceeded simultaneously; and a sheet was finished daily. I could not give my undivided attention to the New Testament, as I was at the same time engaged on St. Jerome. I had resolved to bring out the work before Easter, or die at my post. Again, I was deceived in the size of the volume. The printer assured me it would amount to thirty sheets only; it exceeded eighty-three. Worn out with these labors and occupied with things which properly did not belong to me, I had to proceed to the notes. I did the best I could, considering the time and the state of my health. Some errors I passed over intentionally; some I connived at, in the publication of which I dissented from my own opinions. I am now preparing a second edition, and shall be glad of your assistance."

In the first edition he had admitted corrections with a sparing hand. In his version of the gospels he had closely adhered to the Vulgate. The evangelical narratives were so clear and so simple, written in such a plain and unaffected style, that he thought there was no room for error. Translator and copyist could scarcely go astray. It was otherwise with the epistles. The difficulties and obscurities of St. Paul demanded a greater mastery over the Greek than could be expected from those under whose hands the Vulgate had assumed its present shape. Here there was greater need of revision and explanation. He was urged by his friends, especially in England, to give freer scope to his criticisms; to express his judgment more fully, where before he had been brief and obscure. The success of his paraphrase of St. Paul's Epistles, published about this time, and universally applauded, gave him confidence to make his revision of the gospels correspond with his previous version of the epistles. Greater facilities were at hand, especially the appearance of a new Greek Lexicon, for the more successful prosecution of his task. But he entered upon it with manifest reluctance. He dreaded a return to Basle; and his weak health made him naturally reluctant to expose himself to a repetition of those fatigues and privations from

which he had so recently escaped. "There are three things in Germany I detest," he says in one of his letters: "the stoves, the thieves, and the plague," which was then raging. He could not make up his mind, notwithstanding the high opinion he had of Frobenius, whether to go to Basle or to Venice. He would much rather have gone to neither. Had Greek types been accessible in Louvain or Brussels, he would have consulted his own ease and inclination by remaining in his lodgings. He would rather have forfeited three hundred golden crowns than undertake the journey. "Oh, how I wish you had a fount of Greek types!" he writes to Badius Ascensius,* a printer near Brussels. "Now, at the hazard of my life, must I go to Basle, to superintend in person the printing of the New Testament." But Badius had no types and there was no alternative.

Before his departure, he sent word to the two best Greek scholars of the day, Latimer in Oxford, and Budæus in Paris, requesting their advice and assistance. But Latimer was formal and pedantic, Budæus envious and conceited. "You know," says More, "how stiff and obstinate are these philosophers. I suppose it is because they take so much pride in their consistency." Whether More was right or wrong in his conjecture, their consistency would not thaw, or not in time to be useful. Once more, then, single-handed, Erasmus wended on his road to Basle, reluctant above all things to stoop his neck to the collar. "Once more here I am in this odious mill," he tells his correspondent De Berghes. By the latter end of 1517 he was hard at work. Next year, on the 25th April, he writes to Henry VIII., who had sent him sixty angels and a pressing invitation to return to England, that he must devote four months to the second edition of his New Testament, but he would leave Basle in the autumn. Before, however, he committed his labors irrecoverably to the press, he had taken the precaution of fixing his wavering friends at Louvain. If he could not prevent, he might anticipate opposition by securing their approbation to his proposed revision. The two whom he had most cause to fear were Dorp and the vice-chancellor; the latter for his insincerity, the former for the flexibility of his temper. Dorp had once attacked him

* 17th April, 1518.

and repented. The vice-chancellor he held "like a wolf by the ears," to use his own illustration. Ostensibly civil whilst Erasmus was at Louvain, he would join any conspiracy against him when his back was turned. "The time was drawing near," he says in one of his most remarkable letters to Barbiri, "when I had to start for Basle with the second edition of my New Testament. On the eve of my journey, the vice-chancellor invited me to supper. Egmont was there and Vives. I informed the vice-chancellor after supper that I must leave for Basle in a few days. I begged, protested, besought him to do me the favor to tell me, if there was any change he would like to see made in the work; or anything in it prejudicial to good manners or the Catholic faith." He replied he had read over the whole, and it seemed to him pious and learned. "I would rather be admonished than praised," replied Erasmus; "admonition will profit me, praise will not. Now I have opportunity for altering: hereafter it will be too late." He reiterated his applauses. "If you are sincere, said I, why did you join in the outcry against the first edition?" "Before I had read it," he answered, "many unfavorable criticisms were reported to me; but on reading it I found reasons for changing my sentiments. I approve hugely of what you have done; I cannot say what you may do." "Then," said Erasmus, "if you like the first edition, I will lay my life you will approve of this. He then bade me God speed on my pious labors and my efforts for the advancement of the Christian religion."

He started for Basle about May; how far satisfied with having muzzled the wolf we cannot undertake to say. He is not the only scholar who has tasted such experience. He is not the only divine who has shown notes and prefaces to Christian friends, and found that his unguarded confidences were afterwards so many counts in the charge against him. Vice-chancellors, divinity professors, principals of colleges, the whole battle-array of orthodoxy, with its guns charged and its spears in rest, were for the next four months consigned to oblivion. Even the pleasant summer months were shut out, as he stood in the grim printing-house of Frobenius buried up to the ears in copies of the Fathers, damp sheets, and groaning forms. But the wit, the good humor, the lively sallies, the sparkling repartee, which played and flickered

about his lips, no labor could shut out. "Gracious Heavens!" says Frobenius, in a letter prefixed to his epigrams; "have we not seen Erasmus, when he was with us a year and a half ago, partly employed in turning Greek into Latin, partly in correcting the Epistles and Gospels; now compiling his notes to the *Novum Instrumentum*, anon penning scholia upon St. Jerome? What laborious, what incessant study! What fatigues were his daily portion! In the midst of all, visitors of rank would make no scruple of calling on him and interrupting him about some trifle or another; one would try to wheedle him out of an epigram, another to gain immortality by a letter. And how did he, the most easy, good-natured man in the world, act on these occasions? Did he refuse? did he manifest impatience? He was fully occupied in writing—break off his employments he could not. Yet write he did, at odd moments, as he went backwards and forwards to mass; anything to oblige."

Erasmus returned to Louvain in September, with the first instalment of his work wet from the press. He had left Basle in languid health, occasioned by long confinement. It was a pleasant sail down the Rhine; but the autumn was hot, and at noon the sun was oppressive. At Brisach he was annoyed by the stoves and the abundance of flies,—two plagues he detested. His appetite failed, and his somewhat fastidious taste recoiled from the coarse fare of an inferior German hotel; "nasty plates, nasty pies, nasty salt meats, which had already been served to previous customers,—*mere nauseæ*." At the next stage he sat down to supper with more than sixty travellers in a small heated kitchen. "If there be any God," said Luther,* "for whom the Germans of my days entertain a profound veneration, that is the god *Qyaffe*." His orgies were celebrated with an inflexible constancy, known only to Teutonic appetites. No guest was allowed to rise from the table before the clock struck ten; and as the devotees grew hot and noisy over their orgies, the ears and nose of Erasmus, the most sensitive of mortals, were not agreeably entertained. At Spire, his English horse† knocked up from bad treatment. At Mayence he embarked on the Rhine; took an open carriage at Cologne, in a terrible storm, succeeded by

* Table-Talk, p. 527.

† Urswick's present.

a rainy night, and reached Aix completely knocked up. Here he was compelled by the officious courtesy of his friends, to dine off fish, — a diet he never could endure.* In great pain he reached Louvain, where a stupid physician pronounced that he was suffering from the plague, — a signal for all to abandon him. Happily he was compelled to take his case into his own hands. A cup of chicken-broth, rest, and quiet effected his cure. "Who could suppose," he exclaims, "that this frail body of mine, for I am now turned fifty, so slim and so delicate, after such laborious journeys and so much hard study, could have borne up against so many afflictions?"

Just then the dispute between Luther and the Dominicans on the subject of indulgences was deafening the world by its noise and its acrimony. Suspicion was aroused. It was impossible to anticipate how far the mischief might spread, or to what perils this permission of the laity to interfere in theology and pass their judgment on the Scriptures might lead. His enemies in England had not been idle; and his new edition gave them an advantage of which they were not slow to avail themselves. So long as Erasmus had been contented to confine his notes and revision to the text of St. Paul's Epistles, there was no great danger of the dispute extending beyond the ranks of the learned. People at large understood little and cared less for nice points of scholarship. The most potent of orthodox champions would have failed to blow up the excitement beyond blood-heat. Greek particles, minute distinctions between Greek verbs and their tenses, are but poor faggots to kindle a fire with. What cared the uninitiated whether Œcolampadius, who superintended the sheets and lent his Hebrew acquirements to the undertaking, had made a blunder in some point or not? What did they know whether *ὡς Θεός* was more fitly rendered by *tanquam* or *quasi Deus*? Erasmus might have gone on to the end of his days with his learned affectation of *Novum Instrumentum*, free, at least, from popular clamor and danger. Lord mayors and aldermen; the corporation of London, the Court of Arches itself, would have slept on, and turned a dull ear to the rhetoric of Standish and the vitriolic orthodoxy of Lee. In an evil hour Erasmus

had descended to popular ground. He not only enlarged the scope of his notes and trenched on many delicate topics of doctrine and manners, but he had modernized the Latin version of the Gospels. First and foremost he had changed the expression in St. John's Gospel, already sanctified by long usage, and the acknowledged antidote of Arianism, from "*In principio erat Verbum*," into "*In principio erat Sermo*." He had spoken of the histories of the Old Testament (that of Samson, for instance) under the questionable expression of *fabulæ*. He had accused St. Paul of having recourse to Hebraisms from inability to express himself in correct Greek.* Christ's equality with the Father he had referred to his human and not his divine nature (Philipp. ii. 16). In his notes to St. Matthew (ch. ii.) he had insinuated that the writers of the gospels might have erred from not examining books, but trusting too much to their memories. As the climax to all these offences, he had struck out from the Epistle of St. John the celebrated verse of the Three Witnesses. Women and children, the most ignorant, the most indifferent, could understand and shudder at the danger when Erasmus was charged with reforming the *Magnificat* and the *Pater Noster*. When Carmelites and professors of theology, in their violet-colored hoods, thundered out anathemas from the pulpits against that profane learning which, discontented with the simplicity of the divine oracles, sought to remodel them to the caprices of itching ears, who could remain unmoved? The days of Antichrist were at hand, and these were the signs of his coming.

Foremost among his opponents were two Englishmen, Dr. Standish, provincial of the Franciscans, about this time appointed bishop of St. Asaph, and Dr. Edward Lee, afterwards archbishop of York, the patron of Roger Ascham. Both these prelates played important parts in the reign of Henry VIII. Standish was descended from an ancient family of that name long settled in Lancashire. He had studied at both universities; had entered the order of Gray Friars, and became warden of their convent in London, now converted into the Blue-coat School. The readers of Burnet will remember that this Standish

* "The Greek of the Apostles," he says, "is tinged with the peculiar idioms of their native tongue." Elsewhere: "their Greek is not that of Demosthenes, but *e vulgi colloquio*."

* He used to say of himself, that though his soul was a good Catholic, his stomach was a Lutheran.

was the chief actor in that notable dispute at the outset of Henry's reign between the king and the Convocation. Standish is represented on that occasion as standing up against the bishops and clergy in behalf of the king's supremacy. And if that account is to be trusted, he was more than a match for Warham, Fox, or Wolsey. The story has its difficulties, like many others in this reign. To find the friars the uncompromising advocates of the king's supremacy, and exalting the temporal over the spiritual power, is a fact not easy to be reconciled with our modern notions of these orders. This is clear, however, that the old animosity between the bishops and the religious remained unabated.

We regret we have not room for a graphic account given by Erasmus of the feuds and squabbles which prevailed at this time between the Franciscans and their rivals; but the limits of our space admonish us to be brief. Supreme over all the mendicant friars in England, Standish was a formidable opponent; if not for his talents, for the means he thus possessed of rousing the passions of the people. The exclusive privilege of the mendicant friars to hear confession gave them a hold over every household in England. They were accused of ruling the husband by the knowledge thus obtained from the wife. The female sex, more devout than the male, listened readily to their suggestions. They were the popular preachers; had great social powers; combined in their own persons the qualifications of the home and foreign missionary. In Chaucer's sketch of them, which remained unaltered till they were swept away by the Reformation, they are described as skilful in playing the fiddle and telling good stories; and no one who has looked into their sermons will doubt the correctness of the poet's description. Whilst the Dominicans kept possession of the schools and the monk was confined to his cloister, the friar wandered at large in the towns, and made himself agreeable in the pulpit and out of it. As his reputation with his own order depended on the amount of alms he collected from day to day, all his arts of wheedling and intimidation were thus brought into play. Bare heads and naked feet, tattered russet coats girt with a knotted rope, appealed irresistibly to the charitable feelings of all classes, especially the lower. The poor Carthusian monk of Sterne was in fact a begging

friar of the better sort; and they who escaped the cajolery of the importunate, or defied the unscrupulous, could scarcely stand unmoved before the eloquence of silent poverty, which proffered its claims in the meek accents of pallid faces, uncomplaining grief, and pious resignation. There might be pretenders to sanctity among them; but we have the most undeniable evidence that they preached and prayed where no others of the clergy ventured.

In a most remarkable state-paper, written at the commencement of this reign, giving an account of the wretchedness, confusion, and misgovernment of Ireland, the writer says: * "What common folk in all this world is so poor, so feeble so ill beseen in town and field, so bestial, so greatly oppressed and trod under foot, as the common folk of Ireland?" And this among other reasons is assigned: "Some say that the prelates of the church and clergy is much cause of all the misorder of the land; for there is no archbishop ne bishop, abbot ne prior, parson ne vicar, ne any other person of the church, high or low, great or small, English or Irish, that useth to preach the word of God, *saving the poor friars beggars.*" Even Henry himself, though fond of learning, keenly sensible of the ridiculous, and possessed with more than a Tudor's dislike of popular commotion and disaffection, would not allow the friars to be crushed by the superior clergy. This very Dr. Standish was upheld by him against the whole influence of Convocation; against all hostile influence afterwards (and that was not slight), he was advanced by the king to the bishopric of St. Asaph. Nor was it otherwise with Katharine. All her devotional predilections ran in favor of the friars. When she expected a prince, she had recourse to their prayers and their intercessions. The friars of Greenwich, Oxford, and Cambridge received, from her pious hopes and fears, many a charitable dole and many a pound of wax. At all events, like most of her sex, we may be quite certain that she sympathized more with Standish than with Erasmus, and believed, like half the good women in England, that this new method of interpreting Scripture was little better than covert infidelity.

These were the men who were now to signalize their opposition against Erasmus. Shortly after the appearance of the second

* State-Papers of Henry VIII. ii. 10.

edition of the New Testament, Standish was appointed to preach at Paul's Cross before the lord mayor and corporation of London. After prefacing his sermon with some general observations on charity, he suddenly broke away from the main topic, and launched forth, to the astonishment of his audience, in bitter denunciations against Erasmus. He declared that the total extinction of Christianity was at hand, unless these new-fangled versions of the Scriptures were suppressed. It was intolerable that Erasmus should venture to corrupt the Gospel of St. John, and transform the old reading, "*In principio erat Verbum*," to which the Church had adhered for so many centuries, into the new style of, "*In principio erat Sermo*." Then turning to the lord mayor and corporation, he told them that St. Augustine had given very good reasons for the use of the old word *Verbum*. "But," added he, "that pretentious and shallow Grecian could not comprehend the arguments of the holy father. And, oh!" he exclaimed, "that I should have lived to witness these times,—I, a doctor of so many years standing; I, who have all my life read '*In principio erat Verbum*,' to be sent to school and compelled to read '*In principio erat Sermo*.'" With that he wept, to the astonishment of the men, and the edification of the women.

It was his fortune that day to dine at the palace; and after the meal was over, Standish was introduced to the royal circle. A large assembly of bishops, nobles, and scholars surrounded Henry and Katharine. Bustling through the crowd, Standish fell on his knees, and, raising his hands to heaven, broke forth into loud praises of the king's royal progenitors, who had always religiously defended the Catholic Church against heresy and schism. Most perilous times, he exclaimed, were at hand: Erasmus was daily publishing some new book; and, unless a firm resistance were made to such innovations, Christianity was at an end. Then, turning up his eyes to heaven, he begged Christ to assist his forlorn spouse, though all else forsook her. One of the circle, probably More or Mountjoy, watching his opportunity, slipped down on his knee before the king, and, mimicking the theatrical tones and attitudes of Standish, besought him, as he had inspired their majesties with so much fear and anxiety for the safeguard of Christendom, to be good enough to tell them what were the

perilous heresies and schisms to which he alluded in the writings of Erasmus. Then, stretching out his hand, Standish began to reckon them on the tips of his fingers. "First," says he, "Erasmus denies the resurrection; next, he annihilates the sacrament of marriage; thirdly, he derogates from the eucharist." These assertions occasioned great sensation. His opponent requested him to produce the passages on which these accusations rested. Standish began with his thumb: "First," said he, "that Erasmus denies the resurrection I prove thus: Paul, in his Epistle to the Colossians" (he mistook Colossians for Corinthians) "says: *Omnes quidem resurgemus, sed non omnes immutabimur*; but Erasmus, out of his Greek, reads it thus: *Omnes quidem non dormiemus, sed omnes immutabimur*. It is clear, therefore, that he denies the resurrection." The other explained, that Erasmus had professed to adhere strictly to the Greek text; and as the word "resurrection" had been retained by him in so many other places, it was absurd to say that in this change, which he had adopted on good authority, he had denied the resurrection. "Ah, yes," said Standish, "you mean the authority of St. Jerome; but Jerome took this from the Hebrew." Hereupon, another friend of Erasmus, advancing through the circle, dropped on his knee before the king, and, after reverence done, addressed himself to Standish; "I cry your mercy, reverend father; will you repeat what you said just now, as I was not paying much attention." Standish repeated his remark. Then his opponent, to draw attention to its absurdity, rejoined: "That is no trivial argument which his reverence has advanced; but I should like to reply to it, if his majesty will permit me." Queen Katharine twitching the king called his attention to the speaker: "I don't see," says the objector, with assumed gravity, "what answer can be made to his reverence's argument. I don't suppose he imagines that the Epistles of St. Paul were written in Hebrew, when every schoolboy knows they were written in Greek. What purpose could St. Jerome possibly have in correcting them from the Hebrew, when no Hebrew copies of them ever existed?" Henry saw the bishop's discomfiture; and, with kingly grace, changed the conversation.

But the opposition of Standish, though

vexatious enough, was confined to England. A more bitter and formidable enemy sprung up in Edward Lee, chaplain and almoner to Henry VIII. He had written, or more probably had put together, the floating objections of the times against the first edition of the New Testament, and circulated the book in manuscript among his own friends and those of Erasmus. On the return of the latter from Basle, before the notes to the second edition had appeared, he had requested Lee to allow him the sight of his criticisms; if not, he begged Lee to publish them at once, that he might make the necessary corrections in his forthcoming edition. Lee resolutely refused. He was bent on securing a reputation by an attack on the most remarkable author of the age; and his book would have been worthless had Erasmus anticipated his objections. The matter might have ended there, with little credit to Lee's generosity. But Erasmus could not forbear expressing his irritation. He spoke of Lee in terms of great contempt, to more than one of his numerous correspondents: "the earth had never produced anything more arrogant, venomous, or foolish" (xii. 32). He stigmatized him as a conceited young man and a sciolist. With still greater indiscretion, finding all other means ineffectual, he wrote a letter to Lee, in which he had the bad taste to threaten him with the vengeance of his friends in Germany, "who had not yet," as he added, "dropped all their native ferocity." Lee waited for no further provocation. He immediately brought out his book, and prefaced it with the following calm and sarcastic letter. "Edovardus Leeus Desiderio Erasmo salutem. En! nunc demum habes, Desideri Erasme, nostrarum annotationum librum, quem tantopere efflagitasti,—opus, spero, cum primis tibi gratum et jucundum, si non quod nostrum sit, tamen quod tuo nomini nuncupatum, et te annum jam totum hortante emisum; vel forte, eo potius nomine, quod inde orbi nostra prodetur ignorantia, quan tu nullis non modis studes propagari; ut omnes cognoscant me talem esse, qualem tu fingis."

It was evident that the author of such a letter could not be the puny and contemptible adversary Erasmus had represented. Nor was he. Roger Ascham has done justice to the learning of Lee. More and Fisher were inclined to think he had been unfairly treated, and, after the provocation he had received,

he could hardly be expected to remain silent.

Lee took exception to the hasty and perfunctory manner in which Erasmus had introduced emendations into the New Testament. He accused Erasmus of rejecting readings, confirmed by long patristic usage, on the slender authority of a Greek manuscript, as to the age of which and its general accuracy grave doubts existed. He taxed him with citing passages from the Greek copies which were not to be found in them, and omitting such as were. In some instances his Latin version did not correspond with the Greek; in others the true meaning had been misquoted or misrepresented. The rest of Lee's objections related rather to matters of doctrine and opinion; Erasmus had spoken contemptuously of previous commentators; he had condemned the Church for admitting the Epistle to the Hebrews into the canon; he had asserted that the Gospel of St. Mark was nothing more than a compendium of St. Matthew's. But it was his gravest and most substantial charge that, in the Apocalypse, Erasmus, to supply the defects of his Greek MSS., had ventured on the extraordinary license of turning certain verses into Greek which he had found only in the Latin copies. Objectionable as such an act undoubtedly was, and subversive of all sound criticism and literary honesty, Erasmus had not intended to impose upon his readers. He had acknowledged the fact in his notes. It was indeed much to be wished that Erasmus had candidly admitted these accusations, instead of attempting to recriminate. They were true in the main; they could not be denied. Had he fallen back upon that line of defence which he had taken up at first; had he admitted that in so laborious a work, too rapidly completed and surrounded by numerous obstacles, it was scarcely possible to avoid omissions and errors, he would have diminished nothing of his fair fame. He chose to stand upon the defensive; to hurl back invectives at the head of Lee; and thus he gave an importance to these charges they did not intrinsically deserve. His best friends looked sad; to his enemies he had exposed an advantage of which they were not slow to avail themselves; whilst to the Gallios of this world, who regarded with supreme indifference the real question at issue, it afforded a fund of delight to see the great biblical scholar tormented by

petty and malicious assailants. Stunica and Caranza, the successors to Lee and Standish in this inglorious warfare, were as amusing as Pasquin to infidel bishops and classic cardinals at Rome, if not for their wit, yet for their unceasing virulence.

But we must draw these observations to a close. Of the editions of the New Testament which appeared in the lifetime of Erasmus, the fourth, published in 1527, is the most complete, as he had the advantage of the critical aids afforded by the Complutensian. In the third edition, which appeared in 1522, he reinserted, from an English MS., the verse of the Three Witnesses. But, except for the interest which must always attach to first experiments, the Greek Testament of Erasmus has little value for the biblical scholar of the present day. Much beyond his contemporaries in his conception of the duties of an editor, and of the philological requirements for establishing and explaining the text of an ancient author, he fell far below the modern standard. He understood quite as well as later scholars do, that the text of the New Testament must be determined by the ancient Greek copies, supported by the earliest Latin versions and the Greek fathers. He was in some respects even less fettered than modern critics are by prejudices in favor of an authorized text or established translation. He had no leaning to the Vulgate. He was not inclined to attribute to it the praise it unquestionably deserves. The necessity of a careful description of the age and condition of the MSS. and authorities employed by him in forming his text,—an indispensable part of an editor's duty,—he almost entirely overlooked. Consequently, beyond his own critical judgment and sagacity, his text rests on no satisfactory or determinable authority. He would have done more had he done less,—had he been content with a careful edition, resting on one or two good MSS. Therefore, unlike the early editions of the Greek classics, the New Testament of Erasmus is absolutely worthless for all critical purposes. Yet, strange to say, until within a very late period, it remained substantially the only form in which the original was known to the world. It was not in the execution, but in the conception of his work that he deserves our praise. He had not health, patience, or inclination for the tedious and laborious process of collating

MSS. He was much more at his ease in compiling notes and bringing his vast and multifarious reading to bear on the elucidation of the history and antiquities of the New Testament. So far as vast learning can be of service, in this respect, no commentator can be compared to Erasmus. With the whole region of Latin literature he was familiar, and scarcely less at home with the most eminent of the Greek and Latin fathers. At a time when the Greek scholars in England might be counted on the fingers, his notes to the Greek Testament abound in quotations from Homer, the Greek tragedians, Herodotus, Aristophanes, Aristotle, Athenæus, Lucian, and others.

Whatever judgment we may now be inclined to pass on his work, it must be allowed the praise of being the first attempt to introduce a more diligent study of the New Testament. Luther used his labors, and proclaimed his contempt for them, in his noble commentary on the Galatians. Erasmus, he complained, stuck too much to the letter: "*humana prævalent in eo plus quam divina.*"* Yet, in spite of this dictum, are we not entitled to say, after three centuries' experience, that the surest sign of a barren and unreal theology is not over-attention to the critical meaning of the original, but carelessness of the life that is in words? The slow induction, the careful sifting comparison, the spiritual sympathy, so to speak, which alone enable a scholar to understand Plato, or a philosopher to read the material world, must surely be applied to the Greek of the New Testament if we would know its true compass and significance by a profounder insight than we have. The severe beauty of the Vulgate and our own homely and noble English version have partially set aside and obscured their original by the chain of words that come native to our thought and the long link of household associations. Such work as Erasmus's was is dreaded by many as a wanton iconoclasm, a defacing, if not a destruction, of the holiest forms of faith. Perhaps the very fear is the best argument that the task needs to be done again. Of all phases of bibliolatry, that which prefers the copy to the original is surely the strangest. For ourselves, we can only express our firm confidence that the gospels will never lose by being studied in the very words of the evangelists.

* Luth. Epist. 29.

From The Examiner.

Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII., Preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and Elsewhere in England. Arranged and Catalogued by J. S. Brewer, M. A., under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the Sanction of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State. Vol. I. Longmans.

THE volume is one of the noblest contributions to historical literature possessed by our own or any other nation. Professor Brewer's work, a masterpiece of patient labor under the direction of sound learning and judgment, is one to be learned slowly and thoughtfully, and not until it has been carefully studied can its value be appreciated. Of the importance of the Calendars of State Papers under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, as helps to a true understanding, in many cases to an entire reconstruction, of English history during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, we have several times spoken. But in every respect this Calendar, of which Mr. Brewer says that "in its successful accomplishment Mr. Gairdner, to whose learning, experience, assiduity, cool judgment, and unvarying perseverance, I can hardly express, without seeming to be guilty of extravagance, how much I owe, is as much concerned as myself," is better than the best of its fellows. It is no reproach to the others to say that Mr. Brewer's volume contains evidence of a more surprising industry, and, on the whole, is a more perfect analysis than any of them. These others, moreover, only calendar the documents of single departments of the State, some domestic, some colonial, some foreign, and—with the exceptions of Mr. Sainsbury's last published volume, in which Mr. Brewer's example is followed with notable advantage, of Mr. Bergenroth's abstracts of papers from the Archives of Simancas, and of Mr. Rawdon Brown's kindred selection of Venetian documents, recently entered upon—they are solely digests of material contained in the State Paper Office. The Catalogue, of which the first volume is now before us and of which a second instalment is promised before the end of the present year, is very much more comprehensive. It gives the pith of all letters and papers, foreign and domestic, printed or in manuscript, illustrating the reign of Henry the Eighth, that are to be found, not only in

the Record Office, but also in the British Museum, the Bodleian and Lambeth libraries, and the miscellaneous collections of London, Oxford, and Cambridge, together with a summary of "the French, the Scotch, the Patent, and the Parliament Rolls, the Signed Bills and Privy Seals, the army, navy, ordnance, and wardrobe accounts of the same period, not omitting the transcripts made by the late Record Commission from foreign archives, in the new edition of Rymer's *Fœdera*." In a word, this Catalogue, when complete, and it can hardly be completed in less than eight or ten volumes of some thousand pages apiece, will be a complete abstract of all the material existing in England and of most of that to be found in foreign libraries, that refers to King Henry the Eighth's rule, and that can rightly explain the state of England and its relations with foreign nations during that period.

Of the extreme difficulties that must have been overcome by Mr. Brewer and Mr. Gairdner in deciphering and arranging the papers dispersed among the various libraries, no one can form at all an adequate conception unless he has himself gone through a somewhat similar experience. The complication resulting from the carelessness of some old curators and the mistaken zeal of others, the whims of superiors, and the indolence of subordinates, and, above all, the all but universal contempt which many past generations of Englishmen have felt for their historical muniments,—to all which must be added the frequent ignorance or thoughtlessness of many of the writers of letters and tracts now so valuable to us,—furnish impediments enough to dishearten the most active and clear-headed antiquary. Many of these documents were either never dated or dated in eccentric ways, some nations following the old, others the new, style of chronology, some writers beginning the year at Christmas, others at Easter, and not a few following capriciously sometimes one rule, sometimes another, and sometimes none at all. Only by the most careful and prudent speculation can these discrepancies be approximately corrected; but still greater care and prudence are needed for bringing together the fragments of papers separated by the freaks of librarians or the frauds of collectors. Some of the collections of manuscripts now in the British Museum were made by a series of thefts from the original storehouses,

and often where no dishonesty was intended, the irregularity of officials in the tying and untying of bundles, the sorting and resorting of boxes, or the like, went quite as far towards the establishment of a general confusion. "Treaties made between the same powers, and relating to the same period of history, straggled piecemeal into two or three or even four different depositories. Parts of the same letter are not unusually found in different libraries; addresses were detached from the bodies of the letters to which they belonged, and inclosures "inserted in the wrong envelopes." Things being so, hearty indeed must be the thanks due from precise students of history,—and from the wide public that reads history through the eyes of the precise student,—to Mr. Brewer, Mr. Gairdner, and their assistants, for their grouping and abstracting of the Henry VIII. Papers.

The first volume of the *Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.* weighs seven pounds and seven ounces. It includes analyses, the choice bits being quoted intact, of five thousand seven hundred and ninety documents, beginning with the 22d of April, 1509, and ending with the 31st of December, 1514, the whole being contained in nine hundred and seventy-eight closely printed imperial octavo pages. A marvellously comprehensive and comprehensible index occupies a hundred and ninety-seven other pages, and a hundred and twenty-five more are devoted to a preface, in which Mr. Brewer gives an admirable summing up of the results of his exploration of the first five years and eight months of Henry's reign.

It is likely that more than half the students of the Catalogue will go no farther than this preface. Mr. Brewer speaks with authority, for, after reading with minute attention the whole body of original documents, he knows more about his subject than any one else in the world can know now or can ever be expected to know, and everything that he discusses is marked with a singularly clear and honest judgment. He writes, moreover, in notably sound and simple English. We may take, for example, these portions of his personal sketch of Henry VIII., every feature copied from the contemporary accounts:—

"At his accession to the crown he was in the prime of youth and manly beauty. Had he lived in a more poetic age and died before his divorce, he might, without any great ef-

fort of imagination, have stood for the hero of an epic poem. He possessed just those qualities which Englishmen admire in their rulers at all times;—a fund of good temper, occasionally broken by sudden bursts of anger, vast muscular strength, and unflinching courage. In stature he towered above all his contemporaries. From the brilliant crowd that surrounded him he could at once be distinguished by his commanding figure and the superior graces of his person. In an age remarkable for feats of strength, and when bodily skill was held in highest estimation, no one outdid him in the tournament. Man and horse fell before him, and lance after lance, at the jousts held in Tournay in honor of the Lady Margaret and the Emperor Maximilian. . . . He drew the best bow of the age; and in the mastery of it was a match for the tallest archers of his own guard. . . . He spoke French, Italian, and Spanish. Of his proficiency in Latin a specimen has been preserved among the letters of Erasmus. All suspicion of its genuineness is removed by the the positive assertion of Erasmus that he had seen the original and corrections in the prince's own hand. In the business of the State he was, with the exception of Wolsey, the most assiduous man in his dominions. He read and noted the despatches of his ministers and ambassadors without the aid of secretary or interpreter. . . . Among his lighter accomplishments, still more rare among the sovereigns and nobility of that age, was his skill in the practice and theory of music. We learn from Sagudino, secretary to Giustinian, who visited England in 1515, that the king practised the lute, organ, and harpsichord 'day and night,' and was passionately fond of music. 'He was extremely skilled in music,' is the remark of Giustinian, an Italian, accustomed to hear the best composers of his country, when the musicians of Italy were scarcely less eminent than its painters. Nicolo Sagudino writes, in 1517, that 'he remained ten days at Richmond with the ambassador, and in the evening they enjoyed hearing the king play and sing, and seeing him dance, and run at the ring by day; in all which exercises he acquitted himself divinely.'

"The vast number of warrants, letters, and despatches which every day demanded his attention and required his signature—and such a signature as was not struck off in a hurry—is entirely at variance with the popular notion that he gave himself up wholly to amusement, and was indifferent to more serious occupations. Had such been the case the business of the nation must have fallen into confusion or come to a stand; and we should have seen some traces of it in the correspondence of the time. On the contrary,

nothing could exceed the regularity and despatch in every department of the State, as shown by the documents now preserved in the Record Office. . . . His delight in gorgeous pageantry and splendid ceremonial, if without any studied design, was not without advantage. Cloth of gold and tissue, New Year's gift's, Christmas masquerades, and May-day mummeries, fell with heavy expense on the nobility, but afforded a cheap and gratuitous amusement to the people. The roughest of the populace were not excluded from their share in the enjoyment. Sometimes, in a boisterous fit of delight, he would allow and even invite the lookers-on to scramble for the rich ornaments of his own dress and those of his courtiers. Unlike his father, he showed himself everywhere. He entered with ease into the sports of others, and allowed them with equal ease to share in his. To this hearty compliance with the national humor, which no subsequent acts, however arbitrary or cruel, could altogether obliterate,—to the impression produced by his frankness and good humor,—to his unquestionable courage, and ability to hold his own against all comers, without the adventitious aid of his exalted position,—Henry VIII. owed much of that popularity which seems unintelligible to modern notions. . . . Englishmen had found at last a living counterpart of that ideal royalty which they had often longed for and seldom been able to realize. That ideal is not ours; it falls far short of our conceptions; still it must be judged by the times. And no attentive reader of the papers or chronicles of this reign will be at a loss to find a counterpart to those passionate expressions of royalty which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Wolsey."

We must find room for a few more sentences from Mr. Brewer's preface defining the value of labor, high and low, and the prices of the necessaries and luxuries of life in the early part of the sixteenth century.

"The chancellor's salary was £200 per annum. Speaker of the House of Commons, £100. The king's chief carver has £50; his chief surgeon, 40 marks per annum; librarian, £10; cupbearer, £20. . . . Minstrels were paid 6d. a day, and the marshal of the minstrels, 4 l-2d. a day, and 10 marks per annum. . . . Superior workmen, or free-masons, bricklayers, plumbers, joiners, had in the long months 6d. a day, in the short, 5d.; if on board wages, 4d. and 3d. The ordinary agricultural laborer was paid from Easter to Michaelmas 4d. without meat and drink and 2d. with, and the other part of the year 1 l-2d. with his board. . . . The yearly clothing of a chief shepherd is valued

at 5s., of a woman servant, 4s., and the same for a woman or child. . . . The price of gunpowder was 3 l-2d. or 4d. per lb.; saltpetre, 4d. A hand gun cost 9s.; a great copper gun with two chambers, £35; two iron guns, £25 6s. 8d. . . . The price of provisions for the navy was estimated as follows: biscuits, 5s. the 100; beer, 6s. 8d. the pipe; dried cod, 38s. 4d. the 124; salt, 5d. a bushel; oatmeal, 10d. and some 14d. a bushel; oil, 10d. a gallon. . . . In the navy the admiral had 10s. a day; captains and treasurer, 3s. 6d.; under captains, 1s. 6d.; clerks, 8d., and some 1s.; master and pilot, 30s. a month; master surgeon, 13s. 4d. a month; quarter-master, 7s. 6d.; quarter-master gunner, 6s. 8d.; soldiers and marines, 5s. . . . Coats for the navy, 4s.; jackets, 20d."

As good an illustration as any that can be given of the value of Professor Brewer's Calendar may be drawn from the information afforded by it touching the state of the navy and of maritime affairs in the early years of Henry's reign. In no subject, at this period, did the king take greater interest, and in no respect, save in the bringing about of the English Reformation, did he do more lasting good to his country. With him, indeed, almost begins the history of English naval greatness. England was a seafaring nation from the day when our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, coming in their long "keeles," settled on its shores, and a brilliant tale has yet to be told of the growth of its maritime power during the middle ages. There was strengthening of the national power in the prudent measures by which Alfred the Great reconstructed and greatly enlarged its shipping, and there was preservation of the national honor, as well as extension of our country's commercial relations, and the organizations and maintenance, from a very early period, of the Cinque Ports. The crusades did much to foster a sea-going spirit, and the one good feature in the character of King John, was his zeal in the establishment of convenient ports and in the building of better sorts of ships than had hitherto been known. During the French wars of the first and third Edwards and of Henry the Fifth, including much tough fighting and many noble victories by sea, were for the first time fully developed the resources by which England has become the greatest of maritime nations, and in the eyes of true patriots there was no sadder testimony to the national degradation attendant on the Wars

of the Roses than the decline of naval power. "Now then," we read in "The Libel of English Policy," a political poem written in or near the year 1437,—

"Now then, for love of Christ and of his joy,
Bring yet England out of trouble and annoy;
Take heart and will, and set a governance,
Set many wits, withouten variance,
To one accord and unanimity
Put for good wille for to keep the sea . . .
The end of battle is peace sikerly,
And power causeth peace finally.
Keep then the sea about in special,
Which of England is the round wall;
As though England were likened to a city
And the walls round it were the sea."

But not till the time of Tudor rule was this wise view adopted as a main principle in the national policy; and, as we have said, the proper history of English maritime greatness begins with Henry VIII.'s diligent furtherance of the scheme adopted—as we may infer from his known friendship for the Bristol merchants with John and Sebastian Cabot for their leaders, and from the scanty records of other transactions that have come down to us—by his father. Henry VIII. gave less encouragement than Henry VII. had done to the adventurous projects formed by noble men for colonizing the distant countries newly found, or for discovering new passages to the yet more distant shores of India; and on this account writers who sneer at the father for showing a parsimony that was nothing more than reasonable prudence have taken occasion to accuse the son of apathy and ignorance. But herein we see wisdom and good statesmanship.

It is incredible that Henry, with plenty of ambition and adventurous spirit in his nature, and with more personal liking for naval affairs than perhaps any previous monarch had shown, should have carelessly and indolently held aloof from the pursuit of those splendid enterprises in which the examples of Columbus and his followers, and, nearer home, of the Cabots and their friends, had made all brave men eager to engage. But he saw that there was work enough, and much more pressing work, to be done at home. It was the one great duty of a right-minded king to make England a great nation; and the nation could, just at that time, have been only impoverished and weakened by any spending of its men and money upon Transatlantic colonization and discovery. The finding of a

northern route to the Indies was too arduous and doubtful a work to be undertaken by a prudent monarch; the time had not yet come for making the barren and icy districts in the northern continent of America, to which England had the legitimate claim of first discovery, more productive than any of the gold-yielding and luxuriant provinces of the south; and to have entered into rivalry with Spain for the possession of those provinces would, then more than ever, have been preposterous and impolitic. England was recovering the place in European politics lost during the disastrous half-century of civil strife. France, Germany, and Spain watched her progress with a jealous interest; and all available strength was needed for competing on European ground, as friend or foe, with these three powers. Therefore Henry very wisely kept at home his ships and sailors, did his utmost to augment the naval strength of the country, and did this with marked success. At the time of his accession there could be no question as to the comparative power of England and Spain on the sea. Yet in March, 1513, when the two countries were in league against France, we find Stile, Henry's agent at the Spanish court, writing to him concerning Ferdinand of Arragon, "And where your grace would that the king should augment his army by the sea to the number of five thousand men, in likewise as that your grace intendeth for to increase your army by the sea in likewise to the said number, he answereth that it is not possible for him to make or set forth by the sea above the number of three thousand men for the great lack of mariners that be in these parts, and for the great costs and charges that he is at with his wars in Italy and Barbary, and now shall be with these in Navarre and Guienne."

It was through Henry's personal care that the English navy was developed, the first great motive for its extension being the preparation of a suitable armament against France; and in Cardinal Wolsey he had a noble coadjutor. "He it is who determines the sums of money needful for the expedition, the line of march, the number and arrangement of the troops, even to the fashion of their armor and the harding of their horses. It is he who superintends the infinite details consequent on the shipment of a large army. He corresponds with Gouson and Fox about the victualling, and is busy with beer, beef,

and biscuit, transports, foists, and empty casks. He puts out or puts in the names of the masters of the fleet, and apportioned the gunners and the convoys. Ambassadors, admirals, generals, paymasters, nurses, secretaries, men of all grades, and in every sort of employment, crowd about him for advice and information. By the unconscious homage paid to genius in times of difficulty, he stands confessed as the master and guiding spirit of the age. Well may Fox say, 'I pray God send us with speed, and soon deliver you out of your outrageous charge and labor; else ye shall have a cold stomach, little sleep, pale visage, and a thin belly, *cum pariegestionem*.'"

The armament was completed early in March, 1513. The work done by it is familiar matter of history. The details of its construction, however, are nearly all to be read for the first time in Mr. Brewer's Calendar. It consisted of twenty-four ships, with a total tonnage of 8,460 tons, carrying 2,880 seamen and 4,650 soldiers; the largest vessels being the *Henry Imperial*, which was probably the *Great Harry* supposed to have been built by Henry VII. in 1488, and the *Trinity*, each of 1,000 tons' burden, and bearing four hundred soldiers and three hundred mariners apiece, and the smallest being the *Swallow*, of eighty tons and with seventy men on board. The flagship of Admiral Sir Edward Howard was the *Mary Rose*, carrying six hundred tons, and having on board two hundred sailors and two hundred soldiers. In addition to these there were some five-and-twenty smaller vessels, acting as victuallers to the others.

One of the finest ships in the king's navy, during the early years of his reign, was the *Regent*, of the same size and burden as the *Henry Imperial*. In August, 1512, it came into collision with a great French vessel, the *Cordelier* of Brest, with a crew of 1,600 men. After an hour's fighting, the English ship obtained the mastery, whereupon its French antagonist, accidentally or by design, was set on fire, and, the flames spreading, both vessels and most of their crew were destroyed. It was to repair the English loss that the *Henry Grace a Dieu*, of 1,500 tons' burden, was built, at a total cost, including the expenses of three small galleys attached, of £7,708 5s. 3d. The actual material cost £3,531 5s. 13-4d.; the chief items being 1,752 tons of timber, charged at £437

17s. 7 1-4d.; wrought and unwrought iron, £408 19s. 7 1-2d.; brass, £243 6s. 3 1-2d.; and cordage, £969 2s. 11d. The wages of laborers from the 3d of October, 1512, to the 6th of July, 1514, the time occupied in building, amounted to £2,192 6s. 3d.; and the food supplied to them during the same period cost in all £1,969 18s. 2d., £370 7s. 8d. being paid for 7,497 2-3 dozen loaves of bread £526 19s. 11d. for 1,543 pipes and two kilderkins of beer, £706 17s. 9d. for 557 beeves, £87 2s. 10d. for 4,522 cods, £19 4s. for 303-4 wheys of cheese, and £4 6s. for seven barrels of butter, then an article very little used.

This great ship, certainly a very great one in Henry's day, though now very small beside an ordinary man-of-war, was dedicated with great triumph in the middle of June, 1514, the ceremony being performed by the king in the presence of his queen, the bishops, the nobility, and the representatives of foreign States. The ambassadors of the Emperor Maximilian were present at the ceremony, and they wrote in envious wonder to tell their master of the large vessel, larger than any other in the world, built in seven tiers, one above another, with an incredible array of guns, a scuttle on the top of the mainmast, eighty serpentines and trackbuts. The king himself, they said, conducted the company through the ship, and pointed out to them its merits. Of its service in battle, or its swiftness at sailing, the present volume of Mr. Brewer's Calendar gives no account. On the latter point some information, concerning other ships, was given by Sir Edward Howard, in a letter written to Henry in March, 1513, because "the king commanded him to send word however the ship did sail." In a trial of speed he said the *Mary Rose*, "your good ship, the flower, I trow, of all ships that ever sailed," sailed best. "The next ship that was to me, but the *Trinity* was three mile behind; but the *Trinity* past not half a mile behind me. Sir, she is the noblest ship of sail is this great ship, at this hour, that I trow to be in Christendom."

Besides the king's own ships, there were, of course, an immense number, large or small, distributed among the various ports and engaged in trade, that could be made available for the public service if requisite. In Bristol, the greatest port after London, seventeen were lying in January, 1513, and many others traded to and from each of the other ports.

The construction of regular ships of war being new, it had not yet become uncommon for vessels to be hired for a season, and temporarily fitted out for battle. In this way, in case of emergency, the fleet might be much increased; and in case of any of the regular war ships being destroyed in fight, their places might be taken by others after a very brief training and by a very easy equipment. Notwithstanding the many improvements made by Henry VIII. and his enlightened statesmen, the true naval power of England was only partially developed during his reign. Its establishment was necessarily slow. There was need of all the experience of Queen Elizabeth's reign, of such bold expeditions as those of Gilbert and Frobisher, Drake and

Raleigh, and of such desperate encounters as the Armada fight, before an English maritime spirit could be fully brought out. It was not till late in the sixteenth century that Englishmen fairly understood the value of their great birthright, or saw that their nation was destined by nature to be the mistress of the sea, and that only by the sturdy and dignified assertion of the claim could its honor and welfare be effectively maintained. On the way in which that lesson was learnt, and on the effect which it had on the progress of English liberty, we may have occasion to say something when speaking of two Calendars belonging to the Stuart period, that have been lately published.

At Naples, says the correspondent of the *Times*, a Frenchman in good circumstances has for a year or more tenanted a small house close to the hotel La Gran Bretagna, on the road to Qui si Sana, close to Castellamare. Singular in his habits, it was the common opinion that his mind was affected. On fast days he insisted on having fish served of a particular length; and on other days a fowl of a particular size and measurement. Woe to the landlord if his orders were not obeyed to the letter. Most of his time was spent in strict seclusion, when he occupied himself in making machinery, but of what kind was unknown, as no one was permitted to enter his room. On the night of the 24th of April a heavy sound was heard in the house, but it led to no inquiry as M. Couvreux was a man of such peculiar habits. On the following day, however, some alarm was created by his non-appearance, and the police were sent for. To repeated knocks no answer was returned, and at last the wall was broken through and the room entered, when the following scene presented itself: A perfectly formed guillotine stood in the centre of the doorway leading into another room; the knife had fallen, and on this side lay a body, while in the other room lay the head of the poor victim of insanity. On the table was a letter directed to his brother in Paris, in which is a will, which, among other bequests leaves 1,000 francs to his landlord and 1,000 francs to an inhabitant of Castellamare. Regular in his payments and conduct, he seems to have had but one object in life, which was to build the instrument of his death, and it is described as being of the most delicate construction. There is nothing to be added to this sad and extraordinary tale, except that the unfortunate man had emasculated himself previously to his self-decapitation.

THE ROMANCE OF WAR.—The following bit of the romance of the war is from a letter dated at Lake Providence, La. :

"The First Kansas regiment, of which I have spoken before, is encamped near us. One of the members of that regiment, a sergeant, died in the hospital two weeks ago. After death his comrades discovered that their companion, by the side of whom they had marched and fought for almost two years was—a woman. You may imagine their surprise at the discovery. I went to the hospital and saw the body after it was prepared for burial, and made some inquiries about her. She was of rather more than the average size for a woman, with rather strongly marked features, so that with the aid of a man's attire she had quite a masculine look. She enlisted in the regiment after they went to Missouri, and consequently they knew nothing of her early history. She probably served under an assumed name. She was in the battle of Springfield, where General Lyon was killed, and has fought in a dozen battles and skirmishes. She always sustained an excellent reputation both as a man and a soldier, and the men all speak of her in terms of respect and affection. She was brave as a lion in battle, and never flinched any duty or hardships that fell to her lot. She must have been very shrewd to have lived in the regiment so long and preserved her secret so well. Poor girl! she was worthy of a better fate. Who knows what grief, trouble or persecution induced her to embrace such a life?"

A CORRESPONDENT, something new
Transmitting, signed himself X. Q.
The editor his letter read,
And begged he might be X. Q. Z.

From The Spectator.

THE COURT OF PETER THE GREAT.*

THIS book is by far the most valuable addition recently made to our knowledge of Peter the "Great." Ordinary readers had an idea that despite his ability and the strides which Russia made under his rule, and notwithstanding his taste for the sea, and for manual labor, the Czar Peter was at bottom rather a brute. This belief, however, rested rather on the account of the murder of his son, and on a mass of very dubious anecdotes, than on any evidence which the public were inclined to accept, and was very generally rejected. Tradition was friendly to the great czar, partly because, while possessed of absolute power, he strove like an ordinary mortal to improve his information, and partly because his reign was favorable to English interests—a circumstance too often atoning in British judgment for any amount of villany. Every story to his disadvantage was accordingly explained or denied, every proved accusation excused by references to bad education, the savageness of his people, and his own proneness to fits of more than Asiatic rage. A latent suspicion, however, remained which this book for the first time confirms. It is a diary kept by J. G. Korb, secretary to the embassy despatched by the Emperor of Austria to the czar, in 1698, to settle the terms of an offensive treaty against the "enemies of the Holy Cross," the Turks. The embassy remained in Russia some months, during all of which time the secretary, a shrewd, observant, and slightly sarcastic man of the world, jotted down all he heard or saw that he deemed important. On his return he implored permission to publish his narrative, which was granted, the diary being in Latin, and the work was pretty widely distributed; but the czar took offence at its descriptions, and the book was almost suppressed. Seven copies only are known to have been preserved, and of these one, retained in the library given by the Cardinal of York to Frascati, was found by Count MacDonnell, and by him translated into English. The quaint style of the original has been carefully preserved, and the story bears the impress of truth in every line.

It is full of praise of the czar, but it

* *The Court of Peter the Great.* By an Austrian Secretary of Legation. Translated by Count MacDonnell. Bradbury and Evans.

proves, incidentally as it were, and without a word of blame, that he was an irredeemable savage, reigning over a people but one degree less bloodthirsty than himself. The czar had been absent in Belgium when the ambassador arrived, but he returned post haste on intelligence of the revolt meditated by the Strelitz, and the embassy speedily obtained an idea of the strange character they had come to conciliate. The czar held a feast on the day of the new year, 1st September, and invited among his nobles some common sailors, "with whom the czar repeatedly mixed, divided apples, and even honored one of them by calling him brother." All this while the court barber was shaving such of the guests as wore the beard, and the refractory were punished by repeated boxes on the ear. At the very first dinner to the embassy his majesty told the Polish envoy, jesting on his fatness, "It was not in Poland, but here in Moscow, that you crammed yourself," a lowbred hit at the free maintenance the czar gave to all ambassadors. Then, quarrelling with the general-in-chief, he left the room, questioned the private soldiers as to his misdeeds, and returning, "drew his sword and facing the general-in-chief, horrified the guests with this threat, 'By striking thus, I will mar thy mal-government.' Boiling over with well-grounded anger, he appealed to Prince Romadonowski, and to Dumnoi Mikitim Mosciwicz; but finding them excuse the general-in-chief, he grew so hot that he startled all the guests by striking right and left, he knew not where, with his drawn sword. Knes Romadonowski had to complain of a cut finger, and another of a slight wound on the head. Mikitim Mosciwicz was hurt in the hand as the sword was returning from a stroke. A blow far more deadly was aiming at the general-in-chief." He was saved by General Lefort, the czar's tutor, and probably the only man he ever loved; but his master's affection did not save him from a "hard blow on the back." Another evening seeing Menschikoff dancing with his sword on, he taught him to lay it aside "by inflicting a box, to the force of which the blood that spouted abundantly from his nose bore witness." On another occasion, while General Lefort was giving a dinner to the envoy and the czar, Peter annoyed by the quarrelling of two of the guests, high nobles of the court, threatened them with immediate death,

and violently struck his host for attempting to mitigate his fury. "One of the boyars was abusing the freedom of speech rather too much in the czar's presence, in Bebraschen-sko; but he has been castigated bodily, and the smart of the stripes has duly impressed upon him how much it behooves him to be of reverent speech with his sovereign." The amusements were as uncivilized as the pleasures, both partaking in the highest degree of the Asiatic contempt for opinion. "A sham patriarch and a complete set of scenic clergy, dedicated to Bacchus, with solemn festivities, the palace which was built at the czar's expense, and which it has pleased him now to have called Lefort's. A procession thither set out from Colonel Lima's house. He that bore the assumed honors of the patriarch was conspicuous in the vestments proper to a bishop. Bacchus was decked with a mitre, and went stark naked, to betoken lasciviousness to the lookers on. Cupid and Venus were the insignia on his crozier, lest there should be any mistake about what flock he was pastor of."

These, however, are trifles compared with the punishments inflicted on the strelitz. These licentious troops, who had been pampered by Sophia into *quasi* independence, were incessantly plotting rebellion, and might, had they been united, have upset the throne. They had, however, neither leader nor organization, revolted by regiments or groups of regiments, instead of *en masse*, and were put down with merciless severity. Hundreds were slowly roasted to urge them to confess, and many more broken on the wheel, the czar being always present, and often himself the executioner. Some officials whose curiosity led them to the dungeons, found the czar and the chief boyars engaged in torturing the prisoners in ways not specified, but which may be guessed from the following description: "After being most atrociously flogged with the *knout*, fire was applied to roast them; when roasted, they were scourged afresh, and after this second flogging, fire was applied again. The Muscovite rack alternated with these." These tortures, it is specially affirmed, took place in the czar's presence, as he was afraid to trust the examination to the boyars. The "czar had a strelitz broken on the wheel chiefly for having dared to say that General Lefort was the cause of the czar's travelling abroad." "At

length, consideration for their youthful years and the weakness of their unripe judgment saved five hundred Strelitz from capital punishment, but their noses and ears were cut off, and they were transported to the remotest frontier provinces with that indelible stigma for the crime they had meditated. Fiera, bedchamber-woman to Sophia, and the confidant of all her secrets, was dragged to be interrogated by the czar under the torture; but when she was stripped naked, and groaning under the lashes of the knout, it was perceived that she was advanced in pregnancy; and on being pressed by the czar she imputed it to her libidinous commerce with a certain chorister, by which admission, and by confessing about several things concerning which she was questioned, she freed herself from further lashing." But she was beheaded, nevertheless. The czar himself would thunder at his boyars for trembling, "for that no fatter victim could be immolated to God than a wicked man." Men were even tied alive upon the wheel, only their feet being broken, there to die of hunger; and one man was hanged close by the window of the czar's sister's room with a petition tied in his fingers, in mockery of the petitions his sister had received. These atrocities were, in all cases, due to the personal order of the czar, who, on one occasion, after racking a rebel till the bystanders "heard the horrible crackling of his members torn from their natural sockets," ordered him to be roasted for a quarter of an hour. With that strange strength which seems to be given to men in such hours, the poor wretch still refused to betray his accomplices, when "the czar, tired at last of this exceedingly wicked stubbornness of the traitor, furiously raised the stick which he happened to have in his hand, and thrust it violently into his jaws—clenched in obstinate silence—to break them open, and make him give tongue and speak. And these words, too, that fell from the raging man: 'Confess, beast, confess!' loudly proclaimed how great was his wrath."

"It was the vice of the age!" Trash. This crowned executioner was the contemporary of William the Third, of the man who "was resolved to deny his enemy the privilege of being a martyr." "It was the way of his people!" Peter professed to be in advance of his people, and the Archimandrite of Moscow, horrified by his cruelties, in-

interceded for the victims and was roughly repulsed. "It was necessary for the country." Death was, but not torture; for the strelitz simply defied him, and the Secretary of Legation records repeatedly his impression that these horrible punishments had no effect whatever. He was mad! A madman, then, re-organized Russia, doubled his empire, made an army, built a fleet, and so impressed himself upon Europe that he received the title previously confined to Alexander of Macedon and the Emperor Karl. The czar was

simply a brute, a whitewashed Asiatic, capable like all Asiatics when opposed, of the most horrible cruelty, and wholly insensible even when present to the spectacle of human suffering. We doubt if it did not titillate him with a pleasurable excitement, as it is said to have done Nero, and did do many a Roman patrician. There is no proof in all this, that the czar was not the statesman he is reputed to be; but that he was also a brute is now indubitable, and let him in future be so described.

A VERY OLD MAN.—An Iowa paper thus brags of "western productions:" "The West can beat the East in raising vegetables. We have seen radishes in this State twenty-eight inches in circumference. The West can also eclipse the East in rattlesnakes. But in rearing grandfathers and grandmothers prairie land must yield the palm to down east. We saw on our streets, on the 22d instant, a man who was ninety-four years old that day. He was born in the land of steady habits (Woodbury, Litchfield county, Conn.) on the 21st of May, 1769. He has children sixty-four years old, grandchildren forty-four, and great grandchildren nineteen. He is sprightly, and can walk fifteen or twenty miles a day. He voted for Washington the second time he was elected; was in the war of 1812, and fought at Queens-town, on the Niagara river; saw Buffalo burned in December 1813, and removed to Huron county, Ohio, in 1816. Latterly he has lived in Grant county, Wisconsin. His mental faculties are in good condition, and it is refreshing to talk with a patriot of the olden times. He is an uncompromising Union man, and thinks no better of copperheads than Washington did of tories eighty-five years ago."

LATIN ELEGY BY PRAED: GREEK: ENGLISH. In Neale's *Views of Seats* ("Description of Broadlands"), is a copy of the celebrated Epitaph on Lady Palmerston; and with it, one of the Greek elegy from the *Anthologia*. The following, by Praed, written at Eton, is something like the Greek, and it has the advantage of being in the same metre—a metre particularly adapted to tender subjects:—

"Qua gelido recubas, frustra formosa, sepulchro
Herba viret, niveis herba decora rosis;
Nec signant monumenta locum, nec nomen
ademptæ
Servant perpetua tristia saxa nota.
Si quid id est, memini! nec sculptas arte columnas,
Nec tumuli curat carmina, vera fides.

Sit tibi pro busto pietas; hoc munere vivis,
Et quam non servant marmora, servat amor.
Hæc lyra te solita est vivam celebrare meamque,
Nec mea, nec viva es, te tamen usque cano;
Nam veteres nequeunt nisus dediscere chordæ;
Et redeunt labris nomina nota meis.
Nulla dies oritus quæ te non reddat amanti,
Quæ te non revocat vespera nulla redit.
Cum mihi mors aderit, misero reticente magistro,
Sponte sua poterit 'Thyrza' referre chelys."

W. D.

—Notes and Queries.

THE UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN.

Long since, if the history be true,
Old mildewed folios rotting in,
There was a Radical who knew
Much grief, and ate much water-gruel,
meagre mixture, at the University of Gottingen.

Was it the gentle Mr. Bouverie, the House who's plotting in?
Or wise Grant Duff, who'd make a Jew Professor?
or that prater stupendous, James White, who loved the University of Gottingen?

Isis and Cam shall soon see Unitarian Fellows trotting in;
Colensoes logical and lucid shall tutorial work pursue,
When England also has her Universities of Gottingen.

Vain are these dreams of roseate hue,
Bewitching and besotting in
Your restless brain, sagacious Bouverie:
for all that you can do,
Oxford and Cambridge won't be Universities of Gottingen.

—Press.

From The Examiner.

God's Glory in the Heavens. By William Leitch, D.D., Principal and Primarius Professor of Theology, University of Queen's College, Canada. Strahan and Co.

The Lunar World, its Scenery, Motions, etc.; considered with a View to Design. By Josiah Crampton, A.M., Rector of Killesher, Author of "Descriptive Astronomy," "Recent Discoveries," etc. A. and C. Black.

THE question of a plurality of habitable worlds, freely discussed and pretty nearly exhausted, some seven or eight years ago, has been revived among one class of students, and with special reference to one of the heavenly bodies, by the publication of Professor Hansen's hypothesis respecting lunar gravitation. Anxious to explain the moon's occasional deviation, by a second or two, from its prescribed path, Professor Hansen entered upon a series of minute observations and calculations, resulting, as it seems, in a proof that the density of the moon is unequal, her real centre being about thirty-seven miles distant from her centre of gravity; in other words, that one of her sides is heavier than the other, and that in her revolutions round the earth the lighter side always faces it. If this be true, as is urged by some speculators, then the side next the earth is, as it were, the top of a vast mountain, a hundred and thirty-four miles high, from which all air and water would perforce fall down to the lower and heavier regions; and, consequently, while the near hemisphere is a lifeless desert, without atmosphere and unfit to sustain existence, the hidden side may have a human population, rejoicing in all the comforts which must result from having a double allowance of air and water. "The imagination," says Principal Leitch, who unreservedly adopts this theory, "is set free to picture broad oceans, bearing on their bosom the commerce of this new world, rivers fertilizing the valleys through which they flow, a luxuriant vegetation, and buildings of colossal size. . . . We can conceive the intrepid lunar inhabitants venturing, as far as they can breathe, within the barren hemisphere; just like adventurous travellers on our globe, scaling lofty mountains, to obtain an extended view of the landscape. . . . What an astonishing spectacle must burst upon the view of the lunar tourist as soon as he fairly gets within the new hemisphere! . . . What

a tale of wonder will he have to tell when, after his perilous adventures, he returns to the bosom of his family!"

It is with such fancy-talk that Dr. Leitch weakens what would otherwise be a strong book made up of chapters originally published in *Good Words*, but here nearly doubled in size by the addition of new matter. His volume consists of fanciful descriptions of the chief objects of interest in the heavens, interspersed with minute speculations thereon, and of sober interesting information given in well-chosen, intelligible words, aided by a number of capital illustrations, and having for supplement thirty pages full of very useful tables, showing at a glance all the laws found to regulate the movements of the heavenly bodies and all the more important results respecting the volume, mass, density, diameter, distance, and the like of both planets and fixed stars. There is so much pleasant and instructive matter in the book that we regret the more that its author should have indulged in so many "journeys through space," and should have been so free in the adoption of new hypotheses, and old wives' tales, none of which can be proved, some of which have been already disproved. Writing in 1860, he speaks of the danger likely to result from our earth's passing through a comet's tail, as, among other things, "we know that the most deadly miasmata are so subtle that it is impossible to detect them by any chemical test, and a very homœopathic dose of a comet, in addition to the elements of our atmosphere, might produce the most fatal effects." Reprinting his essay in 1863, he has not taken the trouble to correct his own and other people's error by a report of the actual consequences of such a collision, experienced in 1861. Some of his speculations again are so extravagant that we are half tempted to quote against him a story told by the Rev. Josiah Crampton of an eccentric friend who insisted that the moon was none other than the "Heavenly Jerusalem," destined, according to the literal reading of the Book of Revelation, to come down upon the earth at the last day. "On my modestly hinting that the appearance of the moon at present did not seem to resemble the city described in the Apocalypse, he exclaimed loudly and energetically, 'No, my dear friend; that is the very point—that is the very reason why I have come to the conclu-

sion. This side, it is true, is barren, but the Heavenly Jerusalem is on the other side, purposely concealed from us till the time comes.'"

Mr. Crampton's book is itself not free from the disagreeable habit of launching out in "flights through space," and now and then he appears to twist facts, of course unconsciously, to fit his theories. His little work, however, is on the whole a very full and clever exposition of the subject with which it is occupied. That it has already reached a fourth edition is proof of the interest it is able to arouse. In eighty pages and with fifteen good illustrations, Mr. Crampton de-

scribes in precise terms the appearance of the moon, as seen through the best telescopes, enumerating all the mountains and valleys, shown on the side towards us, describing her real and apparent movements in space, her mass and density, and the extent of her influence upon the oceanic tides of the earth. Very curious, certainly, are some of the parallels drawn by him between lunar and terrestrial scenery, and very interesting are some of the calculations with which he illustrates, from the nearest and most beautiful of the heavenly bodies, the exquisite order in which all have been designed.

THE GIRARD COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA.—The number of applicants for admission into the Girard College has been greatly augmented by orphanage occasioned from the deaths of our citizens since our national strife. As orphanage is one of the consequences attendant on battles, earnest efforts should be made to give to such orphan-made youth an early participation in the benefits of the college. This class is increasing. Its cause of growth is existing. The number of applicants on the list for admission on the 31st of December last was one hundred and forty-one. This number has accumulated for over two years. On the 1st of January, 1848, the Girard College was formally opened. From that period to January 1st, 1862, there have been admitted nine hundred and seventy-three pupils, or equal to sixty-four and a half each year. Of these nine hundred and seventy-three, twenty died, and ninety-six were dismissed, and sixty had their indentures cancelled.

During these fifteen years, one hundred and fifty-six pupils have become of age, who were apprenticed as required by the will of Mr. Girard. Of these one hundred and fifty-six apprentices, twenty-three absolutely absconded from their masters, thirteen left their masters owing to various causes, and one hundred and twenty served out with credit their term of apprenticeship. Thus we have one hundred and twenty pupils as the ascertained successful result of fifteen years of experimental effort; or, one hundred and twenty pupils educated, apprenticed, and of age, and thus creditably and successfully prepared by the college for the practical duties of life.

The gross income of the Girard estate since the opening of the college, and the fund expended in the same period for repairs to buildings, the support and education of the pupils, and the average number, are here given :

	Income.	Av.No.Pupils.	Sum Ex.
1848 . . .	\$158,992.58	300	\$55,054.46
1849 . . .	147,786.03	300	44,100.00
1850 . . .	176,960.39	300	66,431.81
1851 . . .	144,756.18	300	61,794.14

1852 . . .	156,308.30	295	60,512.37
1853 . . .	177,013.37	295	63,309.76
1854 . . .	191,396.85	300	71,402.37
1855 . . .	188,754.96	300	81,754.84
1856 . . .	194,487.09	300	82,963.33
1857 . . .	191,420.96	295	88,173.42
1858 . . .	190,774.31	350	81,949.38
1859 . . .	186,492.10	325	85,762.25
1860 . . .	186,833.05	340	80,948.53
1861 . . .	172,581.60	375	81,547.49
1862 . . .	131,552.74	400	73,247.72

On February 12, 1862, date of last catalogue, there were four hundred pupils in the college. From that date to the 31st of December, 1862, there were fifty-nine pupils admitted; making the whole number for the last year four hundred and fifty-nine.

Thirty-eight pupils have been apprenticed during 1862. There are now on trial, previous to being apprenticed, eighteen pupils.

Ten pupils have been dismissed from the college since January 1, 1862, indentures of three cancelled, and none have died, leaving, on the 31st of December last, four hundred and eighty pupils in the college.

In the ranks of the Federal army there have been found, and now are, many former pupils of this college. One of these young heroes lies buried within the enclosure of the college cemetery.

The will of Stephen Girard devised to the city of Philadelphia, in trust, two millions of dollars, the income to be devoted "to provide for such number of poor male white orphan children as can be trained in one institution, and obtain a better education, as well as a more comfortable maintenance than they usually receive from the application of the public funds."

The college buildings and grounds were transferred to the directors of the Girard College Nov. 13, 1847, having cost the sum of \$1,933,821.78.

The college, out-buildings, and grounds which comprise what is called "Girard College," are monuments of munificent liberality, unrestricted expenditure, and the influence of a cultivated aesthetics.

From The N. Y. Evening Post, 29 May.

THE MISSION OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

GENERAL THOMAS left Washington on the 26th of March invested with full and extraordinary powers to "regulate the whole negro business; that is, to prescribe the use of all the physical force of the negro population in putting down the insurrection, and at the same time to organize the unmilitary part of it for the prosecution of productive labor in the field." Mr Lincoln could not have chosen a better man to carry out his policy. General Thomas was born in the State of Delaware, and passed the early years of his life surrounded by the associations of slavery. For a long time before the breaking out of the rebellion he was, in fact, more the head of the army than General Scott himself, who was debarred by age and infirmity from active service. All military details were managed by him. He possessed the esteem and confidence of army officers. To have chosen a stranger to them, or a new man with whom they had never maintained any correspondence, or a civilian, would have endangered the success of the scheme. An anti-slavery man would have made it liable to suspicion and severe strictures. General Thomas was not in any degree embarrassed by opinions on slavery. He was simply a soldier, a disciplinarian, brought up to obey orders, both in the spirit and in the letter. "You know," he wrote lately to a friend in this city, "that I have not the disease 'nigger on the brain.' It is the settled policy of the government," he continued, "to use this physical force in every possible way, to aid in crushing the cursed rebellion, and to provide for the comfort and wellbeing of the large masses of men, women, and children coming within our lines. He was fully aware of the prejudices of the people of the free States against negro emigration northward, and as it was impossible to remove the blacks out of the United States, there was nothing left to do but to help them "find their home in the land of their birth." Such is the comprehensive mission of the adjutant general, to carry out which he is invested by the Government with "full and extraordinary powers."

The first thing to be done was to communicate directly and personally with the officers and men of the army. "To render the policy effective," he said, "it is necessary that every officer and soldier should hear it from my own lips, and not from irresponsible persons." He began immediately to address the troops by divisions, in masses of from four to seven thousand; and, after stating the case fully, he invited the men to call on any one for a speech. The commanding officers re-

sponded, in every instance seconding and sustaining the efforts of the adjutant general, and the closing ceremony—which was to "give three cheers for the president and the policy"—was joined in with universal and enthusiastic shouts. Not a discordant voice was heard in the vast crowds that were brought together on these occasions.

The adjutant general gave special orders that all negroes coming within the lines of the army should be "kindly treated, clothed, fed, and the able-bodied armed." He found some of the men already at work, but the women and children were generally "huddled together in ill-ventilated camps, in little shanties and excavations on the hill sides, clothed in dirty rags, and without adequate medical attendance in sickness." The mortality among them was frightful. At Helena, Arkansas, twenty-five hundred had died, and hundreds in other places. No systematic treatment of them had been adopted. Though serving well as teamsters and laborers, they received nothing in return but food; and instead of kindness, it was the "damned nigger," and he was "kicked and cuffed in every direction." "No wonder," says General Thomas, "that so many returned to their masters, saying they preferred slavery to such treatment." But his coming changed all this. It became known that he was "authorized to give appointments to proper persons for organizing regiments, and to dismiss from the service any officer who maltreated the negro, or interfered with the policy adopted by the Administration with regard to him." His success was far beyond his expectations. "Officers of rank who, it was thought, would stand aloof, or not lend their influence, gave their hearty co-operation. The fact is, they only wanted to know officially what the Government wished, and they were ready to do their part."

Arrangements were immediately made to raise twenty regiments of new troops. We have lately heard that ten of these were organized, and rapid progress is making with the remainder. These troops are to be placed west of the Mississippi river, where they are to keep down the guerillas and to protect the laboring negroes on the abandoned plantations. "They can operate back to the Red River and into Texas. I shall draw largely," says the general, "of negroes, mules, cattle, etc., from that extensive belt of alluvial land opposite, in Mississippi, stretching from below Memphis to Vicksburg two and a-half degrees, and reached out from the river midway a degree." An immense district of this region has been flooded by the rebels to arrest the progress of our armies, and by the Union army to destroy their supplies. More than a million of acres, or about sixteen hundred

square miles of arable land, have been put under water." But vast as this sounds to the ear, it is but a small area on the grand map of that territory.

The military part of General Thomas's mission is, however, only one half, and in the long run will prove the lesser half of it. The other is to inaugurate "a system of culture for all blacks who do not enter the military service; to transfer the burden of their support from the government to themselves, and to demonstrate that the freed negro can be paid fair wages and yield a handsome profit to his employer." The rate of wages is now fixed at one half the usual average, in consideration of the lateness of the season before the plan was begun, and of the risks and uncertainties inseparable from so great a change in the circumstances of the negroes. Some time must elapse before they can be brought into thorough discipline, and feel that degree of confidence in the new state of things without which they could not be content. The plan is to let out plantations to persons who have capital to stock them, and who will engage to pay the negroes wages. Mules and utensils brought in by the foraging parties will be sold to them at a low price. It is expected that many persons who have contemplated moving to the far West to get beyond the desolations of the war will fall in and occupy these nearer lands. Between the mouth of White river in Arkansas and the advanced lines of our army south there are now near two hundred abandoned plantations that may be occupied at once. The tillage is already broken, the ground cleared, and in many cases buildings left good enough for pressing convenience. The general has found several gentlemen from St. Louis and Memphis to assist and co-operate in his plans. Among others, Judge Dent, of California, brother-in-law of General Grant, has taken a plantation and entered upon it with one hundred mules early in April. Old planters who had been or still are slaveholders are entering into the Government's plans. They are well aware that the proclamation has disposed of slavery under the law, and their only course is to employ negroes as free men on wages.

An interesting case mentioned by General Thomas is that of Mr. Montague, a native of Virginia, but long a prosperous planter in Louisiana. He occupied a large farm on Bayou Tenzas, with two hundred negroes, not one of whom had left him, though our lines were not far distant. When the rebellion broke out he assembled his family, and all joined in a pledge of loyalty to the Union. He had suffered much annoyance from the rebels and many indignities, but was too old and respectable to be maltreated personally. He has taken one of the abandoned planta-

tions, and fully adopted the government system, agreeing to pay the negroes wages. Up to the middle of April the commissioners acting under General Thomas had given out eleven plantations to true and responsible men. "I ought to have been here weeks ago," says the general in a letter dated Miliken's Bend, April 17th, "and then I could have made the experiment fully successful; but, even now, with energy on the part of lessees and superintendents, much more may be done."

We can hardly over-estimate the important consequences that are destined to flow from the institution, by the Government, of this negro labor system. It is the most practical method of carrying out the proclamation, and already promises to untie the Gordian knot that keeps the border States half in the power of the rebellion. Let it be established by the working of the plantations in Arkansas and Louisiana that the negroes will do better on wages as freed men than they have ever done as slaves, and there will be no need of the sword of Alexander.

From The Economist, 2 May.

DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES IN THE FAR EAST.—JAPAN.

If the good sense and good feeling of the British people do not interfere in time, there is very great danger that we shall find ourselves involved ere long in a war with the distant empire of Japan—a war from which we can reap no possible glory, and obtain no adequate compensation either immediate or ulterior,—a war, too, in which we shall be certain to incur vast expense and to commit great wrong, and against which common prudence and common justice should combine to warn us. Surely we have had cautions enough in our relations with Eastern nations; and if any more were needed, the position into which we are fast drifting in reference to China, and the ultimate consequences of which it is more easy to foresee than to avert, should suffice. Let us lay briefly before our readers the actual state of affairs as they stand between this country and Japan, and ask for an impartial decision and for timely action.

The Japanese are not only a peculiar people, but a people whose peculiarities are the very opposite of ours. They are singularly clever, ingenious and persevering, courageous, fierce, and indifferent to life. Their system of government, moreover, is so singular and complicated that it is even now doubtful whether we truly understand its mechanism or its functions. One of the chief peculiarities of these people, and one of the most rooted

feelings and maxims of its rulers, is a dread and detestation of foreigners, a great dislike to their appearance on the islands, a disinclination to have any dealings with them, and a determination to get rid of them in any of the many modes familiar to Asiatics—by overreaching and intimidation if possible; and if not, by open and pertinacious violence. This being the case—and that this is the case was always understood, though not always so clearly proved and so strongly impressed upon us as it is now—it would have seemed the part of wisdom to have left the Japanese in their resolute isolation, and to have abstained from forcing our unwelcome presence upon them. Beyond curiosity there was no very strong motive for our intrusion; for Japan could supply us with no commodities which we could not procure from China in still greater abundance, and so exclusive, so ingenious, and so manufacturing a people were not likely to furnish a very brisk market for our productions.

Unhappily, however, the restlessness of British commerce and the jealousy and ambition of British diplomatists combined to oppose these prudential considerations; and Lord Elgin was instructed to take advantage of his mission to China to endeavor to open political and mercantile relations with Japan, and if possible to conclude a treaty with the Government which should include the authorized residence of a British Mission in the principal island, with (of course) the usual immunities and assurances of safety enjoyed by all embassies in all civilized countries. Unhappily, again, Lord Elgin succeeded in effecting the signature of such a treaty and the ratification of such engagements with the Japanese authorities, who, like all Asiatics, succumbed readily to pressure accompanied with an appearance or an impression of superior power, but were fully determined to evade the fulfilment of their unwelcome engagements as soon as the fear and the pressure were removed. The usual results followed. The rooted hostility of the Government, and we believe of the people too—certainly of the governing classes—soon showed itself. The mission was attacked by ferocious ruffians, either acting under superior command or stimulated by spontaneous fanaticism; some of its members were severely mutilated and narrowly escaped with life, and some of its servants were slain; similar outrages were from time to time repeated on the persons of British subjects and other Europeans, and there was, and continues to be, every indication of a fixed determination on the part of the natives and their rulers to render our position there not only insupportable, but untenable, by every means within the power of a fierce, unscrupulous,

and crafty race. Of course we demand redress, apology, and the punishment of the offenders. Of course the Japanese authorities shuffle, delay, offer excuses, intimate their powerlessness and their regret, and if hard pressed will, no doubt, put to death some of the real or fancied criminals, or other worthless lives that can easily be substituted for them. Of course, too, the outrages and the shuffling and the inefficacious protection and redress, continue as before. Earl Russell makes fresh demands and instructs the fleet to support these in case of need; desires Colonel Neale, our representative at Yeddo, to assure the Japanese Government that we are resolved to stand our ground; intimates that we are quite prepared to take the law into our own hands if needful; and says “that it would be better the Tycoon’s palace should be destroyed than that *our rightful position by treaty* should be weakened or impaired.”

Now there can be no doubt that in strict law, interpreted according to civilized European usage, we have a rightful position there by treaty; and it is certain that, being there peacefully and by consent, we cannot submit to ruffianly outrage, nor permit ourselves to be intimidated or driven away by violence whether authorized or spontaneous. But see where we have landed ourselves. It is pretty evident that we shall have to avenge our own wrongs, and to defend and secure our own position for ourselves and by our own strength. Now this means war; and war with a semi-civilized State like Japan, means forcible location there, the seizure of territory, perpetual hostilities, and ultimate subjugation or assumption of the Government. At least there is every probability—looking at facts, judging from analogies, and arguing from the past—that it will come to this. Now, have we any right to risk this? Is it worth while to risk this?

In the first place, it is by no means certain that the authorities with whom we made the treaty, in virtue of which we established ourselves in Japan, and which was the *fons et origo* of all the subsequent calamities and outrages, had any real right or power to make such a treaty, or were in fact the true and supreme Government of the land. It is certain that the ruler with whom Lord Elgin fancied he was treating, and by whom the Japanese negotiators were assumed to be delegated, had been dead some days before the treaty was concluded. It seems certain also that this dead Tycoon—even if he had been alive—would have had no authority to abrogate or violate any of the fundamental laws of the empire; and it is quite certain that the exclusion of foreigners from Japan (as well as the right and duty of every native to

slay and exterminate such foreigners) is a fundamental law of the empire, and one of its most sacred and positive laws. There seems little doubt, finally, that the Japanese polity is not only a monarchy and a double and a limited monarchy, but a feudal aristocracy; that the Damios, or great independent or semi-independent princes, have as much right and power to say what shall and what shall not be done as the Tycoon or the Mikado; and that these Damios are rootedly and incurably averse to foreign residence and foreign commerce. It appears very probable, therefore, if not absolutely certain, that this treaty which Lord Elgin concluded with a dead man—and in defence of which we appear to be on the point of going to war—has no more real or legal validity in Japan than would belong to a treaty negotiated in England between the late Lord Mayor of London or the present Archbishop of Canterbury.

It appears very doubtful, therefore,—almost more than doubtful—whether we have any title to be in Japan at all—whether our establishment there is not as great a violation of the laws of the land as it is of the prejudices of the nation—and in consequence whether we are either legally or morally entitled to exact vengeance for outrages which have originated in a mistake of Lord Elgin's and a cowardly deception or an unauthorized assumption of power on the part of the Japanese negotiators. It appears very doubtful, moreover, whether the Tycoon (to whom, as the nominal civil head of the Government, we must address our demands for atonement and protection) has any real power to reach the ruffians who have assailed and insulted us, or to punish the princes, nearly as high in station as himself, whose servants were probably the perpetrators, or to afford us, even if he so desired, any efficient security for the future. It is all but certain that he cannot. These things being so, what ought to be our course as just men—what our decision and our line of proceeding as wise men? Are we to go to war with a semi-barbarous and remote power in order to enforce a treaty of which the original validity is questionable in the extreme, and in order to maintain a position which is unprofitable and will probably turn out to be untenable? Is there any object—can there be any hope—of maintaining friendly relations, or commercial transactions, or diplomatic intercourse, with a people who hold it to be meritorious as well as lawful to slay all foreigners, whose first principle of political economy is to eschew all external trade, who hate us as Christians in addition, and whose Government is so complicated that we do not to this day know where or in whom the actual sovereignty resides? Is there any object in attempting this?

Is there any prospect of succeeding in it? Have we any moral right to persist in it? Ought not the British nation, at once and in time, to say to Lord Russell: "We will not drift or be dragged into so questionable, so costly, and so profitless a quarrel. Exact retribution, if you can discover the real criminals. Take due vengeance for lawless ruffianism, if you can take vengeance on the guilty. Leave your mark behind you, as you did in Cabul, if you think that English honor needs this, or will burn the brighter and look the purer for it. But do not let one false step entail a long series of false steps. Retreat while it is yet time from a position which you never ought to have occupied. And, above all, do not repeat our old blunder of allowing jealousy of future possible designs of Russia to drive us into transactions which are sure to involve us in incalculable cost, which is certain to be profitless, and in much wrong, which may ultimately lie heavy on the conscience of the nation."

From The Spectator, 23 May.

THE NEW COMPLICATIONS IN CHINA.

THE debate of the 15th May on our position in China is, perhaps, better worth studying than any which has occurred this year. Nobody, it is true, said anything which it is not more or less a waste of time to read. Mr. Liddell had got up his subject carefully enough, but he managed to make a topic which, beyond most political facts, appeals to the imagination, unendurably dry. Mr. Baillie defended the Taepings very much like a lawyer pleading for clients for whom witnesses to character were indispensable, and nobody else offered a single remark. The House was thin to dreariness, Lord Palmerston sat fast asleep, Mr. Layard had devised an adroit but somewhat audacious quibble to avoid explaining his views, and till the question had been put and discussion brought to an end no other member rose. Then, indeed, Mr. Cobden and Lord Naas jumped up to complain, with querulous powerlessness, of the slight passed upon the House, but their acrid remonstrance produced only a technical and erroneous explanation from Mr. Layard, and a debate which involved the fate of a third of the human family ended in a useless display of chagrin. The whole affair was an unexpected display of the parliamentary talent for silence, a novel capacity of which it has this year given over-abundant proofs. We wish we could believe it was also an unwelcome display, but there are no signs of any emotion so healthy.

Members and constituents are, we suspect, alike contented with the present state of af-

fairs. They are not prepared to advocate openly the conquest of China, or even a visible Protectorate, nor are they quite sure that they want so new and so vast a responsibility as the organization of a new government for three hundred millions of men. But if Providence and Lord Palmerston have the courage and will do the work for themselves, and lead England on to empire in China, without asking too many votes, why, then, they highly approve of that development of Britain's manifest destiny. Any result except defeat must, it is thought, be beneficial. If Captain Osborne becomes vizier under a Chinese sovereign, and Englishmen rule all China, as they once ruled India, through a mogul, there will be a boundless field for British daring and enterprise. If he only acquires the control of the Yang-tse-kiang, the trade of that glorious valley, second in wealth and population only to that of the Ganges, will supply the place of all we may lose in the terrible American struggle. As for the natives they *must* be benefited, for deep in the English heart lies the belief that his rule anywhere, in Sicily or Bengal, in New Zealand as in Shanghai, is a vivifying dominion, a sovereignty which develops instead of compressing, and which is no more to be compared with the sway of Austria over Venice, or Spain over her colonies, than despotism is to be compared with constitutional life. In Asia especially conquest rather soothes than annoys the national conscience, and if Lord Palmerston can conquer and conquer without British taxes, the nation feels with delighted piety that the designs of Providence have found a fitting exponent. So deeply are these ideas engrained in the minds of the middle-class, so strongly do they appeal to the imagination of politicians, the interests of commerce, and the zeal of the missionary bodies, that were the subject referred to the hustings we should despair of moderation. Fortunately the matter has not yet passed out of the hands of members, and the educated class among whom they live, and as Lord Naas has promised to re-open the ground after Whitsuntide, we will endeavor once more to show cause for protesting against this policy of stumbling blindfold into a throne.

Are we prepared to rule China? for that is the question which Parliament has to decide. Every successive mail explains more clearly the magnitude of the enterprise which Mr. Layard tries so sedulously to show through a diminishing glass. The weak court of Peking, with its *prestige* shattered by recent invasion, its reserve strength crippled by the gradual transfer of its influence over the Steppes to St. Petersburg, its coast harassed by pirates, and its central provinces desolated by an intestine war, is slipping into the po-

sition of the court of Constantinople. Russia, which has already taken two great provinces—Manchooria and Saghalien—is now striving to secure a third the great Island of Chusan, the finest base for dominion in China existing on her coast. She plays her game with the tremendous advantage of being the only power whose frontiers march with those of China, and who can employ on an emergency the dreaded troops of the Desert. There is nothing to stop her, if so inclined, from flooding the northern provinces with irregular cavalry, with whom Prince Kung has no troops to contend. France, with a splendid fleet, a strong body of marines, aid obtainable from the Philippines, and Saigon for a secure depôt, has already organized five regiments of Franco-Chinese, whom the mandarins apparently distrust with the extremest jealousy, and is believed in Hong Kong to glance wistfully at the rich province of Chekiang. England, recognized for half a century by Peking as its most dangerous foe, with a still stronger fleet, an army Chinese are accustomed to fear, two bases in China itself, and a boundless reservoir of resources in India—Sikhs, especially, being plentiful as snails—has possessed herself of the control of the customs' revenue, has received permission to organize an Anglo-Chinese marine and acted on it, and has gained an influence in the court with which only Russia contends with success. The old story of Constantinople is repeated under the old conditions. Each embassy intrigues for itself, and every new concession to one is a sufficient reason for new demands from the other. Every squabble and alliance and intrigue in Europe, is reflected instantly in the far East, and a note in the *Moniteur* on Poland, affects the success with which Russia resists Great Britain at Peking. To the natural and inevitable dangers of the situation, the certainty of sway to be acquired by Captain Osborne, the risk of new wars with China, provoked by the excited jealousy of the mandarins, is now added to the constant risk of collisions among the foreigners, a risk which increases daily as the moderating native power declines. It is the contest of Bussy and Clive repeated on a larger scale, with more extended means, by agents who are conscious, as neither Clive nor Bussy were, of the great issue involved. It is a second "Eastern Question," deliberately superadded to the difficulties of the old one—one which, as politicians painfully know, may always at any moment plunge the world into war.

As yet England, despite the Russian annexations, has apparently won the game. The control of the customs' revenue and the command of the internal fleet will give her an ascendancy, which will excite to the utmost the jealousy and the exertions of her most

powerful rivals. That ascendancy in itself is certain to produce war, for the Chinese are sure, sooner or later, to resent it, and shield their own weakness, as did the princes of Madras, by setting the rival intruders by the ears. Intrigue will be followed by punishment, and punishment in the East can be inflicted only by despotism. Whether England seats herself at Peking, or only requires the emperor, as the price of protection, to "accept the advice" of her envoy—which is all the nizam is obliged to do—does not matter a straw. In either case this country is responsible to God for the well-being of the vast population whose rulers and organization she has superseded. Is that what the people want? Are we, with India still to govern, with whole provinces there left without administration other than that of a single overworked English lad, with a limitless territory to develop, and direct difficulties to surmount, in the presence of which questions about Schleswig Holstein and such like are parish squabbles, to burden ourselves with an even vaster task? Is there no exhaustion possible to an energy already strained to its uttermost in every region of the globe? The ten-pounders believe there is not, and we know of no power to override their decision; but, at least, let them be fully informed. To embark in such an enterprise without one honest debate, one clear declaration of policy, one attempt to prove that a minister comprehends the vastness of the issue at stake, is more than a cabinet error. It is an impudent affront to the people who, defeated, will have to pay the bill, or, successful, accept the responsibility.

But, says the *Times*, we cannot help ourselves, we cannot recede, we cannot destroy our revenue, or abandon our trade, and both are lost unless we protect them by force. We do not dispute the proposition, for we may be now reaping the fruit of our own acts, which first shattered the Chinese system, and then introduced powers other than our own to trample among the *débris* with a view to restoring order. But the necessity for any policy is only another reason for describing it. If we really are, as the *Times* affirms, in the grasp of a remorseless fate, which is dragging us against our will to the sovereignty of a continent, then, indeed, is it time to consider the mode in which we may perform our "obvious duties"—the American calls them manifest destinies—with the least suffering to the worms over whom the plow has to pass. A talent for silence is a great power only when the course to be defended is indefensible.

From The Examiner, 9 May.

THE RUSSIAN REPLIES.

RUSSIA has long been vain of her skill in diplomacy: and there has seldom been a time in which she had more need of sagacity and temper in the practice of that art than now. All the Governments of Europe (with the shabby exception of Prussia) have recently addressed to her remonstrances, some traced indeed in the palest ink of deprecation, but others in a bold hand, indicative of urgency and determination, to exact an answer, and all, it must be owned, exceedingly provoking to a haughty court and cabinet. We have not yet seen *in extenso* the replies sent to Stockholm, Turin, or Madrid; but the text of that forwarded to Vienna is sufficiently brief and contemptuous. With an ineffable tone of insolent politeness, it abstains from recrimination, omits all vulgar reproach, and forbears to name Hungary or Cracow. But with the privileged familiarity of brotherhood in oppression it says—we quite understand the fright you are in and the cause of it; you know that our vested interests in spirit are the same, and we think you had better get to work your own fire-engines against "cosmopolitan revolution," and leave us to work ours in our own way without pretending to teach or preach, which, under all the circumstances, we must submit would be rather ridiculous. Rather ridiculous, indeed, if Austria expects to keep Galicia and not to restore Cracow. France has a case for expostulation, that of the indefeasible right of humanity and of nationhood; England has a case for remonstrances, that of violated treaties; but Austria, speaking as she does by the mouth of Count Rechberg, has no case either on the footing of national right or of international, for she has violated both in the case of Poland signally and shamelessly, and she has neither the conscience to make reparation or pretend to do so. Her lecturing the czar on the misrule of his Polish provinces, because it may endanger the retention of hers is the impertinence of imbecility, which it is not surprising that the Cabinet of St. Petersburg should not take the trouble to discuss at any length. Copies of the polite or elaborate answers addressed to London and Paris are sent to Count Balabine, for the information of the court of Vienna; and out of these it is welcome to spell if it can the intentions of Alexander II.

The replies of the Russian Government to the Western Powers are not wanting, however, in length or ingenuity. With as little in common as the expostulations that have drawn them forth, they are obviously inspired by one aim and purpose, namely, that of distinguishing between the suggestions of France

and those of England, and endeavoring to divide their counsels. Will this astute design succeed? To judge aright on this point we must weigh well the difference between the policy of the two Governments, which Russia either sees, or effects to see, revealed in the despatches of Lord Russell and M. Drouyn de Lhuys.

It is indeed quite true, as we pointed out last week, that while, faithful to our traditions, we take our stand upon the principle of legality, and invoke in defence of down-trodden Poland the protective spirit which, as regards that country, breathes in the Treaty of Vienna, the French Government, equally true to imperial memories and instincts, could not be expected to take similar ground, but with great reason and justice preferred to found its appeal for lenity and liberty on the broader and certainly not less firm basis of indefeasible right and the inextinguishable claim of nationality. With our ideas and maxims of non-intervention in the domestic concerns of neighboring States, it would have been impossible to make any serious or effective remonstrance on behalf of Poland, had we not been entitled to treat the case as essentially an exceptional one, and to urge the infraction of treaty obligations made with us by Russia.

On the other hand remembering that by the very document we invoke the house of Bonaparte is dynastically outlawed, and territorial limits are assigned to France, Italy and Austria which the two former regard it as their highest praise and pride to have obliterated by the sword, it was impossible that Napoleon III. should have based his claim to interposition on behalf of the Poles on any other grounds than those which he assumed when going forth to liberate Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic.

Prince Gortschakoff, with the approved cunning of a trained diplomatist, seizes on the distinction between the terms of the two despatches, and deals with them accordingly. He pretends to be charmed with the frankness and freedom of Imperial France; he agrees *ad literam* with the assertion of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, that the qualified independence and freedom formerly conceded by Russia proved unstable and abortive; and therefore he effects to take for granted that France will concur in the futility of making any further attempts in the like direction. But Napoleon III. well knows how busily the democratic spirit is at work throughout Europe, and as its most signal conquerer in his own dominions, his aid is prayed by the czar in resisting it in his. Will not the hero of the *coup d'état* help Russia to restore order in Warsaw? There is no lack of embracing in the rest of the despatch. The bitterness of

the implied sarcasm above noted is wrapped up in the most luscious of diplomatic confections, and there never was such a dose of reproachful poison accompanied by so many soft nothings. Let France only name her terms, and she may have them: anything, to crush revolution at home, and break the alliance of the Western Powers. But what, after all, is the worth of such wit? Can the court of Russia be so ill-informed as not to know that the Polish question is the one of all others upon which the versatile Emperor of the French cannot, if he would, turn round? All France is for the Poles; and an armed intervention for their rescue would be the most popular enterprise in which the imperial Government could engage. Martial sympathy, religious feeling, popular good will, national tradition, point this once in the one way. It will be a marvel should considerations of mere prudence lead to a resistance of the strong temptation. It is a great mistake to suppose that to help Poland effectively, a vast army must traverse the whole breadth of Germany, and wage a campaign on the Vistula or the Bug. To create an effective diversion in favor of the insurgents, it would not be necessary to provoke into taking the wrong side all the prejudices and passions and petty interests of Fatherland. Sweden pants as a hound in the leash; and the interests of Western Europe are more deeply concerned in restoring the freedom of the Baltic than in the re-establishment of Polish independence. Then there is Posen, with its wealth, intelligence, and youth trained to arms, ready to join the insurrection at the first whisper of a French army bivouacked on even the left bank of the Rhine. It may be very clever in Prince Gortschakoff thus ironically to accept the French remonstrance, and to remind the French Government of its own difficulties and dangers; but looking at the gravity of the situation, the policy of such esoteric pleasantry may be more than doubted.

Before handing to Lord Russell Prince Gortschakoff's reply, Baron Brunnow addressed to him an interrogatory whose significance cannot be mistaken. Referring to a former conversation, the Russian ambassador asked whether he was still to understand that in remonstrating with his Government about Poland, the intentions of England were pacific? Here, again we are inclined to say—too clever by half. The anxiety to bind our Government beforehand not to be angry, no matter what the answer to its friendly expostulations might be, was a transparent and therefore an unwise manoeuvre, and one which betrayed considerable misgivings as to the ultimate issue. There certainly never was penned a more elaborate slight to the reclama-

tions of a friendly power than that to which we allude. While admitting that under the Treaty of 1815 Europe agreed to the territorial retention of partitioned Poland by the Three Powers, upon the express stipulation that the Poles should obtain the rights of "representation and national institutions, to be determined in conformity with the political existence which each of the Governments to which they belonged should consider it useful and expedient to grant to them,"—and while admitting that in compliance with this substantially plain though verbally vague condition, Alexander I. gave the newly-erected kingdom an elective constitution and a national army,—Prince Gortschakoff has the temerity to argue that by the granting of such institutions the promise of the czar was redeemed, and that by their alleged failure to satisfy the people, they and all other similar institutions were forever forfeited. What are the facts? Whatever the sufficiency or insufficiency of the so-called Constitution of the 24th December 1815 may have been, it was never put to the proof; for within a few months of its pompous promulgation, cabals were raised against it by the Russian aristocracy, because a dependent realm had thus been given a degree of liberty which they feared might be extended to the other dominions of the czar; and regardless of every principle of honor, of the treaty pledged to Europe, and his royal promise to the Poles, Alexander I. octroyed his boasted constitution, and during the residue of his reign never again attempted to redeem his word. And this perfidy it is that Prince Gortschakoff now pleads in justification of the insolent and barbarous decree of eternal forfeiture which Nicholas in his fury pronounced when the defrauded and enraged Poles took arms to assert their rights in 1831. Lord Russell is no novice in political controversy, but even if he were, he could have little difficulty in dealing with this arrogant folly as it deserves. We have no doubt that he was perfectly sincere when he told Baron Brunnow that his remonstrance had been made with no other than pacific motives and intentions; but the best wishes and the most friendly intentions cease to be worth anything when they are only to justify iniquity and fraud. In the main our purpose and that of France is the same in this matter; and by artifices like these the astute diplomacy of St. Petersburg is but more closely twisting the cord round its own neck.

From The Examiner, 16 May.

PRUSSIA AND SWEDEN.

It is impossible not to be struck with the curious contrast presented by the two States which on either side of the Baltic bound the Russian Empire. Both of them proud of past military achievements, and both possessing the forms and privileges of Constitutional Government, they naturally claim our sympathy, and may, if they will, have our confidence. In the prosperity, freedom, and independence of Sweden and of Prussia we have the deepest interest. No serious evil can befall either of them to which we can be indifferent; no important error can be committed by the Government of either which we can observe without regret. In alliance with each other and with us, their security against their overbearing and encroaching Muscovite neighbor would practically be complete; disunited, and bent on pursuing opposite lines of national policy, one or other, if not both, must always be exposed to humiliation in time of peace and aggression in time of war. The instinct of Russia's ambition bids her seek the open sea. So long as her marine is liable to be shut up within the gates of the Euxine and the Baltic, she cannot deceive herself as to the fact that she is not a naval power; and she cannot therefore contend on equal terms with the great Oceanic States, Great Britain, America, and France. No disclaimer, however plausible or solemn, can therefore shake our belief that she cherishes the hope, and entertains the purpose, of one day possessing an outlet for her commerce and her arms on the coast of the Mediterranean or the Atlantic. The duty of Western Christendom is to keep the danger of such an acquisition ever in view, in order to prevent it. For Russia can never lawfully or legitimately obtain a port or arsenal outside the narrow seas; she can never obtain it but by spoliation and conquest, by the same means as she obtained Finland and Bessarabia, and would, if she had been permitted, have appropriated the remaining provinces of Turkey in Europe.

In an evil hour we were led by an all-engrossing fear of French ambition to acquiesce in the partition of Sweden, which was in every respect as sinister and shameless an act of rapine as the partition of Poland. Finland was as much a part of the great maritime kingdom of the north as Ireland is of this united realm; and its alienation and occupation by the hostile and arbitrary power is a standing menace and injury to Sweden, which nothing can so perfectly illustrate as the hypothesis we have named. Europe felt this so strongly, that in 1814 Norway was unrighteously driven from Denmark

and joined to Sweden by way of compensation for what she had lost. In area and population the stolen goods thus given were equivalent to what had been taken away. But politically they did not and could not redress the wrong. Russia, in fortified possession of Finland, is half-way towards the great object of her ambition; for her power thence to harass and invade her Scandinavian neighbor is increased by at least fifty per cent. With her usual cunning, she has not for some time made any overt attempt at a further absorption of territory; but the overshadowings of her power during the reign of Nicholas were deemed by many to have struck a fatal chill into the head if not the heart of her intended victim. Her secret diplomacy it was said had coiled itself around the Swedish Government; and though the memories and the hopes, the pride and the pluck of the people were untainted and untouched, suspicions were entertained, and not without reason, that many nobles and officials had been corruptly won over by the arts which it was known had been widely employed in Germany and elsewhere. The attitude of the Court of Stockholm during the Russian war of 1854-55 tended rather to confirm than to dissipate these impressions; unjustly so, as we conceive, because, unless the Western Powers had been prepared, as they confessedly were not, to pledge themselves never to make peace until Finland was restored, it would have been an act of extreme rashness on the part of Sweden to have attempted its recovery by force of arms. But the truth is, the Governments of England and France had blindly bound themselves not to abet any attempt to reduce Russia to her ancient limits. Circassia, Poland, and Finland lifted up their imploring hands in vain. The golden opportunity was missed, and we now see the consequences of that lamentable mistake. Meanwhile, Sweden seems to have become conscious of her humiliating and perilous position; and though still unable to break out of the go-cart of diplomacy, her king and people have given unmistakable signs of their earnest sympathy with the Poles, and of the profound conviction that in the fate of the heroic struggle they are waging, their own future is morally bound up. The remonstrance of Count Manderstroem on behalf of the gallant insurgents is a poor and pitiful affair as far as mere words go, yet, taking all the circumstances into consideration, its spirit is far manlier and its meaning more significant than the shabby despatch sent from Turin, or the dastardly production forwarded from Madrid. The position of Sweden is, indeed, so critical, and her present safety and future success is an object of so much moment to Western Europe, that she ought not to be urged to move faster or

further than she feels within herself strength to sustain her. It is enough for us that the re-awakened spirit of the nation seeks and finds, in her free Parliament and press, the means of declaring to the world how anxiously it watches the great struggle of Poland for national emancipation, and how undyingly it resents the fraud and force by which countries not Russian have been made servant and subject to the czar. France and England can be at no loss where to find an intelligent, willing, and courageous ally whenever they want one; and there can be no question that were both or either prepared to form such an alliance, upon the condition of restoring Sweden to its entirety, the cause of Poland would be wellnigh won.

Painfully different is the national attitude of Prussia, with its imbecile monarch, its retrograde court, and its mock-Muscovite Cabinet. A more pitiable spectacle modern Europe has never beheld. With the leadership of liberal Germany within his grasp, the present occupant of the Prussian throne has within two years rendered himself alternately the laughing-stock and the object of pity to all among his subjects or his neighbors who are above the condition of believers in the royal right divine. The incoherent dreams and lunatic pranks of his predecessor were attributed generally to mere disease. It was a bore to have a crazy king at Berlin, but people consoled themselves with the reflection that he could not live forever; and they were not bound to suppose the dynasty demented. When he was gone, a rational man, it must be presumed, would succeed him; and with free institutions and an educated middle class it seemed incredible that Constitutional Government should not gradually be firmly established, and that a liberal and enlightened policy should not be pursued towards foreign nations. Who could have imagined that political madness had become hereditary in the house of Brandenburg? Far from reproaching our Prussian friends for not speedily coming to the conviction, we are rather disposed to give them credit for generosity and good sense in being so long incredulous on the subject. Neither are we prepared to join in the abuse heaped on them and their representatives for the forbearance and temper they have displayed, under great provocation from the mean and bullying, ignorant and ill-mannered ministers of the witless King William. The Chamber of Representatives have taken their stand upon the firm ground of legality; and so kept the great bulk of the community with them. They are doing in their own quiet way very much what the dogged opponents of the tyranny of Charles I. did in the earlier years of the Long Parliament. By sober remonstrance against

each new act of royal folly and courtly insolence, and by inflexible adherence to their resolution to vote no more money or men for military purposes than they deem necessary, they are accustoming the nation to appreciate the difference between the dignity, consistency, and economy of responsible rule, and the incoherence, unthrift, and subserviency to foreign absolutism of government by divine right. They are giving the country time to grow practically familiar with the assertion of its duties. They are letting both wheat and tares grow together until the harvest. They know that the day of reckoning will surely come, and they judge wisely that it is not their business to precipitate it. For this the liberal representatives of Prussia are thoughtlessly denounced by some among us. But what better could they do than they have done? The conduct of the Executive towards the Poles has been at once cruel and contemptible. Count Bismark and his accomplices have covered themselves and their miserable master with all the infamy of acting the part of political minions to a ruthless neighboring tyrant; and yet they have been compelled by the long-suffering Chamber to back out of their guilty engagements with the czar, and to shuffle and equivocate over every line and letter of their detestable compact with him. But what would have happened had impatience or indignation led them to take the reins prematurely out of the hands of the Executive and initiate a counter policy with respect to Poland? They could not have stirred an inch beyond their declaration of absolute neutrality, without risking an open and ruinous breach in the popular party. Many Liberals in Prussia and throughout Germany are fast friends of Poland, and conscientiously entertain the opinion that Germany will never be what she ought to be until every vestige of spoil shall have been restored. But then they reasonably argue that, as it is "safer to change many things than one," the restitution of Posen ought to be accompanied by other measures tending to the consolidation of a purely homogeneous power in northern and central Germany. This plainly must be the work of an administration representing the intelligence and possessing the confidence of the people. It is a work wholly beyond the sphere of a legislative assembly, and they are quite right not to undertake it. On the other hand, it is not to be denied that there are many good men in Germany who do not see their way to the re-constitution of Poland, and who would honestly regard any encouragement given to secession on the part of Posen as the first step towards anarchy and the dislocation of Prussia as a first-class power. What would be gained by throwing these men into the arms of the czar? and what would be lost?

From The Press.

THE SULTAN IN EGYPT.

AFTER the many prognostications of evil which, we were told, would assuredly result from the visit of the sultan to Egypt it must have disagreeably disappointed the prophets of ill-omen that not one of their predictions has been verified. For the first time during a period of more than three centuries a ruler of Turkey has set his foot upon one of the most ancient and wealthy of the provinces of his empire; and though his visit was attended by circumstances of more than imperial splendor and magnificence, the sultan during his ten days' stay studiously endeavored to prove that his object in becoming the guest of Fuad Pasha was "simply to give him a fresh proof of his good-will and especial affection," and in no way to diminish or derogate from the authority of the viceroy. The object of the sultan is evidently to behold in person the condition of the empire over which he rules; and if it be his ambition to revive its ancient power and splendor, he could not better inaugurate a period of reform. It is too much the fault of rulers—and of Oriental ones in particular—to see everything through other people's eyes, and the wonted sloth and lethargy of the sultans, who for so many generations have been contented with the enervating pleasures of their capital, will be well exchanged for the inquiring spirit and physical energy displayed by Abdul Aziz. It seems that he was much struck with the broad streets and palatial residences of the old capital of the Ptolemies, which Amrou, when he captured it, tersely but glowingly described as "the great City of the West." But though there are greater cities further westwards now than Alexandria, there was much to be seen in it, and in Egypt generally, which will probably leave a beneficial impression upon the mind of the sultan. For the first time in his life he saw a railway, and beheld the large traffic which it produces. In no other part of the Turkish empire have greater efforts been made to improve internal communications, so necessary for the promotion of commerce, to develop the wonderful fertility of the soil by improved processes of agriculture, and to establish manufactories in which machinery, the product of Western civilization, has been generally employed. If the sultan carries away with him from the land of the Pharaohs a determination to follow the good example of his viceroys in these important particulars, his visit to Egypt cannot but be of the greatest advantage to the whole Turkish empire.

From The Spectator, 23 May.

THE POSITION OF GENERAL HOOKER.

EVEN in these days of telegraphs great events are seldom dramatic in their continuity or their speed. London has for a week been filled with rumors of the destruction of General Hooker, and the delay of the steamers caused by the prevalence of east winds created a feeling of almost feverish excitement. The extra mail, however, which arrived on Thursday night, brought no decisive news. General Hooker, after four days of battle, was still on the 5th of May face to face with the Confederates, unable to renew the attack on account of the rain, and not liable to attack for the same reason. His general plan, in spite of telegraphic blunders and ill-informed newspaper correspondents, is at last becoming clear; it was well conceived, and, up to a certain point, vigorously executed. During the first five days of the week, ending May 2, he marched in succession the larger part of his army over the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, and on the 1st he had concentrated his corps near Chancellorsville, in rear of Lee's position at Fredericksburg. The lesser portion of his army was one division in Fredericksburg, and one corps, under General Sedgwick, over the river, ready to attack the famous heights. General Lee, as soon as he saw the intention of his foe, left a small force before Fredericksburg, and marched his army towards Chancellorsville. He found Hooker established with his centre at this country house, his right towards the Rapidan, and his left on the Rappahannock. Amusing Hooker with skirmishes on the afternoon of the 1st, he sent Jackson with forty thousand men to turn the Federal right, and thus cut Hooker off from the fords. The Federal general thus lost the initiative. While his centre was deeply engaged in an offensive movement, Jackson drove in upon the right, and the German corps fled, from cowardice the Americans say, but more probably because it was attacked in flank in some formation which prevented the men from fighting. Hooker was, however, equal to the occasion. He sent his own old division to meet Jackson's headlong onslaught with the bayonet, and the well-formed line issuing from the cloud of dust and smoke speedily wrested from the too eager pursuers of the Germans the advantage they had acquired. Hooker restored his line of battle, preserved his communications with all the fords, and kept Lee off the Gordonsville road. But on the 3d Lee renewed the attack, and after a six hours' conflict forced Hooker backwards into an angle formed by the Rapidan and

Rappahannock, deprived him of all the fords save one, and compelled him to entrench for safety. In the mean time General Sedgwick stormed the heights of Fredericksburg, the scene of Burnside's winter defeat, and showed columns in rear of Lee. But no good resulted from the stroke. For Longstreet, coming up from Richmond, and attacking from the eastward, and Lee turning upon Sedgwick's front, that officer, between the two forces, was driven back upon the river above Falmouth, and forced to cross it before daylight on the 5th, under a destructive fire and incessant attacks. Thus the result of four days' fighting was this: Lee recovered the advantage won by Hooker up to the 1st of May, recovered the Gordonsville road, and firmly re-established his communications, and, moreover, held in his hands the points of passage over the rivers leading to Hooker's communications. The Federal general had done well, but not well enough, and his own strategy was on the point of being turned against him. The enemy menaced *his* lines of retreat. This position continued unbroken up to the night of the 6th, save that Sedgwick rejoined his chief with his shattered corps, and General Heintzelman was marching from Washington with thirty thousand men. The fate of the series of engagements was still undecided: but though General Hooker was in considerable danger, the possibilities of escape, and even victory for the Federals, were still unexhausted.

It is vain to speculate when a few hours will set speculation at rest; but we would warn the friends of the South that in considering even the destruction of Hooker equivalent to final success they are premature. The North *may* yield to despair, and consider that enough has been done even to secure national existence, may surrender the South from Charleston to the Pacific, may accept the division of their great continent into small, ill-defined, and hostile States; but they, like their rivals, have English blood in their veins. Blows only make iron harder, and they may see in so great a stroke a justification for the conscription which they are now inclined to resist. If they do order a *levee en masse*, call General Fremont to the command, and Wendell Phillips to the Cabinet, cast the idea of compromise to the winds, and recognize for the first time the necessity of Revolutionary action, the South will have a harder battle to fight than any she has yet won. The North, when all is said, is far less near ruin than France when Dumouriez stood with the last army of raw Parisians in the passes of the Argonne.

From The Spectator.

MR. KINGSLEY'S WATER-BABIES.*

MR. KINGSLEY'S genius is so remarkable for its sympathy with the irrational forms of animal life, and the rational element in it is so often merged in a sort of noble but furious bark at what he dislikes, that we seldom read his tales without a feeling that the ideas with which he begins, often subtle and fine enough, are sure to tail off into something half animal before the conclusion. In this fairy story, begun with a clear purpose enough, the water-dog in Mr. Kingsley has prevailed more than usually early in the book, and before the end of it we have almost literally nothing left but the swishing of his wet tail, his floundering in the water, and the deep bay of his liberal conservatism. He has prefixed a kind of warning to the critics which would appear to deprecate any remarks we may have to offer on this eccentric gambol of his genius:—

“Hence, unbelieving Sadducees,
And less believing Pharisees,
With dull conventionalities;
And leave a country Muse at ease
To play at leap-frog, if she please,
With children and realities.”

Well, we have no objection to Mr. Kingsley's freaks either with children or realities; but we rather wish that when he is playing at leap-frog with children he would suit the dimensions of his realities to his small play-fellows, and not insist on their taking such tremendously high metaphysical backs, at times, which are certainly quite beyond the little arms of his infantine friends. He dedicates the book to his youngest son, Grenville Arthur, with the motto—

“Come, read me my riddle, my good little man;
If you cannot read it, no grown-up folk can,”

and we are quite content to abide by Grenville Arthur's judgment. If he understands the joke about the Gairfowl's objecting to marry his deceased wife's sister, about the whales “butting at each other with their ugly noses day and night from year's end to year's end,” like “our American cousins,”—about the “abolition of the Have-his-carcase Act,” and the “Indignation Meetings,”—or the Back-stairs way out of Hell, or the Hippopotamus major in the brain,—or a hundred others, we will pronounce Mr. Kingsley's

* *The Water-Babies*. A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. With two illustrations by J. Noel Paton, R.S.A. Macmillan.

tale a good fairy tale for children,—for we do not deny that it had an idea; but if not, as we feel tolerably confident, why, then we arraign Mr. Kingsley of that half-animal impatience which cannot be satisfied with working out patiently a single distinct idea,—but must interpolate arrogant inarticulate barks at a hundred things which have no business at all in his tale, and tumble head over heels in scores of unfit places just because there and then his intellect feels inclined for a somersault of which neither men nor children will appreciate the fun.

The purpose of the tale,—and it was a fine one,—seems to have been to adapt Mr. Darwin's theory of the natural selection of species to the understanding of children, by giving it an individual, moral, and religious, as well as a mere specific and scientific application. He took the watery world, principally because he knows it so well, and because the number of transformations which go on in it are so large, and so easily capable of a semi-moral significance, that it served best to illustrate his purpose. For example, the specific difference between salmon and trout, Mr. Kingsley interprets as a difference between enterprise and industry on the one hand, and stupid greediness on the other,—as shown in this conversation between his water-baby and the salmon:—

““Why do you dislike the trout so?” asked Tom. “My dear, we do not even mention them, if we can help it; for I am sorry to say they are relations of ours who do us no credit. A great many years ago they were just like us: but they were so lazy, and cowardly, and greedy, that instead of going down to the sea every year to see the world and grow strong and fat, they chose to stay and poke about in the little streams and eat worms and grubs; and they are very properly punished for it; for they have grown ugly and brown and spotted and small; and are actually so degraded in their tastes, that they will eat our children.””

The same general drift is intended to pervade the book, which contains numberless hints that wherever moral qualities, or the germs of moral qualities, begin, there, at least, is a turning point of natural development or degradation in the individual, and thence also in the species. Thus Mr. Kingsley hints that the specific difference between the Irish and Saxons may be originally rooted in moral, more than in physical distinctions,

and might be ultimately traced to the love of giving "a pleasant answer," if we take into account the long accumulations of generations of dispositions of the same sort. Again the Gairfowls are meant to be the types of races who die out through mere traditional pride, from refusing to avail themselves of the alliance of fresh blood, and determining to stand all alone on the precedents and etiquettes of ancestral usage. The same moral Darwinianism is the idea of the story of the idle Doasyoulikes, and also, of course, of the water-baby's own history. Indeed, all the various physiological transformations in the story are intended to illustrate some such notion as this. And the fairy whose watch-work-nature obliges her to punish everybody's mistakes by treating them exactly as they have treated others, "Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid," is meant, we suppose, to represent the invariable and unalterable principle of God's universal providence. She is, as we are taught at the close, after all but another form of divine love, which is the motive, if not the principal agency in effecting these transformations. Yet surely it is not quite true to represent men's actions as generally returned upon them in kind,—the bleeding doctors and over-cramming schoolmasters being by no means uniformly bled and over-crammed in their turn. However, the fairy is commissioned, we suppose, to show generally that individuals, and therefore races, suffer degradation in consequence of the accumulations of their errors and sins;—in consequence of not keeping their eyes open to God's laws, and still more of not obeying them when they do know them.

Well, this conviction of Mr. Kingsley's, and its many lively (if often fanciful) illustrations, was worth a fairy story, and none could be more spirited or vigorous than this up to the point when he gets his transformed chimney-sweep (who, coarse and ignorant, but wishing to be clean, was by the law of fairy consequences transformed into a water-baby) to the mouth of the salmon river. Even this portion has been improved considerably since its first publication, and made a more coherent fairy story by the earlier introduction of the fairy. The description of the storm, which fills the stream and enables all the living things in it if desiring to reach the sea, to sweep down upon its swollen waters, is one of Mr. Kingsley's finest de-

scriptive efforts. We have room but for a short passage:—

"But out of the water he dared not put his head; for the rain came down by bucketsful, and the hail hammered like shot on the stream, and churned it into foam; and soon the stream rose, and rushed down, higher and higher, and fouler and fouler, full of beetles, and sticks and straws, and worms, and addle-eggs and wood-lice, and leeches, and odds and ends, and omnium-gatherums, and this, that, and the other, enough to fill nine museums. Tom could hardly stand against the stream, and hid behind a rock. But the trout did not; for out they rushed from among the stones, and began gobbling the beetles and leeches in the most greedy and quarrelsome way, and swimming about with great worms hanging out of their mouths, tugging and kicking to get them away from each other. And now, by the flashes of the lightning, Tom saw a new sight—all the bottom of the stream alive with great eels, turning and twisting along, all down stream and away. They had been hiding for weeks past in the cracks of the rocks, and in burrows in the mud; and Tom had hardly ever seen them, except now and then at night; but now they were all out, and went hurrying past him so fiercely and wildly that he was quite frightened. And as they hurried past he could hear them say to each other, 'We must run, we must run. What a jolly thunderstorm! Down to the sea, down to the sea!' And then the otter came by with all her brood, twining and sweeping along as fast as the eels themselves; and she spied Tom as she came by, and said:—'Now is your time, eft, if you want to see the world. Come along, children, never mind those nasty eels; we shall breakfast on salmon to-morrow. Down to the sea, down to the sea!'"

But no sooner does Mr. Kingsley get out of the salmon stream, than his pen begins to flag, his power to spend itself in the most eccentric capers, and his proper theme to fade away at intervals from his imagination. He begins chaffing the scientific men,—and his chaff is neither subtle to men nor intelligible to children. He barks right and left at everything he does not like, whether it has anything to do with his leading idea or not. Professor Owen is chaffed for insisting on the hippocampus minor as the specific distinction of man; the cram-systems of education and examination are chaffed; the nescience of medical men is chaffed; universal progress and Mr. Lincoln are chaffed; the orthodox fanatics who believe in hearsay, and don't

want to be set right, are chaffed; the positive philosophy, collecting multifold experiences, but refusing to learn their meaning, is chaffed, and all in a way very few men will be able to laugh at, and no children at all (unless it be Grenville Arthur) to understand. What is the use of *four whole* pages of this sort of thing?

"Now the doctors had it all their own way; and to work they went in earnest, and they gave the poor professor divers and sundry medicines, as prescribed by the ancients and moderns, from Hippocrates to Feuchtersleben, as below, viz.: Hellebore, to wit—hellebore of Æta; hellebore of Galata; hellebore of Sicily; and all other hellebores, after the method of the helleborizing helleborists of the helleboric era. But that would not do. Bumpsterhausen's blue follicles would not stir an inch out of his encephalo-digital region."

"And if he had but been a convict lunatic, and had shot at the queen, killed all his creditors to avoid paying them, or indulged in any other little amiable eccentricity of that kind, they would have given him in addition—the healthiest situation in England, on Easthamstead Plain, free run of Windsor Forest, the *Times* every morning, a double-barrelled gun and pointers, and leave to shoot three Wellington College boys a week (not more) in case black game were scarce."

We may smile a grim smile at first, but it is impossible to smile when that sort of nonsense is prolonged beyond a certain point. And this kind of thing strays at large through the book, and is seldom very amusing. We may smile when we are first told that Professor Ptthmlnsprts, Professor of Necrobi-oncepalaeohydrochthonanthropopithekoology would have called a water-baby by two long names, "of which the first would have said a little about Tom, and the second all about himself, for, of course, he would have called him Hydrotecnon Ptthmlnsprtsianum," but when the same species of fun goes on for a great many pages together, we feel as if we were hearing one of those insane extravaganzas at the minor theatres, which are meant apparently to cast a gloom over the very name of fun, and induce early idiocy in the actors. And this fault is repeated so systematically during the latter part of the tale, that it quite sickens the reader, even though he may have what Miss Muloch painfully denominates "the child-heart." Indeed the worst of it is, that when the child might possibly enjoy the caricature, the idea caricatured is quite beyond his grasp,—as, for example, in

that ecstatic apostrophe to the Back-stairs,—and when the man might, perhaps, enjoy the idea the caricature is far too broad and its tone too screaming for his taste. For example, the following is said by the fairy to a water-baby to explain why she cannot let him know the back way out of the place of punishment, i.e., the way which saves you from the effect of evil without saving you from the cause. People would importune him as follows, she says, to divulge the secret:—

"For thousands of years we have been paying, and petting, and obeying, and worshipping quacks who told us they had the key of the back-stairs, and could smuggle us up them; and in spite of all our disappointments, we will honor, and glorify, and adore, and beatify, and translate, and apotheotize you likewise, on the chance of your knowing something about the back-stairs, that we may all go on pilgrimage to it: and, even if we cannot get up it, lie at the bottom of it, and cry—'Oh! back-stairs, precious back-stairs, invaluable back-stairs, requisite back-stairs, necessary back-stairs, good-natured back-stairs, cosmopolitan back-stairs, comprehensive back-stairs, accommodating back-stairs, well-bred back-stairs, comfortable back-stairs, humane back-stairs, reasonable back-stairs, long-sought back-stairs, coveted back-stairs, aristocratic back-stairs, respectable back-stairs, gentlemanlike back-stairs, ladylike back-stairs, commercial back-stairs, economical back-stairs, practical back-stairs, logical back-stairs, deductive back-stairs, orthodox back-stairs, probable back-stairs, credible back-stairs, demonstrable back-stairs, irrefragable back-stairs, potent back-stairs, all-but-omnipotent back-stairs, etc. Save us from the consequences of our own actions, and from the cruel fairy, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid!'"

This sort of thing might clearly be expanded by the Binomial Theorem to any number of terms you pleased.

Upon the whole, in spite of some passages of great beauty, a fine idea, and much knowledge to work with, Mr. Kingsley has, as he too often does, spoiled a good story by his undisciplined and ill-concentrated imagination, which induces him to interrupt one train of thought just to vent his disgust at a dozen follies or crimes which occur to him while he is at work. He is like a dog which constantly loses the scent by turning aside to worry cats, bark at ill-looking beggars, or simply to play with a bone with his four legs in the air. However noble the bay, or however graceful the frolics of such a creature, the fairy Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid will be obliged to reward him with a very mutilated and unsatisfactory fame,—unworthy both of Mr. Kingsley's real genius and of his noble aims.

From The Saturday Review.

MEMOIR OF A FRENCH NEW TESTAMENT.*

THIS curious tract is a piece of literary dissection. With temper and scholarly patience, but with no unflinching hand, it demonstrates the anatomy of a *fraus pia*. About the middle of the seventeenth century, it appears that an intense uneasiness with regard to the prospects of the Church had crept over the clergy and higher classes of France. One of the most noticeable symptoms was the fanatical, and far from unsuccessful, attempt of Louis XIV. to bribe Protestants back to their old spiritual allegiance. From a letter of the Sieur Pelisson, one of the king's chief agents in this business, we learn that, for about two thousand crowns, seven or eight hundred persons had on one occasion "entered the Church." Bishops wrote word that plenty of conversions were to be had, provided that funds were forthcoming. Regular lists of these converts were laid before the king; and instructions for the regulation of the market were duly transmitted back to the bishops. They were to look out for families of distinction, but by no means to neglect the common people, who might frequently be snapped up at from two to five pistoles the family. Under peculiar circumstances, left to the discretion of the principal dealers, the high figure of a hundred francs was sanctioned. But this was a famine price; and Pelisson points out the diocese of Gren-

oble as a bright example, "where scarcely any converts had cost so much as a hundred francs, and the greater part not nearly so much as that amount."

Another symptom of uneasiness was a morbid anxiety to discover definite authority for the introduction of the Mass. Peiresk, a learned French antiquary and lover of coins, believed that he had discovered it on a medal of Constantine. On the reverse of one of that emperor's medals there is a sort of altar, on which is a globe, standing on a low base. Probably, as Archdeacon Cotton remarks, the impression which Peiresk saw was much worn, and the figures on the globe were effaced, leaving only the circular outline visible. To the devout eye of the antiquary, the legend "Beata Tranquillitas" suggested the "Sacrament of the Altar," and the circle could be nothing but the holy wafer. But, valuable as the testimony of so early a coin would have been, it would clearly sink into nothing by the side of a text from the Sacred Writings themselves. And successfully to introduce such a text into current versions of the Bible seems to have been the object—in some cases the whole lifetime's study—of certain energetic French divines of the period. The passage which was seized upon as most eminently suited for this purpose is Acts xiii. 2, the important words of which run as follows:—

UNIFORM GREEK.

λειτουργούντων δὲ αὐτῶν τῷ
Κυρίῳ.

VULGATE.

Ministrantibus autem illis
Domino.

RECEIVED ENGLISH.

As they ministered to the
Lord.

During a search into the origin of certain corrupt renderings of this passage, which will be described below, Archdeacon Cotton met with a pamphlet published in London in 1674, and taken from a French tract about thirty years older, entitled *La Messe trouvée dans l'Ecriture*. The title of the English tract runs thus—*A famous Conference between Pope Clement X. and Cardinal de Monte Alto, concerning the late Discovery of the Masse in Holy Scripture, made by the worthy Father Patrick, an excellent Engineer of the Church*

of Rome in England. The cardinal asks the pope why he is in such good spirits. The pope answers—"Because the Mass has been found in Scripture." He proceeds to explain that Father Patrick "hath sent to me a Bible, turned into French by the doctors of Louvain, printed at Paris in 1664 (1646?), where, in Acts xiii. 2, those blessed words are to be read, *of the apostles saying Mass to the Lord*." In the first burst of gratitude, the pope proposes complete deliverance from purgatory and a cardinal's hat, as a reward not too great for Father Patrick's deserts. But, reflecting that the pliant engine of interpolation might be turned with ruinous effect against himself, he changes his mind, disgraces the father, and consigns him to an

* *Memoir of a French New Testament, in which the Mass and Purgatory are found in the Sacred Text. Together with Bishop Kidder's "Reflections" on the Same.* By Henry Cotton, D.C.L., Archdeacon of Cashel. Second Edition, enlarged. London: Bell and Daldy. 1863.

ignominious penance. The tract *La Messe trouvée*, etc., is now known to have been the work of a pastor named Lucas Jansse. It was printed at Rouen in 1647, and the version which gave rise to its remarks was not a genuine Louvain translation, but the work of the far-seeing Jesuit, François Veron. Veron was born at Paris in 1575, and was curé of Charenton during the greater part of his active life. Quickly perceiving how much sacerdotal capital might be made out of a "nouvelle traduction, très-élégante," issued by one Jacques Corbin in 1641, he shortly produced a version of the Vulgate by himself, which was followed in 1647 by a still more advanced rendering.

Though by no means the first or the last of Romanist translators who have tampered with the text of the Bible, Veron was decidedly the ablest and most thorough-going of his peers. It was from his versions, chiefly, that the excrescences of the Bordeaux Testament of 1686—the subject of Dr. Cotton's *Memoir*—were derived; and his influence,

whether personal or indirect, is distinctly traceable in several similar undertakings executed during the seventeenth century. The Testament of 1686 was first exposed in England by Dr. Kidder, who afterwards became Bishop of Bath and Wells. His *Reflections*, etc., were published in 1690, and were supplemented about half a century later by the Rev. James Sercees, Vicar of Appleby. Both these tracts have been reprinted by Dr. Cotton, who gives a clear and able bibliographical account of the seven French versions of the seventeenth century, beginning with Corbin's (1641), and ending with the Bordeaux (1686). One very valuable and interesting portion of his task consists of a synoptical table of the renderings of forty passages in the New Testament, all selected from texts examined in Bishop Kidder's *Reflections*.

A few specimens from this table will not be read without interest. The first is the much disputed passage in Acts xiii. 2, the original of which was quoted above:—

VULGATE.	CORBIN.	VERON.	BORDEAUX. (1686.)
Ministrantibus autem illis Domino.	Or eux celebrans au Seigneur <i>la saint sacrifice de la Messe</i> .	Eux donc <i>disans La messe</i> au Seigneur.	Or comme ils offroyent au Seigneur <i>le sacrifice de la Messe</i> .

It is, perhaps, putting no undue strain on the fancy, to read in the concise and forcible rendering of Veron the unscrupulous and thorough-going qualities of the man. When

authority for the Mass had been thus cheaply secured, it seemed hard to do less for other and minor points of Catholic belief:—

VULGATE.	GIRODON, a follower of Veron.	BORDEAUX. (1686.)
Sic tamen quasi per ignem. (1 Cor. iii. 15.)	Par le feu, <i>a scavoir de Purgatoire</i> .	Par le feu <i>du Purgatoire</i> .
Nolite jugum ducere cum infidelibus. (2 Cor. vi. 14.)	Ne vous joignez pas <i>par Sacrement de Mariage</i> .	Ne vous joignez pas <i>par le Sacrement de Mariage</i> .
Discedent quidam a fide. (2 Tim. iv. 1.)	Quelques uns se separeront <i>de la foi Romaine</i> .	Quelques uns se separeront <i>de la Foy Romaine</i> .
In virtute secundum spiritum sanctificationis. (Rom. i. 4.)	VERON. Par la puissance <i>recue de faire miracles</i> par l'esprit de sanctification.	par la puissance <i>qu'il a recue de faire miracles</i> par l'esprit de sanctification.
Nonne potestatem habemus mulierem sororem circumducendi sicut et ceteri? (1 Cor. ix. 5.)	GIRODON. ... de mener <i>ça et la</i> une sœur, femme <i>pour nous servir en l'Evangile, et nous souvenir de ses biens?</i>	mener <i>ça et la</i> une sœur femme <i>pour nous servir, etc.</i>
In peregrinos. (3 John 5.)	envers les Pelerins.	envers les Pelerins.

It cannot be too distinctly stated that these efforts at exegetical rendering have never re-

ceived the deliberate sanction of the Roman Catholic Church. As soon as the real char-

acter of the Bordeaux Testament came to be seen and divulged; the greater number of the copies were called in and destroyed. The very fact of its existence has been denied by the Jesuits. But it so happens that several copies, in the hands of Protestant refugee families, found their way into England and Ireland. The Bodleian, the British Museum, the Libraries of Christ Church, Lambeth, and Trinity College, Dublin, and a few private collections, possess specimens, of which Dr. Cotton enumerates eleven in all. He appears doubtful of the existence of more than two or three additional copies; and being on his own quaint confession, a "ripe Bibliomaniac," his authority on the subject may be taken as sufficient.

The point of real interest in the whole story of the Bordeaux Testament is the problem involved in a character like Veron's. The moral blot of perpetrating a gloss like that on Acts xiii. 2, is as nothing when compared with the moral puzzle implied. The Bishop of Natal, no doubt, presents an enigma to many of his antagonists, who cannot reconcile a life of zealous activity as a Christian minister with the critical energy of the obnoxious writer. The Bishop, in his turn, finds it hard to understand how men of obvious piety and uprightness can submit to the conventional reticence of the pulpit, which, in his estimation, savors more or less of moral turpitude. But neither of these opposing parties occupy a position one half so hard to explain as that of François Veron. Here is

a man with intellectual gifts decidedly beyond the average, and living a life of energetic piety and self-devotion. He spends, and is spent, for a system of doctrine in the inherent strength of which, however, he has so little confidence as to permit himself to falsify the very records on which the system is founded. He is the queerest compound of faith and no faith. In his inmost heart he cares little or nothing for the sacred writings, or he would not venture on the forgery of additions and corrections. Yet his recognition of their value is strong enough to make him deem those forgeries imperatively necessary for the defence of his favorite dogmas. He is a conspicuous example of the important truth that the best and purest intentions afford no guarantee whatever that moral integrity will be preserved uninjured, when once a faith has degenerated into a *cause*, on whose side the passions have become enlisted. Here is the point where pious frauds find a congenial soil; the fraud seems so minute in itself, and yet so essential to the advancement of "true religion." It will be well if the present and rising generations learn to perceive more clearly than the past, how utterly independent of such supports is all faith which deserves the name and can confer real benefits on mankind; and if they advance to the slow solution of pending problems, strongly persuaded that all homage paid to faith at the expense of truth, is an insult to the majesty of both.

MANY people hear of distances in thousands of yards—a usual measure of artillery distances—and have very little power of reducing them at once to miles. Now, four miles are ten yards for each mile above 7,000 yards, whence the following rule: the number of thousands multiplied by 4 and divided by 7 give miles and sevenths for quotient and remainder, with only at the rate of ten yards to a mile in excess. Thus 12,000 yards is 48-7ths of a mile, or 6 and 6-7ths of a mile: not 70 yards too great. Again, people measure speed by miles per hour, the mile and the hour being too long for the judgment of distance and time. Take half as much again as the number of miles per hour, and you have the number of feet per second, too great by one in 30. Thus 16 miles an hour is 16×8 , or 24 feet per second, too much by 24-30ths of a foot.

MESSRS. LONGMAN and Co. have nearly ready a "Guide to the Western Alps," comprising Dauphiné, Savoy, and Piedmont, with the Mont Blanc and Mont Rosa districts, by John Ball.

MR. MURRAY announces Dr. Hannah's Bampton Lectures, "The Relation between the Divine and Human Element in Holy Scripture."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have in preparation a "General View of the Criminal Law of England," by Mr. J. F. Stephen.

It is stated that Mr. J. F. Maguire, M.P., has nearly completed a biography of the temperance apostle, Father Matthew.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND THE
REBELLION.

WE beg leave to congratulate the Presbyterian Church upon the cordial reconciliation which has taken place between the two branches which separated a quarter of a century ago. It was delightful to read the loving and brotherly addresses which were interchanged by the two General Assemblies lately in session. To that which sat in Philadelphia, the Rev. Albert Barnes, from the Committee on the state of the Country, submitted the following preamble and resolutions, which were fully discussed and unanimously adopted.

Whereas, A rebellion most unjust and causeless in its origin, and unholy in its objects, now exists in this country, against the Government established by the wisdom and sacrifice of our fathers, rendering necessary the employment of the armed forces of the nation to suppress it, and involving the land in the horrors of civil war, and

Whereas, The distinctly avowed purpose of the leaders of this rebellion is the dissolution of our national Union—the dismemberment of the country and the establishment of a new confederacy within the present territorial limits of the United States, based on the system of human slavery as its chief cornerstone, and

Whereas, From the relation of the General Assembly to the churches which they represent, and as citizens of the Republic, and in accordance with the uniform action of our Church in times of great national peril, it is eminently proper that this General Assembly should give expression to its views, in a matter so vitally affecting the interests of good government, liberty, and religion, and

Whereas, On two previous occasions since the war commenced, the General Assembly has declared its sentiments in regard to this rebellion, and its determination to sustain the Government in this crisis of our national existence, and

Whereas, Unequivocal and decided as has been our testimony on all previous occasions, and true and devoted as has been the loyalty of our ministers, elders, and people, this General Assembly deem it a duty to the Church and the country, to utter its deliberate judgment on the same general subject. Therefore,

Resolved 1, That this General Assembly solemnly reaffirms the principles and repeats the declarations of previous General Assemblies of our Church, so far as applicable to

this subject and to the present aspect of public affairs.

Resolved 2, That in explanation of our views, and as a further and solemn expression of the sentiments of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America in regard to the duty of those whom we represent, and of all the American people at the present time, We now declare,

First. That civil government is ordained of God, and that submission to a lawful government, and to its acts in its proper sphere, is a duty binding on the conscience and required by all the principles of our religion as a part of our allegiance to God.

Second. That while there is in certain respects a ground of distinction between a *government* considered as referring to the constitution of a country, and an *administration*, considered as referring to the existing agencies, through which the principles and provisions of the constitution are administered: yet, the government of a country to which direct allegiance and loyalty are due at any time, is the administration duly placed in power. Such an administration is the government of a nation, having a right to execute the laws and demand the entire, unqualified, and prompt obedience of all who are under its authority; and resistance to such a government is rebellion and treason.

Third. That the present administration of the United States, duly elected under the Constitution, is the government in the land to which alone under God, all the citizens of this nation owe allegiance; who, as such, are to be honored and obeyed; whose efforts to defend the government against rebellion are to be sustained; and that all attempts to resist or set aside the action of the lawfully constituted authorities of the government in any way by speech or action, to oppose or embarrass the measures which it may adopt to assert its lawful authority, except in accordance with the forms prescribed by the Constitution, are to be regarded as treason against the nation—as giving aid and comfort to its enemies and as rebellion against God.

Fourth. That in the execution of the laws it is the religious duty of all good citizens, promptly and cheerfully to sustain the Government by every means in their power; to stand by it in its peril, and to afford all needful aid in suppressing insurrection and rebellion, and restoring obedience to lawful authority in every part of the land.

Resolved 3, That much as we lament the evils, the sorrows, the sufferings, the desolations, the sad moral influences of war, and its effect on the religion and Churches of the land—much as we have suffered in our most

tender relations—yet the war, in our view, is to be prosecuted with all the vigor and power of the nation, until peace shall be the result of victory, till rebellion is completely subdued—till the legitimate power and authority of the Government is fully re-established over every part of our territorial domain, and till the flag of the nation shall wave as the emblem of its undisputed sovereignty; and that to the prosecution and attainment of this object, all the resources of the nation in men and wealth should be solemnly pledged.

Resolved 4, That the Government of these United States as provided for by the Constitution, is not only founded upon the great doctrine of human rights as vested by God in the individual man, but is also expressly declared to be the supreme civil authority in the land, forever excluding the modern doctrine of secession as a civil or political right; that since the existing rebellion finds no justification in the facts of the case or the Constitution of the United States—in any law human or divine—the Assembly can regard it only as treason against the nation, and a most offensive sin in the sight of God, justly exposing its authors to the retributive vengeance of earth and heaven; that this Rebellion, in its origin, history, and measures, has been distinguished by those qualities which most sadly evince the depravity of our nature, especially in seeking to establish a new nationality on this continent, based on the perpetual enslavement and oppression of a weak and long-injured race; that the national forces are, in the view of this Assembly called out, not to wage war against another government, but to suppress insurrection, preserve the supremacy of law and order, and save the country from anarchy and ruin.

Resolved 5, That in such a contest, with such principles and interests at stake, affecting not only the peace, prosperity and happiness of this our beloved country for all future time, but involving the cause of human liberty throughout the world, *loyalty* unreserved and unconditional to the constitutionally elected Government of the United States,—not as the transient passion of the hour, but as the intelligent and permanent state of the public conscience, rising above all questions of party politics, rebuking and opposing the foul spirit of treason, whenever and in whatever form exhibited—speaking earnest words of truth and soberness alike through the pulpit—the press, and in all the walks of domestic and social life; making devout supplications to God, and giving the most cordial support to those who are providentially interested with the enactment and execution of the laws, is not only a sacred Christian obligation, but is indispensable if we would save the nation and

perpetuate the glorious inheritance we possess to future generations.

Resolved 6, That the system of human bondage as existing in the Slaveholding States, so palpably the root and cause of this whole insurrectionary movement, is not only a violation of the dearest rights of human nature, but essentially hostile to the letter and spirit of the Christian religion; that the evil character and demoralizing tendencies of this system so properly described and justly condemned by the General Assembly of our Church, especially from 1818 to the present time have been placed in the broad light of day by the history of this existing rebellion; that in the sacrifices and desolations, the cost of treasure and blood ordained thereby, the Assembly recognize the chastening hand of God, applied to the punishment of national sins, especially the sin of slavery; that in the Proclamation of Emancipation issued by the president as a war measure, and submitted by him to the considerate judgment of mankind, the Assembly recognize with devout gratitude that wonder-working providence of God, by which military necessities become the instrument of justice in breaking the yoke of oppression and causing the oppressed to go free; and further that the Assembly beseech Almighty God in his own time to remove the last vestige of slavery from this country, and give to the nation preserved, disciplined, and purified, a peace that shall be based on the principles of eternal righteousness.

Resolved 7, That this General Assembly commends the President of the United States, and the members of his Cabinet, to the care and guidance of the Great Ruler of nations, praying that they may have that wisdom which is profitable to direct, and also that the patriotism and moral sense of the people may give to them all that support and co-operation which the exigencies of their position and the perils of the nation so urgently demand.

Resolved 8, That in the ardor with which so many members of our Church, and of the Churches of all the religious denominations of our land have gone forth to the defence of our country, placing themselves upon her altars in this struggle for national life, we see an illustration not only of the principle of patriotism but of the principles of our holy religion; that in the readiness with which such vast numbers have at the call of their country devoted themselves to its service, we see a demonstration which promises security to our institutions in all times of future danger; that we tender the expression of our admiration and hearty thanks to all the officers of our Army and Navy; that those who have nobly fallen and those who survive, have

secured an imperishable monument in the hearts of their countrymen, and that this Assembly regard all efforts for the physical comfort or spiritual good of our heroic defenders, as among the sweetest charities which gratitude can impose, or grateful hands can minister.

Resolved 9, That this General Assembly exhort all the Churches and ministers connected with this branch of the Presbyterian Church, and all our countrymen, to stand by their country; to pray for it; to discountenance all forms of complicity with treason, to sustain those who are placed in civil or military authority over them, and to adopt every means and at any cost, which an enlightened, self-sacrificing patriotism may suggest, as appropriate to the want of the hour; having on this subject one heart and one mind; waiting hopefully on Providence patient amid delays; undaunted by reverses: persistent and untiring in effort till, by the blessing of God, the glorious motto "One Country, One Constitution, and One Destiny," shall be enthroned as the sublime fact of the present and the more sublime harbinger of the future.

Resolved 10, That this General Assembly tenders its affectionate condolence and heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved families of all the heroic men who have fallen in this contest for national life, and especially the families of the officers and members of our Churches who have poured out their lives on the altar of their country, with the assurance that they will not be forgotten by us in their bereavement, or by a grateful people.

Resolved 11, That a copy of this action duly authenticated, be transmitted to the President of the United States, and that it be read in the pulpits of all our churches.

From The Reader, 9 May.

MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT AND HANDEL'S "L'ALLEGRO."

Nor for a long time has anything so interesting or so delightful happened in the musical world of London as the recent performance of Handel's "L'Allegro and Pensieroso," given by Madame Goldschmidt for the benefit of a charity. No one probably now living can recollect a public performance of the entire work. A single song, "Let me wander not unseen," was a great favorite in the drawing-rooms of the last generation, and is familiarly known to most Handel-loving sopranos. Those, too, whose memory goes back to the Ancient Concerts still speak with enthusiasm of Miss Stephens's singing of this

and one or two other airs. But the composition, as a whole, may be said to be new to our half of the century. We may hope that, after Madame Goldschmidt's performance it will be unknown no longer. Barren of new result as is our present musical epoch, we can at least claim the credit of being active revivalists and careful conservators. In music, as in architecture and painting, we are treating with respect the monuments of the past, and so doing something, though in a humble way, for posterity. Not many of Handel's larger vocal works remained to be discovered; now that the dust of fifty years has been brushed off this delightful cantata, it ought not to be allowed to accumulate again. "L'Allegro and Pensieroso" must be ranked, as to scale and power, with the settings of Dryden's odes, "St. Cecilia," and "Alexander's Feast." The dramatic element is *nil*; but the variety of tone and subject in Milton's poetry gave abundant play to the fancy of the composer. The music is full of color and contrast. The "Pensieroso" speaks, for the most part, in long drawn *largo* strains, answered in brighter measures by the "Allegro." Throughout the whole there runs that profuse wealth of melody, with which no man perhaps, Mozart and Beethoven alone excepted, was more richly endowed than Handel. But for the twang of eighteenth century conventionalism which first strikes the ear of a listener, this would be universally acknowledged. Handling as he does in this piece lighter themes than those we are familiar with in his Oratorios, he seems to have worked more freely, pouring forth a constant stream of tune, alternately gay and solemn, joyous and tender. Thinking of Handel as we generally do as the great and strong composer, we are almost surprised to note in the course of the piece so many little touches of gentle grace and winsome playfulness. In one of the earliest of the "Allegro" songs, for instance, what can be more delightfully airy than the setting of the lines—

"Then to come in spite of sorrow
And at my window bid good morrow?"

The melody here is as fresh as the best of Dr. Arne's, and the accompaniment has the brilliancy of Mozart.

The chorusses, again, few as they are, are not to be surpassed for spirit and variety.

The one which closes the first part (echoing the delightful passage "to many a youth and many a maid") ends in a "dying fall" of exquisite beauty on the words—

"Thus past the day, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled to sleep."

The glow of Milton's poetry is reflected in the music. The book, equal in length to a short Oratorio, is said to have been written, after the Handelian fashion, in a fortnight!

Madame Goldschmidt is so seldom to be heard by the public that her every appearance is an event. One is tempted to doubt whether it is good to adopt this fitful meteoric way of coming before the world. A great artist might do more effectual service to her art, at no greater cost to herself, by being content to take her place more simply among the world of artists, and work in concert with others. The want of such concert makes what she does sadly incomplete. The chorus, for instance, on this occasion, though composed of excellent materials, and good enough considering the circumstances of the performance, was far below the level of an ordinarily well-trained choir. Some of the most telling points in the piece were missed, for lack of the moderate amount of finish and exactness commonly attained by amateur bodies which are habituated to the discipline of a regular conductor. This, of course, will always be the case with what is called "scratch" choir. If Madame Goldschmidt would condescend to associate herself, from time to time, with a regularly organized choral body, the transcendent excellence of her own performance would no longer be marred by this inefficiency in its accompaniments. Of the singing of the lady herself we must regretfully confess that it is magnificent. Regretfully, for how can one treat the hiding of such a glorious talent in the obscurity of semi-retirement as otherwise than a loss to Art and the world? Madame Goldschmidt is in all essential respects the Jenny Lind of fifteen years ago. She has lost one or two of her lovely upper notes (or lost the power of producing them without effort), and she shows throughout rather more physical strain than is consistent with perfect ease of delivery. But these are only very slight deductions; the quality of her voice is still lovely beyond all power of description. It has the same pearly sweetness, the same liquid purity,

the same sympathetic softness which fascinated hundreds of thousands half a generation back. Its *compass of intensity* is far greater than that of any contemporary singer known to the world. She has still that wonderful power of sustaining a note with the most exquisite softness, and yet throwing, as it were, the whisper into the furthest corner of a room. In the stately and the pathetic *largos* of the "Penseroso" music she sings the long-drawn chains of notes in that perfectly balanced *cantabile* style which is the very crown of the vocal art. Several times, in the work referred to, there occurs one of those final cadences of which Handel is so fond, where the voice dwells for some time on a few closing notes dying away into silence. Such a point occurs on the words "them that sleep," in the "Messiah" ("I know that my Redeemer liveth"). Madame Goldschmidt's rendering of this used to be exquisitely beautiful. A similar passage occurs more than once in the cantata, and every time the effect on the audience was testified by that sigh of pleasure which is more eloquent than a thousand *bravas*. Such a faculty as this, added to the glow of enthusiasm which runs through all that Madame Goldschmidt does, makes up an artist such as the world cannot hope often to see; such as, so far as we know, there does not now live the like of. But, in the presence of Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, one does not stop to reason upon this or that point of excellence. The listener feels at once that he is in the presence of a genius, a singer who is great in her art in virtue of being a great woman.

This has been said hundreds of times before; but it may as well be said again when some few people would represent this great artist as but a shadow (vocally) of her former self. There is no difference worth speaking of between what she was and what she is—except, perhaps, that her vocal finish is more perfect than before. But one cannot help asking, even at the risk of seeming to trench upon private ground, why should these great powers be doing nothing for the world? Charity is a noble thing, but it is better to begin by doing the plain duty of life; and what is the duty of Jenny Lind, to speak plainly, but to sing? Such great powers as hers were meant, if there is such a thing as a purpose and a reason in things, to be used. Their obvious use is to minister to the higher pleasures of the world and to the advancement of a noble art. They might be made to do this with a very slight demand on the liberty of their possessor, and with not less advantage to the noble cause of charity which she serves.

THE LIVING AGE.

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UP ABOVE.

Down below, the wild November whistling
Through the beech's dome of burning red,
And the Autumn sprinkling penitential
Dust and ashes on the chestnut's head.

Down below, a pall of airy purple,
Darkly hanging from the mountain-side,
And the sunset from his eyebrow staring
O'er the long roll of the leaden tide.

Up above, the tree with leaf unfading
By the everlasting river's brink,
And the sea of glass beyond whose margin
Never yet the sun was known to sink.

Down below, the white wings of the sea-bird
Dashed across the furrows, dark with mould,
Flitting, like the memories of our childhood,
Through the trees, now waxen pale and old.

Down below, imaginations quivering
Through our human spirits like the wind,
Thoughts that toss, like leaves about the wood-
land,
Hope, like sea-birds, flashed across the mind.

Up above, the host no man can number,
In white robes, a palm in every hand,
Each some work sublime forever working
In the spacious tracts of that great land.

Up above, the thoughts that know not anguish,
Tender care, sweet love for us below,
Noble pity, free from anxious terror,
Larger love, without a touch of woe.

Down below, a sad, mysterious music,
Wailing through the woods and on the shore,
Burdened with a grand majestic secret
That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Up above, a music that entwineth
With eternal threads of golden sound
The great poem of this strange existence,
All whose wondrous meaning hath been found.

Down below, the church, to whose poor window
Glory by the autumnal trees is lent,
And a knot of worshippers in mourning,
Missing some one at the sacrament.

Up above, the burst of hallelujah,
And (without the sacramental mist
Wrapped around us like a sunlit halo),
The great vision of the face of Christ.

Down below, cold sunlight on the tombstones,
And the green wet turf with faded flowers,
Winter-roses, once like young hopes burning,
Now beneath the ivy dripped with showers.

And the new-made grave within the churchyard,
And the white cap on that young face pale,
And the watcher, ever as it dusketh,
Racking to and fro with that long wail.

Up above, a crowned and happy spirit
Like an infant in the eternal years,

Who shall grow in love and light forever,
Ordered in his place among his peers.

Oh, the sobbing of the winds of autumn !
Oh, the sunset streak of stormy gold !
Oh, the poor heart, thinking in the churchyard
Night is coming, and the grave is cold !

Oh, the pale and plashed and sodden roses !
Oh, the desolate heart, that grave above !
Oh, the white cap, shaking as it darkens
Round that shrine of memory and love !

Oh, the rest forever and the rapture !
Oh, the hand that wipes the tears away !
Oh, the golden homes beyond the sunset,
And the hope that watches o'er the clay !
—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE WRECK OF THE “ORPHEUS.”

ALL day, amid the masts and shrouds,
They hung above the wave ;
The sky o'erhead was dark with clouds,
And dark beneath, their grave.
The water leaped against its prey,
Breaking with heavy crash,
And when some slack'ning hands gave way
They fell with dull, low splash.

Captain and men ne'er thought to swerve ;
The boats went to and fro ;
With cheery face and tranquil nerve,
Each saw his brother go.
Each saw his brother go, and knew,
As night came swiftly on,
That less and less his own chance grew—
Night fell, and hope was gone.

The saved stood on the steamer's deck,
Straining their eyes to see
Their comrades clinging to the wreck
Upon that surging sea.
And still they gazed into the dark,
Till on their startled ears,
There came from that swift-sinking bark
A sound of gallant cheers.

Again, and yet again it rose ;
Then silence round them fell—
Silence of death, and each man knows
It was a last farewell.
No cry of anguish, no wild shriek
Of men in agony—
No dropping down of watchers weak,
Weary and glad to die ;

But death met with three British cheers—
Cheers of immortal fame ;
For us the choking, blinding tears—
For them a glorious name.
O England, while thy sailor-host
Can live and die like these,
Be thy broad lands or won or lost,
Thou'rt mistress of the seas !

—*Chambers's Journal.*

From The Christian Remembrancer.

Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature. Second Series. Vol. VII. Part I.

THERE was once a time when the battle-cry, "S. George for merrie England!" roused up the soldier's courage, in somewhat a like manner that Nelson's famous signal stimulated the British sailor to fight for the honor and glory of his country. Though that war-cry is no longer heard, still there waves over England's army the blood-red cross of S. George, and still her noblest sons deem it the highest honor to be enrolled among the knights of S. George; still does the garter, with its quaint legend, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," surround the royal arms of our monarch; and still does S. George's Chapel, at Windsor, recall the mighty memories of past glory, and proclaim that yet, amid the change of opinion, the revolutions of government, the march of intellect, S. George remains our patron saint, and holds his honored place in the mightiest empire of the world. Still is the Chapter of that noble order held on S. George's Day (Ap. 23) in S. George's Chapel, with all its ancient ceremonies; still is the Bishop of Winchester Prelate of the order, the Bishop of Oxford * Chancellor, and the Dean of Windsor Dean, and the Heir of England has just been married in S. George's Chapel, habited in the robes of a Knight of the Garter. Still have we 162 of the old parish churches dedicated to his memory, and many also in later times—two to SS. Mary and George, one to SS. George and Laurence, one to SS. George and Edmund.

No doubt much of this is owing to that strong conservative spirit, which so characterizes our countrymen, which induces them to keep up ancient customs and ancient traditions, not always because they are good and useful, but because they are old and belong to their forefathers—a disposition which often makes them cling to abuses, and unreasoningly oppose real improvement.

It is not to be expected that, amid the changes and revolutions that took place in the sixteenth century—when almost everything that was old and venerable was called in question, and what was not in the Bible was denounced as superstitious, and men confounded the lawful use of a thing with its

abuse—that S. George's claim to be the patron saint of England should pass unchallenged. The first that attempted to cast a slur on the memory of S. George was that learned, but highly prejudiced, pope of the Reformed community of Geneva, John Calvin. He says, "*Nil eos Christo reliquum facere qui pro nihilo ducunt ejus intercessionem, nisi accedant Georgius aut Hippolitus, aut similes larvæ.*" * Calvin was followed by Dr. Reynolds, in his work, "*De Idolatria Ecclesie Romanæ*," in which—unable to get over the fact that S. George is spoken of by so many ancient writers as a real person, yet unwilling to lose the opportunity of a blow at the Roman Church—he contents himself by asserting that the S. George honored by the Mediæval Church, made the patron saint of England, was that Arian Bishop set up by the heretical faction at Alexandria to supplant S. Athanasius—an assertion equally dishonorable both to the memory of S. George, and to the English empire, with the more sweeping statement of Calvin, that he was a nonentity. These slanders, cast upon our patron saint, roused up the learned Dr. Heylyn to investigate the true history of S. George; which he did with his usual diligence and accuracy: his "*Historie of that most famous Saint and Soldier of Christ Jesus, S. George of Cappadocia*;" asserted from the Fictions of the Middle Ages of the Church, and opposition of the present, passed through two editions; the second, published in 1633, was dedicated to King Charles I., and contains an appendix on the "Order of S. George, called the Garter." This work amply fulfils its promise, and ought to have

* Cal. Instit. lib. iii. cap. xx. § 27. The word "larva" has given rise to some dispute: in the translation by Norton (1585) it is rendered "visors." Heylyn gives "counterfeits." The word seems to be derived from the old Etruscan word "*Lar*," or "*Lars*," king or chief; from whence came "*Lares*," the presiding genii of a household or family. These were, apparently, the ghosts of the founders of the family, or some renowned ancestor whom the family deified. Thus "*Lavati*" were men possessed by demons. Festus describes them as "*furioso, et mente moti, quasi larvis exterriti.*" Plautus, (Captiv. act. iii. sc. iv. v. 65.) "*Jam deliramenta loquitur; larvæ simulant virum.*" Amphit. act. ii. sc. ii. v. 144, "*Larvarum pleni.*" From this it appears that a "*larva*" is the ghost of some one departed, and supposed to possess some one living: a belief existing to this day among certain magicians (Aissoua) in North Africa, who, after certain incantations, imagine themselves to be possessed by the spirit of a deceased marabout.

* The Bishop of Salisbury was *ex officio* Chancellor: but in the recent redistribution of dioceses, Berkshire was transferred from Salisbury to Oxford.

set the question at rest forever; but errors, like weeds, grow again after being plucked up; for we find Dr. John Pettingal, in a work "On the Original of the Equestrian Figure of S. George, and of the Garter," published in 1753, and dedicated to George II., saying, "Whether our S. George was an Arian, or whether he was a real person or not, is a matter not settled among the learned." He, in turn, was answered by Dr. Samuel Pegge, in 1777, who read a paper before the Society of Antiquarians, proving that S. George was not a fictitious character: in it he also points out the entire hollowness of the ingenious conjecture of Mr. Byrom, that "George" is a mistake for "Gregory" the Great, whose claim to be the patron saint of England he supports; while, incidentally, he repeats the old assertion that George the Arian is our S. George the Martyr.* It is, however, owing to a passage in Gibbon that the mistake of the identity of S. George is most widely spread and most firmly rooted. That writer, after giving a short account of George the Arian, his infamous life, and bloody end, could not refrain from giving a back-handed stroke to the Church—though he had Heylyn's work and that of the Bollandists before his eyes, for he refers to them in a note: he says, "The odious stranger, disguising every circumstance of time and place, assumed the mask of a martyr, a saint, and a Christian hero; and the infamous George of Cappadocia has been transformed into the renowned S. George of England, the patron of arms, of chivalry, and of the garter."† This is not the only instance in which oft-repeated slander has borne down an oft-repeated truth.

It is not to be doubted that the legendary history of S. George, his famous combat with the dragon, and all the quaint stories of the "Champion of England," have had something to do with the disrepute into which the saint has fallen; nor can we wonder that any one acquainted only with it should suspect that he was a mere myth, a *larva*. It will, for many reasons, be most convenient to take the legendary history first, and show how it arose, and then investigate the true.

In the "Seven Champions of Christendom" we have a curious specimen of the style of

* On the Patron of England, in a Letter to Lord Willoughby, President of the Antiquarian Society.
—Byrom's Poems, vol. i. p. 100, ed. 1772.

† Gibbon's Hist. Decline and Fall, c. xxiii.

romance which once delighted our forefathers; in which consistency, probability, nay, possibility, were utterly ignored; chronology, geography, completely set at defiance. Shakspeare has been laughed at for describing a shipwreck on the deserts of Bohemia; but this is a mere *lapsus* to the utter contempt of all history and topography displayed in this famous legend. Thus, while we have a black king of Morocco, whose dominions bordered on Egypt, we have a Jewish king at Jerusalem, a Mohammedan soldan of Persia a Christian emperor at Constantinople, and a Pagan king of Thracia! Of course, the utmost liberty is given to giants, dragons, wizards, and necromancers: the whole apparatus of the improbable is set in motion to show off the glory and prowess of the Christian knights. An accomplished critic might, no doubt, find under all this a deep and beautiful moral, just as the Franciscan Walleys did, when he wrote a moral and theological exposition of the Metamorphoses of Ovid. It is, however, evident that the writer, or writers, of the "Seven Champions" had no such intention: they wrote for the amusement of their readers.

The legend begins by relating the birth and parentage of the hero: first telling us the origin of the British nation—following the narrative of Geoffry of Monmouth, who, more anxious for the glory of his country than for truth, would induce his readers to derive their origin, as Virgil did the Roman, from the ruins of the Trojan race. "The noble and adventurous Brute, fourth in descent from Æneas, first conquered the island of Britain, then inhabited with monsters, giants, and a kind of wild people, without any form of government." The monarchy of Britain being established, and civilization introduced by the "noble Brute," our hero was born. Of course, prodigies attended his birth. His mother, the Countess of Coventry, wife of the Lord High Steward of England, dreamed that she had conceived a dragon, which should cause her death. Her lord, disturbed at her dream, went to consult the enchantress Kalyb, who informed him that the son to be born would be a champion bold, of mighty deeds. Before his return the dream was fulfilled—the mother died in giving birth to a child, on whose breast was found the image of a dragon, on his left knee a golden garter, and on his right hand a blood-red cross. Soon

after Kalyb contrived to steal him, and keep him in captivity till he was grown up. Then having deceived the enchantress, and got possession of her silver wand, he imprisoned her in a rock, set at liberty the six other champions of Christendom, and, encased in magic armor, girt with a magic sword, he sallies forth to seek adventures. Coming to the land of Egypt, he delivers the beauteous Sabra, daughter of the King of Egypt, from the dragon, which he kills after a terrible encounter. We need not follow the romance further. Heylyn conjectures, with all probability, that the slaughter of the dragon, and the deliverance of Sabra, is taken from the story of Perseus and Andromeda, as described by Ovid, *Met. lib. iv. 16.*

The legend, in some form, is as old at least as the thirteenth century, when it was brought into something of its present state by the well-known De Voragine, the author of the "Golden Legend." From him it seems to have crept into the service-books of the Church; for in the "*Horæ B. Mariæ, secundum usum Sarum,*" we have the following hymn, appointed to be sung on S. George's Day:—

"O Georgi Martyr inclyte
Te decet laus et gloria,
Predotatum militia;
Per quem puella regia,
Existens in tristitia,
Coram Dracone pessimo,
Salvata est. Ex animo
Te rogamus corde intimo,
Ut cunctis cum fidelibus
Coeli jungamur civibus,
Nostris ablatis sordibus:
Et simul cum lætitia
Tecum simus in gloria;
Nostraque reddant labia
Laudes Christo cum gratia,
Cui sit honos in secula."

On the reformation of the Missals and Breviaries by Pope Clement VII., the story of the dragon was expunged, while the name of S. George was left as one of those "*qui cum Christo regnant.*" In the missal, the introit is from Ps. lxi. The Collect, "*Deus, qui nos beati Georgii martyris tui meritis et intercessione lætificas; concede propitius ut, qui tua per eum beneficia poscimus, dono tuæ gratiæ consequamur.* Per." The Epistle, 2 Tim. ii. 8-11, and iii. 10-13. The Gospel, S. John xv. 1-8.

The legend arose, perhaps, from a misunderstanding of an encomium or anniversary

oration, made in memory of S. George, given by Metaphrastes, which concludes thus: "*Licebat igitur videre astutissimum Draconem, adversus carnem et sanguinem gloriari solitum, elatumque, et, sese efferentem, a juvene uno illusum, et ita dispectum atque confusum, ut quid ageret non haberet.*" Another writer, summing up the acts of S. George, says: "*Secundo quod Draconem vicit qui significat Diabolum;*" and Hospinian, relating the sufferings of the Martyr, affirms distinctly that his constancy was the occasion of the creation of the legend by Voragine.

Such is, briefly, as far as we can trace it, the origin of the legend. That it should soon become popular among people who really believed in the existence of dragons and monsters of that sort, we can easily imagine; how it became so much so in England, we shall show presently. Once established as the patron saint of England, it would naturally happen that every kind of embellishment would follow, and, like Virgil's Fama, "*Viresque acquirit cando.*" Our great poet Spenser was not slow to avail himself of the popular belief, and, in his beautiful allegory of the "*Faerie Queene*, introduced S. George as Una's knight. Arrived at the "*Hill of Holinesse*," the aged hermit, whose name was "*Heavenly Contemplation*," discloses to him his birth:—

"For well I wote thou springst from ancient race
Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
And many bloody battailes fought in place,
High reard their royall throne in Britaine land,
And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:
From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slepst in tender swalling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
Such, men do chaungelings call, so chaunged by
Faeries theft.

Thence she thee brought into this Faery Lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde;
When thee a ploughman all unweeting fond,
As he his toylesome tyme that way did guyde,
And brought thee up in ploughman's state to
byde

Whereof Georgos he thee gave to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
To Faery Court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
And prove thy puissant armes, as seems thee
best became."

Then follows the history of his combat with the dragon, and the consequent delivery of Una's parents from captivity. Next we have his betrothal: the Red-cross Knight becomes the pledged husband to true religion, by his

conquest of the dragon—his renunciation of the devil. Now, before his marriage is consummated, he must go forth, at the command of the Faerie Queen, to fight against the world and the flesh.

The legend of the conquest of the dragon is of purely Western origin, for it is unknown in the East. Though S. George is an Eastern saint, and highly honored in the Oriental Church, there is nothing known of his encounter with the dragon. This fact supports the view we have here taken, that the legend is not older than Voragine; at any rate, subsequent to the great schism. The Greeks, however, have a legend peculiar to themselves. It seems that among them S. George was represented as seated on horseback, as early as the thirteenth century. For the story goes—it is related by Nicephoras Gregoras—that on the first Saturday in Lent, when the Church commemorated those emperors and patriarchs whose names were famous, the grand Logothete Theodoros, who was keeping vigil in church, was hastily sent for by the Emperor Andronicos, the elder, to interpret a strange omen, which had disturbed him and the whole court: this was, that a loud noise was heard like the neighing of a horse, which, it was discovered, proceeded from a picture of S. George on horseback; and when the Logothete predicted success and glory to the emperor, Andronicos replied that the like phenomenon was witnessed when Baldwin, the Latin emperor, lost Constantinople.

We shall now proceed to give some account of George the Arian. This man seems to have been born in a fuller's mill at Epiphania in Cilicia. We first hear of him as purveyor of provisions for the army at Constantinople, where he assumed the profession of Arianism, the better, doubtless, to secure favor with the ruling powers; from hence, being found out in certain peculations, he was obliged to fly, and take refuge in Cappadocia. He was not, however, deserted by his Arian friends, who, finding him well suited to carry out their purposes, managed to get his former offences condoned by paying a fine (or bribe—*μισθωσόμενοι* is the word used by S. Athanasius, Orat. i. contr. Arian.), and had him sent to Alexandria, where, by his zeal and energy in forwarding the interests of his party, he was chosen bishop, on the deposition of S. Athanasius, by the Emperor

Constantius; or, perhaps, it is more correct to say, he succeeded the former Arian bishop, Gregory. Here, associating with himself Dracontius, Master of the Mint, and the Count Diodorus, he tyrannized alike over the Catholics and the heathen; the former by torturing them to make them accept the Arian Creed, the latter by extorting money.

S. Athanasius gives us a terrible picture of his cruelties towards the Catholics; he entered Alexandria in the time of Lent, and there threw the sacred virgins into prison, and committed to the keeping of the soldiers the suffragan bishops. Immediately after Whitsuntide, when the Catholics were gathered to pray in the outer court of the church—for they refused to receive the Communion in the church at the hands of the Arian priests—George sends out Sebastian, a Manichee, then captain of the guard, to compel them by force of arms to receive the mysteries. The veiled virgins, who still remained faithful, were stripped of their clothes, and beaten in the face: no less than forty men were savagely torn in pieces, others were banished; the bodies of the dead kept from burial.

He met with his death, however, at the hands of the heathen, who hated him equally with the Catholics, for his tyrannies and extortions. The occasion was this: the emperor had given him leave to convert the Temple of Mithras into a church, and in so doing there were found several human bodies which had been sacrificed to that idol. These being exposed to public view in order to throw odium on the heathen worship, they, the heathen, fell upon George, and murdered him, it happening at that very time that his friend the count had just died, the knowledge of which fact emboldened the people to rid themselves of their oppressor.

It is necessary to note, that there is very considerable confusion in various writers with regard to the acts of this George; sometimes he is confounded with his predecessor, Gregory, sometimes with another George, an Arian also, Bishop of Laodicea. Both of these Georges were present at the Council of Seleucia: the confusion is increased by both of them being called "George of Cappadocia"—one from being really a native of that place, the other from his having come from thence to be made Bishop of Alexandria. We

shall see, presently, how this similarity of name caused the latter to be confounded with the true S. George the Martyr.

Mr. Hogg, in the paper named at the head of our article, gives quotations in full from the "Chronicon Paschale," Ammianus Marcellinus—that "cool and impartial infidel," as Gibbon calls him, and on whose testimony he chiefly relied—from S. Athanasius, S. Gregory Nazianzen, S. Epiphanius, Theophanes, and George Cedrenus; all of them confirming the history we have given above. We do not consider it necessary to quote them. We shall now proceed with the history of the true S. George, our patron saint and martyr.

S. George the Martyr was a native of Lydda, a town in Palestine; he was born of Christian parents, who were apparently, people of some importance: when young he was taken to Cappadocia, where he passed the early part of his life—thus giving occasion to be called a Cappadocian. We next find him serving in the army of the Emperor Diocletian, at Nicomedia, then the metropolis of the Eastern empire. At this place issued the famous edict of the emperor, which gave rise to what is termed the ninth persecution, in which S. George suffered. His body was afterwards conveyed to his native town, Lydda, and there honorably buried. S. George was then a beardless youth, but of considerable rank in the army. Heylyn conjectures that S. George is the martyr mentioned by Eusebius (Hist. L. viii. c. 5): "No sooner was the edict, made against the Church, proposed in Nicomedia, but presently one of no common rank, but very high advanced in fortune and in worldly honors—moved with a zeal to God, and a living faith—tore it in pieces, when it hanged in the open view, as profane and impious. And this he did, two of the emperors being then in the city, viz. Diocletian, which was the first, and Galerius Maximianus, being the fourth in rank among them. This was the first who was ennobled for his sufferings at that time; on whom, no doubt, there was inflicted whatever punishment might be thought answerable to the fact, which he endured with the most quiet and untroubled mind, and so continued to the last."* This brief narrative we believe to be nearly the whole of the authentic history of our saint. That he was

* Heylyn, p. 150.

early esteemed a saint we find by an inscription mentioned by Mr. Hogg:—

"In the year 1858, I was fortunately enabled, by a careful examination of the Greek inscription (No. 40, Trans. Royal Soc. Lit. vol. vi. p. 305) which Mr. Cyril Graham had, in the previous summer, copied from a very ancient church—originally a heathen temple—at Ezra, in Syria, to determine, most satisfactorily, that *Saint George* had *died before* the year A.D. 346, in which he was expressly called a 'Holy Martyr.' Also it is clear that this date occurred during the lifetime of the *other George*—the Alexandrian *bishop*—who survived for fifteen years longer, viz., to A.D. 362; and who then, having expiated his vice, and base conduct by assassination, could *not*, under any consideration, be esteemed a *martyr*."—P. 132.

We have already given some answer to the question, How have these various legends become connected with the name of S. George? The answer we gave is not altogether satisfactory; for besides that of the conquest of the dragon, there is also another very curious one—that, shortly before his martyrdom, he rescued the Empress Alexandra from the depths of hell by his prayers. Mr. Hogg suggests that, in the confusion of the two Georges, when the martyr S. George was confounded with the heretic bishop of Alexandria, the names connected with the latter were somehow mixed up with the former, and, in course of time, changed, and new stories attached to them.

"Hence the confusion, whether designedly or erroneously, may have arisen from *both* Georges being reported to have been *from* or *in* Cappadocia; from the stories of the Empress *Alexandra*, of the city of Alexandria, and from the slaughter of the beast *Dragon*, and of the man *Dracontius*."—P. 134.

This is not satisfactory: perhaps we shall find a better clue if we say something of how S. George became the patron saint of England. We take the following history from Heylyn, who quotes the "Black Book of Windsor." "When King Richard warred upon the Turks and Saracens, Cyprus and Acre, and was weary of so long delays, the siege continuing, and he full of trouble and anxiety, on a divine inspiration, by the coming in apparition of S. George, as he imagined, it came into his mind to draw upon the legs of certain choice knights of his a certain garter, or tack of leather, such only as he

had then at hand. Whereby, being distinguished, and put in mind of future glory promised unto them, in case they won the victory, they might be stirred up and provoked to perform their service bravely, and fight more valiantly." * We read of other apparitions of the saint in the earlier crusade under Godfrey de Bouillon; he was always known by his red-cross banner, and accompanied by a host of heavenly warriors. Whatever opinions we may have of the nature of these apparitions, we can easily see how likely it would appear to the minds of the Christian soldiers, fighting for the possession of the Holy land, that a soldier-saint should help them, especially when they were in the immediate neighborhood of his burial-place. The Hebrew prophet beautifully described the wife of Israel, and mother of Benjamin, weeping in the tomb, where she had lain for centuries, at the cruel slaughter of her posterity; and the Evangelist as beautifully again applies the sacred words to the martyred innocents of Bethlehem. In like manner the Christian warriors would easily imagine—if it were only an imagination—the soldier-saint of Palestine, rising from the tomb in full panoply, with his attendant host, and his red-cross banner, to help those who were toiling to redeem the Holy Land from the grasp of the infidel. We can readily see how he would, on the conquest of Jerusalem, and the return of many of the warriors to their homes in the West, be honored as the soldiers' patron saint, and be placed at the head of a military order. We can understand how he would be invoked in future wars with the infidels, and how, to a mind like that of the chivalrous King Richard, the waking thoughts and prayers would still run in the sleeper's dreams, and devotion and enthusiasm would make real the visionary shadow, and turn the vivid impression of his imagination into a divine command.

Incidentally, these histories add their quota of evidence to the establishment of the facts we have been endeavoring to prove—viz. that S. George the patron saint of England, was a real person and a real martyr, and that he is a wholly different person from George the Arian; for we find that it was universally

believed by the Crusaders that his tomb was at Lydda; for after his apparition and assistance given to the crusading host, Godfrey created Lydda into an Episcopal see—a clear proof that at that time he was esteemed a Catholic saint and martyr. It is worthy of notice that the Mohammedans, no less than the Christians, honor him even to this day. The Greek imperial historian, Kantakuzenos, mentions the fact, that there were several shrines erected to his memory, at which the Mohammedans pay their devotion: the traveller Burckhardt relates that "the Turks pay great veneration to S. George," by whom he is called "El Khouder;" and Dr. Stanley speaks of a Mussulman sepulchral chapel (*marabout*) on the sea-shore, near Sarafend—the ancient Sarepta—dedicated to El Khouder, in which "there is no tomb inside, only hangings before a recess. This variation from the usual type of Mussulman sepulchres was, as we were told by peasants on the spot, because El Khouder is not yet dead; he flies round and round the world, and those chapels are built wherever he has appeared." *

It was from the Crusaders, then, that the fame of S. George was spread over the West; he became the patron of soldiers, and was represented as such, generally, on horseback: monkish writers, and lovers of the marvellous would quickly embellish his meagre history with romantic legends, and attribute to him deeds in accordance with their notions of what a soldier-saint of the middle ages should be. We have already said something of the probable origin of the story of his encounter with the dragon, but we cannot help adding another conjecture, that the popular and ignorant mind may have confounded the representation of S. Michael slaying the dragon—drawn, of course, from the Apocalypse—with that of S. George, and then invented a story, or adapted that of Perseus, from Ovid, to explain it. The mistake once made, we can easily guess the result; the patron saint of England must not be behind other saints in mighty deeds and famous renown.

For it was not only in England that S. George was thus honored; at Constantinople and at Moscow he held an important place: in 1245, on S. George's Day, Frederick of Austria instituted an order of knights, in number two hundred; this was re-established or revived by the Emperor Rodolf of Hapsburg,

* Not having the original before us, we have given the translation as Heylyn gives it, only modernizing the spelling; we leave it to our readers to correct the grammar.

* Sinai and Palestine, p. 274.

some thirty years after, to protect the frontiers of his empire against the Turks. In England he was honored as a saint long before he was constituted the patron: we find a monastery of S. George, and a church, at Thetford, which seem to have been founded in the reign of Knut; a collegiate church at Oxford, generally assigned to the reign of William the Conqueror; S. George's, Southwark, perhaps even older: the Priory of Griesley, in Derbyshire, dedicated to SS. Mary and George, in the reign of Henry I. Two of these, if not three, were dedicated before the first Crusade. S. George's Chapel, Windsor, founded by Edward III. in 1348, is too closely connected with the Order of the Garter to need further notice. Long before this, the fame of the soldier-saint was firmly established in England; the Crusade under Richard I. was in every way calculated to enhance it.

We cannot, however, attribute to King Richard either the patronage of S. George for England, or the establishment of the Order of the Garter, though we think it very likely that, when Edward III. chose the garter as the emblem of the order, he had in remembrance the story of the apparition at Acre. The following history is taken from Thomas of Walsingham: At the siege of Calais, in 1349, Edward III. moved by some sudden impulse, drew his sword, calling out "Ha! Saint Edward! Ha! Saint George!" The words and the action communicating a like spirit to his soldiers, they fell fiercely on the French, routing them, and putting two hundred to the sword. From that time S. George was constituted the patron saint of England, and the celebrated order was instituted in the following year. In 1415, by the constitutions of Archbishop Chicheley, S. George's Day was made a *majus duplex*, and ordered to be observed as Christmas Day, all servile work ceasing; he is there styled *totius militie Anglicane spiritualis Patronus*. From this time "By S. George!" became the common oath of an Englishman; and actually was the subject of a royal enactment in order to consolidate the conquest of Ireland. We take the following from Heylyn exactly as we find it there: "These things, I say, I will not speake of, lest they may give offence to our nicer eares; nor of more honors of this lesser ranke or quality, afforded him in *England*: and therefore, though the Sea be very troublesome and unruly, we passe over Saint Georges

Channell into Ireland. And here I shall observe that onely, which I find in Master *Seldens* Notes on the *Poly-Olbion*; as viz., that under *Henry* 8. it was enacted; 'that the Irish should leave their *Cramaboo*, and *Butleraboo*, words of unlawfull Patronage: and name themselves as under Saint *George*, and the Kings of *England*.' A masterie of no small moment, considering the untractable nature of that people; and how tenaciouslie they adhere to their antient customes."

S. George being constituted patron saint of England, the king proceeded to institute the military Order of S. George, now generally known as that of the Garter. Froissart and the Black Book of Windsor both affirm that this Order was intended as a revival of King Arthur and the Round Table; in the latter we read: "Arthurus arcem illam nobilem [Windsor] inchoavit et Rotundam ibi quam vocant Mensam instituit." And Du Chesne from Froissart, says, "Lequel [Windsor] Artur, le grand Roy des Bretons avoit premièrement fondé pour mettre la Table Ronde, autrefois si celebre, et renommée par toute la terre." These matters, as well as the origin of the Garter as the badge of the Order, we leave to be discussed by antiquarians, only adding that the story of the king picking up the Countess of Salisbury's garter at a dance, and turning off the laughter of bystanders by gallantly fastening it round his own knee, with the words, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," is an after invention, and has no foundation in history; yet we must confess that it is the only story that accounts for the motto.

S. George's Day was kept as a red-letter day in our Church Calendar till 1545, with its proper collect, epistle, and gospel; in King Edward VI.'s reign it was altogether abrogated; and then the holding of the Chapter of the Garter on S. George's Day was nearly gone too, for it was enacted that for the future the "Feast of the said Order should be celebrated on Whitsuneve, Whitsun-day, and Whitsun-Monday, and not on S. George's Day, as before it was." In the following year, however, being the first of Queen Mary, this enactment was indignantly expunged: "Omnia ista novitia Statua e Statutorum Libro illico eximeret, ac prorsus expungeret et deleret, ne ulla unquam eorum memoria apud posteros extaret." Since which time the ancient custom has obtained and S. George's Day is still honored by the holding on it of the Chapter of the Garter.

From The Saturday Review.

THICK SKINS AND THIN.

FEW of the minor elements of character make more difference in men's comfort and success in life than differences in the thickness of their skins. In describing that general impression of our neighbor which determines in our mind what sort of man he is, a prominent place is always assigned to this quality; nor could it be otherwise, for it makes itself felt at every moment. It is one of the elements which, in the animal world, establish marked distinctions between one animal and another. It establishes, for instance, a sort of symbolic difference between the donkey and the horse; and a whole world of creatures, from the rhinoceros to the pig, are able to sympathize with each other on the broad ground that they are all pachyderms.

In the human race, skins of what shopkeepers would describe as a medium quality are, of course, the commonest; but in our own day, and amongst the educated part of society, abnormal thinness is far more common than abnormal thickness, and it is also more easily observed. A man with a very thick skin is not usually conscious of his peculiarity, and it often takes a long time to find out its existence in others. The human pachyderm is, in some respects, a fortunate animal, especially if he has the good sense to bear his honors meekly, and not to suppose, as he is sometimes inclined to do, that he is of necessity the superior of those who are less gifted by nature. The distinction between thick skins and thin ones lies in the temperament. A thick-skinned man is one in whom it is difficult to excite feeling of any sort. A thin-skinned man is sensitive all over, and on every occasion. To some extent, the difference is one of nature's making; but the artificial element in it is much larger than people usually suppose. The question how far men can harden their skins, and to what extent it is desirable to do so, is by no means devoid of interest.

We often hear and read of uncontrollable feelings, just as people talk loosely about uncontrollable impulses; and no doubt, at a given moment, it is impossible to like or dislike, to suffer or to be indifferent, by rule and on principle. If a broader view is taken, this is far from being the case. If people will only set themselves to try systematically,

there is hardly any limit to the degree of mental tanning which they may effect. If stoicism were a really admirable frame of mind, and a possession deliberately desired by any particular person, it is one which could always be attained by judicious discipline. A man careful to exaggerate nothing, and to proceed by gradual advances, might, in fewer years than he would in the first instance be inclined to suppose, destroy or subdue his original temperament, and make himself as hard as if his hardness were a gift of nature, and not an acquisition. The steps in the process are neither many nor difficult. The first is, to repress, as far as may be, expressions of feeling—beginning with the smaller matters, such as acts of courtesy or family affection. To attempt at too early a stage to repress the expression of very strong feelings might only irritate, and so increase them. The expression of strong feeling is, however, a thing to which few people have frequent occasion to give way. It is not every day that a man is very angry, or very much in love, or afflicted with a very violent toothache; and, by assiduous practice amongst the smaller events of life, callousness as to the greater ones may gradually be superinduced. The habit of analysis and self-examination has also a great indurative effect. If a young woman wished to make herself impervious to all feelings, she might, whilst cultivating impassiveness on a gradually ascending scale, betake herself to the study of the works of the minute school of female novelists. In this way she might gradually get together a sort of hortus siccus containing dried specimens of every human emotion in their various combinations and permutations. By cultivating a *quasi* scientific or rather professional interest in feeling, it is possible to place one's self as it were in a sphere separate from and exterior to it, as physicians and lawyers do with reference to the subject-matter of their respective professions. An enthusiast who wrote to the papers some time ago about the merits of pounded chalk as a specific for burns, declared that he laid a red-hot poker across two of his fingers to see whether the one treated with chalk would beat the one handed over to the doctors. An enthusiastic conveyancer, having inherited a small estate, disposed of it by a will so drawn as to raise every doubtful point he could think of as to the interpreta-

tion of wills. It is obvious that these persons had cultivated a collateral interest in their own persons and property powerful enough to overcome the common sentiment on the subject. If the same course be taken with feeling, with sufficient perseverance and intelligence, an analogous result may be expected. People may live to regard the play of their own and their neighbor's sentiments with mere artistic curiosity; and this greatly blunts their edge, and so diminishes the sensitiveness of the person. There are means by which this process may be rendered quicker and more effective. If books of opposite and conflicting moral views are studied, and if feelings themselves are examined without reference to their morality, a general sense of contempt for the whole subject may be encouraged; and nothing can be more favorable to the diminution of sensibility. If a person can once succeed in connecting certain feelings with ridiculous associations, and in persuading himself to entertain a *bonâ fide* contempt for them, he may consider that he has, for practical purposes, solved the question of providing himself with a thick skin. Contempt, it is said, will pierce the shell of the tortoise; but to excite any emotion in a man who has drilled himself into habitually feeling genuine contempt for emotions of that class is next to impossible.

The question of means is, of course, altogether collateral to the question whether it is wise to employ them, and that depends on the advantages of thickness of skin. When given by nature, either at once or gradually, it is in certain ways a considerable advantage; but it hardly ever deserves to be viewed as one when it is intentionally cultivated. Its advantage is that it is one form of strength. It makes its possessor less indisposed than other people to do what is generally considered disagreeable; but when it is produced by merely lowering the general standard of vitality and sensibility, it is a form, not of strength, but of weakness, for it arises not from disregard to unpleasant consequences, but from disregard to consequences of every kind—from general indifference to the pursuits of life. The union of bluntness of sensation with great energy of character is by no means a common one. The rule is the other way. Almost every man who distinguishes himself greatly in any of the active walks of life is, as a rule, a sensitive man. This is especially

the case in callings which require artistic qualities. It is hardly possible, for instance, for a thick-skinned man to be a good speaker. People who are really unaccustomed to public speaking usually suppose that to be nervous is a great evil, and that to be perfectly free from the feeling—to have, as the phrase is, no nerves at all—is an immense advantage. It is certainly possible to have too much, but, of the two, the worse fault is to have too little; and it is by no means clear that, amongst men who speak often enough to get over the strangeness of the feeling, and to become accustomed to the sound of their own voices, it is not the more common fault. A man who is in no degree impressed by the fact that a large number of people are listening to what he says, has less chance than his neighbors of impressing them by what he says. To be in sympathy with his audience, to see what topics they will and will not like, and to know when and how to pursue particular subjects, are the first qualifications of an effective speaker, whatever may be the sphere in which his eloquence is to be used; and this implies that the speaker must be in some ways a sensitive man—at all events, it implies that he ought not to be wanting in sensitiveness. It would seem as if something of the same sort were required in pursuits which have less obvious connection with the emotions. In one of the most striking passages of his almost microscopic description of the battle of the Alma, Mr. Kinglake gives an account of the way in which the crisis of a battle is sometimes marked by a change in the feelings of the combatants. The one side feel themselves victorious, the others feel themselves beaten, and this not from any particular or assignable reason, but merely by a sort of instinctive commentary on the events passing before them. Each side, arguing unconsciously from transient and barely perceptible signs, draws the same conclusion as to the way in which the balance of victory is hanging, and the inarticulate inference flushes the one and blights the other. A man moulded too coarsely to feel either of these impulses would, probably, on the whole, lose more than he gained for military purposes.

Though, as a rule, energy runs through the whole character, and communicates itself to the feelings which lie near the surface as well as to other parts of a man's nature, exceptions sometimes occur. A very vigorous

man may have blunt feelings. He may have a great appetite for what there is to be had in the world, and yet not care much if he loses or has to go without it. This, however, is not a common form of character, and, when it does occur, is probably produced by some peculiar twist in the circumstances of the possessor's life or education. Suppose, for instance, that a very vigorous man has, for some cause or other, been snubbed, thwarted, and thrown aside for a considerable time—that he has had to submit to disappointments and mortifications, and has seen inferiors put over his head. Suppose further that he has had the good sense not to be dissatisfied with this, but to take it quietly as the course of things which under all the circumstances of life was naturally to be expected; and suppose, above all, that he is considerate as well as energetic, and is given to take the measure of what falls in his way without noise or exaggeration. The probability is that he will find that things neither hurt so much nor please so much as the language in common use about them would imply, and that, so long as the internal fire which drives a man on to be doing something in the world has some fuel to burn, it does not so much matter what it is. Such a frame of mind and such experience would produce a good kind of thick skin—that thickness of skin which arises from exercise, and not from natural sluggishness and stupidity. It is, however, a rare frame of mind, for it implies the possession of very dissimilar, if not inconsistent qualities—energy and reflectiveness, a turn for active life and a turn for self-examination, the gifts which take a man out into the world, and those which throw him back on himself. Such men are generally humorists of a surly kind, for the perception of the

existence and absurdity of sharp contrasts in life is the condition, and may almost be called the foundation, of humor.

The nature of the sensitive habit of mind receives much illustration from considering the way in which it shows itself in different classes. Its natural connection with energy of character is shown by the degree in which it exists among the poor and uneducated. Some of the most sensitive people in the world are to be found amongst the roughest, noisiest, and least educated part of the community—the classes which would be picked out as specimens of rough vigor. Sailors and navvies are as impressible as children, and apparently stolid peasants who look like blocks of wood to ordinary observers, are capable of being worked up to frantic pitches of emotion by love, by parental affection, or by religious excitement. Whitfield could throw farm-laborers or colliers into convulsions by his sermons; and his successors have repeated the same exploit periodically, at revivals and the like. If he addressed a body of gentlemen, scepticism and fastidiousness apart, he would not find the fuel for such a bonfire. An amount of ridicule or satire which would hardly ruffle the feelings of an educated man perceptibly might drive a carter or laborer into a perfect paroxysm of fury. Where the elements of character are simple, and the problem of understanding character has not been confused by an elaborate education, sensibility and strength generally go together. A poor man, who is not impressible and sensitive, is generally a good deal of a brute. If on occasion he shows no feeling, it is not because he has developed a hard shell by education, but simply because he has no feeling to show.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT will publish shortly "Travels on Horseback in Mantchu Tartary, a Summer's Ride beyond the Great Wall of China," by Mr. George Fleming, a kind of companion volume to Fortune's account of his pleasant walks about Yeddo and Peking, in Japan and China; Dr. Mouat's "Adventures and Researches among the Andamans;" a new novel by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, entitled "Lost and Saved;" and another by Mrs. Brotherton, called "Respectable Sinners."

MESSRS. TRUBNER AND Co. announce the "History of the Egyptian Revolution, from the Period of the Mamelukes to the Death of Mohammed Ali," by Mr. A. A. Paton, a book promising full information on the rise and progress of modern Egyptian civilization.

MESSRS. BELL AND DALDY have in the press, "The Divine Authority of the Pentateuch Vindicated," by the Rev. Daniel Moore, the Golden Lecturer, and Incumbent of Camden Church, Camberwell.

From The London Review.

THE FOSSIL PREADAMITE.

Who has forgotten, or can forget the scene, in which Sir Walter Scott describes the mingled fury and confusion of the Laird of Monkbarns, when Edie Ochiltree broke in upon his lecture on the Cairn of Pinprunes? Three sides of the ancient square, had vanished beneath the plow, but traces of the fourth were extant. It needed but the simple alteration of "pruinis" into "Pinprunes," in a line of Claudian, added to the discovery of a stone inscribed with a "sacrificial vessel," and the letters A.D.L.L., and there was proof sufficient to identify the spot as the scene of the last fight between Agricola and the Caledonians. "Is not here," cries the enthusiastic antiquary, "the Decuman gate? And there, but for the ravage of the horrid plow, as a learned friend calls it, would be the Prætorian gate." We have often envied the enjoyment of Lovell, when the rugged Bedes-man came suddenly in sight with the unqualified assertion, "Prætorian here, Prætorian there, I mind the bigging o't." The laird's crest-fallen look must have been worth seeing, as the inexorable Edie proceeded, step by step, to account for the "sacrificial vessel," the inscription, and the ditch. Despite the fury of the laird, he pronounces on the best authority, viz., his own, that "about twenty years syne," he, "and a wheen hallen-shakers" like himself, "and the mason lads," "and twa or three herds maybe, just set to wark, and built this bit thing here that ye ca' the Prætorian."

Something akin to the exquisite delight of Edie Ochiltree, as he unravelled the mystery, must, we imagine, be the satisfaction of the *terrassiers* of Abbeville, if it be true that they have played a successful trick on M. de Perthes, one of the leading Monkbarns of the day. M. de Perthes is a celebrated French antiquarian, who has joined heartily in the crusade against the Biblical narrative, claiming a far higher antiquity for the human race than our commonly received ideas would accord to it. Sir Charles Lyell, in his recent work on "The Antiquity of Man," while he hesitates to accept some of his conclusions as to the tens of thousands of years which M. de Perthes claims for the formation of certain peat mosses in the valley of the Somme, yet offers the French *savant* as one of the authorities on whom we are to lean in disturbing

the received chronology of our race. It would appear that some supposed ancient flint weapons have been found in the gravel beds in the neighborhood of Amiens and Abbeville, and the great desideratum in the eyes of all who are looking on this controversy with anxiety, has been the discovery of human bones in close proximity with the weapons. Up to the end of last March, however, no such human remains had come to light to gladden the eyes of the antiquarian, and incontestably to establish his theory. But suddenly at the very close of the month (pity it was not on April the first), was the intelligence conveyed to Paris that the genuine remains of a real fossil man had been discovered. Who cannot picture to himself the modern Monkbarns posting on the wings of science and excitement to the spot? Arriving at the gravel beds, he beheld in deed and in truth, some real human bones projecting from the cliff. The proof is given. The controversy is ended. The bones were seized with avidity, and hailed as the veritable under jaw of a human being, in a fossil state. What could be more satisfactory and delightful, especially as flint hatchets were discovered near the same spot, belonging no doubt to the venerable Preadamite whose jaw-bone had come so conveniently to light? The precious relics were conveyed instantly to Paris—a molar tooth, which had become disengaged from the jaw, having, however, fallen into the hands of our own learned Dr. Falconer. He declares, in a long letter to the *Times*—and he has hitherto received no contradiction—that, on sawing up the molar tooth, it was found to be not pre-Adamite, but very recent. He asserts, moreover, that on comparing the drawings of the jaw-bone with others in his own possession, he finds that the supposed antiquarian remains may be matched from any graveyard in London. The flint hatchets are pronounced equally spurious, about equal in value, we suppose, to the inestimable coins which are manufactured at Birmingham, and the genuine Waterloo relics which are produced in unlimited quantities according to the demand at Brussels. In Dr. Falconer's view of the case, the whole discovery is a clever and profitable trick of the *terrassiers* or quarrymen of Abbeville. "What is that you say, Edie?" cried Mr. Oldbuck. "What were you speaking about?" "About this bit bourock, your honor," an-

swered the undaunted Edie; "I mind the bigging o't." "The — you do! Why, you old fool, it was here before you were born, and will be here after you are hanged, man." "Hanged or drowned, here or awa, dead or alive, I mind the bigging o't."

We smile at the foregoing incident, and we regard, perhaps, the *exposé* with satisfaction. We shall hail it, indeed, with unmingled pleasure, if it tends to inspire scientific men with a spirit of caution in drawing their conclusions. We do not desire for one moment to clip the wings of legitimate inquiry, or to ridicule the attempts of the honest philosopher to arrive at the truth. It is our firm belief that religion has nothing to fear, and infidelity nothing to hope, from the discoveries of science. But we believe that religion has just and deep cause to complain of the crude and unsubstantial conclusions at which scientific men have arrived from very insufficient data. We have had more memorable instances even than the one before us of the hasty inferences of philosophers. Sir Charles Lyell has himself, if we are not mistaken, abandoned, in his more recent work, some of the conclusions at which he had arrived in his book on the "Principles of Geology." There are those who would bring the earlier volume to disprove some of the assertions of the later, and who would boldly demand from Sir C. Lyell his present opinion of some supposed Egyptian pottery dug out of the gravel-beds of Egypt, and who would twit him with the Grecian honeysuckle found upon these pre-Adamite fragments. Certainly, again, we may receive with caution and reserve the famous Egyptian chronology of Baron Bunsen, when we know that so great an authority as the late Sir G. Cornwall Lewis comes forward to break a lance with him. With respect to the question which is now before us—the antiquity of the human race—it is enough for our present purpose to say, that while we thank Sir C. Lyell for his researches, there is abundance of room for caution in arriving at a conclusion, and that, in the present state of the inquiry, those persons cannot be charged with an undue or absurd tenacity who decline to loosen their hold on the chronology of Scripture. It should be remembered that geology is a science which is still in its infancy, and that it has something absolutely transatlantic in the rapidity of its growth. Why should it be regarded with distrust and aversion by the believer in the Bible? Why, on the other hand, should its votaries entertain misgivings as to the truth of the Mosaic record? Why should Mr. Baden Powell, in his work on "The Unity of Worlds," jump to the conclusion that the discrepancies between the

Bible and geology are not only irreconcilable, but that there is a "palpable contradiction" between the facts of geology and the Bible record of creation? Why should we not rather believe that, however great those discrepancies may appear, they are not and cannot be insuperable? Why not feel assured that the difficulties *must* admit of a solution? Surely we should start on so interesting an inquiry with a firm conviction and belief—not that God's two records of his purposes are irremediably at variance, but that the advance of time and the discoveries of science will attest that there is and can be no inconsistency between the Word and the Works of the Almighty. One of these records we find inscribed upon the rocks, and buried deep in the bowels of the earth. In the fossil remains with which the crust of the earth is charged, are a thousand evidences of the wisdom and omnipotence of the Creator. We read that wisdom and omnipotence in the prints of animals and herbs impressed upon mud and sand, then soft, but which are now hardened into stone. But we have a second record in the grand old Book which even its opponents speak of in such glowing terms. Why will not man believe that these two records must speak the same language, though at present they seem to be in opposition? The hand which gave us both records was Divine. Both speak truth, and both must be truth. Let us not be too hasty in our decisions. Let not the philosopher assault the believer, or the believer revile the researches of the philosopher. Only, we say again, we must demand of the philosopher that he does not carry us too fast, or draw hasty conclusions which he may be called upon to renounce to-morrow from insufficient data. "Magna est veritas, et prævalebit." Only we must be content to inquire humbly and wait patiently. Meanwhile, we cannot but express the opinion that something more than a few apparent flint weapons and bones are required, before the general public can be called upon to receive any new opinions as to the antiquity of man. Let no one assert at present, in answer to the demand of Sir C. Lyell and others, that the new theory is false. But, on the other hand, let no man be blamed if he says, "Before I give in to your views, show me the roads, the camps, the amphitheatres, and other massive monuments which attest the presence of the Romans in Great Britain, and of the Jews in Palastine. Bring forward the tombs, baths, pavements, statues, porcelain, arms, coins, and household instruments, which must have been used by the Preadamites, and which must still exist in the districts which they inhabited. Till then, I will gladly consider all that you can lay before me, but I shall suspend my judgment."

From The Saturday Review.

THE GRADUAL GROWTH OF LIGHT.

LAST week* we attempted to sketch some of the reasons which may tend to create an apprehension lest the intellectual progress of Western Europe should not be destined to move on without periods of relapse and stagnation. But in so wide and complicated a subject, we cannot get much further than guesswork. To say that we are on the eve of a season of intellectual decay is a paradox, and paradoxes are very seldom true. We propose, therefore, now to refer briefly to some of the causes which may make our opinion incline the other way, and may inspire a hope, if not a conviction, that the growth of our intellectual light is destined to be gradual and uninterrupted. At the same time, we may observe that it is only when we have something like definite reasons to go upon that we can pretend to have an opinion one way or the other. Many persons would be tempted to say that the intellectual energy and life of Western Europe can never cease, on no better ground than that to contemplate its cessation seems unpleasant and strange to them. There is a fixed persuasion in the human mind that all good things will last forever, and that all bad things will come to an end. Practically, this persuasion is of the highest utility, for it keeps up men's spirits under the trials of life; but, philosophically, the world is not a world in which we have any reason to suppose that what we wish for is sure to happen.

The first of the considerations that may serve in some measure to reassure us is, that the real meaning of the religious degeneracy that has indisputably come over a portion of Europe may be very different from an indication of anything like a return of the dark ages. The real process that is going on may be one of a very salutary and necessary kind. We must not look only at England. There is very much the same sort of thing taking place in France that is taking place here. There, too, the Church has taken a start. Priests are made much of, full-dressed ecclesiastics adorn the streets, and in every town, and almost in every village, churches are being repaired, restored, or built. But at the same time that there are these signs of religious strength, there are many signs of religious weakness.

* "Return of the Dark Ages," *Living Age*, No. 993.

Religion triumphs, but religion is a poorer and more babyish thing than it used to be. Never was there so much tinsel, so many gilded images, such lavish worship of gaudy dolls, such corruption of church ceremonies by every kind of unmeaning frivolity. Never, again, was there more deference of individuals to the supposed interests of the institutions to which they belong, or a stronger feeling for a rigid ecclesiastical organization. The parallel with England is obvious, only that our religious demonstration takes a slightly different form, and we have bands of bigoted literates and Sunday-school teachers to fear, and not gewgaw shrines of the Virgin. But at the bottom of both manifestations there is the same groundwork. Religion flourishes in England and France because Western Europe feels the need of religion—the intellectual need quite as much as the moral need. The intellect of man and the whole life of man is quite imperfect without religion, and Western Europe has for the last thirty years been learning this lesson. Through a thousand avenues—through poetry and historical criticism and political speculation, and the analysis of character and of the constituent elements of the happiness of individuals—the persuasion has come into the minds of all but a very few that religion must have its perpetual place in the thoughts of thinking men, and in the wisdom of the wise. The intellect of Europe does not any longer consider religion as something apart from itself, something answering very desirable purposes of a humble kind, but theoretically a poor affair and not very true. Still, religion is never, in practice, the growth of the intellect, or very intimately allied with it. Every great religious movement must of necessity be a popular one. At the Reformation, men did not think of making the intellect free by a religious change. They revolted from abuses, and were attracted by new spiritual influences, and were guided by that which seemed to them the bidding of religious duty, or by their own political or social convenience. It is also a characteristic of this age, that in every department of knowledge the distinction between the educated few and the uneducated many is broken down, and the different classes and races of men are brought nearer to each other. In religion, therefore, there was every reason why the movement of the present day should strike down deeply

into society. And of course a religious movement, like every other which is shared by large masses, partakes of the character of those whom it affects, and is shallow, or tyrannical, or dogmatic, if the bulk of those whom it carries with it are still in a backward stage of intellectual progress. The present religious movement may, therefore, when regarded with reference to the growth of European thought, be a movement destined to give the religious character to this thought which it wanted; and may owe its more unfavorable and lower character, not to the end to which it is pointing, but to the circumstance that it affects primarily the weak, and vain and thoughtless, if these epithets are applied by an intellectual and not a spiritual standard. It is scarcely necessary to say that a religious movement has a value of its own, with which we have at present nothing to do. It may be a most excellent thing for individuals to be affected by this movement, and awakened to spiritual life, whether they impede the growth of intellectual freedom or not. But, for the moment, we are regarding the religious movement now visible in Western Europe solely on its intellectual side; and it seems possible that timid bishops, and ecclesiastical fripperies, and the zeal of ignorant zealots, and the fury of feminine orthodoxy may be only the subsidiary and temporary element of this movement, and that its proper and abiding character is that of adding a necessary amount of religious thought to the general thought of Europe.

But, to believe this, we must see some reason to suppose that thought has new sources of vigor and elasticity. For, if decay seizes on it, there is no chance of its resisting the pressure of the complacent and credulous mediocrity that will overwhelm it from all sides. Now, there is something to set against the apparent tendency of German and French literature to exhaust themselves. We have something new, or nearly new, in this generation, which is a powerful stimulus to thought. We have that interchange of feelings and opinions, that reference to a common standard, that perception of the intercommunity of interests, which have sprung up in Europe since new means of locomotion and the political arrangements of modern times made Europe in some sense one.

There is a great quickening of the mind

when the same thought is felt to pass through the better minds of many nations. Thought can scarcely grow very rigid when it begins to take account of the leanings of many men of various races, temperaments, histories, and creeds. There is always an element different from the rest which has its influence. For example, at the time when Catholic France is expanding in the love of tinsel, and incense, and all kinds of ecclesiastical millinery, and third-rate church architecture, Catholic Italy stands more and more aloof from the decorative part of Romanism, and men who have borne the burden of a great political struggle, and are moved with the elevating spirit of a new and triumphant patriotism, are not in a mood for the girlish frivolities and prettinesses which please religious France. There is a considerable resemblance between the intercourse of the nations of modern Europe with each other, and that of the upper classes of a large capital. In society, so many people come together that a constant variety is introduced, and so many of those who meet have a basis of personal independence that a large toleration of the differences of individuals becomes a matter of necessity. It is very difficult for any vein of thought to influence uncontrolled an overwhelming majority of minds when they are thus stimulated by each other, and are secured in the shelter of an independent position. In the same way, we may expect, not only that the nations of Europe will act on each other, and keep each other up to the level of educated thought, but that there will always be an opposing element to every prevailing fashion, and that we shall never be destitute of the invaluable aid of an intelligent and active minority. And it is also to be noticed that the general current of European thought is, in some measure, kept flowing and full by the common interest which many nations are forced to take in subjects that concern all alike. We are forming rapidly a new branch of literature—that which deals with topics which are not national, but international. There is the literature of political economy, the literature of travels, the literature of political discussions, the literature of international law. Every great work written in any of these lines of thought is written for one nation as much as for another, and is true for all if it is true for any. We may be sure that this kind of literature will grow rapidly,

and that it will continually increase the force with which the leading nations of Europe act on each other.

There is, therefore, we may hope, a fair prospect of a continuance of a certain amount of thought in Europe, but it may not be of a very high quality. It may be sufficient to prevent stagnation, but not to carry men very high. Still, as the question is not whether the quality of European literature will be at all times equal, but whether a time when no literature marked by independence and novelty will be produced, the interchange of thought produced by the new conditions of European society is in itself a very strong ground for thinking that such light as we have will grow gradually. But this is not all. If thought altogether is not discouraged—if there is a large body of ordinary healthy intellectual power finding an adequate expression—we may expect that every now and then great leaps in thought will be made, great works written, great steps taken suddenly by the mind of man. If the intellect is but active, and moderately free from artificial fetters, it will be sure occasionally to rise to points of unusual excellence. And while all the old lines in which great excellence has been achieved will remain open, there may be new impulses found to act on men, and new fields for men to work in. We live in a critical and not in a creative age; but we can see how our age might be the

forerunner of a creative one. We are busy collecting materials which our successors may use. Physical science, for instance, has as yet been very little associated with the higher interests of human life, and has scarcely at all colored modern poetry, or philosophy, or religion. It is itself only in its infancy, and we know too little of nature to see its relation to man. But we begin to feel the first vague stirrings of an imagination that these relations are greater, and more complicated, and more enduring than they seemed. To say what exactly could be written in explanation of this faint and trembling conception would be to be able to write it, and would require the foresight of genius. But in many subjects, although we cannot say what is really to be done, or how it will be done, we catch the glimpse of a great possibility, and see that a more certain vision may dawn on our successors. So, again, it appears to us quite within the limits of reasonable conjecture that there may be, before two or three generations more sleep with their fathers, a great and new religious movement within the limits of the Christian world; a religious movement touching the hearts of the multitude and of the educated alike, and stirring society not so painfully, but almost as powerfully, as the Reformation. If this should happen, we need not be afraid lest the human mind should go to sleep while it is occurring.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND NORGATE are bringing out "Contributions to the Critical Study of the Divina Commedia of Dante," by Dr. H. C. Barlow, whose life and leisure have been given up for many years to that study; and Dr. Cureton's "Ancient Syriac Documents, relative to the Earliest Establishment of Christianity in Edessa and the Neighboring Countries."

MESSRS. TINSLEY BROTHERS promise two new novels: "Martin Pole," by John Saunders, and "Taken upon Trust," by the author of "Recommended to Mercy." They also announce "Abeokuta, and an Exploration of the Cameroon Mountains," by Capt. Richard F. Burton, the African traveller; and "Wanderings in West Africa—from Liverpool to Fernando-Po," by a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

In an "In Memoriam" notice, in *Fraser's Magazine*, of Sir George Cornewall Lewis there is quoted as extremely characteristic of the late

statesman this one of his sayings—"Life would be very tolerable except for its pleasures." Perhaps he meant evening-parties.

OUR Alpine Club, of which Mr. William Longman is one of the leading members, is giving an impulse to the establishment of similar societies all over Europe. A "Schweizerische Alpenclub" is now in process of formation at Berne, with branches in other Swiss towns. Its object, according to the programme, is "the systematic attack of the last hidden corners of the ice regions, as well as of the highest peaks not yet trodden by man." Another special object of the "Alpenclub" is the erection of huts in the most interesting localities of the Alps, built for the double purpose of affording an asylum for travellers and of giving fixed stations for topographical, meteorological, and other scientific observations. The labors of the society are to commence early this summer.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE PERPETUAL CURATE.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

CARLINGFORD is, as is well known, essentially a quiet place. There is no trade in the town, properly so called. To be sure, there are two or three small counting-houses at the other end of George Street, in that ambitious pile called Gresham Chambers; but the owners of these places of business live, as a general rule, in villas, either detached or semi-detached, in the North-end, the new quarter, which, as everybody knows, is a region totally unrepresented in society. In Carlingford proper there is no trade, no manufactures, no anything in particular, except very pleasant parties and a superior class of people—a very superior class of people, indeed, to anything one expects to meet with in a country town, which is not even a county town, nor the seat of any particular interest. It is the boast of the place that it has no particular interest—not even a public school; for no reason in the world but because they like it, have so many nice people collected together in those pretty houses in Grange Lane—which is, of course, a very much higher tribute to the town than if any special inducement had led them there. But in every community some centre of life is necessary. This point, round which everything circles, is, in Carlingford, found in the clergy. They are the administrators of the commonwealth, the only people who have defined and compulsory duties to give a sharp outline to life. Somehow this touch of necessity and business seems needful even in the most refined society: a man who is obliged to be somewhere at a certain hour, to do something at a certain time, and whose public duties are not volunteer proceedings, but indispensable work, has a certain position of command among a leisurely and unoccupied community, not to say that it is a public boon to have some one whom everybody knows and can talk of. The minister in Salem Chapel was everything to his little world. That respectable connection would not have hung together half so closely but for this perpetual subject of discussion, criticism, and patronage; and, to compare great things with small, society in Carlingford recognized in some degree the same human want. An enterprising or non-enterprising rector made all the difference in

the world in Grange Lane; and in the absence of a rector that counted for anything (and poor Mr. Proctor was of no earthly use, as everybody knows), it followed, as a natural consequence, that a great deal of the interest and influence of the position fell into the hands of the curate of St. Roque's.

But that position was one full of difficulties, as any one acquainted with the real state of affairs must see in a moment. Mr. Wentworth's circumstances were, on the whole, as delicate and critical as can be imagined, both as respected his standing in Carlingford and the place he held in his own family—not to speak of certain other personal matters which were still more troublesome and vexatious. These last, of course, were of his own bringing on; for if a young man chooses to fall in love when he has next to nothing to live upon, trouble is sure to follow. He had quite enough on his hands otherwise without that crowning complication. When Mr. Wentworth first came to Carlingford, it was in the days of Mr. Bury, the Evangelical rector—his last days, when he had no longer his old vigor, and was very glad of "assistance," as he said, in his public and parish work. Mr. Bury had a friendship of old standing with the Miss Wentworths of Skelmersdale, Mr. Francis Wentworth's aunts; and it was a long time before the old rector's eyes were opened to the astounding fact, that the nephew of these precious and chosen women held "views" of the most dangerous complexion, and indeed was as near Rome as a strong and lofty conviction of the really superior catholicity of the Anglican Church would permit him to be. Before he found this out, Mr. Bury, who had unlimited confidence in preaching, and improving talk, had done all he could to get the young man to "work," as the good rector called it, and had voluntarily placed all that difficult district about the canal under the charge of the curate of St. Roque's. It is said that the horror with which, after having just written to Miss Leonora Wentworth to inform her what "a great work" his young friend was doing among the bargemen, Mr. Bury was seized upon entering St. Roque's itself for the first time after the consecration, when the

young priest had arranged everything his own way, had a very bad effect on his health, and hastened his end. And it is indeed a fact that he died soon after, before he had time to issue the interdict he intended against Mr. Wentworth's further exertions in the parish of Carlingford. Then came Mr. Proctor, who came into the town as if he had dropped from the skies, and knew no more about managing a parish than a baby; and under his exceptional incumbency Mr. Wentworth became more than ever necessary to the peace of the community. Now a new *régime* had been inaugurated. Mr. Morgan, a man whom Miss Wodehouse described as "in the prime of life," newly-married, with a wife also in the prime of life, who had waited for him ten years, and all that time had been under training for her future duties—two fresh, new, active, clergymanly intellects, entirely open to the affairs of the town, and intent upon general reformation and sound management—had just come into possession. The new rector was making a great stir all about him, as was natural to a new man; and it seemed, on the whole, a highly doubtful business whether he and Mr. Wentworth would find Carlingford big enough to hold them both.

"We could not have expected to begin quite without difficulties," said Mrs. Morgan, as she and her husband discussed the question in the drawing-room of the rectory. It was a pretty drawing-room, though Mr. Proctor's taste was not quite in accordance with the principles of the new incumbent's wife: however, as the furniture was all new, and as the former rector had no further need for it, it was, of course, much the best and economical arrangement to take it as it stood—though the bouquets on the carpet were a grievance which nothing but her high Christian principles could have carried Mrs. Morgan through. She looked round as she spoke, and gave an almost imperceptible shake of her head: she, too, had her share of disagreeables. "It would not look like Christ's work, dear," said the clergyman's wife, "if we had it all our own way."

"My dear, I hope I am actuated by higher motives than a desire to have it all my own way," said the rector. "I always felt sure that Proctor would make a mess of any parish he took in hand, but I did not imagine he would have left it to anybody who pleased to

work it. You may imagine what my feelings were to-day when I came upon a kind of impromptu chapel in that wretched district near the canal. I thought it a Little Bethel, you know, of course; but, instead of that, I find young Wentworth goes there Wednesdays and Fridays to do duty, and that there is service on Sunday evening, and I can't tell what besides. It may be done from a good motive—but such a disregard of all constituted authority," said the rector, with involuntary vehemence, "can never, in my opinion, be attended by good results."

"Mr. Wentworth, did you say?" said Mrs. Morgan, upon whose female soul the Perpetual Curate's good looks and good manners had not been without a certain softening effect. "I am so sorry. I don't wonder you are vexed; but don't you think there must be some mistake, William? Mr. Wentworth is so gentlemanly and nice—and of very good family, too. I don't think he would choose to set himself in opposition to the rector. I think there must be some mistake."

"It's a very aggravating mistake, at all events," said Mr. Morgan, rising and going to the window. It was, as we have said, a very pretty drawing-room, and the windows opened upon as pretty a bit of lawn as you could see, with one handsome cedar sweeping its dark branches majestically over delicious greensward; but some people did think it was too near George Street and the railway. Just at that moment a puff of delicate white vapor appeared over the wall, and a sudden express-train, just released from the cover of the station, sprang with a snort and a bound across the rector's view, very imperfectly veiled by the lime-trees, which were thin in their foliage as yet. Mr. Morgan groaned and retreated—out of his first exaltation he had descended all at once, as people will do after building all their hopes upon one grand event, into great depression and vexation, when he found that, after all, this event did not change the face of existence, but indeed brought new proofs of mortality in the shape of special annoyances belonging to itself in its train. "On the whole," said the rector, who was subject to fits of disgust with things in general, "I am tempted to think it was a mistake coming to Carlingford; the drawbacks quite overbalance the advantages. I did hesitate, I remember—it

must have been my better angel: that is, my dear," he continued, recollecting himself, "I would have hesitated had it not been for you."

Here there ensued a little pause. Mrs. Morgan was not so young as she had been ten years ago, all which time she had waited patiently for the Fellow of All-Souls, and naturally these ten years and the patience had not improved her looks. There was a redness on her countenance now-a-days which was not exactly bloom; and it stretched across her cheeks, and over the point of her nose, as she was painfully aware, poor lady. She was silent when she heard this, wondering with a passing pang whether he was sorry? But being a thoroughly sensible woman, and above indulging in those little appeals by which foolish ones confuse the calm of matrimonial friendship, she did not express the momentary feeling. "Yes, William," she said, sympathetically casting her eyes again on the objectionable carpet, and feeling that there *were* drawbacks even to her happiness as the wife of the rector of Carlingford; "but I suppose every place has its disadvantages; and then there is such good society; and a town like this is the very place for your talents; and when affairs are in your own hands——"

"It is very easy talking," said the vexed rector. "Society and everybody would turn upon me if I interfered with Wentworth—there's the vexation. The fellow goes about as if he had a right. Why, there's a Provident Society and all sorts of things going on, exactly as if it were his own parish. What led me to the place was seeing some ladies in grey cloaks—exactly such frights as you used to make of yourself, my dear—flickering about. He has got up a sisterhood, I have no doubt; and to find all this in full operation in one's own parish, without so much as being informed of it! and you know I don't approve of sisterhoods—never did; they are founded on a mistake."

"Yes, dear. I know I gave up as soon as I knew your views on the subject," said Mrs. Morgan. "I daresay so will the ladies here. Who were they? Did you speak to them? or perhaps they belonged to St. Roque's."

"Nobody belongs to St. Roque's," said the rector, contemptuously—"it has not even a district. They were the two Miss Wodehouses."

Mrs. Morgan was moved to utter a little cry. "And their father is churchwarden!" said the indignant woman. "Really, William, this is too much—without even consulting you! But it is easy to see how *that* comes about. Lucy Wodehouse and young Wentworth are ——; well, I don't know if they are engaged—but they are always together, walking and talking, and consulting with each other, and so forth—a great deal more than I could approve of; but that poor elder sister, you know, has no authority—nor indeed any experience, poor thing," said the rector's wife; "that's how it is, no doubt."

"Engaged?" said the rector. He gave a kindly glance at his wife and melted a little. "Engaged, are they? Poor little thing! I hope she'll be as good as you have been, my dear; but a young man may be in love without interfering with another man's parish. I can't forgive that," said Mr. Morgan, recovering himself; "he must be taught to know better; and it is very hard upon a clergyman," continued the spiritual ruler of Carlingford, "that he cannot move in a matter like this without incurring a storm of godless criticism. If I were sending Wentworth out of my parish, I shouldn't wonder if the *Times* had an article upon it, denouncing me as an indolent priest and bigot, that would neither work myself nor let my betters work; that's how these fellows talk."

"But nobody could say such things of you," said Mrs. Morgan, firing up.

"Of me? they'd say them of St. Paul, if he had ever been in the circumstances," said the rector; "and I should just like to know what he would have done in a parish like this, with the Dissenters on one side, and a Perpetual Curate without a district meddling on the other. Ah, my dear," continued Mr. Morgan, "I daresay they had their troubles in those days; but facing a governor or so now and then, or even passing a night in the stocks, is a very different thing from a showing up in the *Times*, not to speak of the complications of duty. Let us go out and call at Folgate's, and see whether he thinks anything can be done to the church."

"Dear, you wouldn't mind the *Times* if it were your duty?" said the rector's wife, getting up promptly to prepare for the walk.

"No, I suppose not," said Mr. Morgan, not without a thrill of importance; "nor the

stake," he added, with a little laugh, for he was not without a sense of humor; and the two went out to the architect's to ascertain the result of his cogitations over the church. They passed that sacred edifice in their way, and went in to gaze at it with a disgust which only an unhappy priest of high culture and æsthetic tastes, doomed to officiate in a building of the eighteenth century, of the churchwarden period of architecture, could fully enter into. "Eugh!" said Mr. Morgan, looking round upon the high pews and stifling galleries with an expressive contraction of his features—his wife looked on sympathetic; and it was at this unlucky moment that the subject of their late conference made his appearance cheerfully from behind the ugly pulpit, in close conference with Mr. Folgate. The pulpit was a three-storied mass, with the reading-desk and the clerk's desk beneath—a terrible eyesore to the rector and his wife.

"I can fancy the expediency of keeping the place in repair," said the curate of St. Roque's, happy in the consciousness of possessing a church which, though not old, had been built by Gilbert Scott, and cheerfully unconscious of the presence of listeners; "but to beautify a wretched old barn like this is beyond the imagination of man. Money can't do everything," said the heedless young man, as he came lounging down the middle aisle, tapping contemptuously with his cane upon the high pew-doors. "I wonder where the people expected to go to who built the Carlingford Church? Curious," continued the young Anglican, stopping in mid career, "to think of bestowing consecration upon anything so hideous. What a pass the world must have come to, Folgate, when this erection was counted worthy to be the house of God! After all, perhaps it is wrong to feel so strongly about it. The walls are consecrated, though they are ugly; we can't revoke the blessing. But no wonder it was an unchristian age."

"We have our treasure in earthen vessels," said Mr. Morgan, somewhat sternly, from where he stood, under shelter of the heavy gallery. Mr. Wentworth was shortsighted, like most people now-a-days. He put up his glass hastily, and then hurried forward, perhaps just a little abashed. When he had made his salutations, however, he returned undismayed to the charge.

"It's a pity you have not something better to work upon," said the dauntless curate; "but it is difficult to conceive what can be done with such an unhallowed type of construction. I was just saying to Folgate—"

"There is a great deal of cant abroad on this subject," said Mr. Morgan, interrupting the young oracle. "I like good architecture, but I don't relish attributing moral qualities to bricks and mortar. The hallowing influence ought to be within. Mr. Folgate, we were going to call at your office. Have you thought of the little suggestions I ventured to make? Oh, the drawings are here. Mr. Wentworth does not approve of them I suppose?" said the rector, turning sternly round upon the unlucky curate of St. Roque's.

"I can only say I sympathize with you profoundly," said young Wentworth with great seriousness. "Such a terrible church must be a great trial. I wish I had any advice worth offering; but it is my hour for a short service down at the canal, and I can't keep my poor bargees waiting. Good-morning. I hope you'll come and give us your countenance, Mrs. Morgan. There's no end of want and trouble at Wharfside."

"Is Mr. Wentworth aware, I wonder, that Wharfside is in the parish of Carlingford!" said the rector, with involuntary severity, as the young priest withdrew calmly to go to his "duty." Mr. Folgate, who supposed himself to be addressed, smiled, and said, "Oh, yes, of course," and unfolded his drawings, to which the clerical pair before him lent a disturbed attention. They were both in a high state of indignation by this time. It seemed indispensable that something should be done to bring to his senses an intruder so perfectly composed and at his ease.

CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE Mr. Wentworth, without much thought of his sins, went down George Street, meaning to turn off at the first narrow turning which led down behind the shops and traffic, behind the comfort and beauty of the little town, to that inevitable land of shadow which always dogs the sunshine. Carlingford proper knew little about it, except that it increased the poor-rates, and now and then produced a fever. The minister of Salem Chapel was in a state of complete ignorance on the subject. The late rector had been equally uninformed. Mr. Bury, who was

Evangelical, had the credit of disinterring the buried creatures there about thirty years ago. It was an office to be expected of that much-preaching man; but what was a great deal more extraordinary, was to find that the only people now in Carlingford who knew anything about Wharfside, except overseers of the poor and guardians of the public peace, were the Perpetual Curate of St. Roque's—who had nothing particular to do with it, and who was regarded by many sober-minded persons with suspicion as a dilettante Anglican, given over to floral ornaments and ecclesiastical upholstery—and some half-dozen people of the very *élite* of society, principally ladies residing in Grange Lane.

Mr. Wentworth came to a hesitating pause at the head of the turning which would have led him to Wharfside. He looked at his watch and saw there was half an hour to spare. He gave a wistful lingering look down the long line of garden-walls, pausing upon one point where the blossomed boughs of an apple-tree overlooked that enclosure. There was quite time to call and ask if the Miss Wodehouses were going down to the service this afternoon; but was it duty? or, indeed, putting that question aside, was it quite right to compound matters with his own heart's desire and the work he was engaged in, in this undeniable fashion? The young priest crossed the street very slowly, swinging his cane and knitting his brows as he debated the question. If it had been one of the bargemen bringing his sweetheart, walking with her along the side of the canal to which Spring and sweet Easter coming on, and Love, perhaps, always helpful of illusions, might convey a certain greenness and sentiment of nature—and echoing her soft responses to the afternoon prayers—perhaps the curate might have felt that such devotion was not entirely pure and simple. But somehow, before he was aware of it, his slow foot-step had crossed the line, and he found himself in Grange Lane, bending his steps towards Mr. Wodehouse's door. For one thing, to be sure, the Canticles in the evening service could always be sung when Lucy's sweet clear voice was there to lead the uncertain melody; and it was good to see her singing the "Magnificat" with that serious sweet face, "full of grace," like Mary's own. Thinking of that Mr. Wentworth made his way without any further hesitation to the green

door over which hung the apple-blossoms, totally untroubled in his mind as to what the reverend pair were thinking whom he had left behind him in the ugly church; and unconscious that this impromptu chapel at Wharfside, with its little carved reading-desk, and the table behind contrived so as to look suspiciously like an altar, was a thorn in anybody's side. Had his mind been in a fit condition at that moment to cogitate trouble, his thoughts would have travelled in a totally different direction, but in the mean time Mr. Wentworth was very well able to put aside his perplexities. The green door opened just as he reached it, and Lucy and her elder sister came out in those grey cloaks which the rector had slandered. They were just going to Wharfside to the service, and of course they were surprised to see Mr. Wentworth, who did not knock at that green door more than a dozen times in a week, on the average. The curate walked between the sisters on their way towards their favorite "district." Such a position could scarcely have been otherwise than agreeable to any young man. Dear old Miss Wodehouse was the gentlest of chaperones. Old Miss Wodehouse people called her, not knowing why—perhaps because that adjective was sweeter than the harsh one of middle age which belonged to her; and then there was such a difference between her and Lucy. Lucy was twenty, and in her sweetest bloom. Many people thought with Mr. Wentworth that there were not other two such eyes in Carlingford. Not that they were brilliant or penetrating, but as blue as heaven, and as serene and pure. So many persons thought, and the Perpetual Curate among them. The grey cloak fell in pretty folds around that light elastic figure, and there was not an old woman in the town so tender, so helpful, so handy as Lucy where trouble was, as all the poor people knew. So the three went down Prickett's Lane, which leads from George Street towards the canal—not a pleasant part of the town, by any means; and if Mr. Wentworth was conscious of a certain haze of sunshine all round and about him, gliding over the poor pavement, and here and there transfiguring some baby bystander gazing open-mouthed at the pretty lady, could any reasonable man be surprised?

"I hope your aunts were quite well, Mr. Wentworth, when you heard from them last,"

said Miss Wodehouse, "and all your people at home. In such a small family as ours, we should go out of our wits if we did not hear every day, but I suppose it is different where there are so many. Lucy, when she goes from home," said the tender elder sister, glancing at her with a half-maternal admiration—"and she might always be visiting about if she liked—writes to me every day."

"I have nobody who cares for me enough to write every week," said the curate, with a look which was for Lucy's benefit. "I am not so lucky as you. My aunts are quite well, Miss Wodehouse, and they think I had better go up to town in May for the meetings," added Mr. Wentworth, with a passing laugh; "and the rest of my people are very indignant that I am not of their way of thinking. There is Tom Burrows on the other side of the street; he is trying to catch *your* eye," said the curate, turning round upon Lucy; for the young man had come to such a pass that he could not address her in an ordinary and proper way like other people, but, because he dared not yet call her by her Christian name as if she belonged to him, had a strange rude way of indicating when he was speaking to her, by emphasis and action. It was singularly different from his usual good-breeding: but Lucy somehow rather liked it than otherwise. "He is not going to church for the sake of the service. He is going to please *you*. He has never forgotten what you did for that little boy of his; and, indeed, if you continue to go on so," said Mr. Wentworth, lowering his voice, and more than ever bending his tall head to one side, "I shall have to put a stop to it somehow, for I am not prepared, whatever people say, to go in at once for *public* worship of the saints."

"I am going in here to call," said Lucy. She looked up very innocently in the curate's face. "I promised the poor sick woman in the back-room to see her every day, and I could not get out any sooner. I daresay I shall be at the schoolroom before you begin. Good-by just now," said the young Sister of Mercy. She went off all at once on this provoking but unexceptionable errand, looking with calm eyes upon the dismay which overspread the expressive countenance of her spiritual guide. Mr. Wentworth stood looking after her for a moment, stunned by the unexpected movement. When he went on, truth

compels us to own that a thrill of disgust had taken the place of that vague general sense of beatitude which threw beauty even upon Prickett's Lane. The curate gave but a sulky nod to the salutation of Tom Burrows, and walked on in a savage mood by the side of Miss Wodehouse, around whom no nimbus of ideal glory hovered.

"I am always afraid of its being too much for her, Mr. Wentworth," said the anxious elder sister; "it upsets me directly; but then I never was like Lucy—I can't tell where all you young people have learned it; we never used to be taught so in my day; and though I am twice as old as she is, I know I am not half so much good in the world," said the kind soul, with a gentle sigh. "I should like to see you in a parish of your own, where you would have it all your own way. I hope Mr. Morgan won't be meddling when he comes to have time for everything. I should almost think he would—though it seems unkind to say it—by his face."

"I am doing nothing more than my duty," said the Perpetual Curate, in morose tones. "This district was given into my hands by the late rector. Mr. Morgan's face does not matter to me."

"But I should like to see you in a parish of your own," said Miss Wodehouse, meaning to please him. "You know papa always says so. St. Roque's is very nice, but——"

"If you wish me out of the way, Miss Wodehouse, I am sorry to say you are not likely to be gratified," said the curate, "for I have no more expectation of any preferment than you have. Such chances don't come in everybody's way."

"But I thought your aunts, Mr. Wentworth——" said poor Miss Wodehouse, who unluckily did not always know when to stop.

"My aunts don't approve of my principles," answered Mr. Wentworth, who had his own reasons for speaking with a little asperity. "They are more likely to have me denounced at Exeter Hall. I will join you immediately. I must speak to these men across the street;" and the curate accordingly walked into a knot of loungers opposite, with a decision of manner which Lucy's desertion had helped him to. Miss Wodehouse, thus left alone, went on with lingering and somewhat doubtful steps. She was—

not used to being in "the district" by herself. It disturbed her mild, middle-aged habits to be left straying about here alone among all these poor people, whom she looked at half wistfully, half alarmed, feeling for them in her kind heart, but not at all knowing how to get at them as the young people did. The unruly children and gossiping mothers at the poor doors discomposed her sadly, and she was not near so sure that her gray cloak defended her from all rudeness as she pretended to be when assenting to the enthusiasm of Mr. Wentworth and Lucy. She made tremulous haste to get out of this scene, which she was not adapted for, to the shelter of the schoolroom, where, at least, she would be safe. "We never were taught so in my day," she said to herself, with an unexpressed wonder, which was right? but when she had reached that haven of shelter, was seized with a little panic for Lucy, and went out again and watched for her at the corner of the street, feeling very uncomfortable. It was a great relief to see her young sister coming down alert and bright even before she was joined by Mr. Wentworth, who had carried his point with the men he had been talking to. To see them coming down together, smiling to all those people at the doors who disturbed the gentle mind of Miss Wodehouse with mingled sentiments of sympathy and repulsion, bestowing nods of greeting here and there, pausing even to say a word to a few favored clients, was a wonderful sight to the timid lady at the corner of the street. Twenty years ago some such companion might have been by Miss Wodehouse's side, but never among the poor people in Prickett's Lane. Even with Lucy before her, she did not understand it. As the two came towards her, other thoughts united with these in her kind soul. "I wonder whether anything will ever come of it?" she said to herself, and with that wandered into anxious reflections what this difference could be between Mr. Wentworth and his aunts; which cogitations, indeed, occupied her till the service began, and perhaps disturbed her due appreciation of it; for if Lucy and Mr. Wentworth got attached, as seemed likely, and Mr. Wentworth did not get a living, what was to come of it? The thought made this tender-hearted spectator sigh; perhaps she had some experience of her own to enlighten her on such a point. At least it troubled, with sympathetic human

cares, the gentle soul which had lost the confidence of youth.

As for the two most immediately concerned, they thought nothing at all about aunts or livings. Whether it is the divine influence of youth, or whether the vague unacknowledged love which makes two people happy in each other's presence carries with it a certain inspiration, this at least is certain, that there is an absolute warmth of devotion arrived at in such moments, which many a soul, no longer happy, would give all the world to reach. Such crowds and heaps of blessings fall to these young souls! They said their prayers with all their hearts, not aware of deriving anything of that profound sweet trust and happiness from each other, but expanding over all the rude but reverent worshippers around them, with an unlimited faith in their improvement, almost in their perfection. This was what the wondering looker-on, scarcely able to keep her anxieties out of her prayers, could not understand, having forgotten, though she did not think so, the exaltation of that time of youth, as people do. She thought it all their goodness that they were able to put away their own thoughts; she did not know it was in the very nature of those unexpressed emotions to add the confidence of happiness to their prayers.

And after a while they all separated and went back into the world and everyday hours. Young Wentworth and Lucy had not said a syllable to each other, except about the people in "the district," and the Provident Society; and how that sober and laudable conversation could be called love-making, it would be difficult for the most ardent imagination to conceive. He was to dine with them that evening; so it was for but a very brief time that they parted when the Perpetual Curate left the ladies at the green door, and went away to his room, to attend to some other duties, before he arrayed himself for the evening. As for the sisters, they went in quite comfortably, and had their cup of tea before they dressed for dinner. Lucy was manager indoors as well as out. She was good for a great deal more than Miss Wodehouse in every practical matter. It was she who was responsible for the dinner, and had all the cares of the house upon her head. Notwithstanding, the elder sister took up her prerogative as they sat together in two very cosy,

easy-chairs, in a little room which communicated with both their bedchambers up-stairs—a very cosy little odd room, not a dressing-room nor a boudoir, but something between the two, where the sisters had their private talks upon occasion, and which was consecrated by many a libation of fragrant tea.

"Lucy, my dear," said Miss Wodehouse, whose gentle forehead was puckered with care, "I want to speak to you. I have not been able to get you out of my mind since ever we met Mr. Wentworth at the green door."

"Was there any need for getting me out of your mind?" said smiling Lucy. "I was a safe enough inmate, surely. I wonder how often I am out of your mind, Mary dear, night or day."

"That is true enough," said Miss Wodehouse; but you know that is not what I meant, either. Lucy, are you quite sure you're going on just as you ought—"

Here she made a troubled pause, and looked in the laughing face opposite, intent upon her, with its startled eyes. "What have I done?" cried the younger sister. Miss Wodehouse shook her head with a great deal of seriousness.

"It always begins with laughing," said the experienced woman; "but if it ends without tears, it will be something new to me. It's about Mr. Wentworth, Lucy. You're always together, day after day; and, my dear, such things can't go on without coming to something—what is to come of it? I have looked at it from every point of view, and I am sure I don't know."

Lucy flushed intensely red, of course, at the curate's name; perhaps she had not expected it just at that moment; but she kept her composure like a sensible girl as she was.

"I thought it was the other side that were questioned about their intentions," she said. "Am I doing anything amiss? Mr. Wentworth is the Curate of St. Roque's, and I am one of the district visitors, and we can't help seeing a great deal of each other so long as this work goes on at Wharfside. You wouldn't like to stop a great work because we are obliged to see a good deal of—of one particular person?" said Lucy, with youthful virtue, looking in her sister's face; at which tone and look Miss Wodehouse immediately faltered, as the culprit knew she must.

"No—oh, no, no—to be sure not," said the disturbed monitor. "When you say that, I don't know how to answer you. It must be right, I suppose. I am quite sure it is wonderful to see such young creatures as you, and how you can tell the right way to set about it. But things did not use to be so in my young days. Girls dare not have done such things twenty years ago—not in Carlingford, Lucy," said Miss Wodehouse; "and, dear, I think you ought to be a little careful, for poor Mr. Wentworth's sake."

"I don't think Mr. Wentworth is in any particular danger," said Lucy, putting down her cup, with a slight curve at the corners of her pretty mouth—"and it is quite time for you to begin dressing. You know you don't like to be hurried, dear;" with which speech the young housekeeper got up from her easy-chair, gave her sister a kiss as she passed, and went away, singing softly, to her toilette. Perhaps there was a little flutter in Lucy's heart as she bound it round with her favorite blue ribbons. Perhaps it was this that gave a certain startled gleam to her blue eyes, and made even her father remark them when she went down-stairs, "It seems to me as if this child were growing rather pretty, Molly, eh? I don't know what other people think," said Mr. Wodehouse—and perhaps Mr. Wentworth, who was just being ushered into the drawing-room at the moment, heard the speech, for he, too, looked as if he had never found it out before. Luckily there was a party, and no opportunity for sentiment. The party was in honor of the rector and his wife; and Mr. Wentworth could not but be conscious before the evening was over that he had done something to lose the favor of his clerical brother. There was a good deal of Church talk, as was natural, at the churchwarden's table, where three clergymen were dining—for Mr. Morgan's curate was there as well; and the curate of St. Roque's, who was slightly hot-tempered, could not help feeling himself disapproved of. It was not, on the whole, a satisfactory evening. Mr. Morgan talked rather big, when the ladies went away, of his plans for the reformation of Carlingford. He went into statistics about the poor, and the number of people who attended no church, without taking any notice of that "great work" which Mr. Wentworth knew to be going on at Wharfside. The rector even talked of Wharfside, and of the ne-

cessity of exertion on behalf of that wretched district, with a studious unconsciousness of Mr. Wentworth ; and all but declined to receive better information when Mr. Wodehouse proffered it. Matters were scarcely better in the drawing-room, where Lucy was entertaining everybody, and had no leisure for the Perpetual Curate. He took his hat with a gloomy sentiment of satisfaction when it was time to go away ; but when the green door was closed behind him, Mr. Wentworth, with his first step into the dewy darkness, plunged headlong into a sea of thought. He had to walk down the whole length of Grange Lane to his lodging, which was in the last house of the row, a small house in a small garden, where Mrs. Hadwin, the widow of a whilom curate, was permitted by public opinion on the score of her own unexceptionable propriety,* to receive a lodger without loss of position thereby. It was moonlight, or rather it ought to have been moonlight, and no lamps were lighted in Grange Lane, according to the economical regulations of Carlingford ; and as Mr. Wentworth pursued his way down the dark line of garden-walls, in the face of a sudden April shower which happened to be falling, he had full scope and opportunity for his thoughts.

These thoughts were not the most agreeable in the world. In the first place, it must be remembered that for nearly a year past Mr. Wentworth had had things his own way in Carlingford. He had been more than rector, he had been archdeacon, or rather bishop, in Mr. Proctor's time ; for that good man was humble, and thankful for the advice and assistance of his young brother, who knew so much better than he did. Now, to be looked upon as an unauthorized workman, a kind of meddling, Dissenterish, missionizing individual, was rather hard upon the young man. And then he thought of his aunts. The connection, imperceptible to an ignorant observer, which existed between the Miss Wentworths and Mr. Morgan and Lucy, and many other matters interesting to their nephew, was a sufficiently real connection when you came to know it. The parish of his own which Miss Wodehouse had wished him—which would free the young clergyman from all trammels so far as his work was concerned,

and would enable him to marry, and do everything for him—it was in the power of the Miss Wentworths to bestow ; but they were Evangelical women, very public-spirited, and thinking nothing of their nephew in comparison with their duty ; and he was at that time of life, and of that disposition, which, for fear of being supposed to wish to deceive them, would rather exaggerate and make a display of the difference of his own views. Not for freedom, not for Lucy, would the Perpetual Curate temporize and manage the matter ; so the fact was that he stood at the present moment in a very perilous predicament. But for this family living, which was, with their mother's property, in the hands of her co-heiresses, the three Miss Wentworths, young Frank Wentworth had not a chance for preferment in the world ; for the respectable squire, his father, had indulged in three wives and three families, and such a regiment of sons that all his influence had been fully taxed to provide for them. Gerald, the clergyman of the first lot, held the family living—not a very large one—which belonged to the Wentworths ; and Frank, who was of the second, had been educated expressly with an eye to Skelmersdale, which belonged to his aunts. How he came at the end to differ so completely from these excellent ladies in his religious views is not our business just at present ; but in the mean time matters were in a very critical position. The old incumbent of Skelmersdale was eighty, and had been ill all winter ; and if the Miss Wentworths were not satisfied somehow, it was all over with their nephew's hopes.

Such were the thoughts that occupied his mind as he walked down Grange Lane, in the dark, past the tedious, unsympathetic line of garden-walls, with the rain in his face. The evening's entertainment had stirred up a great many dormant sentiments. His influence in Carlingford had been ignored by this new-comer, who evidently thought he could do what he liked without paying any attention to the curate of St. Roque's ; and, what was a great deal worse, he had found Lucy unapproachable, and had realized, if not for the first time, still with more distinctness than ever before, that she did not belong to him, and that he had no more right than any other acquaintance to monopolize her society. This last discovery was bitter to the young man—it was this that made him set his face

* She was a daughter of old Sir Jasper Shelton, a poor family, but very respectable, and connected with the Westerns.

to the rain, and his teeth, as if that could do any good. He had been happy in her mere society to-day, without entering into any of the terrible preliminaries of a closer connection. But now that was over. She did not belong to him, and he could not bear the thought. And how was she ever to belong to him? Not, certainly, if he was to be a Perpetual Curate of St. Roque's, or anywhere else. He felt, in the misery of the moment, as if he could never go to that green door again, or walk by her sweet side to that service in which they had joined so lately. He wondered whether she cared, with a despairing pang of anxiety, through which for an instant a celestial gleam of consciousness leaped, making the darkness all the greater afterwards. And to think that three old ladies, of whom it was not in the nature of things that the young man could be profoundly reverent, should hold in their hands the absolute power of his life, and could determine whether it was to be sweet with hope and love, or stern, constrained, and impoverished, without Lucy or any other immediate light! What a strange anomaly this was which met him full in the face as he pursued his thoughts! If it had been his bishop, or his college, or any fitting tribunal—but his aunts! Mr. Wentworth's ring at his own door was so much more hasty than usual that Mrs. Hadwin paused in the hall, when she had lighted her candle, to see if anything was the matter. The little neat old lady held up her candle to look at him as he came in, glistening all over with rain-drops.

"I hope you are not wet, Mr. Wentworth," she said. "It is only an April shower, and we want it so much in the gardens. And I hope you have had a nice party and a pleasant evening."

"Thank you—pretty well," said the Perpetual Curate, with less suavity than usual, and a sigh that nearly blew Mrs. Hadwin's candle out. She saw he was discomposed, and therefore, with a feminine instinct, found more to say than usual before she made her peaceful way to bed. She waited while Mr. Wentworth lighted his candle too.

"Mr. Wodehouse's parties are always pleasant," she said. "I never go out, you know; but I like to hear of people enjoying themselves. I insist upon your going upstairs before me, Mr. Wentworth. I have so

little breath to spare, and I take such a long time going up, that you would be tired to death waiting for me. Now, don't mind being polite. I insist upon you going up first. Thank you. Now I can take my time."

And she took her time accordingly, keeping Mr. Wentworth waiting on the landing to say good-night to her, much to his silent exasperation. When he got into the shelter of his own sitting-room, he threw himself upon a sofa, and continued his thoughts with many a troubled addition. A young man, feeling in a great measure the world before him, conscious of considerable powers, standing on the very threshold of so much possible good and happiness,—it was hideous to look up, in his excited imagination, and see the figures of these three old ladies, worse than Fates, standing across the prospect and barring up the way.

And Lucy, meantime, was undoing her blue ribbons with a thrill of sweet agitation in her untroubled bosom. Perhaps Mary was right, and it was about coming to the time when this half-feared, half-hoped revelation could not be postponed much longer. For it will be perceived that Lucy was not in much doubt of young Wentworth's sentiments. And then she paused in the dark, after she had said her prayers, to give one timid thought to the sweet life that seemed to lie before her so close at hand—in which, perhaps, he and she were to go out together, she did not know where, for the help of the world and the comfort of the sorrowful; and not trusting herself to look much at that ideal, said another prayer, and went to sleep like one of God's beloved, with a tear too exquisite to be shed brimming under her long eyelashes. At this crisis of existence, perhaps for once in her life, the woman has the best of it; for very different from Lucy's were the thoughts with which the curate sought his restless pillow, hearing the rain drip all the night, and trickle into Mrs. Hadwin's reservoirs. The old lady had a passion for rain-water, and it was a gusty night.

CHAPTER III.

NEXT week was Passion Week, and full of occupation. Even if it had been consistent either with Mr. Wentworth's principles or Lucy's to introduce secular affairs into so holy a season, they had not time or opportunity, as it happened, which was perhaps just

as well ; for otherwise the premonitory thrill of expectation which had disturbed Lucy's calm, and the bitter exasperation against himself and his fate with which Mr. Wentworth had discovered that he dared not say anything, might have caused an estrangement between them. As it was, the air was thundery and ominous through all the solemn days of the Holy Week. A consciousness as of something about to happen overshadowed even the "district," and attracted the keen observation of the lively spectators at Wharfside. They were not greatly up in matters of doctrine, nor perhaps did they quite understand the eloquent little sermon which the Perpetual Curate gave them on Good Friday in the afternoon, between his own services, by way of impressing upon their minds the awful memories of the day ; but they were as skilful in the variations of their young evangelist's looks, and as well qualified to decide upon the fact that there was "a something between" him and Miss Lucy Wodehouse, as any practical observer in the higher ranks of society. Whether the two had "ad an unpleasantness," as, Wharfside was well aware, human creatures under such circumstances are liable to have, the interested community could not quite make out ; but that something more than ordinary was going on, and that the prettiest of all the "Provident ladies" had a certain pre-occupation in her blue eyes, was a fact perfectly apparent to that intelligent society. And, indeed, one of the kinder matrons in Prickett's Lane had even ventured so far as to wish Miss Lucy "a 'appy weddin' when the time come." "And there's to be a sight o' weddings this Easter," had added another, who was somewhat scandalized by the flowers in the bonnet of one of the brides-elect, and proceeded to say so in some detail. "But Miss Lucy wont wear no bonnet ; the quality goes in veils : and there never was as full a church as there will be to see it, wishing you your 'ealth and 'appiness, ma'am, as ain't no more nor you deserve, and you so good to us poor folks." All which felicitations and inquiries had confused Lucy, though she made her way out of them with a self-possession which amazed her sister.

"You see what everybody thinks, dear," said that gentle woman, when they had made their escape.

"O Mary, how can you talk of such things

at such a time ?" the young Sister of Mercy had answered once more, turning those severe eyes of youthful devotion upon her troubled elder sister, who, to tell the truth, not having been brought up to it, as she said, felt much the same on Easter Eve as at other times of her life ; and thus once more the matter concluded. As for Mr. Wentworth, he was much occupied on that last day of the Holy Week with a great many important matters on hand. He had not seen the Wodehouses since the Good Friday evening service, which was an interval of about twenty hours, and had just paused, before eating his bachelor's dinner, to ponder whether it would be correct on that most sacred of vigils to steal away for half an hour, just to ask Lucy if she thought it necessary that he should see the sick woman at No. 10 Prickett's Lane before the morning. It was while he was pondering this matter in his mind that Mr. Wentworth's heart jumped to his throat upon receipt, quite suddenly, without preparation, of the following note :—

"MY DEAREST BOY,—Your Aunts Cecilia, Leonora, and I have just arrived at this excellent inn, the Blue Boar. Old Mr. Shirley at Skelmersdale is in a very bad way, poor man, and I thought the *very best* thing I could do in my dearest Frank's *best* interests, was to persuade them to make you *quite an unexpected visit*, and see everything for themselves. I am in a terrible fright now lest I should have done wrong ; but my dear, dear boy knows it is always his interest that I have at heart ; and Leonora is so intent on having a *real gospel minister* at Skelmersdale, that she *never* would have been content with anything less than hearing you with her own ears. I hope and trust in Providence that you don't intone like poor Gerald. And O Frank, my dear boy, come directly and dine with us, and don't fly in your Aunt Leonora's face, and tell me I haven't been imprudent. I thought it would be best to take you unawares when you had everything prepared, and when we should see you just as you always are ; for I am convinced Leonora and you only want to see more of each other to understand each other perfectly. Come, my dearest boy, and give a little comfort to your loving and anxious

AUNT DORA."

Mr. Wentworth sat gazing blankly upon this horrible missive for some minutes after he had read it, quite unaware of the humble presence of the maid who stood asking, Please was she to bring up dinner ? When he came to himself, the awful "No !" with which he

answered that alarmed handmaiden almost drove her into hysterics as she escaped downstairs. However, Mr. Wentworth immediately put his head out at the door and called after her, "I can't wait for dinner, Sarah; I am suddenly called out, and shall dine where I am going. Tell Cook," said the young parson suddenly recollecting Lucy's client, "to send what she has prepared for me, if it is very nice, to No. 10 Prickett's Lane. My boy will take it: and send him off directly, please," with which last commission the young man went up despairingly to his bedroom to prepare himself for this interview with his aunts. What was he to do? Already before him, in dreadful prophetic vision, he saw all three seated in one of the handsome open benches in St. Roque's looking indescribable horrors at the crown of spring lilies which Lucy's own fingers were to weave for the cross over the altar, and listening to the cadence of his own manly tenor as it rang through the perfect little church of which he was so proud. Yes, there was an end of Skelmersdale, without any doubt or question now; whatever hope there might have been, Aunt Dora had settled the matter by this last move of hers—an end of Skelmersdale, and an end of Lucy. Perhaps he had better try not to see her any more; and the poor young priest saw that his own face looked ghastly as he looked at it in the glass. It gave him a little comfort to meet the boy with a bundle pinned up in snowy napkins, from which a grateful odor ascended, bending his steps to Prickett's Lane, as he himself went out to meet his fate. It was a last offering to that beloved "district" with which the image of his love was blended; but he would have given his dinner to Lucy's sick woman any day. To-night it was a greater sacrifice that was to be required of him. He went mournfully and slowly up Grange Lane, steeling himself for the encounter, and trying to forgive Aunt Dora in his heart. It was not very easy. Things might have turned out just the same without any interference—that was true; but to have it all brought on in this wanton manner by a kind foolish woman, who would wring her hands and gaze in your face, and want to know, oh, did you think it was her fault? after she had precipitated the calamity, was very hard; and it was with a very gloomy countenance, accordingly, that the curate of

St. Roque's presented himself at the Blue Boar.

The Miss Wentworths were in the very best sitting-room which the Blue Boar contained—the style in which they travelled, with a man and two maids, was enough to secure that; and the kitchen of that respectable establishment was doing its very best to send up a dinner worthy of "a party as had their own man to wait." The three ladies greeted their nephew with varying degrees of enthusiasm. The eldest, Miss Wentworth, from whom he took his second name Cecil, did not rise from her chair, but nevertheless kissed him in an affectionate dignified way when he was brought to her. As for Aunt Dora, she ran into her dear Frank's arms, and in the very moment of that embrace whispered in his ear the expression of her anxiety, and the panic which always followed those rash steps which she was in the habit of taking. "Oh, my dear, I hope you don't think I'm to blame," she said with her lips at his ear, and gained but cold comfort from the curate's face. The alarming member of the party was Miss Leonora. She rose and made two steps forward to meet the unfortunate young man. She shook both his hands cordially, and said she was very glad to see him, and hoped he was well. She was the sensible sister of the three, and no doubt required all the sense she had to manage her companions. Miss Wentworth, who had been very pretty in her youth, was now a beautiful old lady, with snow-white hair and the most charming smile; and Miss Dora, who was only fifty, retained the natural color of her own scanty light-brown locks, which wavered in weak-minded ringlets over her cheeks; but Miss Leonora was iron grey, without any complexion in particular, and altogether a harder type of woman. It was she who held in her hands the fate of Skelmersdale and of Frank Wentworth. Her terrible glance it was which he had imagined gleaming fierce upon his lilies—Lucy's lilies, his Easter decorations. It was by her side the alarmed curate was made to sit down. It was she who took the foot of the table, and was the gentleman of the house. Her voice was of that class of voice which may be politely called a powerful contralto. Every way she was as alarming a critic as ever was encountered by a Perpetual Curate or any other young man in trouble. Mr. Went-

worth said feebly that this was a very unexpected pleasure, as he met his Aunt Leonora's eye.

"I hope it *is* a pleasure," said that penetrating observer. "To tell the truth, I did not expect it would be; but your Aunt Dora thought so, and you know, when she sets her heart on anything, nobody can get any peace. Not that your Aunt Cecilia and I would have come on that account, if we had not wished, for many reasons, to have some conversation with you, and see how you are getting on."

"Quite so, Leonora," said Miss Wentworth, smiling upon her nephew, and leaning back in her chair.

Then there was a little pause; for, after such a terrible address, it was not to be expected that the poor young man, who understood every word of it, could repeat his commonplace about the unlooked-for pleasure. Miss Dora of course seized the opportunity to rush in.

"We have been hearing such delightful things about you, my dear, from the people of the house. Leonora is so pleased to hear how you are laboring among the people, and doing your Master's work. We take all the happiness to ourselves, because, you know, you are *our* boy, Frank," said the anxious aunt, all her thin ringlets, poor lady, trembling with her eagerness to make everything comfortable for her favorite; "and we have come, you know, specially to hear you on Easter Sunday in your own church. I am looking forward to a great treat: to think I should never have heard you, though it is so long since you were ordained! None of us have ever heard you—not even Leonora; but it is such a pleasure to us all to know you are so much liked in Carlingford," cried the troubled woman, growing nervous at sight of the unresponsive quiet around her. Miss Leonora by no means replied to the covert appeals thus made to her. She left her nephew and her sister to keep up the conversation unassisted; and as for Miss Wentworth, conversation was not her forte.

"I'm afraid, aunt, you will not *hear* anything worth such a long journey," said Mr. Wentworth, moved, like a rash young man as he was, to display his colors at once, and cry no surrender. "I don't think an Easter Sunday is a time for much preaching; and the Church has made such ample provision for the expression of our sentiments. I am

more of a humble priest than an ambitious preacher," said the young man, with characteristic youthful pretence of the most transparent kind. He looked in Miss Leonora's face as he spoke. He knew the very name of priest was an offence in its way to that highly Evangelical woman; and if they were to come to single combat, better immediately than after intolerable suspense and delay.

"Perhaps, Dora, you will postpone your raptures about Frank's sermon—which may be a very indifferent sermon, as he says, for anything we can tell—till after dinner," said Miss Leonora. "We're all very glad to see him; and he need not think any little ill-tempered speeches he may make will disturb me. I daresay the poor boy would be glad to hear of the people belonging to him instead of all that nonsense. Come to dinner, Frank. Take the other side of the table opposite Dora; and now that you've said grace, I give you full leave to forget that you're a clergyman for an hour at least. We were down at the old Hall a week ago, and saw your father and the rest. They are all well; and the last boy is rather like you, if you will think that any compliment. Mrs. Wentworth is pleased because you are one of the handsome ones, you know. Not much fear of the Wentworths dying out of the country yet awhile. Your father is getting at his wit's end, and does not know what to do with Cuthbert and Guy. Three sons are enough in the army, and two at sea; and I rather think it's as much as we can stand," continued Miss Leonora, not without a gleam of humor in her iron-grey eyes, "to have two in the Church."

"That is as it may happen," said the Perpetual Curate, with a little spirit. "If the boys are of my way of thinking, they will consider the Church the highest of professions; but Guy and Cuthbert must go to Australia, I suppose, like most other people, and take their chance—no harm in that."

"Not a bit of harm," said the rich aunt; "They're good boys enough, and I daresay they'll get on. As for Gerald, if you have any influence with your brother, I think he's in a bad way. I think he has a bad attack of Romishness coming on. If you are not in that way yourself," said Miss Leonora, with a sharp glance, "I think you should go and see after Gerald. He is the sort of man

who would do anything foolish, you know. He doesn't understand what prudence means. Remember, I believe he is a good Christian all the same. It's very incomprehensible; but the fact is, a man may be a very good Christian, and have the least quantity of sense that is compatible with existence. I've seen it over and over again. Gerald's notions are idiocy to me," said the sensible but candid woman shrugging her shoulders; "but I can't deny that he's a good man, for all that."

"He is the best man I ever knew," said young Wentworth, with enthusiasm.

"Quite so, Frank," echoed aunt Cecilia, with her sweet smile: it was almost the only conversational effort Miss Wentworth ever made.

"But it is so sad to see how he's led away," said Miss Dora; it is all owing to the bad advisers young men meet with at the universities; and how can it be otherwise as long as tutors and professors are chosen just for their learning, without any regard to their principles? What is Greek and Latin in comparison with a pious guide for the young? We would not have to feel frightened, as we do so often, about young men's principles," continued Aunt Dora, fixing her eyes with warning significance on her nephew, and trying hard to open telegraphic communications with him, "if more attention was paid at the universities to give them sound guidance in their studies. So long as you are sound in your principles, there is no fear of you," said the timid diplomatist, trying to aid the warning look of her eyes by emphasis and inflection. Poor Miss Dora! it was her unlucky fate, by dint of her very exertions in smoothing matters, always to make things worse.

"He would be a bold man who would call those principles unsound which have made my brother Gerald what he is," said, with an affectionate admiration that became him, the curate of St. Roque's.

"It's a slavish system, notwithstanding Gerald," said Miss Leonora, with some heat; "and a false system, and leads to Antichrist at the end, and nothing less. Eat your dinner, Frank—we are not going to argue just now. We expected to hear that another of the girls was engaged before we came away, but it has not occurred yet. I don't approve of young men dancing about a house for

ever and ever, unless they mean something. Do you?"

Mr. Wentworth faltered at this question; it disturbed his composure more than anything that had preceded it. "I—really I don't know," he said, after a pause, with a sickly smile—of which all three of the aunts took private notes, forming their own conclusions. It was, as may well be supposed, a very severe ordeal which the poor young man had to go through. When he was permitted to say good-night, he went away with a sensation of fatigue more overpowering than if he had visited all the houses in Wharfside. When he passed the green door, over which the apple-tree rustled in the dark, it was with a pang in his heart. How was he to continue to live—to come and go through that familiar road—to go through all the meetings and partings, when this last hopeless trial was over, and Lucy and he were swept apart as if by an earthquake? If his lips were sealed henceforward, and he never was at liberty to say what was in his heart, what would she think of him? He could not fly from his work because he lost Skelmersdale; and how was he to bear it? He went home with a dull bitterness in his mind, trying, when he thought of it, to quiet the aching pulses which throbbed all over him, with what ought to have been the hallowed associations of the last Lenten vigil. But it was difficult, throbbing as he was with wild life and trouble to the very finger-points, to get himself into the shadow of that rock-hewn grave, by which, according to his own theory, the Church should be watching on this Easter Eve. It was hard just then to be bound to that special remembrance. What he wanted at this moment was no memory of one hour, however memorable or glorious, not even though it contained the Redeemer's grave, but the sense of a living Friend standing by him in the great struggle, which is the essential and unfailing comfort of a Christian's life.

Next morning he went to church with a half-conscious, youthful sense of martyrdom, of which in his heart he was half ashamed. St. Roque's was very fair to see that Easter morning. Above the communion-table, with all its sacred vessels, the carved oaken cross of the reredos was wreathed tenderly with white fragrant festoons of spring lilies, sweet Narcissus of the poets; and Mr. Wentworth's choristers made another white line, two deep,

down each side of the chancel. The young Anglican took in all the details of the scene on his way to the reading-desk as the white procession ranged itself in the oaken stalls. At that moment—the worst moment for such a thought—it suddenly flashed over him that, after all, a wreath of spring flowers or a choirster's surplice was scarcely worth suffering martyrdom for. This horrible suggestion, true essence of an unheroic age, which will not suffer a man to be absolutely sure of anything, disturbed his prayer as he knelt down in silence to ask God's blessing. Easter, to be sure, was lovely enough of itself without the garland, and Mr. Wentworth knew well enough that his white-robed singers were no immaculate angel-band. It was Satan himself, surely, and no inferior imp, who shot that arrow into the young man's heart as he tried to say his private prayer ; for the curate

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of St. Roque's was not only a fervent Anglican, but also a young Englishman *sans reproche*, with all the sensitive, almost fantastic, delicacy of honor which belongs to that development of humanity ; and not for a dozen worlds would he have sacrificed a lily or a surplice on this particular Easter, when all his worldly hopes hung in the balance. But to think at this crowning moment that a villainous doubt of the benefit of these surplices and lilies should seize his troubled heart ! for just then the strains of the organ died away in lengthened whispers, and Miss Leonora Wentworth, severe and awful, swept up through the middle aisle. It was under these terrible circumstances that the Perpetual Curate, with his heart throbbing and his head aching, began to intone the morning service on that Easter Sunday, ever after a day so memorable in the records of St. Roque's.

THOSE who delight to see the practical application of scientific facts to the realities of every-day life, should read a pamphlet lately published on the applicability of the magneto-electric light to lighthouse use, as not only is the theory of light-production admirably stated, but the mist-penetrating power and superiority of the new light fully proved. Beautifully dazzling though the light was—as all will recollect—in the Great Exhibition, it is in comparison with other lighthouse lights that its qualities come out best. At Dungeness, last year, Dr. Faraday made the comparison, and states in his report that “Such was the power of the Electric Light that the addition or subtraction of the light of a fully effective set of reflectors, with their lamps, would not have been sensible to a mariner, however observant he might have been.” The expenditure under the present system would seem to vary considerably, ranging from £300 up to £400, or even £500 a year. Assuming that the charges for the Electric Light would reach to between £600 and £700, the difference of annual cost would not be excessive ;—regard being had to the magnitude of the interests involved, and to the special powers possessed by the Electric Light, of rendering service at the only times when lights are really wanted, which are not on the very rare occasions of dense fog, when all navigation is suspended, but under the constantly recurring conditions of “thick weather,” mist, and haze, through which the Electric Light penetrates so much further than the oil-flame. We are glad that this subject has now been brought before Parliament ; and the general application of magnetic force, to warn the mariner of home dangers after compass-guided voyages across the trackless ocean will be hailed by all as another victory gained by Science.

UNDER the title of “Insecurity of British Property in Peru : an Appeal to the Representatives of the British Nation,” Captain Henry De Wolfe Carvell has published an account of the treatment to which he was subjected in 1861 by the Peruvian Government. He asserts that the treatment of British subjects by the Peruvian Government has of late been systematically scandalous, and he charges our Foreign Office with not having been sufficiently energetic in protecting him and others.

THE committee of the Luther Memorial at Worms have issued another report, from which it appears that the undertaking is progressing favorably. The gigantic statues of Luther and Wickliff, by Rietschel, are very nearly finished, and those of Huss and Savonarola are in preparation to be cast. A model of Melancthon, said to be of great beauty, has also been sent in by the sculptor. The basis of the monument, consisting of a vast mass of granite of architectural proportions, is advancing towards completion. Up to the present moment a sum of 174,894 florins has been collected towards the cost of the memorial ; but, as this amount is far from being sufficient to cover the expenses, the Protestants of all countries are invited to further contributions.

A PAPER specially devoted to Polish affairs, and to the object of pleading the re-constitution of the kingdom as a political necessity for Europe, is about to appear at Zurich, under the title “The White Eagle.” The journal will be issued under the direction of the “Swiss Central Committee for Poland.”

From The Spectator.

THE NILE'S CRADLE.

AGES before the existence of the New World was suspected, there grew up in the minds of the ancients a passionate desire to know a geographical secret which seemed far from difficult of discovery even to their resources. There was no river more familiar to Greeks and Romans, and none nearly so fascinating to their imaginations, as the Nile, whose annual overflow and large alluvial deposits excited at once their intellectual curiosity and their admiration for the resources of nature in thus turning barren wastes of sand into a rich and flourishing kingdom. But the secret of the Nile's origin, and consequently of the causes of this striking annual phenomenon baffled all their efforts to master it. They handed down the unsolved enigma from generation to generation; and long after the great Atlantic had been explored, and the new continents discovered, and their rivers traced for thousands of miles, and almost every island in the Atlantic and Pacific had been accurately marked down in our charts, there remained this locked chamber on our earth, into which no one had ever penetrated, invisible to us, but united by a most tangible and visible thread with the highways of our civilization. There was the Nile, let down like a sort of watery ladder, out of the invisible into the very midst of our most eagerly-guarded thoroughfare—our path to India,—but with its highest ranges hidden absolutely from our view in some world where for thousands of years most probably men had been living and acting and dying, without ever sending us a message or a hint by this ladder of communication. It was as if Jack's beanstalk had continued for thousands of years inviting ascent or descent, and yet no traveller from our earth had ever been able either to reach or catch sight of the summit, and none from the upper side had ever attempted the descent. Who could help feeling the mystery of this untraced clue? Who could patiently see the floods roll year after year from the land we had never reached, and which yet had never ceased sending us new wealth, and presenting us with both the way and the clue by which to trace out the secret? The mystery has always provoked a curiosity almost metaphysical in its character. The Nile was a chain of thought which no one could track home, as well as a stream which no one could ascend. And it was an even greater humiliation to the imagination than to the reason of man to be thus foiled; it was like a mutilated statue, or a broken sentence, or a handwriting that becomes illegible just when the drift becomes most interesting. The Nile has

piqued and disappointed in this way the curiosity of man, at least as many thousand years as any moral or religious speculative question. Our fathers inherited the insoluble question of its origin from Herodotus and Ptolemy. And a very few years ago we were scarcely so near the truth as Ptolemy had been; and had strayed away in the wrong direction from the theory of Lucan. Yet it seems to be solved at last, and we can no longer end our enumeration of the various national failures to penetrate the mystery in the old poet's words:—

*“Quae tibi noscendi Nilum Romane cupido est
Haec Phariis, Persisque fuit Macedumque tyrannis,*

*Nullaque non aetas voluit conferre futuris
Notitiam, sed vincit adhuc natura latendi.”*

The problem which Cæsar is said to have found so exciting that he would have relinquished the civil war to solve it, is solved at last, at least as regards the main stream of the Nile,—the Bahr-el-Abiad, or White Nile. It issues from a lake, the northern boundary of which is precisely on the equator, but fed by streams springing in nearly four degrees south latitude,—the Lake Victoria Nyanza, from which it springs in a cataract twelve feet high and four hundred and fifty feet in width,—the first of that long series of rapids which cause a total difference of level of about six thousand feet, or more than a mile in height, between the source of the river and the mouth of the Delta at Alexandria. The old explanation, therefore, of its annual overflow in summer and autumn which Lucan gave is fully sustained. It is not the melting snows of spring, but the rains caused by the double passage of the sun across the equator, which flood the great lake from which it is principally derived, and send down the summer torrents of the belt of equatorial calms to fertilize the plains of Egypt. This was exactly Lucan's statement:—

*“Vana fides veterum, Nilo, quo crescat in arva
Æthiopum prodesse nives. Non Arctos in illis
Montibus aut Boreas. Testis tibi sole perusti
Ipse color populi calidique vaporibus Austri.
Adde, quod omne caput fluvii, quodcunque soluta
Præcipitat glacies, ingresso vere tumescit
Prima tabe nivis. Nilus neque suscitatur undas
Ante canis radios, nec ripis adligatur amnem
Ante parem nocti, Libra sub iudice Phoebum.”*

Messrs. Speke and Grant, who have traced the White Nile home for us to this great lake, have fairly established, then, that the region in which the Nile takes its source is one of those shallow lake districts in which the central plateau of Africa seems to abound. The Lake Victoria Nyanza is probably about as large as Lake Erie, but instead of being, like

Lake Erie, a great inland sea almost as deep as the ocean, it rather resembles the great Lake Tsad, in which the Benoué, or chief branch of the Niger, takes its source, and which varies in depth from about seven to fifteen feet, and is more like a vast hippopotamus marsh than an inland sea. It seems certain that this lake, large as it still is, formerly spread far beyond its present boundaries, and it is curious that the German traveller, Erhardt, who resided for a long time at Mombas, on the east coast of Africa, received information only about ten years ago which led him to suppose that one enormous lake stretched through about twelve degrees of latitude, or more than eight hundred miles, covering a space which is now known to consist, in great part, of dry and well-populated land, but also including four different lakes,—the Nyanza Lake, from which the White Nile issues to the north, the Luta-Nzigi Lake, through which it soon afterwards flows, and also the two other great lakes on the southern side of the watershed,—the Tanganyika Lake, which is connected with and empties itself into the Niassa Lake, and through it supplies the Shiré and Zambesi. Erhardt's informants misled him to unite all these lakes into one monster inland sea, stretching from twelve degrees south to beyond the equator in latitude, besides bending far to the westward—an obvious blunder, as it would have united waters separated by a great watershed, but still, no doubt, a blunder pointing to a much more extended water region than the present. Messrs. Speke and Grant tell us that the Victoria Nyanza is intersected constantly by “rush-drains,” or stagnant water-courses draining the neighboring lands, which were formerly under water. The hills (for they are not perpetual-snow mountains, like the more easterly mountains of Kilimanjaro and Kenia, in which some of the east-flowing streams, such as the Pangany, rise) which separate the lakes Nyanza and Luta-Nzigi from the southerly lakes Tanganyika and Niassa are the famous Mountains of the Moon, in which the Nile has long been rumored to rise, and from these hills some streams flow north to feed the Nyanza Lake and White Nile, while from the south-eastern and south-western slopes others flow east to the Indian Ocean, and west towards the Atlantic.

And now, what have we learnt of the people thus for long ages secluded from the civilized world, though holding in their hands, as it were, one end of the thread of which the other touched the centre of the ancient civilization and the busiest thoroughfare of modern states? While the Pharaohs ruled in Egypt; while the Hebrew shepherds came to buy corn, and returned to settle and found a nation of slaves on the banks of the Nile;

while the Ptolemies followed the Pharaohs and the Cæsars the Ptolemies and the Hebrews sent back, in the course of ages, Christian bishops to rule where the fathers of their faith had toiled in the Egyptian brick-fields; while the Ottoman power at length displaced the Christian, and the French Napoleon came to contest with England the empire of the East, what all this time was probably going on at the other end of the great watercourse? We have every reason to suppose that, during all these marvellously changeful ages, generation after generation has lived and died round the fountains of the Nile, occupied in eating and drinking and marrying and bearing children and bartering a little and quarrelling very much, knowing nothing of what we call politics or finance, or art, or science, or theology. Karagwe, on the western shore of the Lake Nyanza, appears to be the least uncivilized of these kingdoms. Speke found its king (Rumanika) really anxious to establish a commercial intercourse with the lower Nile, and quite aware of its advantages, and a negro people decently clothed, kindly disposed, and much superior in demeanor to any he had met with previously, or has met with since. To the north of Karagwe, at the north-west corner of Lake Nyanza, comes the kingdom of Uganda, which is also despotically ruled, of course, but also inhabited by a sprightly and intelligent negro race,—the king (Mtesa) having only one unpleasant political crotchet, that he supposes the State to require the execution of one of his subjects every day. Northwards, again, as we get on the actual bank of the White Nile, we get deeper into barbarism. Ungoro is almost absolutely barbarous, is inhabited by a naked people, while its king, Kamrasi, devotes his energies to fattening his wives and children till they are too unwieldy to stand. If it be the same king who boasts of possessing from three thousand to four thousand wives—certainly the only living being who could more than fill Exeter Hall with his own wives—there must be a vast Darwinian apparatus at work for preventing (by fatty degeneration of the tissues) the natural selection of this royal family in the contest for existence; and no doubt it will succumb to the neighboring kingdoms of Karagwe or Uganda, where the women and children are not too fat to stand. In none of these three kingdoms had a white man ever been seen before, and Messrs. Speke and Grant occupied nearly a year in getting through them.

After passing northwards through these three kingdoms, the travellers followed the real course of the White Nile, which bounds Ungoro to the east as it issues from Lake Nyanza. They were not able to take the bend through Lake Luta-Nzigi, but struck

across the chord to the other corner of the bend, whence they proceeded to Gondokoro, a Nile station recently reached by *upward* explorers from Khartoum. As they approached Gondokoro on the 15th February last, after a year and a half's absence from any vestige of European society, they saw a vessel coming up the Nile from the north, followed by two smaller boats, and in it the face of an old friend and rival explorer Mr. Samuel Baker. Thus, for the first time after more than two thousand years' search, the European circle of knowledge has been completed by the encounter of a south-going traveller from Europe with north-going travellers from the Indian Ocean, on the stream of the White Nile, and the hidden corner of the earth at once connected and most carefully disconnected from the ancient and modern civilization revealed. It consists of three negro kingdoms, grouped round the shores of a large but shallow lake, of which the northernmost, the nearest to Europe and the most barbarous, is probably identical with Herodotus's anthropophagous people, but has contrived, in the two thousand years' progress, to develop the refinement of fattening queens and princes till they are too heavy to stand. The imagination is painfully struck by the contrast between the fate of those who hold the sources and the mouth of the great river. And yet it is still more painful to remember that the mass of the Egyptians themselves, who have always been in contact with the civilization of the Mediterranean regions, have remained about as stationary, if not as low in the depths of barbarism, as the secluded negroes of the kingdom of Ungoro.

From The Spectator, 30 May.

THE GREAT CONFEDERATE PURITAN.

It has been narrated of the good and able general whom the evil cause of Slavery has just lost, and it seems in itself probable in a high degree, that at the first outbreak of the war his mind was fiercely divided against itself. General Jackson had married a Northern wife. His father-in-law, a Northern clergyman, visited him, and urged him to remain faithful to his country and his flag; "they spent," it is said, "several hours in prayer together, but finally the doctrine of State-rights, which Jackson, like so many other gallant Southerners, had imbibed early in life, won the day. 'I must go,' he cried, 'with Virginia.'" This statement, made long ago, seems intrinsically likely, and agrees with the account of Jackson's Puritan faith, of which we have all heard so much. "For the divisions of Reuben" there must, when the war broke out, have been "great searchings of

heart" among all really conscientious men. A master-mind like that of President Davis, which had no scruples either in conceiving or working out the great treachery of which he was guilty before the outbreak of the war, would not, perhaps, have quailed, could he have fully foreseen the oceans of blood which his policy would pour out. But to good men, guiltless of the premeditated quarrel, like Jackson, and simply called to choose between their native land and their rightful government at a time when no effort could prevent the strife, the hour of choice must have been one of awful solemnity. Though we believe that a greater statesman of the same moral calibre as "Stonewall" Jackson must have taken the nobler and far more difficult course of sacrificing the local ties of country for the moral ties of country, we would be the last to condemn him, or to dispute that he may, in the hands of Providence, have done even a greater service to the freemen he opposed, by humbling their insufferable self-confidence, and teaching them the true secret of military strength, than if he had led the Northern, instead of the Southern, troops to victory. That matter is, at all events, no business of ours. But it is worth while to examine the relation between Jackson's Puritan style of piety and a cause which we are probably in the habit of unconsciously identifying with the manly, loose, *enjoying* aristocracy of an old cavalier state. For there can be no doubt that General Jackson, as a soldier, was of the Cromwell type, though to statesmanship, as we said, he made no pretensions. It is stated from so many different quarters that we must suppose it morally certain that, like Luther, he habitually "wrestled with God" with streaming eyes in agonies of prayer. "Twice a day, for weeks," says one account, "rain or shine, my friend saw Jackson slip away to this secluded place—unseen, as he believed—and seat himself upon the small fence which bounded the field. There he would remain, often for an hour, with his hands clasped, face turned upwards, convulsed with emotion, the tears streaming down his face, deep in the performance of secret and agonizing prayer. Nothing can be said that can increase the value of this evidence as proving the sincerity of the man." A man who would slip out even into the rain, and *get wet*, to secure the solitude he needed for prayer, must have been thoroughly in earnest. Another account tells us that the negroes always knew when a battle was imminent by the General's praying all night. There can be no question—not only of the man's heartfelt piety, but of that intensity and depth of character in connection with it which is now so rare in the world. A man who pours himself passionately out to God not to be seen of

men, but simply because his strongest feelings are naturally stirred by prayer, is no common product of "modern thought."

And more than this; though Jackson had, at Washington, before the war, the reputation of a hypochondriac, and *malade imaginaire*, he does not seem to have had any of the acerbity of the Puritan type of piety. An Englishman who recently visited him described him as a tall, handsome man, with dark blue, searching eyes, and with simplicity and considerateness written in his face as well as his actions. A general in full work who would take real pains, as General Jackson did, to dry a stranger's coat for him by a given hour is not of the gloomily spiritual type. And every one represents General Jackson's thoughtfulness and gentleness to others as only less remarkable than his prompt military rigor. A general may be the idol of his men who simply leads them uniformly to victory. But the man who promised not in vain for his soldiers that they should "stand like a stone wall" at Bull Run, who burst like a thunderbolt upon poor General Pope's rear when that commander thought him in his front or far away,—who, after a rapid and hotly-contested march through Maryland, struck successfully at Harper's Ferry before the relief could come,—who, on his last battle-field, turned the enemy's menacing position and inflicted a severe defeat,—needed no other power over his men than that of the military confidence he inspired. But it is well known that his real power over them was multiplied greatly, not only by his habit of praying with them personally before and after battle, as a pious soldier should, instead of abandoning them to a chaplain, but by the rare self-denial with which he insisted on sharing their hardships, and the thoughtful solicitude he showed for their welfare. No doubt General Jackson has done as much to give an imaginative character of grandeur and holiness wholly undeserved to the Confederate defence and cause, as President Davis has done to give it a tone of intellectual dignity and strength.

But one cannot help asking how General Jackson could have failed to recognize his apparently greater affinity with the Puritans of New England, than with either the aristocratic passions of the old Virginia and South Carolina planters, or the coarse soldiery of the mean white class. How could a man, who prayed daily with almost Lutheran fervor for the kingdom of God, lead a crusade in favor of a kingdom which had taken slavery for its corner-stone, and whose only justification professed to be the non-extension of slavery into the territories of the Union? We have no doubt that terrible doubts on such questions as these must often

have flitted through the mind of the rough soldier kneeling at his solitary prayers, even long after his own name had been absolutely identified with the cause of slavery. But though the history both of Judaism and of Protestantism has much to tell concerning the impulse which a deep faith can give to the subversion of tyranny, it can scarcely be said that its specific effect is always favorable to what we call constitutional freedom. Religious enthusiasm operates rather negatively than positively on political institutions, rendering men averse to conform to what they think of evil, passionately resolved never to bow the knee to Baal, rather than sanguine of political expedients for extirpating evil. Faith kindles a revolutionary resistance to an alien yoke, makes men spurn the hollow formalisms they have outgrown, deepens every local and imaginative attachment, adds color to patriotism, stirs up the scorn for danger, and the daring of implicit trust; but it does not improve the capacity to judge calmly what will best restrain average men in average times from deeds of oppression or injustice. If General Jackson had never clearly realized to himself—as he perhaps never had—the inevitable tendency of the principle of slavery to degrade all concerned in it, to corrupt the love of power into an almost sensual appetite, to brutalize labor and capital alike, and to extend itself in every direction with insatiable craving for a wider dominion, we do not see that his faith in God would in any way have helped him to realize it. On the contrary, it would have tended to convince him that the evil lay rather in individual selfishness than in the system, and persuaded him that a truly righteous slave-owner might really do far more to educate his slaves into Christians than could be effected under any other political institution. Just as true faith,—if it could be universal and universally practical,—would make it almost indifferent under what political system we might happen to live, since justice would then supersede law, so those who really live in the world of faith are apt to look too little to outward means, and too much to the divine influence over the individual heart, for the security of the future. Even with the Puritans the State was, in fact, a mere arm of the Church, and their contempt for kings vastly more remarkable than their respect for liberty. Personal faith, without intellectual culture, will often restrain a tyranny, but seldom or never establish a sound system of constitutional law. Jackson may have felt that the serf-relation between the negro and the whites, if mercifully and justly handled, was at present the true one, and would have had far less insight into the absolute impossibility implied in that "if," than a more worldly, selfish,

and ambitious man. Such piety as Jackson's may often blind the eyes of political sagacity.

And there was another way in which General Jackson's Puritan earnestness of character would tend to obliterate for him the evil nature of his cause. Religious faith has a very curious and marked effect in strengthening local and national ties, even to a passion. One would expect the very reverse. One would look to personal faith in God as a principle likely to raise men above the accidental ties to place and kin, which, of course, it must often wound and break. In fact, however, you never meet with any very strong type of personal trust—that kind of trust which *clings* to a personal king, without finding also passionate national feelings and strong local adhesiveness. David and St. Paul were both Hebrews of the Hebrews; Luther was a German of the Germans; Knox a Scot of Scots; Calvin a typical Frenchman; and Cromwell as typical an Englishman. The truth seems to be that the implicit trust in God sets free the mind from that selfishness which more than anything else chills national and local ties. It has often been observed that a view which presents itself casually to the eye when the mind is agitated by an overwhelming emotion, burns itself into the memory as no attention or study could imprint it. The man who does not live *in*, but in a manner outside, his little world, is the man who generally loves it best, and is most willing to give his life for it. No national poetry exists so passionate as the poetry of the Hebrew prophets, who knew that the throne of David and the prosperity of his tiny principality was established on no human foundation. Deep national and even local passions are impossible without some supernatural centre; and the true man of the world is usually the man who loves his own world least. The imagination must be raised habitually to the eternal and supernatural, in order to give the full flavor of sweetness and tenderness to the temporary and the visible. Intense spiritual loyalty like General Jackson's, while it is in danger of throwing into shadow the clear political sagacity which estimates the true value of institutions, always stimulates the loyalty of old associations with the people and country of its birth. No people, by *temperament* profoundly religious, had ever yet a high value for sober constitutional forms and restraints; but, on the other hand, there was never any great religious passion in the world unassociated with overpowering patriotic emotions. The Jesuit, in trying to separate the two, destroyed not merely loyalty but faith.

We do not need, then, to depreciate the real greatness of the Confederate general's character, because we hold that his choice

was a mistaken one. No doubt the old-fashioned Puritan piety, though it overclouded his political judgment, stands out very grandly against the poor conceit of the Northern generals. General Jackson fought blindly, as many heroes have fought before him, on the evil side, with a spirit far more worthy of the good cause than that of its nominal representatives. And so doing, it will one day, we trust, be found that the God he served with the passionate devotion of his heart and life, has used the sword which was drawn in behalf of the diabolic principle of slavery to hasten the coming of a better kingdom.

From The Spectator.

THE NOBLESSE OF THE CONTINENT.

THE ebb tide of despotism, now so visible throughout Europe, seems to be leaving the nobles stranded. The curious account published in the *Times* of Tuesday of the position of the old Piedmontese families is but a sketch in miniature of a process visible in every country except England and Russia. These great houses, still possessed of considerable though diminishing property, and of a social influence which increases with their declining political power, refuse to acknowledge the Revolution. It is, in their judgment, a *parvenu* kind of affair, meant for the benefit of a low set of people, and they "cut" it as they would a man who had risen by trade, or a society into which *savans littérateurs* were occasionally admitted. They cannot arrest it any more than the noble who had himself escorted through Turin by flambeaux can put out all the gas lamps, but they can refuse to recognize "horrid innovations," as he did, and declare, as he probably does, that they smell disagreeably, and are, when mismanaged, exceedingly dangerous. This ministry, filled with "all manner of dogs in one kennel," as Lord Derby said, these projects of moving the capital to Rome, and ruling over the pope, these attempts to administer according to the wishes of the *canaille*, whose business on earth is to pay taxes and be made comfortable in return, are all in their eyes anathema. They do not particularly wish to oppress, being more anxious for privilege than for substantial power, and governing their households and tenantry with tolerable fairness and consideration. They do not question in any way the propriety of the king extending his dominions, for they are the servants of the house of Savoy, though they think him misguided, and detest the new men and new methods which the Revolution brings to the front. But they stand sullenly aloof, decline to enter political life, look askance on men like Ricasoli and the Littas, whom so-

cially they acknowledge to be their equals, visit only among each other, and keep up in their slowly emptying *salons* a chorus of gracefully malignant detraction. They liked Rattazzi well enough, because he, though a *novus homo*, kept the carriage in the old rut, promoted Piedmontese, and was known to be secretly in favor of keeping the court around their gloomy old mansions in Turin. But they will have none of Peruzzi, though no plebeian, and, like the English in Italy, feel the new life stirring in Italy an annoyance so great that it slowly deepens passive dislike into hostility.

It is the same all over Europe. In France the Legitimists are becoming day by day more exclusive, more bitter and more isolated from the rest of the world. The man who takes service, except in one or two diplomatic positions, is regarded as a traitor to his family, and a true resident of the faubourg would rather marry his daughter to a *roturier* than to a consistent Bonapartist. They mourn over the wrongs of the pope, detest the modern Italians, stand aside from the struggles of the day as highly educated men do in America, and soothe what of energy they have left by occasional pilgrimages to Frohsdorf, and hourly aspirations for the return of the "son of St. Louis" and the revival of the *ancien régime*, not only dead but putrid. In Austria, the nobles, besides keeping their estates, retain vast political power, and regarding the present state of affairs as a temporary departure from the rightful order of things, they are less bitter, but they are known to regard the "whims of the day" with constantly increasing dislike. "The army," thundered Count Clam-Gallas last session, "is the emperor's, and the Reichsrath has nothing to do with it;" and the nobles around him applauded till the president succeeded in checking their indiscreet frankness. A little more Liberalism and they also will retire from public life, leaving an ungrateful country to be rescued by new administrators, and by an emperor who has forgotten, as King Ferdinand wrote, "that his family belonged to the twelfth century, and could not adopt the ideas of the nineteenth without making itself ridiculous." In the minor German States, Mecklenburgh-Schwerin excepted, where a middle-age system still prevails, they have adopted this course: but in Prussia the fight is still continuing. There the "nobles," whose fortunes have declined below those of most country gentlemen, are still fighting with the aid of the king for the ancient position of their order. They still marry only among themselves, claim a monopoly of the army and a preferential right to office, strive to retain their exemption from taxation, rule "society"

in its *Morning-Post* sense, and guard every social privilege, including the right of bullying innkeepers and punishing pamphleteers with sword and pistol. Everywhere, except in Italy, they are the bitter upholders of privilege, and the abuses on which privilege rests; nowhere, except in Italy, do they attempt to uphold it by placing themselves at the head of the new order of things. In the Peninsula, outside Piedmont, there are, indeed, Whig *noblesse*, for the little duchies, by depriving them of all European *status*, hurt their pride, and by subjecting them to foreigners forced them into cordial alliance with the people. Men, therefore, like Ricasoli, who it is said bade the king remember that the house of Savoy was no older than his own, and who, whether he said it or not, is of the class which the "Almanach" delights to honor, are found acting as popular leaders; but it is the only example.

Worthy democrats in England, accustomed to only one state of society, will imagine that this "attitude of reserve," as the *noblesse* affectedly phrase it, matters little to the countries whose interests they so visibly postpone to their own; but it is not quite so. Let them retire and die out, if that pleases them, is the popular English verdict; but unfortunately their retirement is a real and terrible loss to the great constitutional cause. It is a loss directly, for whether it be, as they think, from their blood, or, as philosophers think, from their training, or, as we should imagine, from the mental power produced by the habit of viewing the scene from above rather than below, this class possesses an exceptional amount of political force. The Revolution of 1688 was all the more complete because it was headed by the Russells and Seymours and Cavendishes and Fitzwilliams. The States-general might have run a much feebler course but for Mirabeau, Italian by blood, but a great French noble for all that, nor would the directory have been the stronger for the absence of Barras, "old as the rocks of Provence." The unity of Italy, if it is established, will be due to a noble whose fathers followed the Dukes of Maurienne when Charlemagne gave them Savoy, and Italian funds would rise five per cent. were the lord of the almost feudal estate of Broglio once more at the head of affairs. They have a fearlessness, these men, in politics, such as we see in Earl Russell, to which the democratic leaders do not always rise, and they have in foreign affairs immense advantages, not the least being that they do not view kings with the secret awe which produces, in avenging itself, Jacobin violence. Their instrument for restraining kings, if they would but act, would be not the guillotine, but the courtier-like implacability with which

Earl Grenville frequently dictated terms to George the Third, and Earl Grey "managed" so successfully William the Fourth. Their withdrawal throws the business of administration into the hands of men less accustomed to rule, and, therefore, without that rooted dislike for extreme measures which an experience of rule is pretty sure to confer.

A De Rohan can tyrannize horribly, but his instincts would save him from orders like those of M. de Persigny. A dozen men of the class in the Landtag of Prussia, ready to lead the Liberals, would give that gelatinous body bones, and remove half the king's obstinacy by showing him men who could "carry on the king's Government" without incessantly irritating his personal pride. Moreover, this *junker* class, as the Germans call it, has still immense social weight. In Germany they control society, and an immense section of the mass of the people; and even in France, where they have so completely lost their direct power, they still give the stamp to all social coin. Paris may make M. Thiers a member, and the emperor make him a minister, but only the Faubourg St. Germain could place him in a corresponding social position. Let any one who doubts it think for an instant what advantage Napoleon would acquire were the Legitimists, on the death of the Comte de Chambord, to declare that the direct line of St. Louis having expired, the heir of Napoleon the First as the choice of the people was entitled to their adhesion. That course has been suggested, and few reasonable men will doubt that to secure its adoption the emperor would make almost any concession conceivable, provided it left him and his dynasty firmly fixed in France. In Prussia they have, in addition to this great power, the virtual control of the army, which, even when it detests the system which restricts command to a caste, is still too much under the influence of discipline to resist the whole mass of its officers. It did resist them in France, but not till the king had been taken prisoner, and the capital was in the hands of the Revolution. Lastly, this order acts as the backbone, or rather the binding withe, of all the scattered elements of reaction. It is not the whole people in any country who want progress towards true freedom. The priests in almost all lands detest it; the wealthy distrust it; the working mass, except when, as in the case of Italy, their imaginations are touched, look on with a hazy doubt whether its benefits will penetrate down to them. None of these elements singly could resist the impetus of the middle class led by the educated, but, grouped around the no-

blesse, finding in them officers and guides, and acquiring from them the persistence which is the virtue of aristocracies, and which the mob of priests, old women, and peasants, called the party of the reaction, lacks as much as any other mob, they form a most dangerous obstacle in the path of the locomotive. In Prussia they stopped it, in Austria they keep it slow, in the smaller States they struggle till the advance is rather that of a boring machine than an engine, and in France they make it ungentlemanly to ride in the new fangled train. It is they, as much as the priests or Napoleon, who by keeping Rome divide Italy, and they who, more than the kings, by dividing Germany keep from Europe the pleasant prospect of an enduring peace.

What will be the end of it all? Will the aristocracy of Europe, like the English Jacobites, at last accept the new order of things, retaining only so much of disloyalty as to make them excellent Whigs? Or will they, like the nobles of Spain, slowly wear themselves out, apart from politics, and await in silly pride the day when the country will destroy their privileges as it has those of the Church? We suspect that the answer will differ in every country. In France, they will probably linger on till they sink from a party into a clique; from a clique into a remembrance; surviving, perhaps, the race of St. Louis, as the Covenanters survive the Covenant, great sections splitting off from time to time, as the Covenanters split last month, to leave the pure faith in the keeping of an ever-decreasing priesthood. In Germany they will probably share the fate of the kinglets, being "mediatized" into the peasantry, among whom the law of equal division dooms them at last to descend. Only in Italy do they seem to have much chance of re-invigoration. There, however, they retain one principle, the duty of devotion to the house of Savoy, which keeps open the gate for a return to public life. Every official in Italy is still the servant of the king, and gradually the adventurous and the able, the young and the ambitious, pleading always their duty to the sovereign, will possibly commence for his interests to do their duty to the country. In the rest of Europe west of the Vistula the rôle of the old *noblesse* appears to draw to its termination. The fact may be pleasing to men of democratic opinions, but Whigs, while admitting the necessity, will be doubtful whether the present *can* afford to break with the past without loss, whether it is true agriculture to pare away the roots that the tree may grow the faster.

THE GREAT JAW OF MOULIN-QUIGNON.

(See letters, papers, inquiries, and comptes-rendus of MM. Quatrefages, Milne-Edwards, Falconer, Prestwich, Carpenter, & Co., and a vast variety of transactions in a vast variety of Societies, Geological, Theological, and Anthropological.)

SINCE that famed jaw-bone Sampson reared,
When of Philistia's hosts he cleared
Judah's enslaved dominion,
No jaw-bone, sure, hath cut a figure
In strife more famous, fiercer, bigger,
Than this of Moulin-Quignon.

The jaw-bone wherewith Sampson smote,
We knew (before Colenso wrote)
Once hung an ass's head on ;
But this French jaw is human—one
That wagged beside the Mastodon,
And mammoth meat has fed on.

Awful to think ! This blackened bone,
With all but its one molar gone,
In days before the Flood,
Beef of *Bos longirifrons* did cram
Hyæna steak or cave-bear ham,
And, p'raps, pronounced it good !

This jaw—perhaps—in Glacial time
When reason was less rife than rime,
Chattered or ached, who knows ?
When Gwynant was what Zermatt is,
And Welsh antediluvians friz
Amidst perennial snows.

Could but the owner of this jaw,
The things he ate, the sights he saw,
The life he lived reveal,
How he went clad, unclad perhaps,
How carved his meat and picked his chaps,
With flint instead of steel !

Tell what queer molluscs Pleiocene,
Or huge crustaceans Meiocene—
Stood him in oysters' stead,
Or figured in his lobster salads.
What were primeval bards and ballads ?
What was their board, their bed ?

The calculating mind it queers,
After these thousand thousand years,
Times curtain to uplift ;
And find one jaw which, silent all,
Geologists can still bid fall
To doubt about its drift.

If but two jaws dug out had been,
With teeth and tongue to wag between,
And if they *could* have wagged !
How many a fame now high were low !
What proof how little 'tis we know,
In spite of all that's bragged. ♫

What controversies they might settle !
How many a scientific kettle
And pot might keep from clashing ;
Such lengths gorilla-wards from going
Huxley might stop, or trip up Owen,
Or, p'raps, give both a smashing.

Yes—*homo primogenitus*—
Well may we o'er thy jaw-bone fuss,
In wisdom thou wert strong,

If there be truth in the old saw
“Silence is golden,”—for his jaw
Sure none e'er held so long.

But, hold, thou can'st not even wag
Thine authenticity to brag,
Thy parentage to tell—
If latest marvel of geology,
Or bit of pseudo-anthropology,
Made, like all else, to sell.

Alarming thought ! So 'cute we've grown,
So wide hath imposition flown
O'er all we sell or plan ;
In bread and meat, in silk and stuff,
Adulteration's not enough,
We've ta'en to forging man !

Perhaps thou'rt but a recent bone,
That in the flesh we might have known,
A bore's prolix and prosy ;
From pauper's grave, perhaps didst travel,
As far as Moulin-Quignon's gravel,
To hoax the *virtuosi*.

But whether pauper, breedbate, bore,
How, were't thou double, thou might'st roar,
Over thy Abbeville laurels ;
Pauper, Preadamite to play,
Bore, to set pens and tongues astray,
Or breedbate, to raise quarrels.—*Punch*.

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE DISCOVERED.

CONGRATULATION let us chant
To Captain Speke and Captain Grant,
Who to its Source have traced the Nile.
Two gentlemen of Britain's Isle
Have solved the mystery of ages,
The query of successive sages,
Reserved to modern days from old,
For those bold Britons to unfold.

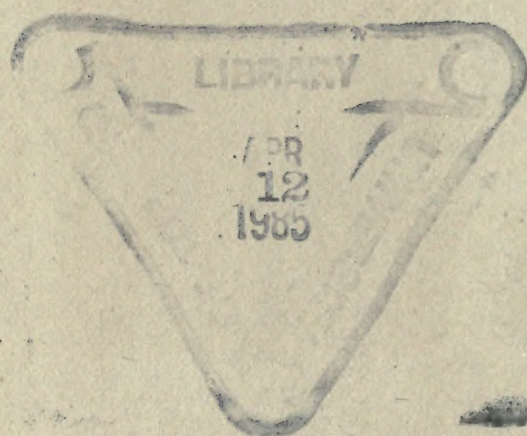
They've done what not the greatest Pharaoh
Could ever do, with all his might ;
Pachas, the grandest of Grand Cairo,
Gave up, as though beyond them quite ;
What did puissant Cheops bother,
For all the Pyramids he made,
And puzzled Egypt's every other
Ruler, from Cheops down to Said.

All the Egyptians with delight are crowing,
Now that the source no longer is to seek,
Whence springs their sacred stream with plenty
flowing,

Discovered by the Captains, Grant and Speke,
And put we in a word for Doctor Beke,
Who, dagger-like, to their *Macbeths* did show,
And marshal them the way they were to go.

Egypt of old adored the bull and cow,
If, then, she deemed the hornèd herd divine,
Is she not like to worship John Bull now,
And Capt. Grant with Capt. Speke combine
In one huge image of a Hero,
Or grand colossal deity,
With a two-headed eight-limbed corporeity ?
No ; because why ?
The Koran disallows idolatry ;
Besides, Egyptian Art is under zero.

—*Punch*.



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